

A
Complete Edition
of the
Poets
of

GREAT BRITAIN.

Volume the Seventh.

Containing

Parnell, Garth, Rowe, Addison, Hughes, Sheffield,
Prior, Congreve, Blackmore, Fenton, Granville & Yalden.



LONDON:

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS PARNELL, D.D.

Containing

THE HERMIT,
THE RISE OF WOMAN,
THE VIGIL OF VENUS,
FAIRY TALE,
ALLEGORY ON MAN,
NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH,

ELYSIUM,
BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE,
EPISTLES,
SONGS,
ANACREONTICS,
IMITATIONS,

U. U. U.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Such were the notes thy once lov'd poet sung,
Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue!
Oh! just beheld and lost, admir'd and mourn'd!
With sweetest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!
Blest in each science, blest in every strain,
Dear to the muse, to Harley dear in vain!
Recal those nights, which clos'd thy toilsome days,
Still hear thy PARNELL in his living lays.

POPE'S EPISTLE TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

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THE LIFE OF PARNELL.

For the life of Parnell, the world is obliged to Goldsmith, a biographer worthy of his virtue and his genius. It is much to be regretted, that so masterly a writer had not the means of being more completely informed. Goldsmith not only did not know him himself, but was "obliged to take his character from such as knew but little of him, or who perhaps could have given very little information if they had known more."

The facts stated in the present account of Parnell, are principally taken from Goldsmith, whose narrative is written with an activity of research, that leaves little to be supplied, and an agreeable manner of communication, that approaches so near perfection, as to preclude the most distant hope of improvement.

"The life of Parnell is a task," says Dr. Johnson, "which I should very willingly decline, since it has been lately written by Goldsmith, a man of such variety of powers, and such felicity of performance, that he always seemed to do best, that which he was doing; a man who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and general without confusion; whose language was copious without exuberance, exact without constraint, and easy without weakness. What such an author has told, who would tell again?"

Thomas Parnell was descended from an ancient family, that had for some centuries been settled at Congleton, in Cheshire. His father, Thomas Parnell, who had been attached to the Commonwealth party, upon the Restoration went over to Ireland, where he purchased an estate, which, with his lands in Cheshire, descended to the poet, who was his eldest son, and still remain in the family.

He was born in Dublin, in 1679, and received the first rudiments of his education at the school of Dr. Jones, in that city.

When he was only thirteen years old, he was admitted a member of Trinity College, Dublin, which may be considered as a presumption, that he had made great progress in learning at a very early age; for young men, proposed to be entered at that University, are expected to be well acquainted with the Latin, and to have attained some proficiency in the Greek.

"His progress," says Goldsmith, "through the College course of study was probably marked with but little splendor; his imagination might have been too warm to relish the cold logic of Burgecius, or the dreary subtleties of Smiglecius; but it is certain, that as a classical scholar, few could equal him. His own compositions shew this, and the deference which the most eminent men of his time paid him upon that head, put it beyond a doubt."

He was admitted to the degree of Master of Arts, July 9. 1700, and was the same year ordained a deacon by Dr. King, Bishop of Derry, having obtained a dispensation from the Primate, as being under the canonical age.

About three years afterwards, he was made a priest by Dr. King, then Archbishop of Dublin, and in 1703, Dr. St. George Ashe, Bishop of Clogher, conferred on him the Archdeaconry of Clogher.

About the same time, he married Miss Anne Minchin, a young lady of great merit and beauty, upon whom he wrote the song beginning, *My days have been so wondrous free.*

His first excursions to England began about the year 1706, where his company was desired, and his friendship was sought by persons of every rank and party, even before he made any figure in the literary world.

He had been bred a Whig, and for some time adhered to that party; but afterwards attached himself to the Tories. Private affection and friendship, have often a very powerful influence on political principles. Men of vigorous understandings, and of upright intentions, frequently approve of measures and systems, merely because they are embraced or supported by men whom they love and esteem.

He was the intimate friend of Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, and Swift, and was probably induced to join the Tories by the persuasions and arguments of the latter; who, after he had joined that party himself, was very eager to make converts of other men of genius.

It is certain, whatever was the cause, that, at the dismissal of the Whig Ministry, in the end of Queen Anne's reign, he changed his party, not without much censure from those whom he deserted, and was received, by the new Ministry, as a valuable reinforcement.

Swift introduced him to Harley, whom he had before highly prepossessed in his favour. When Harley was told, that Parnell waited among the crowd in an outer-room, he went, by the persuasion of Swift, with his Treasurer's staff in his hand, to bid him welcome; and admitted him as a favourite companion of his convivial hours. Pope compliments Harley on the delicacy of his choice of intimate friends, and mentions Parnell among the number.

For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
For Swift and him, despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dextrous, the craving, fawning fool to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit.

His companionable talents, and classical erudition, procured him admission into the society, called the *Scriblerus Club*, formed by Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, Swift, and Jervas. It is probable, the club began with Parnell; for it is not mentioned, during his intimacy with Addison, Steele, and Congreve, previous to his connection with the Tory Ministry. How long it lasted is not exactly ascertained. Few societies have been productive of a greater variety of frolics and whimsical conceits. They wrote many things in conjunction; and, according to Goldsmith, Gay usually was amanuensis. Of those joint productions, in which Parnell had a principal share, the *Origin of the Sciences from the Monkeys in Ethiopia* is particularly mentioned.

The connection between these wits advanced the fame and interest of them all. They submitted their productions to the review of each other, and readily adopted alterations, dictated by taste and judgment, unmixed with envy or any sinister motive. With those friends Parnell continued intimately connected during his life. Every year, as soon as he had collected the rents of his estate, and the revenue of his benefices, he came over to England, and spent some months. He lived in an elegant style, when he was in the world, and rather impaired than improved his estate.

Pope was particularly fond of Parnell's company, and seems to have been under several literary obligations to him, for his assistance in the translation of Homer.

"My business," says he, "depends entirely upon you. The moment I lost you, Eustathius, with nine thousand contractions of the Greek character, arose to view! Spedanus, with all his auxiliaries, in number a thousand pages, (value three shillings) and Dacier's three volumes, Barnes's two, Valterius three, Cuperus, half in Greek, Leo Allatius, three parts in Greek, Scaliger, Macrobius, and (worse than them all) Aulus Gellius! All these rushed upon my soul at once, and whelmed me under a fit of the headach. Dear Sir, not only as you are a friend and a good natured man, but as you are a Christian and a divine, come back speedily, and prevent the increase of my sins; for at the rate I have begun to rave, I shall not only damn all poets and commentators who have gone before, but be damned myself by all who come after me. In short, come down forthwith, or give me good reasons for delaying, though but for a day or two, by the next post. If I find them just, I will come up to you, though you know how precious my time is at present; my hours were never worth so much money before."

THE LIFE OF PARNELL.

Gay was obliged to Parnell on another account; for, being always poor, he was not above receiving from him the copy-money which he got for his writings.

"Your *Zoilus*," says Pope, "really transcends the expectation I had conceived of it. I have put it into the press, beginning with the poem *Batrachom*. Inform me upon what terms I am to deal with the bookseller, and whether you design the copy-money for Gay, as you formerly talked. I scarce see any thing to be altered in the whole piece. In the poem you sent, I will take the liberty you allow me. The story of *Pandora*, and the *Eclogue upon Health*, are the most beautiful things I ever read."

The *Life of Homer*, prefixed to the translation of the *Iliad*, was written by Parnell, and corrected by Pope; and he assures us, the correction was not effected without great labour. "It is still stiff," says he, "and was written still stiffer; as it is, I verily think, it cost me more pains in the correcting than the writing would have done." In one of his letters to Parnell, he treats the *Life of Homer* with much greater respect. "If I were to tell you," says he, "the thing I wish above all things, it is to see you again; the next is to see your treatise of *Zoilus*, with the *Batrachomachia*, and the *Perseidum Veneris*, both which poems are master-pieces in their several kinds, and I question not, the prose is as excellent in its sort as the *Essay on Homer*."

Pope, in this instance, is almost inexcusable; as what he seems to condemn in one place, he very much applauds in another. What he says in both places may very easily be reconciled to truth; for every thing of Parnell's, that has appeared in prose, is written in a very awkward inelegant manner; but who can defend his candour and his sincerity?

It would be hard, however, to suppose, that there was no real friendship between these great men. The benevolence of Parnell's disposition remains unimpeached, and Pope, though subject to starts of passion and envy, yet never missed an occasion of being serviceable to him. When he had a miscellany to publish, he applied to Parnell for poetical assistance, and the latter as implicitly submitted to him for correction.

Parnell seems to have been one of those poets who take delight in writing. He was one of the contributors to the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, and probably published more than he owned, and certainly wrote more than he published.

As he expected very reasonably to rise to high preferment in the Church, he applied himself to preaching, and displayed his elocution with great applause in the pulpits of London; but the Queen's death putting an end to his expectations, he abated in his diligence.

Amidst his expectations, he had the affliction to lose his wife, by whom he had two sons who died young, and a daughter, who was living in 1770. Swift, in his "Journal to Stella," Aug. 24. 1712, says, "I am heartily sorry for poor Mrs. Parnell's death; she seemed to be an excellent good-natured young woman, and I believe the poor lad is much afflicted; they appeared to live perfectly well together." This event is supposed to have made an indelible impression on his spirits, and Pope represents him as falling from that time into intemperance of wine.

He was now to derive every future addition to his preferments from his personal interest with his private friends. He was warmly recommended by Swift to Archbishop King, who gave him a prebend in 1713, and the vicarage of Finglafs, in the diocese of Dublin, worth 400*l.* a year, May 31. 1716. His gratitude is beautifully expressed in an encomiastic poem on *Swift's birth day*, 1713.

"Such notice from such a man," says Dr. Johnson, "inclines me to believe, that the vice of which he has been accused was not gross or notorious."

During the two or three last years of his life, he was more fond of company than ever, and could scarce bear to be alone. The death of his wife was a loss to him, that he was unable to support or recover. "From that time," says Goldsmith, "he could never venture to court the muse in solitude, where he was sure to find the image of her who first inspired his attempts. He began, therefore, to throw himself into every company, and to seek from wine, if not relief, at least insensibility. Those helps, that sorrow first called in for assistance, habit soon rendered necessary, and he died before his fortieth year, in some measure, a martyr to conjugal fidelity."

His end, whatever was the cause, was now approaching. He enjoyed his preferment little more than a year. The whole of his poetical existence was not of more than ten years continuance. In

this short space, he attained a share of fame, equal to what most of his contemporaries were a long life in acquiring. He died at Chester, on his way to Ireland, in July 1717, in the 38th year of his age, and was buried in Trinity Church in that city, without any monument to mark the place of his interment.

As he died without male issue, his estate devolved to his only nephew, Sir John Parnell, Bart. whose father was younger brother to the Archdeacon, and one of the justices of the King's Bench in Ireland.

He left many compositions behind him, of which Pope selected those which he thought best, and published them in one volume 8vo., 1721, with a dedication to the Earl of Oxford. A posthumous volume was printed at Dublin, in 1758. And both these volumes united, with several additional poems, collected by Mr. Nichols, were printed in the collection of the "English Poets," 1779 and 1790.

Parnell was a man of very great benevolence, and of very agreeable manners. His conversation is said to have been extremely pleasing, but in what its peculiar excellence consisted, is now unknown. His connections were extensive, and his friends numerous and respectable. He was intimately acquainted with Addison, Steele and Congreve, and with Pope, Swift and Arbuthnot. Joined by kindred talents, and qualities, he loved, esteemed, and revered his friends; and was by them loved, esteemed, and revered. He was respected by the world as a man of superior endowments. To talents, learning, and virtue were joined an ample estate, and considerable preferments in the church. Though not a very great economist, he was by no means so profuse, as to have materially reduced his fortune. Goldsmith says, "he was the most capable man in the world to make the happiness of those he conversed with, and the least able to secure his own. He wanted that evenness of disposition, which bears disappointment with phlegm, and joy with indifference. He was ever very much elated or depressed, and his whole life spent in agony or rapture. But the turbulence of these passions only affected himself, and never those about him; he knew the ridicule of his own character, and very effectually raised the mirth of his companions, as well at his vexations as at his triumphs. Indeed he took care, that his friends should see him to the best advantage; for when he found his fits of spleen and uneasiness, which sometimes lasted for weeks together, he returned, with all expedition, to the remote parts of Ireland, and then made out a gloomy kind of satisfaction, in giving hideous descriptions of the solitude to which he retired. Scarce a bog in his neighbourhood was left without reproach, and scarce a mountain reared its head unsung."

"I have been once witness," says Pope in one of his letters to him, "of some, I hope all your splenetic hours; come and be a comforter to me in mine." In answer to one of his dreary descriptions, he says, "I can easily image to my thoughts, the solitary hours of your eremetical life in the mountains, from something parallel to it in my own retirement at Binfield;" and in another place, "We are both miserable enough situated, God knows; but of the two evils, I think the solitudes of the south are to be preferred to the deserts of the west." In this manner, Pope answered him in the tone of his own complaints, and these descriptions of his imaginary distresses served to relieve himself, yet they were not so easily endured by the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who did not care to confess themselves his fellow sufferers. He received many mortifications on that account among them; for being naturally fond of company, he could not endure to be without even theirs, which, however, among his English friends, he affected to despise. His conduct, in this particular, was rather splendid than wise; he had either lost the art to engage, or did not employ his skill in securing those more permanent, though more humble connections; and sacrificed, for a month or two, in England, a whole year's happiness by his country fireside.

The prose writings of Parnell, are his papers in the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, *Essay on Homer*, *Life of Zeilus*, and *Remarks of Zeilus*. In general they discover no very great degree of force or comprehensiveness of mind; but they teem with imagination, and show great learning, good sense, and knowledge of mankind. The *Life of Zeilus* was written at the request of his friends, and designed as a satire against Theobald and Dennis, with whom his club had been long at variance.

Considered as a poet, Parnell is not distinguished for strength of intellect or fertility of invention.

His taste was delicate, and refined by a careful perusal of the ancient classics. His admiration of those models of fine writing, led to an imitation so close, as often to preclude originality. There is little of novelty in the thoughts, the imagery, or the sentiments of Parnell. But the thoughts are just; the images, though not great, are beautiful, well selected, and happily applied; the sentiments, though not bold or impassioned, are natural and agreeable. The moral tendency is excellent, the versification is sweet and harmonious, and the language pure, proper, and correct.

The *Rise of Woman* was one of his earliest productions. It is a very fine illustration of a hint from *Hesiod*. The Anacreontic, *When spring comes on with fresh delight*, is taken from the French, but superior to the original. The imagery is beautiful, and the sentiments natural and pleasing. *Gay Bacchus*, &c. is a translation from *Augustinus*; but the latter part is purely Parnell's. The *Fairy Tale* is incontestibly one of the finest pieces in any language. Perhaps none of his performances discover more genius. Wit and virtue, without beauty, becoming amiable in the eyes of a mistress, in preference to beauty without wit and virtue, is finely described. The old dialect is not perfectly well preserved; but that is a very slight defect where all the rest is so excellent. The *Perseid* of *Veneris*, ascribed to Catullus, is very well translated. It is replete with natural and impassioned description, and the versification is easy, flowing, and harmonious. In general, all Parnell's translations are excellent. Goldsmith has very properly remarked, that in the *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, the Greek names have not in English their original effect. The *Epistle to Pope* is one of the finest compliments that was ever paid to any poet. The praise is high, but discriminative and appropriate. That part of it where he deplores his being far from wit and learning, as being far from Pope, gave particular offence to his friends at home. The panegyric on *Swift* is not exceeded by it in discrimination of character, selection of imagery, and felicity of expression.

The *Bookworm* is a translation from *Beza*, with modern applications. The translation of the description of *Belinda* at her toilet in the *Rape of the Lock*, into monkish verse, shows what a master Parnell was of the Latin language. The *Eclogue on Health* is simple and beautiful. The *Elegy on an Old Beauty* has little point or novelty. The *Allegory on Men* shows a vigour of genius, and compression of thought, superior to what appears in most of Parnell's pieces. The *Hymn to Contentment*, Dr. Johnson suspects to have been borrowed from Cleveland. The *Night Piece on Death* deserves every praise. It is indirectly preferred by Goldsmith to Gray's "Elegy;" but, in Dr. Johnson's opinion, Gray has the advantage in dignity, variety, and originality of sentiment. The fabulous characters in the *Elysium* are finely described, and the numbers are exquisitely harmonious. The *Hermit* is the most popular of his performances. The object of the poem deserves high praise for its piety and conduciveness to human happiness. It is conspicuous for beautiful descriptive narration. The meeting with a companion, and the houses in which they are successively entertained, of the vain man, the covetous man, and the good man, are pieces of very fine painting. It may be doubted whether the means employed for correcting the two first characters were altogether adequate to the purpose intended. It is not probable that a vain man would abstain from a customary gratification of his vanity merely for the loss of an instrument of it, to a man of his wealth so easily supplied. Habitual avarice is not usually removed by unexpected acquisitions. The general doctrine inculcated by the *Hermit's* companion is founded in the best philosophy. The story is in *Howell's Letters* and *Moré's Dialogues*; and Goldsmith supposes it to have been originally *Arabian*. Among his posthumous pieces, the *Essay on the different Styles of Poetry*, and the *Vision of Piety*, have some passages which deserve commendation. Few of the *Scripture Pieces* require particular criticism; and some of them have been made public with very little credit to his reputation.

"Parnell appears to me," says Goldsmith, "to be the last of that great school that had modelled itself upon the ancients, and taught English poetry to resemble what the generality of mankind have allowed to excel. A studious and correct observer of antiquity, he set himself to consider nature with the light it lent him; and he found that the more aid he borrowed from the one, the more delightfully he resembled the other. Parnell is ever happy in the selection of his

images, and singularly careful in the choice of his subjects. His poetical language is not less correct than his subjects are pleasing. He has considered the language of poetry as the language of life, and conveys the warmest thoughts in the simplest expressions."

"The general character of Parnell," says Dr. Johnson, "is, not great extent of comprehension, or fertility of mind; of the little that appears, still less is his own. His praise must be derived from the easy sweetness of his diction; in his verses there is more happiness than pains; he is sprightly without effort, and always delights though he never ravishes; every thing is proper, yet every thing seems casual. If there is some appearance of elaboration in the *Hermit*, the narrative, as it is less airy, is less pleasing. Of his other compositions, it is impossible to say whether they are the productions of nature so excellent as not to want the help of art, or of art so refined as to resemble nature."

"This criticism relates only to the pieces published by Pope. Of the large appendages which I found in the last edition, I can only say I know not whence they came, nor have ever inquired whither they are going. They stand upon the faith of the compilers."

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With willing ears the wind obedient flow,
And lend the shining ripples to the flow.
A golden crown in her hand she bore;
The purple mantle round her bosom wore;
I was brought with me the love of Jove,
That love should kindle and should kindle love.
That was the love that made the world so true.

P O E M S.

HESIOD: OR, THE RISE OF WOMAN.

WHAT ancient times (those times we fancy wise)
Have left on long record of woman's rise,
What morals teach it, and what fables hide,
What author wrote it, how that author dy'd,
All these I sing. In Greece they fram'd the tale
(In Greece 'twas thought a woman might be frail);
Ye modern beauties! where the poet drew
His softest pencil, think he dreamt of you;
And, warn'd by him, ye wanton pens beware,
How heav'n's concern'd to vindicate the fair.
The case was Hesiod's; he the fable writ;
Some think with meaning, some with idle wit;
Perhaps 'tis either, as the ladies please;
I wave the contest, and commence the lays.
In days of yore (no matter where or when)
'Twas ere the low creation swarm'd with men,
That one Prometheus, sprung of heavenly birth,
(Our author's song can witness) liv'd on earth;
He carv'd the turf to mold a manly frame,
And stole from Jove his animating flame.
The fly contrivance o'er Olympus ran,
When thus the monarch of the stars began:

O vers'd in arts! whose daring thoughts aspire,
To kindle clay with never-dying fire!
Enjoy thy glory past, that gift was thine;
The next thy creature meets, be fairly mine:
And such a gift, a vengeance so design'd,
As suits the counsel of a god to find;
A pleasing bosom-cheat, a specious ill,
Which felt the curse, yet covets still to feel.
He said, and Vulcan strait the Sire commands,
To temper mortar with ætherial hands;
In such a shape to mold a rising fair,
As virgin goddesses are proud to wear;
To make her eyes with diamond-war shine,
And form her organs for a voice divine.
'Twas thus the Sire ordain'd; the power obey'd;
And work'd, and wonder'd at the work he made;
The fairest, softest, sweetest frame beneath,
Now made to seem, now more than seem to breathe.

As Vulcan ends, the cheerful queen of charms
Clasp'd the new-panting creature in her arms:

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To make her face with double charms abound,
O'er her bright eyes to place a crown of gold;
To dress the mind the better grace brought;
A robe in all the dyes of beauty wrought;
And plac'd their bosoms o'er a rich breast;
Where dignify'd love a easy cover play'd;
Then dress'd those limbs in garments that were true.

The time to end, the clock index came,
To call the looks, that rightly were in frame;
And quick, the mirror, where the world's in frame;
Behold and judge her own reflected frame.
Fair Eros sat, but first the purple robes
Combin'd her neck with a wreath of flowers;
Within the wreath a crown of roses;
A veil beaming with a golden glow;
That would her face with a golden glow;
The purple robes, the purple robes;
Her robes (the purple robes) were true;
Behold'd the beauty with a golden glow;
Flow'd to the feet to copy from her true;
When Venus, whose hands were made to weave,
The new-born creature, thus began:

From that embrace a fine complexion spread,
Where mingled whiteness glow'd with softest red;
Then in a kiss the breath of her various arts;
Of trifling prettily with wounded hearts;
A mind for love, but still a changing mind;
The lips affected, and the glance design'd;
The sweet confusing blush, the secret wink;
The gentle swimming walk, the courteous sink;
The stare for strangeness fit, for scorn the frown;
For decent yielding, looks declining down;
The practis'd languish, where well feign'd desire
Would own its melting in a mutual fire;
Gay smiles to comfort; April showers to move;
And all the nature, all the art of love.

Gold scepter'd Juno next makes the fair's art;
Her touch endows her with imperious art;
Self-valuing fancy, highly-crested pride,
Strong sovereign will, and some desire to chide;
For which, an eloquence, that aims to vex,
With native tropes of anger, arms the sex;
Minerva, skilful goddess, train'd the maid,
To twirl the spindle by the twisting thread;
To fix the loom, instruct the reeds to part;
Cross the long web, and close the web with art;
An useful gift; but what profuse expence,
What world of fashions, took its rise from hence!

Young Hermes next, a close contriving god,
Her brows encircled with his serpent rod;
Then plots and fair excuses fill'd her brain;
The views of breaking amorous vows for gain;
The price of favours; the designing arts;
That aim at riches in contempt of hearts;
And, for a comfort in the marriage life,
The little pilfering temper of a wife.

Full on the fair his beams Apollo sung,
And fond persuasion tipp'd her easy tongue;
He gave her words, where oily flattery lays
The pleasing colours of the art of praise;
And wit, to scandal exquisitely prone,
Which frets another's spleen to cure its own.

Those sacred virgins whom the bards reverse,
Tun'd all her voice, and shed a sweetness there,

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To make her sense with double charms abound,
Or make her lively nonsense please by sound.

To dress the maid the decent graces brought
A robe in all the dies of beauty wrought,
And plac'd their boxes o'er a rich brocade,
Where pictur'd loves on every cover play'd;
Then spread those implements that Vulcan's art
Had fram'd to merit Cytherea's heart;
The wire to curl, the close indented comb
To call the locks, that lightly wander, home;
And chief, the mirror, where the ravish'd maid
Beholds and loves her own reflected shade.

Fair Flora lent her stores; the purple hours
Confin'd her tresses with a wreath of flowers;
Within the wreath arose a radiant crown;
A veil pellucid hung depending down;
Back roll'd her azure veil with serpent fold,
The purpled border deck'd the floor with gold,
Her robe (which closely by the girdle brac'd
Reveal'd the beauties of a slender waist)
Flow'd to the feet, to copy Venus' air,
When Venus' statues have a robe to wear.

The new-sprung creature, finish'd thus for harms,
Adjusts her habit, practises her charms,
With blushing glows, or shines with lively smiles,
Confirms her will, or recollects her wiles;
Then, conscious of her worth, with easy pace
Glides by the glass, and turning views her face.

A finer flux than what they wrought before,
Through time's deep cave, the silken fates explore,
Then fix the loom, their fingers nimbly weave;
And thus their toil prophetic songs deceive.

Flow from the rock, my star, and swiftly flow,
Pursue thy thread; the spindle runs below;
A creature fond and changing, fair and vain;
The creature woman, rises now to reign;
New beauty blooms, a beauty form'd to fly;
New love begins, a love produc'd to die;
New parts distress the troubled scenes of life;
The fondling mistress, and the ruling wife;
Men born to labour, all with pains provide;
Women have time to sacrifice to pride;
They want the care of man, their want they know,
And dress to please with heart-alluring show;
The show prevailing; for the sway contend,
And make a servant where they meet a friend.

Thus in a thousand wax-erected forts
A loitering race the painful bee supports;
From sun to sun, from bank to bank he flies,
With honey loads his bag, with wax his thighs;
Fly where he will, at home the race remain,
Prune the silk dress, and murmuring eat the gain.

Yet here and there we grant a gentle bride,
Whose temper betters by the father's side;
Unlike the rest that double human care,
Fond to relieve, or resolute to share,
Happy the man whom thus his stars advance!
The curse is general, but the blessing chance.

Thus sung the sisters, while the gods admire
Their beauteous creature, made for man in ire;
The young Pandora she, whom all contend
To make too perfect not to gain her end;
Then bid the winds, that fly to breathe the spring,
Return to bear her on a gentle wing;

With wafting airs the winds obsequious blow,
And land the shining vengeance safe below.
A golden coffer in her hand she bore,
The present treacherous, but the bearer more;
'Twas fraught with pangs; for Jove ordain'd above,
That gold should aid, and pangs attend on love.

Her gay descent the man perceiv'd afar,
Wondering he ran to catch the falling star:
But so surpris'd, as none but he can tell,
Who lov'd so quickly, and who lov'd so well,
O'er all his veins the wandering passion burns,
He calls her nymph, and every nymph by turns,
Her form to lovely Venus he prefers,
Or swears that Venus' must be such as hers.
She, proud to rule, yet strangely fram'd to tease,
Neglects his offers while her airs the plays,
Shoots scornful glances from the bended frown,
In brisk disorder trips it up and down;
Then hums a careless tune to lay the storm,
And sits, and blushes, smiles, and yields, in form.

"Now take what Jove design'd, she softly cry'd,

"This box thy portion, and myself the bride."
Fir'd with the prospect of the double charms,
He snatch'd the box, and bride, with eager arms,
Unhappy man! to whom so bright she shone,
The fatal gift, her tempting self, unknown!
The winds were silent, all the waves asleep,
And heaven was trac'd upon the flattering deep;
But, whilst he look'd unmindful of a storm,
And thinks the water wears a stable form,
What dreadful din around his ears shall rise!
What frowns confuse his picture of the skies!

At first the creature man was fram'd alone,
Lord of himself, and all the world his own;
For him the nymphs in green forsook the woods,
For him the nymphs in blue forsook the floods;
In vain the satyrs rage, the tritons rave,
They bore him heroes in the secret cave,
No fate destroy'd, no sick disorder prey'd,
No bending age, his sprightly form decay'd,
No wars were known, no females heard to rage,
And, poets tell us, 'twas a golden age.

When woman came, those ills the box confin'd
Burst furious out, and poison'd all the wind,
From point to point, from pole to pole they flew,
Spread as they went, and in the progress grew;
The nymphs regretting left the mortal race,
And altering nature wore a sickly face:
New terms of folly rose, new states of care;
New plagues, to suffer, and to please, the fair!
The days of whining, and of wild intrigues,
Commenc'd, or finish'd, with the breach of leagues;
The mean designs of well-dissembled love;
The sordid matches never join'd above;
Abroad the labour, and at home the noise,
(Man's double sufferings for domestic joys)
The curse of jealousy; expence and strife;
Divorce, the public brand of shameful life;
The rival's sword; the quail that takes the fair;
Disdain for passion, passion in despair—
These, and a thousand yet unnam'd, we find;
Ah fear the thousand yet unnam'd behind!

Thus on Parnassus tuneful Hesiod sung,
The mountain echoed, and the valley rung,

The sacred groves a fix'd attention show,
The crystal Helicon forbore to flow;
The sky grew bright; and (if his verse be true)
The muses came to give the laurel too.
But what avail'd the verdant prize of wit,
If love swore vengeance for the tales he writ?
Ye fair offended, hear your friend relate
What heavy judgment prov'd the writer's fate,
Though when it happen'd no relation clear,
'Tis thought in five, or five and twenty years.
Where, dark and silent, with a twisted shade
The neighbouring woods a native arbour made,
There oft a tender pair, for amorous play
Retiring, toy'd the ravill'd hours away:
A Locran youth, the gentle Trullus he,
A fair Milesian, kind Evanthie she:
But swelling nature in a fatal hour
Betray'd the secrets of the conscious bower;
The dire disgrace her brothers count their own,
And track her steps, to make its author known.
It chanc'd one evening, 't was the lover's day,
Conceal'd in brakes the jealous kindred lay:
When Hesioid, wandering, mus'd along the plain,
And fix'd his seat where love had fix'd the scene;
A strong suspicion strait possess'd their mind
(For Poets ever were a gentle kind),
But when Evanthie near the passage stood,
Flung back a doubtful look, and shot the wood,
"Now take (as once they cry) thy due reward,"
And, urg'd with erring rage, assauld the bard.
His corpse the sea receiv'd. The dolphins bore
('T was all the gods would do) the corpse to shore.
Methinks I view the dead with pitying eyes,
And see the dreams of ancient wisdom rise;
I see the muses round the body cry,
But hear a cupid loudly laughing by;
He wheels his arrow with insulting hand,
And thus inscribes the moral on the sand.
"Here Hesioid lies: ye future bards, beware
"How far your moral tales incense the fair.
"Unlov'd, unloving, 't was his fate to bleed;
"Without his quiver, Cupid caus'd the deed:
"He judg'd this turn of malice justly due,
"And Hesioid dy'd for joys he never knew."

S O N G.

When thy beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky;
At distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eye!

But when without art,
Your kind thought you impart,
When your love runs in blushes through every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants
in your heart,
Then I know you're a woman again.

There's a passion and pride
In our sex, she reply'd,

And thus, might I gratify both, I would desire
Still an angel appear to each lover beside;
But still be a woman to you.

S O N G.

THYRSIS, a young and amorous swain,
Saw two, the beauties of the plain,
Who both his heart subdu'd:
Gay Celia's eyes were dazzling fair,
Sabina's easy shape and air
With softer magic drew.

He haunts the stream, he haunts the grove,
Lives in a fond romance of love,
And seems for each to die:
Till, each a little piteous grown,
Sabina Celia's shape ran down,
And the Sabina's eye.
Their envy made the shepherd find
Those eyes which love could only blind;
So let the lover free
No more he haunts the grove or stream,
Or with a true love knot and name
Engraves a wounded tree.

Ah, Celia! fly Sabina cry'd,
Though neither love, we're both deny'd;
Now to support the sex's pride,
Let either fix the dart.

Poor girl, says Celia, say no more;
For should the swain but once adore,
That spite, which broke his chains before,
Would break the other's heart.

S O N G.

LOVE AND INNOCENCE.

My days have been so wondrous free,
The little birds, that fly
With careless ease from tree to tree,
Were but as blest as I.

Ate gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd their stream?
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
I lent one sigh to them?

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught;
The tender chains of sweet desire
Are fix'd upon my thought.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines!
Ye swains that haunt the grove!
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds!
Ye close retreats of love!

THE WORKS OF PARNELL.

With all of nature, all of art,
Assist the dear design;
O teach a young, unpractic'd heart,
To make fair Nancy mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of despair;
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the passion in my mind
Is mix'd with soft distress;
Yet, while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less.

ANACREONTIC.

WHEN spring came on with fresh delight,
To cheer the soul, and charm the sight,
While easy breezes, softer rain,
And warmer suns, salute the plain;
'Twas then, in yonder piny grove,
That nature went to meet with love.

Green was her robe, and green her wreath;
Where'er she trod, 'twas green beneath;
Where'er she turn'd, the pulses beat
With new recruits of genial heat;
And in her train the birds appear,
To match for all the coming year.

Rais'd on a bank where daisies grew,
And violets intermix'd a blue,
She finds the boy she went to find;
A thousand pleasures wait behind,
Affide, a thousand arrows lie,
But all unfeather'd, wait to fly.

When they met, the dame and boy,
Dancing graces, idle joy,
Wanton smiles, and airy play
Conspir'd to make the scene be gay;
Love pair'd the birds through all the grove,
And nature bid them sing to love,
Sitting, hopping, flustering, sing,
And pay their tribute from the wing,
To sledge the shafts that idly lie,
And yet unfeather'd wait to fly.

'Tis thus, when spring renews the blood,
They meet in every trembling wood,
And thrice they make the plumes agree,
And every dart they mount with three,
And every dart can boast a kind,
Which suits each proper turn of mind.

From the towering eagle's plume
The generous hearts accept their doom;
Shot by the peacock's painted eye,
The vain and airy lovers die:
For careful dames and frugal men,
The shafts are speckled by the hen.
The pyes and parrots deck the darts,
When prattling wins the panting hearts;
When from the voice the passions spring,
The warbling finch affords a wing:
Together, by the sparrow stung,
Down fall the wanton and the young:

And fledge'd by geese the weapons fly,
When others love they know not why.

All this (as late I chanc'd to rove)
I learn'd in yonder waving grove,
And see, says love, who call'd me near,
How much I deal with nature here;
How both support a proper part,
She gives the feather, I the dart:
Then cease for souls averse to fight,
If nature croses you, so do I:
My weapon there unfeather'd flies,
And shakes and shuffles through the skies.
But if the mutual charms I find
By which the links you mind to mind,
They wing my shafts, I poize the darts,
And strike from both, through both your hearts.

ANACREONTIC.

GAY Bacchus, liking Escourt's * wine,
A noble meal bespoke us;
And for the guests that were to dine,
Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus.

The god near Cupid drew his chair,
Near Comus, Jocus plac'd;
For wine makes love forget its care,
And mirth exalts a feast.

The more to please the sprightly god,
Each sweet engaging grace
Put on some clothes to come abroad,
And took a waiter's place.

Then Cupid nam'd at every glass
A lady of the sky;
While Bacchus swore he'd drink the last,
And had it bumper-high.

Fat Comus tost his brimmers o'er,
And always got the most;
Jocus took care to fill him more,
Where'er he mis'd the toast.

They call'd, and drank at every touch;
He fill'd and drank again;
And if the gods can take too much,
'Tis said, they did so then.

Gay Bacchus little Cupid stung,
By reckoning his deceits;
And Cupid mock'd his stammering tongue,
With all his staggering gaits:

And Jocus droll'd on Comus' ways,
And tales without a jest;
While Comus call'd his witty plays
But waggeries at best.

Such talk soon set them all at odds;
And had I Homer's pen,

* A celebrated comedian and tavern-keeper.

'd sing ye, how they drank like gods,
And how they fought like men.

To part the fray, the graces fly,
Who make them soon agree:
Nay, had the furies selves been nigh,
They still were three to three.

Bacchus appeas'd, rais'd Cupid up,
And gave him back his bow;
But kept some darts to stir the cup,
Where sack and sugar flow.

Jocus took Comus' rosy crown,
And gayly wore the prize,
And thrice, in mirth, he push'd him down,
As thrice he strove to rise.

Then Cupid fought the myrtle grove,
Where Venus did recline;
And Venus close embracing love,
They join'd to rail at wine.

And Comus loudly curling wit,
Roll'd off to some retreat;
Where boon companions gravely sit
In fat unwieldy state.

Bacchus and Jocus still behind,
For one fresh glass prepare;
They kiss, and are exceeding kind,
And vow to be sincere.

But part in time, whoever hear
This our instructive song;
For though such friendships may be dear,
They can't continue long.

A FAIRY TALE.

IN THE ANCIENT ENGLISH STYLE.

In Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,
When midnight fairies daunc'd the maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the Green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Though badly shap'd he'd been.

His mountain back mote well be said,
To measure height against his head,
And lift itself above;
Yet, spite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within;
But one Sir Popaz dress'd with art,
And, if a shape could win a heart,
He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion pac'd along
All in the moony light:

'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive fairies made resort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
That reach'd the neighbour towne;
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor;
When hollow winds remove the door,
And trembling rocks the grounds:
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once a hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approach near,
And now the sounds increase:
And from the corner where he lay
He sees a train profusely gay
Come pranking o'er the place.

But (trust me, Gentles!) never yet
Was dight a masquing hall so neat,
Or half so rich before;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its silken store.

Now whilst he gaz'd, a gallant drest
In flaunting robes above the rest,
With awful accent cry'd;
What mortal of a wretched mind,
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here presum'd to hide?

At this the swain, whose venturesous soul
No fears of magic art controul,
Advanc'd in open fight;
"Nor have I cause of dread, he said,
"Who view, by no presumption led,
"Your revels of the night.

"'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
"Which made my steps unweeting rove
"Amid the nightly dew."
"Tis well, the gallant cries again,
"We fairies never injure men
"Who dare to tell us true.

"Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
"Be mine the task, or ere we part,
"To make thee grief resign;
"Now take the pleasure of thy chance;
"Whilst I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
"Be little Mable thine."

He spoke, and all a sudden there
Light music floats in wanton air;
The monarch leads the queen:

THE WORKS OF PARNELL.

The rest their fairy partners found:
And Mable trimly trip the ground
With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
And sicker such a feast was made,
As heart and lip desire,
Withouten hands the dishes fly,
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
And with a wish retire.

But, now to please the fairy king,
Full every deal they laugh and sing,
And antic feats devise;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other some transmute their shape
In Edwin's wondering eyes.

Till one at last, that Robin bight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
Has bent him up aloof;
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung
To crawl beneath the roof.

From thence, "Reverse my charmi, he cries,
"And let it fairly now suffice
"The gambol has been shewn."
But Oberon answers with a smile,
"Content thee Edwin for a while,
"The vantage is thine own."

Here ended all the phantom-play;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers die;
Poor Edwin falls to floor;
Forlorn his state, and dark the place,
Was never wight in such a case
Through all the land before.

But soon as Dan Apollo rose,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the less;
His honest tongue and steady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems a dancing as he walks,
His story soon took wind;
And beauteous Edith sees the youth
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
The youth of Edith erst approv'd,
To see the revel scene:
At close of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he hies, it so befel,
The wind came ruffling down a dell,
A shaking seiz'd the wall;
Up spring the tapers as before,
The fairies bragly foot the floor,
And music fills the hall.

But certes forely sunk with woe
Sir Topaz sees the Elphib show,
His spirits in him die;
When Oberon crys, "A man is dead,
"A mortal passion, cleeped fear,
"Hangs flagging in the sky."

With that Sir Topaz, hapless youth!
In accents faltering, ay for ruth,
Intreats them pity grant;
For als he been a miller wight
Betray'd by wandering in the night
To tread the circled haunt;

"A losell vile, at once they roar,
"And little skill'd of fairy lore,
"Thy cause to come, we know;
"Now has thy kestrel courage fell;
"And fairies, since a lie you tell,
"Are free to work thee woe."

Then Will, who bears the wispy fire,
To trail the swains among the mire,
The caittiff upward flung;
There, like a tortoise, in a shop
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Destly they frik it o'er the place,
They sit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolic mirth beguile,
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink,
They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
And down y-drops the knight:
For never spell by fairy laid
With strong enchantment bound a glade,
Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
Till up the welkin rose the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er;
But wot ye well his harder lot?
His seely back the bunch had got
Which Edwin lost afore.

This tale a Sybil-nurse ar'd,
She softly stroak'd my youngling head,
And when the tale was done,
"Thus some are born, my son, he cries,
"With base impediments to rise,
"And some are born with none."

"But virtue can itself advance
"To what the favourite fools of chance
"By fortune seem'd design'd;

" Virtue can gain the odds of fate, and win
 " And from itself shake off the weight
 " Upon th' unworthy mind."

THE VIGIL OF VENUS.

*Written in the time of Julius Caesar, and by
 some ascribed to Catullus.*

*LET those love now, who never lov'd before;
 Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

The spring, the new, the warbling spring ap-
 pears,
 The youthful season of reviving years;
 In spring the leaves enkindle mutual heats,
 The feather'd nation choose their tuneful mates,
 The trees grow fruitful with descending rain,
 And dress'd in differing greens adorn the plain.
 She comes; to-morrow Beauty's empress roves
 Through walks that winding run within the
 groves;
 She twines the shooting myrtle into bowers,
 And ties their meeting tops with wreaths of
 flowers,

Then, rais'd sublimely on her easy throne,
 From Nature's powerful dictates draws her own.

*Let those now love, who never lov'd before;
 Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

'Twas on that day which saw the teeming flood
 Swell round, impregnate with celestial blood;
 Wandering in circles flood the funny crew,
 The midst was left a void expanse of blue,
 There parent ocean work'd with heaving throes,
 And dropping wet the fair Dione rose.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
 Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

She paints the purple year with vary'd show,
 Tips the green gem, and makes the blossom glow.
 She makes the turgid buds receive the breeze,
 Expand to leaves, and shade the naked trees.
 When gathering damps the misty nights diffuse,
 She sprinkles all the morn with balmy dews;
 Bright trembling pearls depend at every spray,
 And, kept from falling, seem to fall away.
 A glossy freshness heic the rose receives,
 And blushes sweet through all her silken leaves
 (The drops descending through the silent night,
 While stars silently roll their golden light):
 Close till the morn, her humid veil she holds;
 Then deckt with virgin pomp the flower unfolds.
 Soon will the morning blush: ye maids! prepare,
 In rosy garlands bind your flowing hair;
 'Tis Venus' plant: the blood fair Venus shed,
 O'er the gay beauty pour'd immortal red;
 From love's soft kiss a sweet ambrosial smell
 Was taught for ever on the leaves to dwell;
 From gems, from flames, from orient rays of
 light,

The richest distree makes her purple bright;
 And she to-morrow weds; the sporting gale
 Unties her zone, she bursts the verdant veil;
 Through all her sweets the rising lover flies,
 And as he breathes, her glowing fires arise.

*Let those now love, who never lov'd before;
 Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

Now fair Dione to the myrtle grove
 Sends the gay nymphs, and sends her tender love.
 And shall they venture? Is it safe to go,
 While nymphs have hearts, and Cupid wears a bow?
 Yes, safely venture, 'tis his mother's will;
 He walks unarm'd, and undesigning ill.
 His torch extinct, his quiver uselefs hang,
 His arrows idle, and his bow unstrung.
 And yet, ye nymphs, beware, his eyes have charms;
 And love that's naked; still is love in arms.
*Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
 Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

From Venus' bower to Delia's lodge repairs
 A virgin train, complete with modest airs:
 Chaste Delia, grant our suit! cry from the wood,
 " Nor stain this sacred lawn with savage blood,
 " Venus, O Delia! if she could persuade,
 " Would ask thy presence, might she ask a maid.
 Here cheerful quires for three auspicious nights
 With songs prolong the pleasurable rites:
 Here crowds in measure lightly-decent rove;
 Or seek by pairs the covert of the grove,
 Where meeting greens for arbours arch above,
 And mingling flow'rets strow the scenes of love.
 Here dancing Ceres shakes her golden sheaves;
 Here Bacchus revels, deck'd with vine leaves:
 Here Wit's enchanting god, in laurel crown'd,
 Wakes all the ravish'd hours with silver sound.
 Ye fields, ye forests, own Dione's reign.

And Delia, huntress Delia, thum the plain.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
 Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

Gay with the bloom of all her opening year,
 The Queen at Hybla bids her throne appear;
 And there presides; and there the favourite band
 (Her smiling graces) share the great command.
 Now, beauteous Hybla! dress thy flowery beds
 With all the pride the lavish season sheds;
 Now all thy colours, all thy fragrance yield,
 And rival Bnna's aromatic field.

To fill the presence of the gentle court,
 From every quarter rural nymphs resort, [vales,
 From woods, from mountains, from their humble
 From waters curling with the wanton gales.
 Fleas'd with the joyful train, the laughing queen
 In circles seats them round the bank of green;
 And, " Lovely girls, she whispers, guard your
 " hearts: [arts:

" My boy, though stript of arms, abounds in
*Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
 Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

Let tender grass in shaded alleys spread,
 Let early flowers creck their painted head,
 To-morrow's glory be to-morrow seen,
 That day, old Ether wedded Earth in green,
 The vernal father bid the spring appear.
 In clouds he coupled to produce the year,
 The sap descending o'er her bosom ran,
 And all the various sorts of soul began.
 By wheels unknown to sight, by secret veins
 Distilling life, the fruitful goddess reigns,
 Through all the lovely realms of native day,
 Through all the circled land, and circling sea;

With fertile seed the fill'd the pervious earth,
And ever fix'd the mystic ways of birth.

Let those love now, who never lov'd before;

Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

'Twas she the parent to the Latian shore
Through various dangers Troy's remainder bore.
She won Lavinia for her warlike son,
And, winning her, the Latian empire won.
She gave to Mars the maid, whose honour'd womb
Swell'd with the founder of immortal Rome.
Decoy'd by shows, the Sabine dames she led,
And taught our vigorous youth the way to wed.
Hence sprung the Romans, hence the race divine
Through which great Cæsar draws his Julian
line.

Let those love now, who never lov'd before;

Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

In rural seats the soul of pleasure reigns;

The life of beauty fills the rural scenes;

Ev'n love (if fame the truth of love declare)

Drew first the breathings of a rural air.

Some pleasing meadow pregnant beauty prest,

She laid her infant on its flowery breast,

From Nature's sweets he sipp'd the fragrant dew,

He smil'd, he kiss'd them, and by kissing grew.

Let those love now, who never lov'd before;

Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

Now bulls o'er stalks of broom extend their
sides,

Secure of favours from their lowing brides.

Now stately rams their fleecy consorts lead,

Who bleating follow through the wandering shade.

And now the goddess bids the birds appear,

Raise all the music, and salute the year:

Then deep the swan begins, and deep the song

Runs o'er the water where he sails along:

While Philomela turns a treble strain,

And from the poplar charms the listening plain,

We fancy love express'd at every note,

It melts, it warbles, in her liquid throat.

Of barbarous Tereus she complains no more,

But sings for pleasure, as for grief before.

And still her graces rise, her airs extend,

And all is silence till the Syren end.

How long in coming is my lovely Spring!

And when shall I, and when the swallow sing?

Sweet Philomela, cease:—Or here I sit,

And silent lose my rapturous hour of wit:

'Tis gone, the fit retires, the flames decay,

My tuneful Phœbus flies averse away.

His own Amycle thus, as stories run,

But once was silent, and that once undone.

Let those love now, who never lov'd before;

Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

HOMER'S BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:

O R,

THE BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

NAMES OF THE FROGS.

PHYSIGNATHUS, one who swells his cheeks.

PELUS, a name from mud.

HYDROMEDUSE, a ruler in the waters.

HYPSIBOAS, a loud bauler.

PELION, from mud.

SCUTLEUS, called from the bees.

POLYPHONUS, a great babler.

LYMNÓCHAKIS, one who loves the lake.

CRAMBOPHAGUS, a cabbage-eater.

LYMNISIOS, called from the lake.

CALAMINTHIUS, from the herb.

HYDROCARIS, who loves the water.

BORBOROCATES, who lies in the mud.

PRASSOPHAGUS, an eater of garlic.

PELUSIUS, from mud.

PELOBATES, who walks in the dirt.

PRESEUS, called from garlic.

CRAGASIDES, from croaking.

NAMES OF THE MICE.

PSYCARPAX, one who plunders granaries.

TROXARTAS, a bread-eater.

LYCHOMILE, a lick of meal.

PTERNOTRACTAS, a bacon-eater.

LYCHOPYNAX, a lick of dishes.

ENBASCHYTROS, a creeper into pots.

LYCHENOR, a name for licking.

TROGLODYTES, one who runs into holes.

ARTOPHAGUS, who feeds on bread.

TYROGLYPHUS, a cheese-scooper.

PTERNOLYPHUS, a bacon-scooper.

PTERNOPHAGUS, a bacon-eater.

CNISSODIOCTES, one who follows the steam of

kitchens.

SITOPHAGUS, an eater of wheat.

MERIDARPAX, one who plunders his share.

BOOK I.

To fill my rising song with sacred fire,
Ye tuneful Nine, ye sweet celestial quire!
From Helicon's embowering height repair,
Attend my labours, and reward my prayer;
The dreadful toils of raging Mars I write,
The springs of contest, and the fields of fight;
How threatening mice advanc'd with warlike

grace,
And wag'd dire combats with the croaking race.
Not louder tumults shook Olympus' towers,
When earth-born giants dar'd immortal powers.
These equal acts an equal glory claim,
And thus the muse records the tale of fame.

Once on a time, fatigued and out of breath,
And just escap'd the stretching claws of death,
A gentle mouse, whom cars purfued in vain,
Fled swift of foot across the neighbouring plain,
Hung o'er a brink, his eager thirst too cool,
And dipp'd his whiskers in the standing pool;
When near a courteous frog advanc'd his head,
And from the water, hoarse relounding, said,

What art thou, stranger? what the line you
boast?

What chance has cast thee panting on our coast?
With strictest truth let all thy words agree,
Nor let me find a faithless mouse in thee.
If worthy, friendship, proffer'd friendship take,
And entering view the pleasurable lake;
Range o'er my palace, in my bounty share,
And glad return from hospitable fare.
Thi' silver realm extend beneath my sway,
And me, their monarch, all its frogs obey.
Great Physignathus I, from Pelcus' race,
Begot in fair Hydromede's embrace,
Where, by the nuptial bank that paints his side,
The swift Eridannus delights to glide. [claim
Thee too, thy form, thy strength, and port, pro-
A scepter'd king, a son of martial fame;
Then trace thy line, and aid my guessing eyes.
Thus ceas'd the frog, and thus the mouse replies.

Known to the gods, the men, the birds that fly
Through wild expanses of the midway sky,
My name resounds; and if unknown to thee,
The soul of great Pycarpax lives in me.
Of brave Troxartas' line, whose flecky down
In love compress'd Lychomile the brown.
My mother she, and princel's of the plains
Where'er her father Permotractas reigns.
Born where a cabin lifts its airy shed,
With figs, with nuts, with vary'd dainties fed,
But, since our natures nought in common know,
From what foundation can a friendship grow?
These curling waters o'er thy palace roll;
But man's high food supports my princely soul:
In vain the circled leaves attempt to lie
Conceal'd in flasks from my curious eye.

In vain the tripe that boasts the whitest hue,
In vain the gilded bacon thuns my view,
In vain the cheeses, off-spring of the pail,
Or honey'd cakes, which gods themselves regale.
And as in arts I shine, in arms I fight,
Mix'd with the bravest, and unknown to flight,
Though large to mine, the human form appear,
Not man himself can smite my soul with fear,
Sly to the bed with silent steps I go,
Attempt his finger, or attack his toe,
And fix indented wounds with dextrous skill,
Sleeping he feels, and only seems to feel,
Yet have we foes which direful dangers cause:
Grim owls with talons arm'd, and cats with claws,
And that false trap, the den of silent fate,
Where death his ambush plants around the bait.
All dreaded these, and dreadful o'er the rest,
The potent warriors of the tabby vest,
If to the dark we fly, the dark they trace,
And rend our heroes of the nibbling race,
But me, nor stalks nor waterish herbs delight,
Nor can the crimson radish charm my sight,
The lake-refounding frogs selected fare,
Which not a mouse of any taste can bear.

As thus the downy prince his mind express'd,
His answer thus the croaking king addrest:
Thy words luxuriant on thy dainties rove,
And, stranger, we can boast of bounteous Jove:
We sport in water, or we dance on land,
And, born amphibious, food from both command.
But trust thyself where wonders ask thy view,
And safely tempt those seas, I'll bear thee through:
Ascend my shoulders, firmly keep thy seat,
And reach my marshy court, and feast in state.
He said, and bent his back; with nimble bound
Leaps the light mouse, and clasps his arms around,
Then wondering floats, and sees with glad survey
The winding banks resembling ports at sea.
But when aloft the curling water rides,
And wets with azure wave his downy sides,
His thoughts grow conscious of approaching woe,
His idle tears with vain repentance flow,
His locks he rends, his trembling feet he rears,
Thick beats his heart with unaccustom'd fears;
He sighs, and, chill'd with danger, longs for shore:
His tail extended, forms a fruitless oar,
Half drench'd in liquid death his prayers he spake,
And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful lake:

So pass'd Europa through the rapid sea,
Trembling and fainting all the venturous way;
With oary feet the bull triumphant rode,
And safe in Crete depos'd his lovely load.
Ah, safe at last, may thus the frog support
My trembling limbs to reach his ample court!
As thus he sorrows, death ambiguous grows,
Lo! from the deep a water-hydra rose;

He rolls his sanguin'd eyes, his bosom heaves,
And darts with active rage along the waves.
Confus'd the monarch sees his hissing foe,
And dives, to shun the fable fates below.
Forgetful frog! the friend thy shoulders bore,
Unkill'd in swimming, floats remote from shore.
He grasps with fruitless hands to find relief,
Supinely falls, and grinds his teeth with grief;
Plunging he sinks, and struggling mounts again,
And sinks, and strives, but strives with fate in vain.

The weighty moisture clogs his hairy vest,
And thus the prince his dying rage express:
Nor thou, that sing'st me sound'ring from thy
back,

As from hard rocks rebounds the shattering wrack,
Nor thou shalt 'scape thy due, perfidious king!
Pursued by vengeance on the swiftest wing!
At land thy strength could never equal mine,
At sea to conquer, and by craft, was thine.
But heaven has gods, and gods have searching eyes:
Ye mice, ye mice, my great avengers rise!

This said, he sighing gasp'd, and gasping dy'd,
His death the young Lychopynax espy'd,
As on the flowery brink he pass'd the day,
Bask'd in the beams, and loiter'd life away.
Loud shrieks the mouse, his shrieks the shores
repeat;

The nibbling nation learn their hero's fate:
Grief, dismal grief ensues; deep murmurs found,
And shriller fury fills the deafen'd ground.
From lodge to lodge, the sacred heralds run,
To fix their council with the rising sun;
Where great Trexartas crown'd in glory reigns,
And winds his lengthening court beneath the
Pycarpax' father, father now no more! [plaints.
For poor Pycarpax lies remote from shore;
Supine he lies! the silent waters stand,
And no kind billow wafts the dead to land!

BOOK II.

WHEN rosy-finger'd morn had ting'd the clouds,
Around their monarch-mouse the nation crowds,
Slow rose the sovereign, heav'd his anxious breast,
And thus the council, fill'd with rage, address:

For lost Pycarpax much my soul endures,
'Tis mine the private grief, the public yours.
Three warlike sons adorn'd my nuptial bed,
Three sons, alas, before their father dead!
Our eldest perish'd by the ravening cat,
As near my court the prince unheeded sat.
Our next, an engine fraught with danger drew,
The portal gap'd, the bait was hung in view,
Dire arts assist the trap, the fates decoy,
And men un pitying kill'd my gallant boy!
The last, his country's hope, his parent's pride,
Plung'd in the lake by Phrygnathus dy'd;
Rouse all to war, my friends! avenge the deed;
And bleed that monarch, and his nation bleed.

His words in every breast inspir'd alarms,
And careful Mars supply'd their host with arms.
In verdant hulls despoil'd of all their beans,
The buskin'd warriors stalk'd along the plains:

Quills aptly bound their bracing corselet made,
Fac'd with the plunder of a cat they slay'd:
The lamp's round boss afford them ample shield;
Large shells of nuts their covering helmet yield;
And o'er the region, with reflected rays,
Tall groves of needles for their lances blaze,
Dreadful in arms the marching mice appear;
The wondering frogs perceive the tumult near,
Forsoke the waters, thickening, form a ring,
And ask, and hearken, whence the noises spring,
When near the crowds, disclos'd to public view,
The valiant chief Embasichytros drew:
The sacred herald's sceptre grac'd his hand,
And thus his word express'd his king's command:

Ye frogs! the mice, with vengeance fir'd, advance,

And deck'd in armour shake the shining lance:
Their hapless prince by Phrygnathus slain;
Extends incumbent on the watery plain.
Then arm your host, the doubtful battle try:
Lead forth those frogs that have the soul to die.

The chief retires, the crowd the challenge hear,

And proudly swelling, yet perplex'd appear:
Much they resent, yet much their monarch blame,
Who, rising, spoke to clear his tainted fame:

O friends! I never forc'd the mouse to death,
Nor saw the gasping of his latest breath.

He, vain of youth, our art of swimming try'd,
And, venturous, in the lake the wanton dy'd.
To vengeance now by false appearance led,
They point their anger at my guiltless head,
But wage the rising war by deep device,
And turn its fury on the crafty mice.
Your king directs the way; my thoughts, elate
With hopes of conquest form designs of fate.
Where high the banks their verdant surface heave,
And the steep sides confine the sleeping wave,
There, near the margin, clad in armour bright,
Sustain the first impetuous shocks of fight:

Then, where the dancing feather joins the crest,
Let each brave frog his obvious mouse arrest;
Each, strongly grasping, headlong plunge a foe,
Till countless circles whirl the lake below;
Down sink the mice in yielding waters drown'd;
Loud flash the waters; and the shores resound:
The frogs triumphant tread the conquer'd plain,
And raise their glorious trophies of the slain.

He spake no more, his prudent scheme imparts
Redoubling ardour to the boldest hearts.

Green was the suit his arm'd heroes chose;
Around their legs the greaves of mallows close;
Green were the beets about their shoulders laid,
And green the colewort, which the target made,
Form'd of the vary'd shells the waters yield,
Their glossy helmets glisten'd o'er the field:
And tapering sea-reeds for the polish'd spear,
With upright order pierc'd the ambient air.

Thus dress'd for war, they take th' appointed height,

Poise the long arms, and urge the promis'd fight.
But now, where Jove's irradiate spires arise,
With stars surrounded in æthereal skies,
(A solemn council call'd) the brazen gates
Unbar; the gods assume their golden seats:

The fire superior leans, and points to show
What wondrous combats mortals wage below :
How strong, how large, the numerous heroes
 stride, [pride !
What length of lance they shake with warlike
What eager fire, their rapid march reveals !
So the fierce Centaurs ravag'd o'er the dales ;
And so confirm'd, the daring Titans rose,
Heap'd hills on hills, and bid the gods be foes.

This seen, the power his sacred visage rears;
He casts a pitying smile on worldly cares,
And asks what heavenly guardians take the list,
Or who the mice, or who the frogs assist?

Then thus to Pallas : If my daughter's mind
Have join'd the mice, why stays the still behind ;
Drawn forth by favory steams they wind their
And sure attendance round thine altar pay, [way,
Where while the victims gratify their taste,
They sport to please the goddess of the seal.

Thus spake the Ruler of the spacious skies.
But thus, revolv'd, the blue-eyed maid replies :
In vain, my father ! all their dangers plead,
To such thy Pallas never grants her aid,
My flowery wreaths they petulantly spoil,
And rob my crystal lamps of feeding oil.
(ills following ill's) but what afflicts me more,
My veil that idle race profanely tore.

The web was curious, wrought with art divine;
Relentless wretches! all the work was mine!
Along the loom the purple warp I spread,
Cast the light shoot, and crost the silver thread;
In this their teeth a thousand breaches tear,
The thousand breaches skilful hands repair,
For which, vile earthly duns thy daughter grieve
(The gods, that use no coin, have none to give;
And learning's goddess never less can owe,
Neglected learning gains no wealth below).
Nor let the frogs to win my succour sue,
Those clamorous fools have lost my favour too:
For late, when all the conflict ceas'd at night,
When my stretch'd sinews work'd with eager
fight.

When spent with glorious toil, I left the field,
And sunk for slumber on my swelling shield;
Lo from the deep, repelling sweet repose,
With noisy croakings half the nation rose:
Devoid of rest, with aching brows I lay,
Till cocks proclaim'd the crimson dawn of day.
Let all, like me, from either host forbear,
Nor tempt the flying furies of the spear;
Let heavenly blood (or what for blood may flow)
Adorn the conquest of a meaner foe.
Some daring mouse may meet the wondrous odds,
Though gods oppose, and brave the wounded gods.
O'er gilded clouds reclin'd, the danger view,
And be the wars of mortals scenes for you.

So mov'd the blue-ey'd queen; her words per-
Great Jove assented, and the rest obey'd. [suade,

BOOK III.

Now front to front the marching armies shine,
Halt ere they meet, and form the lengthening
line :

The chiefs, conspicuous seen and heard afar,
Give the loud signal to the rushing war;
Their dreadful trumpets deep-mouth'd horns
Sound:

The founding charge remurmurs o'er the ground;
Ev'n Jove proclaims a field of horror nigh,
And rolls low thunder through the troubled sky.

First to the fight large Hypsiboas flew,
And brave Lychenor with a javelin flew.
The luckless warrior, fill'd with generous flame,
Stood foremost glittering in the post of fame;
When, in his liver struck, the javelin hung,
The mouse fell thundering, and the target rung;
Prone to the ground, he sinks, his closing eye,
And soild in dust his lovely tresses lie.

A spear at Pelion Trogodytes cast;
The millifere press within the bosom past:
Death's sable shades the fainting frog surround,
And life's red tide runs ebbing from the wound.
Embaphytros felt Scutæus' dart,
Transfix, and quiver in his panting heart:
But great Artophagus aveng'd the slain,
And big Scutæus tumbling loads the plain;
And Polyphonus dies, a frog renown'd
For boastful speech and turbulence of sound;
Deep through the belly pierc'd, supine he lay,
And breath'd his soul against the face of day.

The strong Lymphocharis, who view'd with ire
A victor triumph, and a friend expire;
With heaving arms a rocky fragment caught,
And fiercely flung where Troglydytes fought
(A warrior vers'd in arts, of lure retreat;
But arts in vain elude impending fate);
Full on his sinewy neck the fragment fell,
And o'er his eye-lids clouds eternal dwell.
Lychenor (second of the glorious name)
Striding advanc'd, and took no wandering aim;
Through all the frogs the shining javelin flies,
And near the vanquish'd mouse the victor dies.

The dreadful stroke Crambophagus affrights,
Long bred to banquets, less inur'd to fights,
Headless he runs, and stumbles o'er the steep,
And wildly floundering flashes up the deep;
Lychenor, following with a downward blow,
Reach'd in the lake his unrecover'd foe;
Gasping he rolls, a purple stream of blood
Distsains the surface of the silver flood;
Through the wide wound the rushing entrails
throng.

And flow the breathless carcase floats along,
Lymnifius good Tyroglyphus assails,
Prince of the mice that haunt the flowery vales,
Lost to the milky fares and rural seat,
He came to perish on the bank of fate.

The dread Pternoglyphus demands the fight,
Which tender Calaminthius shuns by flight.
Drops the green target, springing quits the foe,
Glides through the lake, and safely dives below.
But dire Pternophagus divides his way
Through breaking ranks, and leads the dreadful
day.

No nibbling prince excell'd in fierceness more,
His parents fed him on the savage boar;
But where his lance the field with blood imbrued,
Swift as he mov'd Hydrocharis pursued;

Till fallen in death he lies, a shattering stone
Sounds on the neck, and crushes all the bone :
His blood pollutes the verdure of the plain,
And from his nostrils bursts the gushing brain.

Lycopinax with Borborocates fights,
A blameless frog, whom humbler life delights;
The fatal javelin unrelenting flies,
And darkness seals the gentle croaker's eyes.

Incens'd Prassophagus, with sprightly bound,
Bears Cnissodictes off the rising ground,
Then drags him o'er the lake depriv'd of breath,
And, downward plunging, sinks his soul to death.
But now the great Pycarpax shines afar
(Scarce he so great whose loss provok'd the war);
Swift to revenge his fatal javelin fled,
And through the liver struck Pelusius dead ;
His freckled corpse before the victor fell,
His soul indignant fought the shades of hell.

This saw Pelobates, and from the flood
Heav'd with both hands a monstrous mass of mud ;
The cloud obscene o'er all the hero flies,
Dishonours his brown face, and blots his eyes.
Enrag'd, and wildly sputtering, from the shore
A stone, immense of size, the warrior bore,
A load for labouring earth, whose bulk to raise
Asks ten degenerate mice of modern days.
Full on the leg arrives the crushing wound :
The frog, suppoitless, writhes upon the ground.

Thus flush'd, the victor wars with matchless
Till loud Craugasides arrests his course. [force.
Hoarse croaking threats precede ! with fatal speed
Deep through the belly ran the pointed reed,
Then, strongly rugg'd, return'd imbrued with
gore,

And on the pile his reeking entrails bore.

The lame Sitophagus, oppress'd with pain,
Creeps from the desperate dangers of the plain ;
And where the ditches rising weeds supply
To spread their lowly shades beneath the sky,
There lurks the silent mouse reliev'd from heat,
And, safe embower'd, avoids the chance of fate.

But here Troxartas, Physignathus there,
Whirl the dire furies of the pointed spear ;
But where the foot around its ankle plies,
Troxartas wounds, and Physignathus flies,
Halts to the pool, a safe retreat to find,
And trails a dangling length of leg behind.
The mouse still urges, still the frog retires,
And half in anguish of the flight expires.

Then pious ardour young Pressæus brings,
Betwixt the fortunes of contending kings :
Lank harmless frog : with forces hardly grown,
He darts the reed in combat not his own,
Which, faintly tinkling on Troxartas' shield,
Hangs at the point, and drops upon the field.

Now nobly towering o'er the rest appears
A gallant prince, that far transcends his years,
Pride of his fire, and glory of his house,
And more a Mars in combat than a mouse :
His action bold, robust his ample frame,
And Maridarpax his rescuing name.
The warrior, singled from the fighting crowd,
Boasts the dire honours of his arms aloud ;
Then strutting near the lake, with looks elate,
To all its nations threats approaching fate :

And such his strength, the silver lakes around
Might roll their waters o'er unpeopled ground.
But powerful Jove, who shews no less his grace
To frogs that perish, than to human race,
Felt soft compassion rising in his soul,
And shook his sacred head, that shook the pole.
Then thus to all the gazing powers began
The fire of gods, and frogs, and mice, and man :

What seas of blood I view ! what worlds of
slain !

An Iliad rising from a day's campaign ;
How fierce his javelin o'er the trembling lakes
The black-furr'd hero Meridarpax shakes !
Unless some favouring deity descend,
Soon will the frogs loquacious empire end.
Let dreadful Pallas wing'd with pity fly,
And make her ægis blaze before his eye ;
While Mars refulgent on his rattling car,
Arrests his raging rival of the war.

He ceas'd, reclining with attentive head,
When thus the glorious god of combats said :
N. r Pallas, Jove ! though Pallas take the field,
With all the terrors of her hissing shield ;
Nor Mars himself, though Mars in armour bright
Ascend his car, and wheel amidst the fight ;
Not these can drive the desperate mouse afar,
Or change the fortunes of the bleeding war.
Let all go forth, all heaven in arms arise,
Or launch thy own red thunder from the skies,
Such ardent bolts as flew that wondrous day,
When heaps of Titans mix'd with mountains lay ;
When all the giant race enormous fell,
And huge Enceladus was hurl'd to hell.

'Twas thus th' armipotent advis'd the gods,
When from his throne the cloud-compeller nods,
Deep-lengthening thunders run from pole to pole,
Olympus trembles as the thunders roll.
Then swift he whirle the brandish'd bolt around,
And headlong darts it at the distant ground ;
The bolt discharg'd inwrap'd with lightning flies,
And rends its flaming passage through the skies ;
Then earth's inhabitants, the pibblers, shake,
And frogs, the dwellers in the waters, quake.
Yet still the mice advance their dread design,
And the last danger threatens the croaking line ;
Till Jove, that inly mourn'd the loss they bore,
With strange assistants fill'd the frighted shore.

Pour'd from the neighbouring strand, deform'd
to view,

They march, a sudden unexpected crew !
Strong suits of armour round their bodies close,
Which, like thick anvils, blunt the force of blows ;
In wheeling marches torn oblique they go ;
With harpy claws their limbs divide below ;
Fell sheers the passage to their mouth command ;
From out the flesh their bones by nature stand ;
Broad spread their backs, their shining shoulders
rise ;

Unnumber'd joints distort their lengthen'd thighs ;
With nervous cords their hands are firmly brac'd ;
Their round black eye-balls in their bosom plac'd ;
On eight long feet the wondrous warriors tread ;
And either end alike supplies a head.
These, mortal wits to call the crabs agree ;
The gods have other names for things than we.

Now where the jointures from their loins de-
pend,
The heroes tail with severing grasps they rend.
Here, short of feet, depriv'd the power to fly,
There, without hands, upon the field they lie.
Wrench'd from their holds, and scatter'd all a-
round,
The bended lances heap the cumber'd ground.

Helpless amazement, fear pursuing fear,
And mad confusion, through their host appear:
O'er the wild waste with headlong flight they go,
Or creep conceal'd in vaulted holes below.

But down Olympus to the western seas
Far-shooting Phœbus drove with fainter rays;
And a whole war (so Jove ordain'd) begun,
Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving sun.

TO MR. POPE.

To praise, yet still with due respect to praise,
A bard triumphant in immortal bays,
The learn'd to shew, the sensible commend,
Yet still preferre the province of the friend,
What life, what vigour, must the lines require?
What music tune them? what affection fire?

O might thy genius in my bosom shine,
Thou should'st not fail of numbers worthy thine,
The brightest ancients might at once agree
To sing within my lays, and sing of thee.
Horace himself would own thou dost excel
In candid arts to play the critic well.
Ovid himself might wish to sing the dame
Whom Windsor Forest sees a gliding stream,
On silver feet, with annual o'er crown'd,
She runs for ever through poetic ground.

How flame the glories of Belinda's hair,
Made by thy muse the envy of the fair!
Less shone the tresses Egypt's prince's wore,
Which sweet Callimachus to song before
Here courtly tresses set the world at odds,
Belles war with beaux, and whims descend for
gods.

The new machines, in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave frenzy of the chemic fool.
But know, ye fair, a point conceal'd with art,
The sylphs and gnomes are but a woman's heart:
The graces stand in sight; a satyr train
Peep o'er their heads, and laugh behind the scene.

In Fame's fair temple, o'er the boldest wits
Inshrin'd on high the sacred Virgil sits,
And sits in measures, such as Virgil's muse
To place thee near him might be fond to choose.
How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he,
While some old Damon, o'er the vulgar wife,
Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st, the prize.
Rapt with the thought, my fancy seeks the plains,
And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.
Indulgent nurse of every tender gale,
Parent of flowerets, old Arcadia, hail!
Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,
Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head,

Still slide thy waters soft among the trees,
Thy aspens quiver in a breathing breeze,
Smile all thy vallies in eternal spring,
Be hush'd, ye winds! while Pope and Virgil sing.

In English lays, and all sublimely great,
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat,
He shines in council, thunders in the fight,
And flames with every sense of great delight.
Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like monarchs sparkling on a distant throne;
In all the majesty of Greece retir'd,
Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd,
His language failing, wrapp'd him round with
night,

Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light,
So wealthy mines, that ages long before
Fed the large realms around with golden ore,
When choak'd by sinking banks, no more appear,
And shepherds only say, The mines were here!
Should some rich youth (if nature warm his heart,
And all his projects stand inform'd with art)
Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;
The mines detected flame with gold again.

How vast, how copious, are thy new designs!
How every music varies in thy lines!
Still as I read, I feel my bosom beat,
And rise in raptures by another's heat.
Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,
When Windfor lent us tuneful hours of ease,
Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle blest;
And Philomela sweetest o'er the rest:
The shades resound with song—O softly tread!
While a whole season warbles round my head.

This to my friend—and when a friend inspires,
My silent harp its master's hand requires,
Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound,
For fortune plac'd me in infertile ground,
Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
From wit, from learning,—far, oh far from thee!
Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf,
Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf,
Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
Rocks at their side, and torrents at their feet,

Or lazy lakes, unconscious of a flood,
 Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.
 Yet here content can dwell, and learned ease,
 A friend delight me, and an author please;
 Ev'n here I sing, while Pope supplies the theme,
 Shew my own love, though not increase his fame.

A TRANSLATION

OF PART OF THE FIRST CANTO OF THE
 RAPE OF THE LOCK,

INTO LEONINE VERSE,

After the Manner of the ancient Monks.

ET nunc dilectum speculatur, pro more rectum,
 Emicat in mensâ, quæ splendet pyxide densâ:
 Tum primum lympha, se purgat candida nympha;
 Jamque sine mendâ, cælestis imago videnda,
 Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet, ocellos.
 Hæc stupet explorans, seu cultus numen adorans.
 Inferior claram Pythonissâ apparet ad aram,
 Fertque tibi cautè, dicatque superbia: laute,
 Dona venusta; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,
 Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
 Pyxide devotè, se pandit hic India tota;
 Et tota ex istâ transpirat Arabia cista:
 Testudo hic flectit, dum se mea Lesbîa pectit;
 Atque elephas lentè, te pectit Lesbîa dente;
 Hunc maculis nòris, nivei jacet ille coloris.
 Hic jacet et mundè, mundus muliebris abundè;
 Spinula resplendens æris longo ordine pendens,
 Pulvis suavis odore, et epistola suavis amore.
 In luit arma ergo; Veneris pulcherrima virgo;
 Pulchrior in præsens tempus de tempore creicens;
 Jam reparat risus, jam surgit gratiâ visus,
 Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultus;
 Pigmia jam miscet, quo plus sua purpura gliscet,
 Et geminans bellis splendet magè fulgor ocellis.
 Stant Lemures muti, Nymphae intentique salutì,
 Hic figit zonam, capiti, locat ille coronam;
 Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam;
 Et tibi vel-Betty, tibi vel nitidissima Letty;
 Gloria factorum temerè conceditur horum.

HEALTH. AN ECLOGUE.

Now early shepherds o'er the meadow pass,
 And print long footsteps in the glittering grass;
 The cows neglectful of their pasture stand,
 By turns obsequious to the milker's hand.

When Damon softly trod the shaven lawn,
 Damon a youth from city cares withdrawn,
 Long was the pleasing walk he wander'd through,
 A cover'd harbour clos'd the distant view;
 There rests the youth, and, while the feather'd
 throng

Raïse their wild music, thus contrives a song.

Here, wafted o'er by mild Etesian air,
 Thou country goddess, beauteous Health! repair;
 Here let my breast through quivering trees inhale
 Thy rosy blessings with the morning gale.

What are the fields, or flowers, or all I see?
 Ah! tasteless all, if not enjoy'd with thee.

Joy to my soul! I feel the goddess nigh,
 The face of nature cheers as well as I;
 O'er the flat green refreshing breezes run,
 The smiling daizies blow beneath the sun,
 The brooks run purling down with silver waves,
 The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,
 The chirping birds from all the compass rove
 To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove:
 High sunny summits, deeply-shaded dales,
 Thick mossy banks, and flowery winding vales,
 With various prospect gratify the sight,
 And scatter fix'd attention in delight.

Come, country goddess, come; nor thou suffice,
 But bring thy mountain-sister, Exercise.
 Call'd by thy lovely voice, she turns her pace,
 Her winding horn proclaims the finish'd chace;
 She mounts the rocks, she skims the level plain,
 Dogs, hawks, and horses, crowd her early train.
 Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,
 And lines and mæles loosely float behind.
 All these as means of toil the feeble see,
 But these are helps to pleasure join'd with thee.

Let Sloth lie softening till high noon in down,
 Or lolling fan her in the sultry town,
 Unner'd with rest; and turn her own discale,
 Or foster others in luxurious ease:
 I mount the courser, call the deep-mouth'd hound,
 The fox unkenne'd flies to covert grounds;
 I lead where stags through tangled thickets tread,
 And shake the saplings with their branching head;
 I make the falcons wing their airy way,
 And fear to seize, or stooping strike their prey;
 To snare the fish, I fix the luring bait;
 To wound the fowl, I load the gun with fate.
 'Tis thus through change of exercise I range,
 And strength and pleasure rise from every change.

Here, beauteous Health, for all the year remain,
 When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.
 Oh come, thou goddess of my rural song,
 And bring thy daughter, calm Content, along,
 Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,
 From whose bright presence clouds of sorrow fly:
 For her I mow my walks, I plait my bowers,
 Clip my low hedges, and support my flowers;
 To welcome her, this summer-seat I dress,
 And here I court her when she comes to rest;
 When she from exercise to learned ease
 Shall change again, and teach the change to please.

Now friends conversing my soft hours refine,
 And Tully's Tusculum revives in mine:
 Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,
 And such as make me rather good than great;
 Or o'er the works of easy fancy rove,
 Where flutes and innocence amuse the grove:
 The native bard, that on Sicilian plains
 First sung the lowly manners of the swains;
 Or Maro's muse, that in the fairest light
 Paints rural prospects and the charms of sight;
 These soft amusements bring content along,
 And fancy, void of sorrow, turns to song.

Here, beauteous Health, for all the year remain;

When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

THE FLIES. AN ECOLOGUE.

WHEN in the river cove for coolness stand,
And sheep for breezes seek the lofty land,
A youth, whom *Alas* taught that every tree,
Each bird and insect, spoke as well as he,
Walk'd calmly musing in a shady way,
Where flowering hawthorns broke the sunny ray,
And thus instructs his moral pen to draw
A scene that obvious in the field he saw.

Near a low ditch, where shallow waters meet,
Which never learn'd to glide with liquid feet,
Whose Naiads never prattle as they play,
But screen'd with hedges slumber out the day,
There stands a slender fern's aspiring shade,
Whose answering branches regularly laid
Put forth their answering boughs, and proudly rise
Three stories upward, in the nether skies.

For shelter here, to shun the noon-day heat,
An airy nation of the flies retreat;
Some in soft airs their silken pinions ply,
And some from bough to bough delighted fly;
Some rise, and circling light to perch again;
A pleasing murmur hums along the plain.
So, when a stage invites to pageant shews,
(If great and small are like) appear the beaux;
In boxes some with spruce pretension sit,
Some change from seat to seat within the pit,
Some roam the scenes, or turning cease to roam;
Preluding music fills the lofty dome.

When thus a fly (if what a fly can say
Deserves attention) rais'd the rural lay.

Where late *Aminor* made a nymph a bride,
Joyful I flew by young *Favonia's* side,
Who, mindless of the feasting, went to sip
The balmy pleasure of the shepherd's lip,
I saw the wanton, where I stoop'd to sup,
And half resolv'd to drown me in a cup;
Till, brush'd by careless hands, she soar'd above:
Cease, beauty, cease to vex a tender love.

Thus ends the youth, the buzzing meadow rung,
And thus the rival of his music sung.

When suns by thousands shone on orbs of dew,
I wasted soft with *Zephyretta's* flew;
Saw the clean pale, and fought the milky cheer,
While little *Daphne* seiz'd my roving deer.
Wretch that I was! I might have warn'd the dame,
Yet fate indulging as the danger came.
But the kind huntress left her free to soar:
Ah! guard, ye lovers, guard a mistress more.

Thus from the fern, whose high projecting arms
The fleeting nation bent with dusky swarms,
The swains their love in easy music breathe,
When tongues and tumult run the field beneath:
Black ants in teams come darkening all the road,
Some call to march, and some to lift the load;
They strain, they labour with incessant pains,
Press'd by the cumbrous weight of single grains.
The flies struck silent gaze with wonder down:
The busy burghers reach their earthy town;
Where lay the burthens of a wintery store,
And thence unwearied part in search of more.
Yet one grave sage a moment's space attends,
And the small city's loftiest point ascends,

Wipes the fall dew that trickles down his face,
And thus harangues them with the gravest grace.

Ye foolish murrings of the summer air,
These gentle tones and winning songs forbear:
Your trees and whispering breeze, your grove and
love,

Your Cupid's quiver, and his mother's dove;
Let birds to business bend their vigorous wings,
And sing but seldom, if they lose to sing:
Else, when the flowerets of the season fail,
And this your ferny shade forsakes the vale,
Though one would save you, not one grain of
wheat,

Should pay such songsters idling at my gate.
He coo'd: the flies, incorrigibly vain,
Heard the mayor's speech, and fell to sing again.

AN ELEGY TO AN OLD BEAUTY.

IN vain, poor nymph, to please our youthful sight
You sleep in cream and frontlets all the night,
Your face with patches soil, with paint repair,
Dress with gay gowns, and shade with foreign hair.
If truth, in spite of manners, must be told,
Why really fifty-five is something old.

Once you were young; or one, whose life's so
She might have borne my mother, tells me wrong.
And once, since envy's dead before you die,
The women own, you play'd a sparkling eye,
Taught the light foot a modish little trip,
And pouted with the prettiest purple lip.

To some new charmer are the roses fled,
Which blew, to damask all thy cheek with red;
Youth calls the graces there to fix their reign,
And airs by thousands fill their easy train.
So parting summer bids her flowery prime
Attend the sun to dress some foreign clime,
While withering seasons in succession, here,
Strip the gay gardens, and deform the year.

But thou, since nature bids, the world resign,
'Tis now thy daughter's daughter's time to shine;
With more address, or such as pleases more,
She runs her female exercises o'er;
Unfurls or closes, raps or turns the fan,
And smiles, or blushes at the creature man;
With quicker life, as gilded coaches pass,
In sideling courtesy she drops the glass.
With better strength, on visit-days she bears
To mount her fifty flights of ample stairs.
Her mein, her shape, her temper, eyes, and tongue,
Are sure to conquer—for the rogue is young:
And all that's madly wild, or oddly gay,
We call it only pretty Fanny's way.

Let time, that makes you homely, make you sage,
The sphere of wisdom is the sphere of age.

'Tis true, when beauty dawns with early fire,
And hears the flattering tongues of soft desire,
If not from virtue, from its gravest ways
The soul with pleasing avocation frays.
But beauty gone, 'tis easier to be wise;
As harpers better by the loss of eyes.
Henceforth retire, reduce your roving airs,
Haunt less the plays, and more the public prayers;

THE WORKS OF PARNELL.

Reject the Mechlin head, and gold brocade,
On pray, in sober Norwich crape array'd.
Thy pendant diamonds let thy Fanny take
(Their trembling lustre shows how much you
shake):
Or bid her wear thy necklace row'd with pearl,
You'll find your Fanny an obedient girl.
So for the rest, with less incumbrance hung,
You walk through life, unmingled with the
young,

And view the shade and substance as you pass,
With joint endeavour trifling at the glass,
Or folly drest, and rambling all her days,
To meet her counterpart, and grow by praise:
Yet still sedate yourself, and gravely plain,
You neither fret, nor envy at the vain.
'Twas thus, if man with woman we compare,
The wise Athenian crost a glittering fair.
Unmov'd by tongue and sights, he walk'd the place,
Through tape, toys, tinsel, gimp, perfume, and
lace;

Then bends from Mar's hill his awful eyes,
And—What a World I never want? he cries:
But cries unheard: for folly will be free.
So parts the buzzing gaudy crowd and he:
As careless he for them, as they for him:
He wrapt in wisdom, and they whirl'd by
whim.

THE BOOK-WORM.

Come hither, boy, we'll hunt to-day,
The book-worm, ravening beast of prey,
Produc'd by parent earth, at odds,
As fame reports it, with the gods.
Him frantic hunger wildly drives
Against a thousand authors lives:
Through all the fields of wit he flies;
Dreadful his head with clustering eyes,
With horns without, and tusks within,
And scales to serve him for a skin.
Observe him nearly, lest he climb
To wound the bards of ancient time,
Or down the vale of fancy go
To tear some modern wretch below.
On every corner fix thine eye,
Or ten to one he slips thee by.
See where his teeth a passage eat:
We'll rouse him from the deep retreat.
But who the shelter's forc'd to give?
'Tis sacred Virgil, as I live!
From leaf to leaf, from song to song,
He draws the tadpole form along,
He mounts the gilded edge before,
He's up, he seuds the cover o'er,
He turns, he doubles, there he past,
And here we have him, caught at last.
Insatiate brute, whose teeth abuse
The sweetest servants of the muse.
(Nay never offer to deny,
I took thee in the fact to fly.)
His roses nipt in every page,
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage;

By thee my Ovid wounded lies;
By thee my Lesbia's sparrow dies;
Thy rabid teeth have half destroy'd
The work of love in Biddy Floyd;
They rent Belinda's locks away,
And spoil'd the blouzelind of Gay.
For all, for every single deed,
Relentless justice bids thee bleed.
Then fall a victim to the nine,
Myself the priest, my desk the shrine.
Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso near,
To pile a sacred altar here;
Hold, boy, thy hand out-runs thy wit,
You reach'd the plays that Dennis writ;
You reach'd me Philips' rustic strain;
Pray take your mortal bars again.
Come, bind the victim,—there he lies,
And here between his numerous eyes
This venerable dust I lay,
From manuscripts just swept away.

The goblet in my hand I take,
(For the libation's yet to make)
A health to poets! all their days
May they have bread, as well as praise;
Sense may they seek, and less engage
In papers fill'd with party-rage.
But if their riches spoil their vein,
Ye muses, make them poor again.

Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,
With which my tuneful pens are made.
I strike the scales that arm thee round,
And twice and thrice I print the wound;
The sacred altar floats with red,
And now he dies, and now he's dead.

How like the son of Jove I stand,
This Hydra stretch'd beneath my hand!
Lay bare the monster's entrails here,
To see what dangers threat the year;
Ye gods! what sonnets on a wench!
What lean translations out of French!
'Tis plain, this lobe is so unsound,
S— prints, before the mouths go round.

But hold, before I close the scene,
The sacred altar should be clean.
Oh had I Shadwell's second bays,
Or, Tate! thy pert and humble lays!
(Ye pair, forgive me, when I vow
I never mis'd your works till now)
I'd tear the leaves to wipe the shrine,
(That only you please the nine)
But since I chance to want these two,
I'll make the songs of Dursley do.

Rent from the corps, on yonder pin,
I hang the scales that brac'd it in;
I hang my studious morning-gown,
And write my own inscription down.

"This trophy from the Python won,
"This robe, in which the deed was done,
"These, Parnell, glorying in the feat,
"Hung on these shelves, the muses seat.
"Here ignorance and hunger found
"Large realms of wit to ravage round:
"Here ignorance and hunger fell:
"Two foes in one I sent to hell.
"Ye poets, who my labours see,
"Come share the triumph all with me!

"Ye critics! born to vex the muse,
Go mourn the grand ally you lose."

AN ALLEGORY ON MAN.

A THOUGHTFUL being, long and spare,
Our race of mortals call him Care
(Were Homer living, well he knew
What name the gods have call'd him too),
With fine mechanic genius wrought,
And lov'd to work, though no one bought.
This being, by a model bred
In Jove's eternal fable head,
Contriv'd a shape empower'd to breathe,
And be the worldling here beneath.

The man rose staring, like a stake;
Wondering to see himself awake!
Then look'd so wise, before he knew
The business he was made to do;
That, pleas'd to see with what a grace
He gravely shew'd his forward face,
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
An under-something of the sky.

But ere he gave the mighty nod,
Which ever binds a poet's god
(For which his curls ambrosial shake,
And mother earth's oblig'd to quake),
He saw old mother earth arise,
She stood confess'd before his eyes;
But not with what we read she wore,
A castle for a crown before,
Nor with long streets and longer roads
Dangling behind her, like commodore:
As yet with wreaths alone she dress'd,
And trail'd a landskip-painted vest.
Then thrice she rais'd, as Ovid said,
And thrice she bow'd her weighty head.

Her honours made, great Jove, she cry'd,
This thing was fashion'd from my side:
His hands, his heart, his head, are mine;
Then what hast thou to call him thine?

Nay rather ask, the monarch said,
What boots his hand, his heart, his head,
Were what I gave remov'd away?
Thy part's an idle shape of clay.

Halves, more than halves! cry'd honest Care,
Your pleas would make your titles fair,
You claim the body, you the soul,
But I who join'd them, claim the whole.

This with the gods debate began,
On such a trivial cause, as man,
And can celestial tempers rage?
Quoth Virgil, in a later age.

As thus they wrangled, Time came by;
(There's none that paint him such as I,
For what the fabling ancients sung
Makes Saturn old, when Time was young.)
As yet his winters had not shed
Their silver honours on his head;
He just had got his pinions free,
From his old fire, Eternity.

A serpent girdled round he wore,
he tail within the mouth, before;

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By which our almanacks are clear
That learned Egypt meant the year.
A staff he carry'd; where on high
A glass was fix'd to measure by,
As amber boxes made a show
For heads of canes an age ago.
His vest, for day and night, was py'd;
A bending fickle arm'd his side;
And spring's new months his train adorn;
The other seasons were unborn.

Known by the gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cause.
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
Where since his hours a dial made;
Then leaning heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounc'd the words of fate:
Since body from the parent earth,
And soul from Jove receiv'd a birth,
Return they where they first began;
But since their union makes the man,
Till Jove and earth shall part these two,
To Care who join'd them, man is due.

He said, and sprung with swift career
To trace a circle for the year;
Where ever since the seasons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.

'Tis well, said Jove, and for consent
Thund'ring he shook the firmament.
Our umpire Time shall have his way,
With care I let the creature stay:
Let business vex him, avarice blind,
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,
Let error act, opinion speak,
And want afflict, and sickness break,
And anger burn, dejection chill,
And joy distract, and sorrow kill.
Till, arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
Time draws the long destructive blow;
And wasted man, whose quick decay
Comes hurrying on before his day,
Shall only find by this decree,
The soul flies sooner back to me.

AN

IMITATION OF SOME FRENCH VERSES.

RELENTLESS time! destroying power,
Whom stone and brass obey,
Who giv'st to every flying hour
To work some new decay;

Unheard, unheeded, and unseen,
Thy secret saps prevail,
And ruin man, a nice machine,
By nature form'd to fail.

My change arrives; the change I meet,
Before I thought it nigh.
My spring, my years of pleasure fleet,
And all their beauties die.

B

In age I search, and only find
A poor unfruitful gain,
Grave wisdom stalking slow behind,
Oppress'd with loads of pain.

My ignorance could once beguile,
And fancy'd joys inspire;
My errors cherish'd hope to smile
On newly born desire.

But now experience shews, the bliss
For which I fondly fought
Not worth the long impatient wish,
And ardour of the thought.

My youth met fortune fair array'd,
In all her pomp she shone,
And might perhaps have well essay'd
To make her gifts my own:

But when I saw the blessings shower
On some unworthy mind,
I left the chace, and own'd the power
Was justly painted blind.

I pass'd the glories which adorn
The splendid courts of kings,
And while the persons mov'd my scorn,
I rose to scorn the things.

My manhood felt a vigorous fire
By love increas'd the more;
But years with coming years conspire
To break the chains I wore.

In weakness safe, the sex I see
With idle lustre shine;
For what are all their joys to me,
Which cannot now be mine?

But hold—I feel my gout decrease,
My troubles laid to rest,
And truths which would disturb my peace
Are painful truths at best.

Vainly the time I have to roll
In sad reflection flies;
Ye fondling passions of my soul!
Ye sweet deceits! arise.

I wisely change the scene within,
To things that us'd to please;
In pain, philosophy is spleen,
In health, 'tis only ease.

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

By the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way.

I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom's surely taught below.
How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While through their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds, which on the right aspire.
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful fight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass with melancholy state.
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly-fad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
*Time was, like thee, thy life possesst,
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.*

Those with bending o'er bound,
That nameless have the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
Where toil and poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame
(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away);
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd bones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
These, all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great:
Who, while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.
Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades.
All flow, and wan, and wrap'd with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crowds,
And all with sober accent cry,
Think, mortal, what it is to die.

Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks, I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time rebound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground.)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones.

When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a king of fears am I!
They view me like the last of things;
They make, and then they draw, my strings.
Fools! if you less provok'd your fears,
No more my spectre form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God:
A port of calms, a state to ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas.
Why then thy flowing fable stoles,
Deep pendant cypress, mourning poles,

Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds;
Long palls, drawn hearfes, cover'd fleeds;
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'scutcheons of the dead?

Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe;
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering sun:
Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few, and evil years, they waste:
But when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

LOVELY, lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky
With more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head;
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease!

Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.
Encreasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold intrin'd.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way,
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart, which grief affails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last, for knowledge, rise.

Lovely, lasting peace, appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And, lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whisper as they wav'd:
It seem'd as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of his grace.

When thus she spoke—Go rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow:
Then every grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest.

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy:
Rais'd as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer;
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and blest with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colours of delight;
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear, and court my song:
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And thee, great source of nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The moon that shines with borrow'd light;
The stars that gild the gloomy night;
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me:
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes;
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from men, with God he pass'd the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion rose;
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost:
So when a smooth expanse receives impress
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow:
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken fun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew)

He quits his cell; the pilgrim staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wafted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd,
And hail, my son, the reverend fire reply'd;
Words follow'd words, from question answer
flow'd,

And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose: [pass,
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the domè
Still made his house the wandering stranger's
home:

Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the livery'd servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play:
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call:
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they
go;

And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;
His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glittering and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with
fear;

So seem'd the fire; when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wiley partner show'd.
He stop'd with silence, walk'd with trembling
heart,

And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their fable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain,

Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.

'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest);
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's servour through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such, within himself he cry'd,
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
In every settling feature of his face;
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The fluted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom
wrought

With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improv'd around, the mansion near,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not to praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then blest the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise;
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with
prayer.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept,
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and
dy'd.

Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done;
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Detested wretch!—But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form etherial burst upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke).

Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice un-
known,

In sweet memorial rife before the throne:
These charms, success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky,
Nay, cease to kneel.—Thy fellow-servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Power exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more
surprise,

Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;

Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine;
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross the silver runs below.

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back;
This night his treasure'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left to view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done:
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

PIETY, OR THE VISION.

'Twas when the night in silent sable fled,
When cheerful morning sprung with rising red,
When dreams and vapours leave to crowd the brain,
And best the vision draws its heavenly scene;
'Twas then, as slumbering on my couch I lay,
A sudden splendor seem'd to kindle day,
A breeze came breathing in a sweet perfume,
Blown from eternal gardens, fill'd the room;
And in a void of blue, that clouds invest,
Appear'd a daughter of the realms of rest;
Her head a ring of golden glory wore,
Her honour'd hand the sacred volume bore,
Her raiment glittering seem'd a silver white,
And all her sweet companions sons of light.
Straight as I gaz'd, my fear and wonder grew,
Fear barr'd my voice, and wonder fix'd my view;
When lo! a cherub of the shining crowd
That sail'd as guardian in her azure cloud,
Fann'd the soft air, and downwards seem'd to glide,
And to my lips a living coal apply'd.

Then while the warmth o'er all my pulses ran
Diffusing comfort, thus the maid began :

" Where glorious mansions are prepar'd above,
" The seats of music, and the seats of love,
" Thence I descend, and Piety my name,
" To warm thy bosom with celestial flame,
" To teach thee praises mix'd with humble prayers,
" And tune thy soul to sing seraphic airs.
" Be thou my bard." A vial here she caught
(An angel's hand the crystal vial brought);
And as with awful sound the word was said,
She pour'd a sacred unction on my head;
Then thus proceeded: " Be thy muse thy zeal,
" Dare to be good and all my joys reveal.

" While other pencils flattering forms create,
" And paint the gaudy plumes that deck the great;
" While other pens exalt the vain delight,
" Whose wasteful revel wakes the depth of night;
" Or others softly sing in idle lines
" How Damon courts, or Amaryllis shines;
" More wisely thou select a theme divine,
" Fame is their recompence, 'tis heaven is thine.
" Despise the raptures of discord'd fire,
" Where wine, or passion, or applause inspire
" Low restless life, and ravings born of earth,
" Whose meaner subjects speak their humble birth,
" Like working seas, that, when loud winters
" blow,

" Not made for rising, only rage below.
" Mine is a warm and yet a lambent heat,
" More lasting still, as more intensely great,
" Produc'd where prayer, and praise, and pleasure
" breathe,

" And ever mounting whence it shot beneath.
" Unpaint the love, that, hovering over beds,
" From glittering pinions guilty pleasure sheds;
" Restore the colour to the golden mines
" With which behind the feather'd idol shines;
" To flowering greens give back their native
" care,

" The rose and lily, never his to wear;
" To sweet Arabia send the balmy breath;
" Strip the fair flesh, and call the phantom death:
" His bow he fabled o'er, his shafts the same,
" And fork and point them with eternal flame.

" But urge thy powers, thine utmost voice ad-
" vance,

" Make the loud strings against thy fingers dance:
" 'Tis love that angels praise and men adore,
" 'Tis love divine that asks it all and more.
" Fling back the gates of ever-blazing day,
" Pour floods of liquid light to gild the way;
" And all in glory wrapt, through paths untrod,
" Pursue the great unseen descent of God.
" Hail the meek virgin, bid the child appear,
" The child is God, and call him Jesus here.
" He comes, but where to rest? A manger's nigh,
" Make the great Being in a manger lie;
" Fill the wide sky with angels on the wing,
" Make thousands gaze, and make ten thousand
" sing;

" Let men afflict him, men he came to save,
" And still afflict him till he reach the grave;
" Make him resign'd, his loads of sorrow meet,
" And me, like Mary, weep beneath his feet;

" I'll bathe my tresses there, my prayers rehearse,
" And glide in flames of love along my verse.

" Ah! while I speak, I feel my bosom swell,
" My raptures smother what I long to tell.
" 'Tis God! a present God! through cleaving air
" I see the throne, and see the Jesus there
" Plac'd on the right. He shews the wounds he
" bore

" (My fervours oft have won him thus before);
" How pleas'd he looks! my words have reach'd
" his ear;

" He bids the gates unbar; and calls me near."
She ceas'd. The cloud on which she seem'd to
" tread

Its curls unfolded, and around her spread;
Bright angels wait their wings to raise the cloud,
And sweep their ivory lutes, and sing aloud;
The scene moves off, while all its ambient sky
Is turn'd to wondrous music as they fly;
And soft the swelling sounds of music grow,
And faint their softness, till they fall below.

My downy sleep the warmth of Phœbus broke,
And while my thoughts were settling, thus I spokt.
Thou beautiful vision! on the soul impress'd,
When most my reason would appear to rest,
'Twas sure with pencils dipt in various lights
Some curious angel limn'd thy sacred sights;
From blazing suns his radiant gold he drew,
While moons the silver gave, and air the blue.
I'll mount the roving winds expanded wing,
And seek the sacred hill, and light to sing;
('Tis known in Jewry well) I'll make my lays,
Obedient to thy summons, sound with praise.

But still I fear, unwarm'd with holy flame,
I take for truth the flatteries of a dream;
And barely with the wondrous gift I boast,
And faintly practise what deserves it most.

Indulgent Lord! whose gracious love displays
Joy in the light, and fills the dark with ease!
Be this, to bless my days, no dream of bliss;
Or be, to bless the nights, my dreams like this.

BACCHUS;

OR,

THE DRUNKEN METAMORPHOSIS.

As Bacchus, ranging at his leisure,
(Jolly Bacchus, king of pleasure!)
Charm'd the wide world with drink and dances,
And all his thousand airy fancies,
Alas! he quite forgot the while
His favourite vines in Lesbos isle.

The god, returning ere they dy'd,
Ah! see my jolly fauns, he cry'd,
The leaves but hardly borne are red,
And the bare arms for pity spread:
The beasts afford a rich manure;
Fly, my boys, to bring the cure;
Up the mountains, o'er the vales,
Through the woods, and down the dales;
For this, if full the cluster grow,
Your bowls shall doubly overflow,

So cheer'd with more officious haste
They bring the dung of every beast;
The loads they wheel, the roots they bare,
They lay the rich manure with care;
While oft he calls to labour hard,
And names as oft the red reward.

The plants refresh'd, new leaves appear,
The thickening clusters load the year;
The season swiftly purple grew,
The grapes hung dangling deep with blue.

A vineyard ripe, a day serene
Now calls them all to work again.
The fauns through every furrow shoot
To load their baskets with the fruit;
And now the vintage early trod,
The wines invite the jovial god.

Strow the roses, raise the song,
See the master comes along;
Lusty revel join'd with laughter,
Whim and frolic follow after:
The fauns aside the vats remain,
To show the work, and reap the gain.
All around, and all around,
They fit to riot on the ground;
A vessel stands amidst the ring,
And here they laugh, and there they sing;
Or rise a jolly jolly band,
And dance about it hand in hand;
Dance about, and shout amain,
Then sit to laugh and sing again.
Thus they drink, and thus they play
The fun and all their wits away.

But, as an ancient author sung,
The vine manur'd with every dung,
From every creature strangely drew
A twang of brutal nature too;
'Twas hence in drinking on the lawns
New turns of humour seiz'd the fauns.

Here one was crying out, By Jove!
Another, Fight me in the grove;
This wounds a friend, and that the trees;
The lion's temper reign'd in these.

Another grins, and leaps about,
And keeps a merry world of rout,
And talks impertinently free,
And twenty talk the same as he:
Chattering, idle, airy, kind:

These take the monkeys turn of mind,
Here one, that saw the nymphs which stood
To peep upon them from the wood,
Skulks off to try if any maid
Be lagging late beneath the shade;
While loose discourse another raises
In naked Nature's plainest phrases,
And every glass he drinks enjoys,
Which change of nonsense, lust, and noise;
Mad and careless, hot and vain:
Such as these the goat retain.

Another drinks and casts it up,
And drinks, and wants another cup;
Solemn, silent, and sedate,
Ever long, and ever late,
Full of meats, and full of wine:
This takes his temper from the swine.

Here some who hardly seem to breathe,
Drink, and hang the jaw beneath.

Gaping, tender, apt to weep:

Their nature's alter'd by the sheep.

'Twas thus one autumn all the crew
(If what the poets say be true)

While Bacchus made the merry feast,
Inclin'd to one or other beast:

And since, 'tis said, for many a mile
He spread the vines of Lesbos isle.

THE HORSE AND THE OLIVE.

WITH moral tale let ancient wisdom move,
Whilst thus I sing to make the moderns wiser.
Strong Neptune once with sage Minerva strove,
And rising Athens was the victor's prize.

By Neptune, Plutus (guardian power of gain);
By great Minerva, bright Apollo stood:
But Jove superior bade the side obtain,
Which best contriv'd to do the nation good.

Then Neptune striking, from the parted ground
The warlike horse came pawing on the plain,
And as it tost its mane, and pranc'd around,
By this, he cries, I'll make the people reign.

The goddess, smiling, gently bow'd her spear,
And rather thus they shall be blest, she said:
Then upwards shooting in the vernal air,
With loaded boughs the fruitful olive spread.

Jove saw what gift the rural powers design'd;
And took the impartial scales, resolv'd to show,
If greater bliss in warlike pomp we find,
Or in the calm which peaceful times bestow.

On Neptune's part he plac'd victorious days,
Gay trophies won, and arms extending wide;
But plenty, safety, science, arts, and ease,
Minerva's scale with greater weight supply'd.

Fierce war devours whom gentle peace would
save;
Sweet peace restores what angry war destroys;
War made for peace with that rewards the brave,
While peace its pleasures from itself enjoys.

Hence vanquish'd Neptune to the sea withdrew,
Hence wise Minerva rul'd Athenian lands;
Her Athens hence in arts and honours grew,
And still her olives deck pacific hands.

From fables, thus disclos'd, a monarch's mind
May form just rules to choose the truly great,
And subjects weary'd with distresses find,
Whose kind endeavours most befriend the state.

Ev'n Britain here may learn to place her love,
If cities won her kingdom's wealth have cost;
If Anna's thoughts the patriot souls approve,
Whose care restore that wealth the wars had
lost.

But if we ask, the moral to disclose,
Whom her best patroness Europa calls,

Great Anna's title no exception knows,
And unapply'd in this the fable falls.

With her nor Neptune or Minerva vies :
Whene'er she pleas'd, her troops to conquest
slew ;
Whene'er she pleases, peaceful times arise :
She gave the horse, and gives the olive too,

DR. DONNE'S THIRD SATIRE VERSIFIED.

Compassion checks my spleen, yet scorn denies,
The tears a passage through my swelling eyes ;
To laugh or weep at sins, might idly show
Unheeded passion, or unfruitful woe.
Satire ! arise, and try thy sharper ways,
If ever satire cur'd an old disease.
Is not Religion (heaven-descended dame)
As worthy all our soul's devontest flame,
As moral virtue in her early way,
When the best heathens saw by doubtful day ?
Are not the joys, the promis'd joys above,
As great and strong to vanquish earthly love,
As earthly glory, fame, respect, and show,
As all rewards their virtue found below ?
Alas ! religion proper means prepares,
These means are ours, and must its end be theirs ?
And shall thy father's spirit meet the fight
Of heathen sages cloth'd in heavenly light,
Whose merit of strict life, severely suited
To reason's dictates, may be faith imputed,
Whilst thou, to whom he taught the nearer road,
Art ever banish'd from the blest abode ?

Oh ! if thy temper such a fear can find,
This fear were valour of the noblest kind.
Dare'st thou provoke, when rebel souls aspire,
Thy Maker's vengeance, and thy Monarch's ire,
Or live entomb'd in ships, thy leader's prey,
Spoil of the war, the famine, or the sea ;
In search of pearl, in depth of ocean breathe,
Or live, exil'd the sun, in mines beneath,
Or, where in tempests icy mountains roll,
Attempt a passage by the northern pole ?
Or dar'st thou parch within the fires of Spain,
Or burn beneath the line, for Indian gain ?
Or for some idol of thy fancy draw [straw ?
Some loose-gown'd dame ; O courage made of
Thus, desperate coward, would'st thou bold ap-
pear,

Yet when thy God has plac'd thee centry here,
To thy own foes, to his, ignoble yield ;
And leave, for wars forbid, th' appointed field ?

Know thy own foes ; th' apostate angel ; he
You strive to please, the foremost of the three ;
He makes the pleasures of his realm the bait,
But can he give for love that acts in hate ?
The world's thy second love, thy second foe,
The world, whose beauties perish as they blow,
They fly, she fades herself, and at the best,
You grasp a wither'd strumpet to your breast ;
The flesh is next, which in fruition wastes,
High flush'd with all the sensual joys it tastes.
While men the fair, the goodly soul destroy,
From whence the flesh has power to taste a joy,

Seek thou religion primitively sound—
Well, gentle friend, but where may she be found ?

By faith implicit blind Ignaro led,
Thinks the bright seraph from his country fled,
And seeks her seat at Rome, because we know,
She there was seen a thousand years ago ;
And loves her relic rags, as men obey
The foot-cloth where the prince sat yesterday.
These pageant forms are whining Obed's scorn,
Who seeks religion at Geneva born,
A sullen thing, whose coarseness suits the crowd :
Though young, unhandsome ; though unband-
some, proud ;

Thus, with the wanton, some perversely judge
All girls unhealthy but the country drudge.

No foreign schemes make easy Caspio roam,
The man contented takes his church at home,
Nay, should some preachers, servile bawds of
gain, [reign,

Should some new laws, which like new fashions
Command his faith to count salvation ty'd,
To visit his, and visit none beside ;
He grants salvation centres in his own,
And grants it centres but in his alone ;
From youth to age he grasps the proffer'd dame,
And they confer his faith, who give his name ;
So from the guardian's hands the wards, who live
Enthrall'd to guardians, take the wives they give,
From all professions careless Airy flies,
For all professions can't be good, he cries ;
And here a fault, and there another views,
And lives unfix'd for want of heart to choose ;
So men, who know what some loose girls have
done,

For fear of marrying such, will marry none.
The charms of all obsequious courtly strike ;
On each he dotes, on each attends alike ;
And thinks, as different countries deck the dame,
The dresses altering, and the sex the same :
So fares religion, chang'd in outward show,
But 'tis religion still where'er we go :
This blindness springs from an excess of light,
And men embrace the wrong, to choose the right,
But thou of force must one religion own,
And only one, and that the right alone ;
To find that right one, ask thy reverend fire,
Let his of him, and him of his enquire ;
Though truth and falsehood seem as twins ally'd,
There's eldership on truth's delightful side ;
Her seek with heed—who seeks the soundest first,
Is not of no religion, nor the worst.
T' adore or scorn the image, or protest,
May all be bad ; doubt wisely for the best,
Twere wrong to sleep, or headlong run astray ;
It is not wandering to inquire the way.

On a large mountain, at the basis wide,
Steep to the top, and craggy at the side,
Sits sacred truth enthron'd ; and he who means
To reach the summit, mounts with weary pains,
Winds round and round, and every turn essays,
Where sudden breaks resist the shorter ways.
Yet labour so, that ere faint age arrive,
Thy searching soul possess her rest alive :
To work by twilight were to work too late,
And age is twilight to this night of fate.

To will alone, is but to mean delay,
To work at present is the use of day.
For man's employ much thought and deed remain,
High thoughts the soul, hard deeds the body's strain,
And mysteries ask believing, which to view,
Like the fair sun, are plain, but dazzling too.
Be truth, so found, with sacred heed possess,
Not kings have power to tear it from thy breast.
By no blank charters harm they where they hate,
Nor are they vicars, but the hands of fate.
Ah! fool and wretch, who let's thy soul be ty'd
To human laws! or must it be so ty'd?
Or will it boot thee, at the latest day,
When judgment sits, and justice asks thy plea,
That Philip that, or Gregory taught thee this,
Or John or Martin? all may teach amiss;
For every contrary in each extreme
This holds alike, and each may plead the same.

Wouldst thou to power a proper duty show?
'Tis thy first task the bounds of power to know;
The bounds once past, it holds the same no more,
Its nature alters, which it own'd before,
Nor were sub-mission humbleness express,
But all a low idolatry at best.
Power from above, subordinately spread,
Streams like a fountain from th' eternal head:
There, calm and pure, the living waters flow,
But roars a torrent or a flood below,
Each flower ordain'd the margins to adorn,
Each native beauty, from its roots is torn,
And left on deserts, rocks and sands, are tost,
All the long travel, and in ocean lost.
So fares the soul, which more that power reveres.
Man claims from God, than what in God inheres.

THE GIFT OF POETRY.

FROM realms of never-interrupted peace,
From thy fair station near the throne of grace,
From choirs of angels, joys in endless round,
And endless harmony's enchanting sound,
Charm'd with a zeal the Maker's praise to show,
Bright gift of verse descend, and here below
My ravish'd heart with rais'd affection fill,
And warbling o'er the soul incline my will,
Among thy pomp, let rich expression wait,
Let raging numbers form thy train complete,
While at thy motions over all the sky
Sweet sounds, and echoes sweet, resounding fly;
And where thy feet with gliding beauty tread,
Let fancy's flowery spring erect its head.

It comes, it comes, with unaccustom'd light,
The tracts of airy thought grow wondrous bright,
Its notions ancient memory reviews,
And young invention new designs pursues.
To some attempt my will and wishes press,
And pleasure, rais'd in hope, forbodes success.
My God! from whom proceed the gifts divine.
My God! I think I feel the gift is thine.
Be this no vain illusion which I find,
Nor nature's impulse on the passive mind,

But reason's act, produc'd by good desire,
By grace enliven'd with celestial fire;
While base conceits, like misty fogs of night,
Before such beams of glory take their flight,
And frail affections, born of earth, decay,
Like weeds that wither in the warmer ray.

I thank thee, Father! with a grateful mind
Man's undeserving, and thy mercy kind.
I now perceive, I long to sing thy praise,
I now perceive, I long to find my lays.
The sweet incentives of another's love,
And sure such longings have their rise above.
My resolution stands confirm'd within,
My lines aspiring eagerly begin.
Begin, my lines, to such a subject due,
That aids our labours, and rewards them too.
Begin, while Canaan opens to mine eyes,
Where souls and songs, divinely form'd, arise.
As one whom o'er the sweetly-vari'd meads
Entire recess and lonely pleasure leads,
To verdur'd banks, to paths adorn'd with flowers,
To shady trees, to closely-waving bowers,
To bubbling fountains, and aside the stream
That softly gliding sooths a waking dream,
Or bears the thought inspir'd with heat along,
And with fair images improves a song;
Through sacred anthems, so may fancy range,
So still from beauty, still to beauty change,
To feel delights in all the radiant way,
And, with sweet numbers, what it feels repay.
For this I call that ancient time appear,
And bring his rolls to serve in method here;
His rolls which acts, that endless honour claim,
Have rank'd in order for the voice of fame.
My call is favour'd: Time from first to last
Unwinds his years, the present sees the past;
I view their circles as he turns them o'er,
And fix my footsteps where he went before.

The page unfolding would a top disclose,
Where sounds melodious in their birth arose.
Where first the morning stars together sung,
Where first their harps the sons of glory strung,
With shouts of joy while hallelujahs rise
To prove the chorus of eternal skies.
Rich sparkling strokes the letters doubly gild,
And all's with love and admiration fill'd.

MOSES.

To grace those lines, which next appear to fight,
The pencil shone, with more abated light;
Yet still the pencil shone, the lines were fair,
And awful Moses stands recorded there;
Let his, replete with flames and praise divine,
Let his, the first-remember'd song be mine,
Then rise my thought, and in thy prophet find
What joy should warm thee, for the work design'd.
To that great act, which rais'd his heart, repair,
And find a portion of his spirit there.

A nation helpless and unarm'd I view,
Whom strong revengeful troops of war pursue,
Seas stop their flight, their camp must prove their
grave,
Ah! what can save them? God alone can save.

God's wondrous voice proclaims his high command,

He bids their leader wave the sacred wand,
And where the billows flow'd, they flow no more,
A road lies naked, and they march it o'er:
Safe may the sons of Jacob travel through,
But why will harden'd Egypt venture too?

Vain in thy rage, to think those waters flee
And rise like walls, on either hand, for thee.

The night comes on, the season for surprise,
Yet fear not, Israel, God directs thine eyes.

A fiery cloud I see thine angel ride,
His chariot is thy light, and he thy guide.

The day comes on, and half the succours fail,
Yet fear not, Israel, God will still prevail.

I see thine angel from before thee go,

To make the wheels of venturous Egypt flow,
His rolling cloud inwards its beams of light,

And what supply'd thy day, prolongs their night.

At length the dangers of the deep are run,
The further brink is past, the bank is won;

The leader turns to view the foes behind,
Then waves his solemn wand within the wind,

Oh! nation freed by wonders, cease thy fear,
And stand, and see the Lord's salvation here.

Ye tempests, now, from every corner fly,

And wildly rage in all my fancied sky,

Roll on, ye waters, as they roll'd before,

Ye billows of my fancied ocean, roar;

Dash high, ride foaming, mingle, all the main,

'Tis done, and Pharaoh can't afflict again.

The work, the wondrous work of freedom's done,
The winds abate, the clouds restore the sun,

The wreck appears, the threatening army drown'd
Floats o'er the waves, to strew the sandy ground,

Then place thy Moses near the calming flood,
Majestically mild, serenely good;

Let meekness, lovely virtue, gently stream
Around his visage, like a lambent flame;

Let grateful sentiments, let sense of love,
Let holy zeal, within his bosom move;

And while his people gaze the watery plain,
And fear's last touches like to doubts remain;

While bright astonishment, that seems to raise
A questioning belief, is fond to praise;

Be thus the rapture in the prophet's breast,
Be thus the thanks for freedom gain'd express'd:

I'll sing to God, I'll sing the songs of praise,
To God, triumphant in his wondrous ways,

To God, whose glories in the seas excel,
Where the proud horse, and prouder rider fell.

The Lord, in mercy kind, in justice strong,
Is now my strength; this strength be now my song.

This sure salvation such he proves to me,
From danger rescued, and from bondage free;

The Lord's my God, and I'll prepare his seat,
Thy father's God, and I'll proclaim him great;

Him Lord of battles, him renown'd in name,
Him ever-faithful, evermore the same.

His gracious aids avenge his people's thrall,
They make the pride of boasting Pharaoh fall.

Within the seas his stately chariots lie,
Within the seas his chosen captains die.

The rolling deeps have cover'd o'er the foe,
They sunk like stones, they swiftly sunk below:

Thine hand, my God! thine hand confess'd thy care,

Thine hand was glorious in thy power there,

It broke their troops, unequal for the fight,

In all the greatness of excelling might:

Thy wrath sent forward o'er the raging stream,

Swift, sure, and sudden, their destruction came.

They fell as stubble burns, while driving skies

Provoke and whirl a flame, and ruin flies.

When blasts, dispatch'd with wonderful intent,

On sovereign orders from thy nostrils went,

For our accounts, the waters were afraid,

Perceiv'd thy presence, and together fled;

In heaps uprightly plac'd, they learn to stand,

Like banks of crystal, by the paths of sand.

Then, fondly flush'd with hope, and swell'd with pride,

And fill'd with rage, the foe profanely cry'd,

Secure of conquest, I'll pursue their way,

I'll overtake them, I'll divide the prey,

My lust I'll satisfy, mine anger cloy,

My sword I'll brandish, and their name destroy.

How wildly threats their anger, hark! above,

New blasts of wind on new commission move,

To loose the fetters that confin'd the main,

And make its mighty waters rage again.

Then, overwhelm'd with their resistless sway,

They sunk like lead, they sunk beneath the sea.

Oh, who's like thee, thou dreaded Lord of Hosts!

Among the gods, whom all the nations boast,

Such acts of wonder and of strength displays?

Oh great, oh glorious in thine holy ways!

Deserving praise, and that thy praise appear

In signs of reverence, and sense of fear.

With justice arm'd, thou stretch'dst out thine hand,

And earth between its gaping jaws of land

Receiv'd its waters of the parted main,

And swallow'd up the dark Egyptian train.

With mercy rising on the weaker side,

Thyself became the rescued people's guide!

And in thy strength they pass th' amazing road

To reach thine holy mount, thy bless'd abode.

What thou hast done the neighbouring realms

shall hear,

And feel the strange report excite their fear.

What thou hast done shall Edom's Duke amaze,

And make despair on Palestina seize;

Shall make the warlike sons of Moab shake,

And all the melting hearts of Canaan weak.

In heavy damps, diffus'd on every breast,

Shall cold distrust and hopeless terror rest,

The matchless greatness, which thine hand has

shewn,

Shall keep their kingdoms as unmov'd as stone,

While Jordan stops above, and fails below,

And all thy flock across the channel go.

Thus on thy mercy's silver-shining wing,

Through seas and streams thou wilt the nation

bring.

And as the rooted trees securely stand,

So firmly plant it in the promis'd land;

Where for thyself thou wilt a place prepare,

And after-ages will thine altar rear,

There reign victorious in thy sacred seat,

Oh, Lord! for ever and for ever great.

Look where the tyrant was but lately seen,
The seas gave backward, and he ventur'd in:
In yonder gulf with haughty pomp he show'd,
Here march'd his horsemen, there his chariots
rode,

And when our God restor'd the floods again,
Ah, vainly strong, they perish'd in the main;
But Israel went a dry surprising way,
Made safe by miracles, amidst the sea. [joy.

Here ceas'd the song, though not the Prophet's
Which others hands and others tongues employ;
For still the lays, with warmth divine express,
Inflam'd his hearers to their inmost breast.

Then Miriam's notes the chorus sweetly raise,
And Miriam's timbrel gives new life to praise.
The moving sounds, like soft delicious wind,
That breath'd from paradise, a passage find,
Shed sympathies for odours as they rove,
And fan the risings of enkindled love.

O'er all the crowd the thought inspiring flew,
The women follow'd, with their timbrels too,
And thus from Moses, where his strains arose,
They catch'd a rapture, to perform the close.

We'll sing to God, we'll sing the songs of praise,
To God triumphant in his wondrous ways,
To God, whose glories in the seas excel,
Where the proud horse and prouder rider fell.

Thus Israel, raptur'd with the pleasing thought,
Of freedom wish'd, and wonderfully got,
Made cheerful thanks from every bank resound,
Express'd by songs, improv'd in joy by sound.

Oh, sacred Moses, each insusur' line,
That mov'd their gratitude, was part of thine;
And still the Christians in thy numbers view,
The type of baptism, and of heaven too.
So souls from water rise to grace below,
So fairs from toil to praise and glory go.

Oh, grateful Miriam, in thy temper wrought,
Too warm for silence, or inventing thought;
Thy part of anthem was to warble o'er,
In sweet response what Moses sung before.
Thou ledst the public voice to join his lays,
And words redoubling, well redoubled praise.
Receive thy title, prophets was thine,
When here thy practice shew'd thy form divine.
The spirit thus approv'd, resign'd in will,
The church bows down, and hears responses still.

Nor slightly suffer tuneful Jubal's name
To miss his place among the sons of fame;
Whose sweet insusur could of old inspire
The breathing organs, and the trembling lyre.
Father of these on earth, whose gentle soul,
By such engagements, could the mind controul,
If holy verses aught to music owe,
Be that thy large account of thanks below:
Whilst, then, the timbrels lively pleasure gave,
And, now, whilst organs sound sedately grave.

My first attempt the finish'd course commends,
Now, Fancy, flag not, as that subject ends,
But, charm'd with beauties which attend thy way,
Ascend harmonious in the next essay.
So flies the lark, and learn from her to fly;
She mounts, she warbles on the wind on high,
She falls from thence, and seems to drop her wing,
But, ere she lights to rest, remounts to sing.

It is not far the days have roll'd their years
Before the second brighten'd work appears,
It is not far, alas! the faulty cause,
Which, from the prophet, sad reflection draws:
Alas! that blessings in possession cloy,
And peevish murmurs are prefer'd to joy:
That favour'd Israel could be faithless still,
Or question God's protecting power or will,
Or dread devoted Canaan's warlike men,
And long for Egypt and their bonds again.
Scarce thrice the sun since harden'd Pharaoh dy'd,
As bridegrooms issue forth with glittering pride,
Rejoicing rose, and let the nation see
Three shining days of easy liberty,
Ere the mean fears of want, produc'd within,
Vain thought, replenish'd, with rebellious sin.

Oh look not, Israel, to thy former way;
God cannot fail; and either wait or pray.
Within the borders of thy promis'd lands,
Lo! his hapless wife a strange example stands,
She turn'd her eyes, and felt her change begin,
And wrath as fierce may meet resembling sin.
Then forward move thy camp, and forward still,
And let sweet mercy bend thy stubborn will.

At thy complaint, a branch in Marah cast,
With sweetening virtue mends the water's taste.
At thy complaint, the labouring tempest fails,
And drives before a wondrous shower of quails,
In tender grass the falling manna lies,
And heaven itself the want of bread supplies.
The rock divided, flows upon the plain
At thy complaint, and still thou wilt complain.
As, thus employ'd, thou went the desert through,
Lo! Sinai mount appear'd its head to view.
Thine eyes perceiv'd the darkly-rolling cloud,
Thine ears the trumpet shrill, the thunder loud,
The fork lightning shot in livid green.
The smoke arose, the mountain all a flame
Quak'd to the depths, and work'd with signs of
awe,

While God descended to dispense the law,
Yet neither mercy, manifest in night,
Nor power in terrors could preserve thee right.

Provok'd with crimes of such an heinous kind,
Almighty justice sware the doom design'd:
That they should never reach the promis'd seat;
And Moses greatly mourns their hasten'd fate.

I'll think how now retir'd to public care,
While night in pitchy plumes slides soft in air,
I'll think him giving what the guilty sleep,
To thoughts where sorrow glides, and numbers
weep,

Sad thoughts of woes that reign where woes prevail,
And man's short life, though not so short as frail,
Within this circle for his inward eyes,
He bids the fading low creation rise,
And strait the train of mimic senses brings
The dusky shapes of transitory things,
Through pensive shades, the vision seem to
range,

They seem to flourish, and they seem to change;
A moon decreasing runs the silent sky,
And sickly birds on moulting feathers fly;
Men walking count their days of blessing o'er,
The blessings vanish, and the tale's no more,

Still hours of nightly watches steal away,
Big waters roll, green blades of grass decay,
Then all the pensive shades, by just degrees,
Grow faint in prospect, and go off with these:
But while th' affecting notions pass along,
He chooses such as best adorn his song;
And thus with God the rising lays began,
God ever reigning, God compar'd with man:
And thus they move to man beneath his rod,
Man deeply sinning, man chastis'd by God.

Oh Lord! Oh Saviour! though thy chosen band
Have stay'd like strangers, in a foreign land,
Through number'd ages, which have run their
race,

Still has thy mercy been our dwelling-place:
Before the most exalted dust of earth,
The stately mountains had receiv'd a birth;
Before the pillars of the world were laid;
Before the habitable parts were made;
Thou wert their God, from their their rise they
Thou great for ages, great for ever too. — drew,
Man (mortal creature) fram'd to feel decays,
Thine unresist'd power at pleasure sways;
Thou say'st *return*, and parting souls obey,
Thou say'st *return*, and bodies fall to clay.
For what's a thousand fleeting years with thee?

Or time, compar'd with long eternity,
Whose wings expanding infinitely vast
O'erstretch its utmost ends of first and last;
'Tis like those hours that lately saw the sun;
He rose, and set, and all the day was done:
Or like the watches which dread night divide,
And while we slumber unregarded glide,
When all the present seems a thing of nought,
And past and future close to waking thought.
As raging floods, when rivers swell with rain,
Bear down the groves, and overflow the plain,
So swift and strong thy wondrous might appears,
So life is carried down the rolling years.
As heavy sleep pursues the day's retreat,
With dark, with silent, and unactive state,
So life's attended on by certain doom,
And death's their rest; their resting-place, a tomb.
It quickly rises, and it quickly goes;
And youth its morning, age its evening shews.
Thus tender blades of grass, when beams diffuse,
Rise from the pressure of their early dews,
Point tow'ards the skies their elevated spires,
And proudly flourish in their green attires;
But soon (ah fading state of things below!)
The scythe destructive mows the lovely shew.
The rising sun thus saw their glories high;
That sun descended, sees their glories die.

We still with more than common haste of fate
Are doom'd to perish, in thy kindled hate.
Our public sins for public justice call, [fall;
And stand like marks, on which thy judgments
Our secret sins, that folly thought conceal'd,
Are in thy light for punishment reveal'd.
Beneath the terrors of thy wrath divine
Our days unmix'd with happiness decline,
Like empty stories, tedious, short, and vain,
And never, never more recall'd again.
Yet what were life, if to the longest date,
Which we have nam'd a life, we backen'd fate,

Alas, its most computed length appears
To reach the limits but of seventy years,
And if by strength to fourscore years we go,
That strength is labour, and that labour woe.
Then will thy term expire, and thou must fly,
Oh man! oh creature surely born to die!
But who regards a truth so thoroughly known?
Who dreads a wrath so manifestly shewn?
Who seems to fear it, though the danger vicia
With any pitch to which our fear can rise?
O teach us so to number all our days,
That these reflections may correct our ways,
That these may lead us from delusive dreams
To walk in heavenly wisdom's golden beams.

Return, oh Lord: how long shall Israel sin?
How long thine anger be preserv'd within?
Before our time's irrevocably past,
Be kind, be gracious, and return at last;
Let favour soon dispens'd our souls employ,
And still remember'd favour live in joy.
Send years of comforts for our years of woes,
Send these at least of equal length with those,
Shine on thy flock, and on their offspring shine,
With tender mercy (sweetest act divine);
Bright rays of majesty serenely shed
To rest in glories on the nation's head.
Our future deeds with approbation bless,
And in the giving them give us success.

Thus with forgiveness earnestly desir'd,
Thus in the raptures of a bliss requir'd,
The man of God concludes his sacred strain.
Now sit and see the subject once again;
See ghastly death, where deserts all around
Spread forth the barren undelightful ground:
There stalks the silent melancholy shade,
His naked bones reclining on a spade;
And thrice the spade with solemn sadness heaves,
And thrice earth opens in the form of graves,
His gates of darkness gape, to take him in;
And where he soon would sink, he's push'd by sin.

Poor mortals! here, your common picture know,
And with yourselves in this acquainted grow,
Through life, with airy, thoughtless pride you
range,
And vainly glitter in the sphere of change,
A sphere where all things but for time remain,
Where no fix'd stars with endless glory reign,
But meteors only, short-liv'd meteors rise,
To shine, shoot down, and die beneath the skies.

There is an hour, ah! who that hour attends?
When man, the gilded vanity, descends;
When foreign force, or waste of inward heat,
Constrain the soul to leave its ancient seat;
When banish'd beauty from her empire flies,
And with a languish leaves the sparkling eyes;
When softening music and persuasion fail,
And all the charms that in the tongue prevail;
When spirits stop their course, when nerves un-
brace,
And outward action and perception cease;
'Tis then the poor deform'd remains shall be
That naked skeleton we seem'd to see.

Make this thy mirror, if thou would'st have
bliss,
No flattering image shews itself in thine,

But such as lays the lofty looks of pride,
And makes cool thought in humble channel glide;
But such as clears the cheats of error's den,
Whence magic mists furround the souls of men;
Whence self-delusion's trains adorn their flight,
As snow's fair feathers fleet to darken fight;
Then rest, and in the work of fancy spread,
To gay-wav'd plumes for every mortal's head.
These empty forms, when death appears, disperse,
Or melt in tears, upon its mournful hearse;
The sad reflection forces men to know,
Life surely sails, and swiftly flies below.
Oh, lest thy folly lose the profit fought,
Oh never touch it with a glancing thought,
As men to glasses come, and straight withdraw,
And straight forget what sort of face they saw:
But fix, intently fix, thine inward eyes,
And in the strength of this great truth be wise.
If on the globe's dim side our senses stray,
Not us'd to perfect light, we think it day:
Death seems long sleep; and hopes of heavenly
beams,

Deceitful wishes, big with distant dreams;
But if our reason purge the carnal fight,
And place its objects in their juster light,
We change the side, from dreams on earth we
move,

And wake through death, to rising life above.

Here o'er my soul a solemn silence reigns,
Preparing thought for new celestial strains,
The former vanish off, the new begin,
The solemn silence stands like night between,
In whose dark bosom day departing lies,
And day succeeding takes a lovely rise.
But though the song be chang'd, be still the flame,
And still the prophet, in my lines the same;
With care renew'd, upon the children dwell,
Whose sinful fathers in the desert fell,
With care renew'd, if any care can do,
Ah! lest they sin, and lest they perish too.

Go seek for Moses at yon sacred tent,
On which the Presence makes a bright descent.
Behold the cloud, with radiant glory fair,
Like a wreath'd pillar, curl itself in air!
Behold it hovering just above the door,
And Moses meekly kneeling on the floor.
But if the gazing turn thy edge of sight,
And darkness spring from unsupported light,
Then change the sense, be sight in hearing
drown'd,

While these strange accents from the vision sound:

The time, my servant, is approaching nigh,
When thou shalt gather'd with thy fathers lie;
And soon thy nation, quite forgetful grown
Of all the glories which mine arm has shewn,
Shall through my covenant perversely break,
Despise my worship, and my name forsake,
By customs conquer'd, where to rule they go,
And serving gods that can't protect their foe.
Displeas'd at this, I'll turn my face aside
Till sharp Affliction's rod reduce their pride;
Till, brought to better mind, they seek relief,
By good confessions in the midst of grief.
Then write thy song, to stand a witness still
Of favours past, and of my future will,

For I their vain conceits before discern,
Then write thy song which Israel's sons shall learn.

As thus the wondrous voice its charge repeats,
The prophet musing deep within repeats,
He seems to feel it on a streaming ray,
Pierce through the soul enlightening all its way.
And much obedient will, and free desire,
And much his love of Jacob's seed inspire;
And much, oh! much above the warmth of those,
The sacred spirit in his bosom glows,
Majestic Notion seems decrees to nod,
And holy Transport speaks the words of God!

He now returns, the finish'd roll he brings,
Enrich'd with strains of past and future things:
The priests in order to the tent repair,
The gather'd tribes attend the elders there:
Oh! sacred Mercy's inexhausted store!
Shall these have warning of their faults before,
Shall these be told the recompences due,
Shall heaven and earth be call'd to witness to?
Then still the tumult, if it will be so,
Let fear, to lose a word, its caution shew;
Let close attention in dead calm appear,
And softly, softly steal with silence near;
While Moses, rais'd above the listening throng,
Pronounces thus in all their ears the song:

Hear, Oh ye heavens, Creation's lofty shew,
Hear, Oh thou heaven-encompass'd earth below,
As silver showers of gently dropping rain,
As honey dews distilling on the plain,
As rain, as dews, for tender grass design'd,
So shall my speeches sink within the mind,
So sweetly turn the soul's enlivening food,
So fill and cherish hopeful seeds of good.
For now my numbers to the world abroad
Will loudly celebrate the name of God.

Ascribe, thou nation, every favour'd tribe,
Excelling greatness to the Lord ascribe,
The Lord! the rock on whom we safely trust,
Whose work is perfect, and whose ways are just;
The Lord! whose promise stands for ever true;
The Lord! most righteous, and most holy too.

Ah, worse election! Ah, the bonds of sin!
They choose themselves, to take corruption in:
They stain their souls with vice's deepest blots,
When only frailties are his children's spots.
Their thoughts, words, actions, all are run astray,
And none more crooked, more perverse, than they.

Say, rebel nation, and unwisely light,
Say, will thy folly thus the Lord require?

Or is he not the God who made thee free,
Whose mercy purchas'd and establish'd thee?
Remember well the wondrous days of old,
The years of ages long before thee told,
Ask all thy fathers, who the truth will shew,
Or ask thine elders, for thine elders know. [down,

When the Most High, with sceptre pointed,
Describ'd the realms of each beginning crown,
When Adam's offspring providential care,
To people countries, scatter'd here and there;
He to the limits of their lands confin'd,
That favour'd Israel has its part assign'd,
For Israel is the Lord's, and gains the place
Reserv'd for those, whom he would choose to
grace.

Him in the desert, him his mercy found,
Where famine dwells and howling deafs the
ground,

Where dread is felt by savage noise increas't,
Where solitude erects its seat on waste:
And there he led him, and he taught him there;
And safely kept him with a watchful care;
The tender apples of our heedful eye,
Not more in guard, nor more securely lie.

And as an eagle, that attempts to bring
Her unexperient'd young to trust the wing,
Stirs up her nest, and flutters o'er their heads;
And all the forces of her pinions spreads,
And takes and bears them on her plumes above,
To give peculiar proof of royal love;
'Twas so the Lord, the gracious Lord alone,
With kindness most peculiar, led his own:
As no strange God concurr'd to make him free,
So none had power to lead him through but he.
To lands excelling lands and planted high,
That boasts the kindest influencing sky,
He brought, he bore him, on the wings of grace,
To taste the plenties of the ground's increase;
Sweet dropping honey from the rocky soil,
From flinty rocks the smoothly flowing oil,
The gilded butter from the stately kine,
The milk with which the duggs of sheep decline,
The marrow fatness of the tender lambs,
The bulky breed of Bafan's goats and rams;
The finest flowery wheat that crowns the plain
Distends its husk, and loads the blade with grain,
And still he drank from ripe delicious heaps
Of clusters press'd, the purest blood of grapes.
But thou art wanton, fat, and kickest now,
Oh, well directed, Oh, Jeshurun thou:
Thou soon wert fat, thy sides were thickly grown,
Thy fatness deeply cover'd every bone;
Then wanton fulness vain oblivion brought,
And God, that made and fav'd thee, was forgot;
While gods of foreign lands, and rites abhorr'd,
To jealousies and anger mov'd the Lord;
While gods thy fathers never knew were own'd,
And fiends themselves with sacrifice aton'd.
Oh! fools, unmindful whence your order'd frame,
And whence your life-insufing spirit came;
Such strange corruptions could his hate provoke,
And thus their fate his indignation spoke:

It is decreed, I'll hide my face, and see,
When I forsake them, what their end shall be;
For they're a froward, very froward train,
They promise duty, but return disdain.
Within my soul they've rais'd a jealous flame,
By new-nam'd gods, and only gods in name;
They make the burnings of my anger glow,
By guilty vanity's displeasing shew;
I'll also teach their jealousy to fret,
At such as are not form'd a people yet,
I'll make their anger vex their inward breast,
When such as have not known my laws are blest.
A fire, a fire that nothing can assuage,
Is kindled in the fierceness of my rage,
To burn the depths, consume the land's increase,
And on the mountains' strong foundations seize.
Thick heaps of mischief on their heads I send,
And all mine arrows, wing'd with fury, spend;

Slow-parching death, and pestilential heat,
Shall bring the bitter pangs of lingering Fate.
The teeth of beasts shall swift destruction bring;
The serpents wound them with invenom'd sting,
The sword without, and dread within, consume
The youth and virgin, in their lovely bloom;
Weak tender infancy, by suckling fed,
And helpless age, with hoary frosted head.
I said I'd scatter all the sinful race,
I said I'd make its mere remembrance cease,
But that I fear'd the foe's unruly pride,
Their glory vaunted, and their power deny'd,
While thus they boast, our arm has shewn us
brave,

And God did nothing, for he could not save.
So fond their thoughts are, so remote of sense,
And blind in every course of Providence.
O did they know to what my judgments tend!
O would they ponder on their latter end!
They soon would find, that when upon the field
One makes a thousand, two, ten thousand yield.
The Lord of Hosts has sold a rebel state,
And sure enclos'd it in the nets of Fate;
For what's another's rock compar'd with ours,
Let them be judges that have prov'd their powers,
That on their own have vainly call'd for aid,
While ours to freedom and to glory led.
Their vine, indeed, may seem to flourish fair,
But yet it grows in Sodom's tainted air;
It sucks corruption from Gomorrah's fields,
And galls for grapes in bitter clusters yields,
And poison sheds for wine, like that which comes
From asps, and dragons death-infected gums.
And are not these their hateful sins reveal'd,
And in my treasures for my justice seal'd?
To me the province of revenge belongs,
To me the certain recompence of wrongs.
Their feet shall totter in appointed time,
And threatening danger overtake their crime;
For, wing'd with feather'd haste, the minutes fly
To bring those things that must afflict them nigh.
The Lord will judge his own, and bring them low,
And then repent, and turn upon the foe.
And when the judgments from his own remove
Will thus the foe convincingly reprove:
Where are the gods, the rock, to whom in vain
Your offerings have been made, your victims
slain?

Let them arise, let them afford their aid,
And with protection's shield surround your head.
Know then your Maker, I the Lord am he,
Nor ever was there any God with me;
And death, or life, or wounds, or health, I give,
Nor can another from my power relieve.
With solemn state I lift my arm on high,
Above the glories of the lofty sky:
And by myself majestically swear,
I live for ever, and for ever there.
If in my rage the glittering sword I whet,
And, sternly sitting, take the judgment-seat,
My just awarding sentence dooms my foe,
And vengeance wields the blade, and gives the
blow,

And deep in flesh the blade of fury bites,
And deadly deep my bearded arrow lights,

And both grow drunk with blood defil'd in sin,
When executions of revenge begin.

Then let his nation in a common voice,
And with his nation let the world rejoice:
For whether he for crimes or trials spill
His servants blood, he will avenge it still;
He'll break the troops, he'll scatter them afar,
Who vex our realm with desolating war,
And on the favour'd tribes and on the land,
Shed victories and peace, from Mercy's hand.

Here ceas'd the song, and Israel look'd behind,
And gaz'd before, with unconfining mind,
And fix'd in silence and amazement saw
The strokes of all their state beneath the law.
Their recollection does its light present
To shew the mountain bless'd with God's de-
scend,

To shew their wanderings, their unfix'd abode,
And all their guidance in the desert road.
Then where the beams of recollection go,
To leave the fancy dispossest of shew,
The fairer light of prophecy's begun,
Which, opening future days, supplies their sun,
By such a sun (and fancy needs no more)
They see the coming times, and walk them o'er,
And now they gain that rest their travail fought,
Now milk and honey stream along the thought,
Anon they feel their souls the blessing cloy,
And God's forgot in full excess of joy:
And oft they sin, and oft his anger burns,
And every nation's made their scourge by turns,
Till, oft repenting, they convert to God,
And he, repenting too, destroys the rod.

O nation timely warn'd in sacred strain,
O never let thy Moses sing in vain!
Dare to be good, and happiness prolong,
Or, if thy folly will fulfil the song,
At least be found the seldomer in ill,
And still repent, and soon repent thee still;
When such fair paths thou shalt avoid to tread,
Thy blood will rest upon thy sinful head;
Thy crime, by lasting, will secure thy foe,
The gracious warning to the Gentiles go,
And all the world, that's call'd to witness here,
Convinc'd by thine example, learn to fear.
The Gentile world, a mystic Israel grown,
Will in thy first condition find their own,
A God's descent, a pilgrimage below,
And promis'd rest where living waters flow.
They'll see the pen describe in every trace
The frowns of anger, or the smiles of grace;
Why mercy turns aside, and leaves to shine,
What cause provokes the jealousy divine;
Why justice kindles dire avenging flames,
What endless power the lifted arm proclaims;
Why mercy shines again with cheerful ray,
And glory double-gilds the lightsome day.
Though nations change, and Israel's empire dies,
Yet still the case on earth again may rise;
Eternal Providence its rule retains,
And still preserves, and still applies the strains.

'Twas such a gift, the prophet's sacred pen,
On his departure, left the sons of men;
Thus he, and thus the swan her breath resigns,
(Within the beauty of poetic lines),

He white with innocence, his figure she,
And both harmonious, but the sweeter he.
Death learns to charm, and, while it leads to bliss,
Has found a lovely circumstance in this,
To suit the meekest turn of easy mind,
And actions cheerful in an air resign'd.

Thou flock whom Moses to thy freedom led,
How wilt thou lay the venerable dead?
Go (if thy fathers taught a work they knew)
Go build a pyramid to glory due,
Square the broad base, with sloping sides arise,
And let the point diminish in the skies.
There leave the corpse, impending o'er his head,
The wand whose motion winds and waves obey'd,
On sable banners to the fight describe
The painted arms of every mourning tribe.
And thus may public grief adorn the tomb,
Deep-streaming downwards through the vaulted
room.

On the black stone a fair inscription raise,
That sums his government to speak his praise,
And may the style as brightly worth proclaim,
As if affection, with a pointed beam,
Engrav'd or fir'd the words, or honour due
Had with itself inlaid the tablet through.

But stop the pomp that is not man's to pay,
For God will grace him in a nobler way.
Mine eyes perceive an orb of heavenly state,
With splendid forms and light serene replete;
I hear the sound of fluttering wings in air,
I hear the tuneful tongues of angels there:
They fly, they bear, they rest on Nebo's head,
And in thick glory wrap the reverend dead;
This errand crowns his songs, and tends to
prove

His near communion with the quire above.
Now swiftly down the steepy mount they go,
Now swiftly glides their shining orb below,
And now moves off, where rising grounds deny
To spread their valley to the distant eye.
Ye bless'd inhabitants of glittering air,
You've borne the prophet, but we know not where.
Perhaps, left Israel, over-sondly led,
In rating worth when envy leaves the dead,
Might plant a grove, invent new rites divine,
Make him their idol, and his grave the shrine.
But what disorder? what repels the light?
And ere its season forces on the night?
Why sweep the spectres o'er the blasted ground?
What shakes the mount with hollow-roaring
sound?

Hell rolls beneath it; terror stalks before
With shrieks and groans, and horror bursts a door;
And Satan rises in infernal state,
Drawn up by malice, envy, rage, and hate,
A darkening vapour with sulphureous steam,
In pitchy curlings edg'd by fallen flame,
And fram'd a chariot for the dreadful form,
Drives whirling up on mad confusion's storm.

Then fiercely burning where the prophet dy'd,
Nor shall thy nation 'scape my wrath, he cry'd;
This corpse I'll enter, and thy flock mislead,
And all thy miracles my lies shall aid.
But where?—He's gone, and, by the scented sky,
The favourite courtiers have been lately nigh;

Oh, slow to business, curs'd in mischief's hour,
Trace on their odours, and if hell has power—
This said, with spite and with a bent for ill,
He shot with fury from the trembling hill.

In vain, proud fiend, thy threats are half express,
And half lie choking in thy scornful breast,
His shining bearers have perform'd their rite,
And laid him softly down in shades of night,
A warrior heads the band, great Michael he,
Renown'd for victories in wars with thee,
A sword of flame to stop thy course he bears,
Nor has thy rage avail'd, nor can thy snares;
The Lord rebuke thy pride! he meekly cries:
The Lord has heard him, and thy project dies.

Here Moses leaves my song, the tribes retire,
The desert flies, and forty years expire;
And now, my fancy, for a while be still,
And think of coming down from Nebo's hill.
Go search among thy forms, and thence prepare
A cloud in folds of soft surrounding air!
Go find a breeze to lift thy cloud on high,
To waft thee gently-rock'd in open sky,
Then stealing back to leave a silent calm,
And thee reposing in a grove of palm,
The place will suit my next succeeding strain,
And I'll awake thee soon to sing again.

DEBORAH.

Time, fire of years, unfold thy leaf anew,
And still the past recall to present view,
Spread forth thy circles, swiftly gaze them o'er,
But where an action's nobly sung before,
There stop and stay for me, whose thoughts design
To make another's song resound in mine.
Pass where the priest's procession bore the law,
When Jordan's parted waters fix'd with awe,
While Israel march'd upon the naked sand,
Admir'd the wonder, and obtain'd the land;
Slide through the numerous fates of Canaan's
kings,

While conquests rode on expedition's wings,
Glance over Israel at a single view,
In bondage oft, and oft unbound anew,
Till Jabin rise, and Deborah stand enroll'd,
Upon the gilded leaf's revolving fold.

Oh, king subdued! Oh, woman born to fame!
Oh, wake my fancy for the glorious theme;
Oh, wake my fancy with the sense of praise,
Oh, wake with warblings of triumphant lays.
The land you rise in sultry furs invade;
But, when you rise to sing, you'll find a shade.
Those trees in order, and with verdure crown'd,
The sacred prophetess's tent surround,
And that fair palm a front exactly plac'd,
That overtops and overspreads the rest,
Near the firm root a mossy bank supports,
Where Justice opens unexpensive courts:
There Deborah sits, the willing tribes repair,
Refer their causes, and she judges there;
Nor needs a guard to bring her subjects in,
Each grace, each virtue, proves a guard unseen;
Nor wants the penalties enforcing law,
While great Opinion gives effectual awe.

Now twenty years, that roll'd in heavy pain,
Saw Jabin gall them with Oppression's chain,
When she, submissive to divine command,
Proclaims a war for Freedom o'er the land,
And bids young Barack with those men descend,
Whom in the mountains he for battle train'd.
Go, says the prophetess, thy foes assail,
Go make ten thousand over all prevail,
Make Jabin's captains feel thine edged sword,
Make all his army, God has spoke the word.
He, fit for war, and Israel's hope in fight,
Yet doubts the numbers, and by that the fight,
Then thus replies with wish to stand secure,
Or eager thought to know the conquest sure;
Belov'd of God, lend thou thy presence too,
And I with gladness lead th' appointed tow;
But, if thou wilt not, let thy son deny,
For what's ten thousand men, or what am I?
If so, he cries, a share of toil be mine,
Another share, and some dishonour thine;
For God, to punish doubt, resolves to shew
That less than numbers can suppress his foe;
You'll move to conquer, and the foes to yield,
But 'tis a woman's act secures the field.

Now seem the warriors in their ranks assign'd,
Now furling banners flutter in the wind:
Her words encourage, and his actions lead,
Hope spurs them forward, Valour draws the blade,
And Freedom, like a fair reward for all,
Stands reaching forth her hands, and seems to call.

On t' other side, and almost o'er the plain,
Proud Sisera, Jabin's captain, brings his men,
As thick as locusts on the vintage fly,
As thick as scatter'd leaves in autumn lie,
Bold with success against a nation try'd,
And proud of numbers, and secure in pride.

Now sounds the trumpet, now my fancy
warms,

And now methinks I view their toils in arms,
The lively phantoms tread my boundless mind,
And no faint colours or weak strokes design'd:
See where in distant conquest from afar,
The pointed arrows bring the wounds of war;
See where the lines with closer force engage,
And thrust the spear, and whirl the sword of rage;
Here break the files, and vainly strive to close,
There on their own repell'd assist their foes.
Here Deborah calls, and Jabin's soldiers fly,
There Barack fights, and Jabin's soldiers die,
But now nine hundred chariots roll along,
Expert their guiders, and their horses strong;
And Terror, rattling in their fierce array,
Bears down on Israel to restore the day.

Oh, Lord of battle, Oh, the danger's near!
Assist thine Israel, or they perish here.
How swift is Mercy's aid, behold it fly
On rushing tempests through the troubled sky:
With dashing rain, with pelting hail they blow,
And sharply drive them on the facing foe.
Thus blest with help, and only touch'd behind,
The favourite nation presses in the wind.
But heat of action now disturbs the fight,
And wild confusion mingles all the fight;
Cold-whistling winds, and shrieks of dying men,
And groans and armour, found in all the plain.

The bands of Canaan fate no longer dare,
Oppress'd by weather, and destroy'd by war;
And, from his chariot whence he rul'd the fight,
Their haughty leader leaps to join the flight.
See where he flies, and see the victor near;
See rapid conquest in pursuit of fear.
See, see, they both make off, the work is o'er,
And fancy clear'd of vision as before.
Thus (if the mind of man may seem to move
With some resemblance of the skies above)

When wars are gathering in our hearts below,
We've seen their battles in ethereal show:
The long distended tracks of opening sky,
The phantoms azure field of fight supply;
The whitish clouds an argent armour yield,
A radiant blazon gilds their argent shield;
Young glittering comets point the level'd spear,
Which for their pennons hang their flaming hair,
And o'er the helms for gallant glory drest
Sit curls of air, and nod upon the crest.
Thus arm'd, they seem to march, and seem to fight,
And seeming wounds of death delude the sight,
The ruddy thunder-clouds look stain'd with gore,
And for the din of war within they roar.

Then flies aside, and then aside pursues,
Till in their motion all their shapes they loose,
Dispersing air concludes the mimic scene,
The sky shuts up, and swiftly clears again.
But does their Sifera share the common fate,
Or mourn his humbled pride in dark retreat?

With such inquiry near the palm repair,
Victorious honour knows and tells it there.
To that fair type of Israel's late success,
Which nobly rises as its weights depress,
To that fair type returns the joyful band,
Whose courage rose to free their groaning land;
There stands the leader in the pomp of arms,
There stands the judge in beauty's awful charms;
And whilst, reclin'd upon the resting spear,
He pants with chace and breathes in calmer air,
Her thoughts are working with a backward view,
And would in song the great exploit renew.
She sees an arm'd oppression's hundred hands
Impose its fetters on the promis'd lands.
She sees their nation struggling in the chains,
And wars arising with unequal trains.
She sees their fate in arms, the field imbrued,
The foe disorder'd, and the foe pursued,
Till conquest, drest in rays of glory, come
With peace and freedom, brought in triumph home.

Then round her heart a beamy gladness plays,
Which, darting forward, thus converts to praise.

For Israel's late avengings on the foe,
When led by no compelling power below,
When each spring forward of their own accord,
For this, for all the mercy, praise the Lord.

Hear, O ye kings; ye neighbouring princes,
Hear;
My song triumphant shall instruct your fear:
My song triumphant bids your glory bow,
To God confess'd, the God of Jacob now.

O glorious Lord! when, with thy sovereign
hand,
Thou led'st the nation off from Edom's land,

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Then trembled earth, and shook the heavens on
high,

And clouds in drops forsook the melted sky,
With tumbling waters, hills were heard to roar,
And felt such shock as Sinai felt before.
But fear abating, which by time decays,
The kings of Canaan rose in Shamgar's days,
And still continued ev'n in Jael's times.
Their empire fixing with successful crimes.
Oppression ravag'd all our lost abodes,
Nor dare the people trust the common roads;
But paths perplex'd and unfrequented chose,
To shun the danger of perplexing foes.
Thus direful was deform'd the country round,
Unpeopled towns, and disimprov'd the ground.
Till I, resolving in the gap to stand,
I, Deborah, rose a mother of the land,
Where others, slaves by settled custom grown,
Could serve, and choose to serve, the gods un-

known;
Where others suffer'd with a tame regret,
Destruction spilling blood in every gate,
And forty thousand had not for the field
One spear offensive, or defensive shield.

O towards the leaders of my nation move,
O beat my warming heart with sense of love,
Commend th' asserters on their own accord,
And bless the sovereign causer, bless the Lord.

Speak ye, that ride with power return'd in
state,

Speak ye the praise, that rule the judgment-seat,
Speak ye the praise to God, that walk the roads,
While safety brings you to restor'd abodes.

The rescued villagers, no more afraid
Of archers lurking in the faithless shade;
And sudden death convey'd from sounding strings,
Shall safe approach the water's rising springs;
And, while their turns of drawing there they wait,
Loitering in ease upon a mossy seat,
Call all the blessings of the Lord to mind,
And sing the Lord in all the blessings kind.
The townsmen rescued from the tyrant's reign
Shall flock with joy to fill their walls again,
See justice in the gates the balance bear,
And none but her unsheath a weapon there.

Awake, O Deborah! O awake to praise!
Awake, and utter forth triumphant lays.
Arise, O Barack! be thy pomp begun,
Lead on thy triumph thou Abinoam's son;
Thy captives bound in chains, when God's decree
Made humbled princes stoop their necks to thee,
When he, the giver of success in fight,
Advanc'd a woman o'er the sons of might.
Against this Amaleck, of banded foci,
I, Deborah, root of all the war, arose,
From Ephraim sprung, and leading Ephraim's line;
The next in rising, Benjamin, was thine.
The ruling heads of half Manasse's land,
To serve in danger, left their safe command.
The tribe of Zebulun's unactive men
For glorious arms forsook the peaceful pen.
The lords of Issachar with Deborah went,
The tribe with Barack to the vale was sent,
Where he on foot perform'd the general's part,
And shar'd the soldier's toil to raise their heart.

C

But Reuben's strange divisions justly wrought
Amongst his brethren deep concern of thought.
Ah! while the nation in affliction lay,
How could'st thou, Reuben, by the sheepfolds stay,
And let thy bleating flock divert thy days
That idly pass'd thee with inglorious ease?
Divided tribe, without thy dangers free,
Deep were the searchings of our heart for thee.
Our Gilead too, by such example sway'd,
With unconcern beyond the river stay'd,
And Dan in ships at sea for safety rode,
And frighten'd Asher in its rock's abode.

Now sing the field, the seats of war begun,
And praise thy Naphtali with Zebulun,
To deaths expos'd, in posts advanc'd they stood
With souls resolv'd, and gallant rage of blood.
Then came the kings and fought, the gather'd
kings

By waters streaming from Megiddo's springs;
In Taanach vale sustain'd the daring toil,
Yet neither fought for pay, nor won the spoil.
The skies, indulgent in the cause of right,
On Israel's side, against their army fight,
In evil aspects, stars and planets range,
And by the weather in tempestuous change
Promote the dire distress, and make it known
That God has hosts above to save his own.
The Kishon swell'd, grew rapid as they fled,
And roll'd them sinking down its sandy bed.
O river Kishon, river of renown!
And, O my soul, that trod their glory down!
The stony paths, by which disorder'd flight
Convey'd their troops and chariots from the fight,
With rugged points their horses' hoofs distress'd,
And broke them prancing in impetuous haste.

Curse, curse ye Meroz, curse the town abhorr'd,
(So spake the glorious angel of the Lord)
For Meroz came not in the field prepar'd,
To join that side on which the Lord declar'd.
But bless ye Jael, be the Kenite's name
Above our women's bless'd in endless fame.
The captain, faint with sore fatigue of flight,
Implor'd for water to support his might,
And milk she pour'd him, while he water sought,
And in her lordly dish her butter brought.
With courage well-deserving to prevail,
One hand the hammer held, and one the nail,
And him, reclin'd to sleep, she boldly slew,
She smote, she pierc'd, she struck the temples
through.

Before her feet, reluctant on the clay,
He bow'd, he fell; he bow'd, he fell, he lay;
He bow'd, he fell, he dy'd. By such degrees
As thrice she struck, each stroke's effect she sees.

His mother gaz'd with long-expecting eyes;
And, grown impatient, through the lattice cries,
Why moves the chariot of my son so slow?
Or what affairs retard his coming so?
Her ladies answer'd—but she would not stay,
(For pride had taught what flattery meant to say)
'They've sped, she says, and now the prey they
share,

For each a damsel, or a lovely pair,
For Sissera's part a robe of gallant grace,
Where diverse colours rich embroidery trace,

Meet for the necks of those who win the spoil
When triumph offers its reward for toil.

Thus perish all whom God's decrees oppose,
Thus, like the vanquish'd, perish all thy foes;
But let the men that in thy name delight
Be like the sun in heavenly glory bright,
When mounted on the dawn he posts away,
And with full strength encreases on the day.

'Twas here the prophets respir'd from song,
Then loudly shouted all the cheerful throng,
By freedom gain'd, by victory complete,
Prepar'd for mirth irregularly great.
The frowns of sorrow gave their ancient place
To pleasure, drawn in smiles of every face.
The groans of slavery were no longer wrung,
But thoughts of comfort from the blessing sprung.
And as they shouted from the breezy west,
Amongst the plumes that deck the finger's crest,
The spirit of applause itself convey'd
On wafted air, and lightly waving play'd:
Such was the case (or such ideas flow
From thought replenish'd with triumphant show).
What rais'd their joy their love could also raise,
And each contended in the words of praise,
And every word proclaim'd the wonders past,
And God was still the first, and still the last;
Deep in their souls the fair impression lay,
Deep trac'd, and never to be worn away.

From hence the rescued generation still
Abhorr'd the practice of rebellious ill,
And fear'd the punishment for ill abhorr'd,
And lov'd repentance, and ador'd the Lord.

From hence in all their days the Lord was kind,
His face serene with settled favour shin'd,
Fair banish'd Order was recall'd in state,
The laws reviv'd, the princes rul'd the gate,
Peace cheer'd the vales, Contentment laugh'd with
Peace,

Gay blooming Plenty rose with large increase,
Sweet Mercy those who thought on mercy blest,
And so for forty years the land had rest.

Rest, happy land, a while; ah longer so!
Diddst thou thine happiness sincerely know!
But soon thy quiet with thy goodness past,
And in the song alone obtain'd to last.

Live, song triumphant, live in fair record,
And teach succeeding times to fear the Lord;
For fancy moves by bright example woo'd,
And wins the mind with images of good.
Touch'd with a sacred rage and heavenly flame,
I strive to sing thine universal aim,
To quit the subject, and in lays sublime,
The moral fit for any point of time.
Then go, my verses, with applying strain,
Go form a triumph not ascrib'd to men.

Let all the clouds of grief impending lie,
And storms of trouble drive along the sky,
Then humbled Piety thine accents raise,
For prayer will prove the powerful charm of ease.

Lo, now my soul has spoke its best desires,
How blessings answer what the prayer requires!
Before thy sighs the clouds of grief retreat,
The storms of trouble by thy tears abate,
And radiant glory, from her upper sphere,
Looks down and glitters in resplendent air.

Rise, lovely Piety, from earthy bed,
The parted flame defends upon thine head,
This wondrous mitre, fram'd by sacred love,
And for thy triumph sent thee from above,
In two bright points with upper rays aspires,
And rounds thy temples with innocuous fires.
Rise, lovely Piety, with pomp appear,
And thou, kind Mercy, lend thy chariot here;
On either side, fair Fame and Honour place,
Behind let Plenty walk in hand with Peace;
While Irreligion, muttering horrid sound,
With fierce and proud Oppression backward bound,
Drag by the wheels along the dusty plain,
And gnashing lick the ground, and curse with pain.

Now come, ye thousands, and more thousands
yet,

With order join to fill the train of state,
Souls tun'd for prailing to the temple bring,
And thus amidst the sacred music sing:
Hail, Piety! triumphant goodness, hail!
Hail, O prevailing, ever O prevail!
At thine entreaty, Justice leaves to frown,
And wrath appealing lays the thunder down;
The tender heart of yearning Mercy burns,
Love asks a blessing, and the Lord returns.
In his great name that heaven and earth has made,
In his great name alone we find our aid;
Then bless the Name, and let the world adore,
From this time forward, and for evermore.

H A N N A H.

Now crowds move off, retiring trumpets sound,
On echoes dying in their last rebound;
The notes of fancy seem no longer strong;
But sweetening closes fit a private song.
So when the storms forsake the sea's command,
To break their forces in the winding land,
No more their blasts tumultuous rage proclaim,
But sweep in murmurs o'er a murmuring stream.

Then seek the subject, and its song be mine,
Whose numbers, mixt in sacred story, shine:
Go, brightly working thought, prepar'd to fly,
Above the page on hovering pinions lie,
And beat with stronger force, to make thee rise
Where beauteous Hannah meets the searching eyes.

There frame a town, and fix a tent with cords,
The town be Shiloh call'd, the tent the Lord's.
Carv'd pillars, filletted with silver, rear,
To close the curtains in an outward square,
But those within it, which the porch uphold,
Be finely wrought, and overlaid with gold.

Here Eli comes to take the resting seat,
Slow moving forward with a reverend gait:
Sacred in office, venerably sage,
And venerably great in silver'd age.
Here Hannah comes, a melancholy wife,
Reproach'd for barren in the marriage life;
Like summer mornings she to sight appears,
Bedew'd and shining in the midst of tears.
Her heart in bitterness of grief she bow'd,
And thus her wishes to the Lord she vow'd:
If thou thine handmaid with compassion see,
If I, my God! am not forgot by thee;

If in mine offspring thou prolong my line,
The child I wish for all his days be thine;
His life devoted, in thy courts be led,
And not a razor come upon his head.

So, from recesses of her inmost soul,
Through moving lips her still devotion stole:
As silent waters glide through parted trees,
Whose branches tremble with a rising breeze.
The words were lost because her heart was low,
But free desire had taught the mouth to go;
This Eli mark'd, and, with a voice severe,
While yet she multiply'd her thoughts in prayer,
How long shall wine, he cries, distract thy breast?
Be gone, and lay the drunken fit by rest.

Ah! says the mourner, count not this for sin,
It is not wine, but grief, that works within;
The spirit of thy wretched handmaid know,
Her prayer's complaint, and her condition woe.
Then spake the sacred priest, in peace depart,
And with thy comfort God fulfil thine heart!
His blessing thus pronounc'd with awful sound,
The votary bending leaves the solemn ground.
She seems confirm'd the Lord has heard her cries,
And cheerful hope the tears of trouble dries,
And makes her alter'd eyes irradiate roll,
With joy that dawns in thought upon the soul.

Now let the town, and tent, and court remain,
And leap the time till Hannah comes again.
As painted prospects skip along the green,
From hills to mountains eminently seen,
And leave their intervals that sink below,
In deep retreat, and unexpress'd to show.

Behold! she comes (but not as once she came,
To grieve, to sigh, and teach her eyes to stream);
Content adorns her with a lively face,
An open look, and smiling kind of grace;
Her little Samuel in her arms she bears,
The wish of long desire, and child of prayers;
And as the sacrifice she brought begun,
To reverend Eli she presents her son.
Here, cries the mother, here my Lord may see
The woman come, who pray'd in grief by thee:
The child I sued for, God in bounty gave;
And what he granted, let him now receive.

But still the votary feels her temper move,
With all the tender violence of love,
That still enjoys the gift, and inly burns
To search for larger, or for more returns.
Then, fill'd with blessings which allure to praise,
And rais'd by joy to soul-enchanting lays,
Thus thanks the Lord, beneficently kind,
In sweet effusions of the grateful mind:
My lifting heart, with more than common heat,
Sends up its thanks to God on every beat,
My glory, rais'd above the reach of scorn,
To God exalts its highly planted horn;
My mouth enlarg'd, mine enemies desica,
And finds in God's salvation full replica.
Oh, bright in holy beauty's power divine,
There's none whose glory can compare with thine!
None share thine honours, nay, there's none
beside.

No rock on which thy creatures can confide.
Ye proud in spirits, who your gift adore,
Unlearn the faults, and speak with pride no more;

No more your words in arrogance be shown,
Nor call the works of Providence your own;
Since he that rules us infinitely knows,
And, as he wills, his acts of power dispose.

The strong, whose sinewy forces arch'd the bow,
Have seen it shatter'd by the conquering foe;
The weak have felt their nerves more firmly brace,
And new-sprung vigour in the limbs encrease.
The full, whom vary'd tastes of plenty fed,
Have let their labour out to gain their bread.
The poor, that languish'd in a starving state,
Content and full, have ceas'd to beg their meat.
The barren womb, no longer barren now,
(Oh, be my thanks accepted with my vow!)

In pleasure wonders at a mother's pain,
And sees her offspring, and conceives again;
While she that glory'd in her numerous hairs,
Now broke by feebleness, no longer bears.

Such turns their rising from the Lord derive,
The Lord that kills, the Lord that makes alive;
He brings by sickness down to gaping graves,
And, by restoring health, from sickness saves.
He makes the poor by keeping back his store,
And makes the rich by blessing men with more;
He sinking hearts with bitter grief annoys,
Or lifts them bounding with enliven'd joys.

He takes the beggar from his humble clay,
From off the dunghill where despis'd he lay,
To mix with princes in a rank supreme,
Fill thrones of honour, and inherit fame:
For all the pillars of exalted state,
So nobly firm, so beautifully great,
Whose various orders bear the rounded ball,
Which would without them to confusion fall,
All are the Lord's, at his dispose stand,
And prop the govern'd world at his command.

His mercy, still more wonderfully sweet,
Shall guard the righteous, and uphold their feet,
While, through the darkness of the wicked soul,
Amazement, dread, and desperation roll;
While envy stops their tongues, and hopeless grief,
That fees their fears, but not their fears relief.
And they their strength as unavailing view,
Since none shall trust in that and safety too.

The foes of Israel, for Israel's sake,
God will to pieces in his anger break;
His bolts of thunder, from an open'd sky,
Shall on their heads, with force unerring, fly.
His voice shall call, and all the world shall hear,
And all for sentence at his seat appear.

But mount to gentler praises, mount again,
My thoughts, prophetic of Messiah's reign;
Perceive the glories which around him shine,
And thus thine hymn be crown'd with grace divine.

'Tis here the numbers find a bright repose,
The vows accepted, and the votary goes.
But thou, my soul, upon her accents hung,
And sweetly pleas'd with what she sweetly sung,
Prolong the pleasure with thine inward eyes,
Turn back thy thoughts, and see the subject rise.

In her peculiar case, the song begun,
And for a while through private blessings run,
As through their banks the curling waters play,
And soft in murmurs kiss the flowery way,

With force encreasing then she leaps the bounds,
And largely flows on more extended grounds;
Spreads wide and wider, till vast seas appear,
And boundless views of Providence are here.
How swift these views along her anthem glide,
As waves on waves push forward in the tide!
How swift thy wonders o'er my fancy sweep,
O Providence, thou great unfathom'd deep!
Where resignation gently dips the wing,
And learns to love and thank, admire and sing;
But bold presumptuous reasonings, diving down
To reach the bottom, in their diving drown.

Neglecting man, forgetful of thy ways,
Nor owns thy care, nor thinks of giving praise,
But from himself his happiness derives,
And thanks his wisdom, when by thine he thrives;
His limbs at ease in soft repose he spreads,
Bewitch'd with vain delights, on flowery beds;
And, while his sense the fragrant breezes kiss,
He meditates a waking dream of bliss;
He thinks of kingdoms, and their crowns are near;
He thinks of glories, and their rays appear;
He thinks of beauties, and a lovely face
Serenely smiles in every taking grace;
He thinks of riches, and their heaps arise,
Display their glittering forms, and fix his eyes;
Thus drawn with pleasures in a charming view,
Rising he reaches, and would fain pursue.
But still the fleeting shadows mock his care,
And still his fingers grasp at yielding air;
Whate'er our tempers as their comforts want,
It is not man's to take, but God's to grant.
If then, persisting in the vain design,
We look for bliss without an help divine,
We still may search, and search without relief,
Nor only want a bliss, but find a grief.
That such conviction may to fight appear,
Sit down, ye sons of men, spectators here;
Behold a scene upon your folly wrought,
And let this lively scene instruct the thought.

Boy, blow the pipe until the bubble rise,
Then cast it off to float upon the skies;
Still swell its sides with breath—O beauteous frame!
It grows, it shines: be now the world thy name!
Methinks creation forms itself within,
The men, the towns, the birds, the trees, are seen;
The skies above present an azure show,
And lovely verdure paints an earth below.
I'll wind myself in this delightful sphere,
And live a thousand years of pleasure there;
Roll'd up in blisses, which around me close,
And now regal'd with these, and now with those.
False hope, but falser words of joy, farewell,
You've rent the lodging where I meant to dwell,
My bubbles burst, my prospects disappear,
And leave behind a moral and a tear.
If at the type our dreaming souls awake,
And Hannah's strains their just impression make,
The boundless power of Providence we know,
And fix our trust on nothing here below.
Then he, grown pleas'd that men his greatness
own,

Looks down serenely from his starry throne,
And bids the blessed days our prayers have won
Put on their glories, and prepare to run.

For which our thanks be justly sent above,
Enlarg'd by gladness, and inspir'd with love:
For which his praises be for ever sung,
O sweet employment of the grateful tongue!
Burst forth, my temper, in a godly flame,
For all his blessings laud his holy name:
That, ere mine eyes saluted cheerful day,
A gift devoted in the womb I lay,
Like Samuel vow'd, before my breath I drew,
O could I prove in life like Samuel too!
That all my frame is exquisitely wrought,
The world enjoy'd by sense, and God by thought;
That living streams through living channels glide,
To make this frame by Nature's course abide;
That, for its good, by Providence's care,
Fire joins with water, earth concurs with air;
That mercy's ever-inexhausted store
Is pleas'd to proffer, and to promise more;
And all the profusers stream with grace divine,
And all the profuses with glory shine.
O praise the Lord, my soul, in one accord,
Let all that is within me praise the Lord;
O praise the Lord, my soul, and ever strive
To keep the sweet remembrances alive.
Still raise the kind affections of thine heart,
Raise every grateful word to bear a part,
With every word the strains of love devise,
Awake thine harp, and thou thyself arise;
Then, if his mercy be not half express'd,
Let wondering silence magnify the rest.

D A V I D.

My thought, on views of admiration hung,
Intently ravish'd, and depriv'd of tongue,
Now darts a while on earth, a while in air,
Here mov'd with praise, and mov'd with glory
there;
The joys entrancing, and the mute surprise,
Half fix the blood, and dim the moistening eyes;
Pleasure and praise on one another break,
An exclamation longs at heart to speak;
When thus my genius on the work design'd,
Awaiting closely, guides the wandering mind.
If, while thy thanks would in thy lays be
wrought,
A bright astonishment involve the thought,
If yet thy temper would attempt to sing,
Another's quill shall imp thy feeble wing;
Behold the name of royal David near,
Behold his music, and his measures hear,
Whose harp devotion in a rapture strung,
And left no state of pious souls unsung.
Him to the wondering world but newly shewn,
Celestial poetry pronounc'd her own;
A thousand hopes, on clouds adorn'd with rays,
Bent down their little beauteous forms to gaze;
Fair blooming innocence, with tender years,
And native sweetness for the ravish'd ears,
Prepar'd to smile within his early song,
And brought their rivers, groves, and plains along:
Majestic honour, at the palace bred,
Enrob'd in white, embroider'd o'er with red,
Reach'd forth the sceptre of her royal fate,
His forehead touch'd, and bid his lays be great;

Undaunted courage, deck'd with manly charms,
With waving azure plumes, and gilded arms,
Display'd the glories and the toils of fight,
Demanded fame, and call'd him forth to write.
To perfect these, the sacred Spirit came,
By mild infusion of celestial flame,
And mov'd with dove-like candour in his breast,
And breath'd his graces over all the rest.
Ah! where the daring flights of men aspire,
To match his numbers with an equal fire;
In vain they strive to make proud Babel rise,
And with an earth-born labour touch the skies:
While I the glittering page resolv'd to view,
That will the subject of my lines renew;
The laurel wreath, my fame's imagin'd shade,
Around my beating temples fears to fade;
My fainting fancy trembles on the brink,
And David's God must help, or else I sink.
As rolling rivers in their channels flow,
Swift from aloft, but on the level slow:
Or rage in rocks, or glide along the plains,
So just, so copious, move the Psalmist's strains;
So sweetly vary'd with proportion'd hear,
So gently clear, or so sublimely great;
While Nature's seen in all her forms to shine,
And mix with beauties drawn from Truth divine;
Sweet beauties (sweet affection's endless rill)
That in the soul like honey drops distil.
Hail, Holy Spirit, hail supremely Kind,
Whose inspiration thus enlarg'd the mind;
Who taught him what the gentle shepherd sings,
What rich expressions suit the port of kings;
What daring words describe the soldier's heat,
And what the prophet's ecstasies relate;
Nor let his worst condition be forgot,
In all this splendour of exalted thought,
On one thy different sorts of graces fall,
Still made for each, of equal force in all;
And while from heavenly courts he feels a flame,
He sings the place from whence the blessing came;
And make his inspirations sweetly prove
The tuneful subject of the mind they move.
Immortal Spirit, light of life instill'd,
Who thus the bosom of a mortal fill'd,
Though weak my voice, and though my light be
dim,
Yet fain I'd praise thy wondrous gifts in him;
Then, since thine aid's attract'd by desire,
And they that speak thee right must feel thy fire,
Vouchsafe a portion of thy grace divine,
And raise my voice, and in my numbers shine:
I sing of David, David sings of thee,
Assist the Psalmist, and his work in me.
But now, my verse, arising on the wing,
What part of all thy subject wilt thou sing?
How fire thy first attempt? in what resort
Of Palestina's plains, or Salem's court;
Where, as his hands the solemn measure play'd,
Curs'd fiends with torment and confusion fled;
Where, at the rosy spring of cheerful light,
(If pious fame record tradition right)
A soft effluence of celestial fire
Came like a rushing breeze, and shook the lyre;
Still sweetly giving every trembling string
So much of sound, as made him wake to sing?

THE WORKS OF PARNELL.

Within my view the country first appears,
The country first enjoy'd his youthful years;
Then frame thy shady landscapes in my strain;
Some conscious mountain, or accustom'd plain;
Where by the waters, on the grass reclin'd,
With notes he rais'd, with notes he calm'd his
mind;

For through the paths of rural life I'll stray,
And in his pleasures paint a shepherd's day.

With grateful sentiments, with active will,
With voice exerted, and enlivening skill,
His free return of thanks he duly paid,
And each new day new beams of bounty shed.
Awake, my tuneful harp; awake, he cries;
Awake, my lute, the fun begins to rise;
My God, I'm ready now! then takes a flight,
To purst Piety's exalted height:

From thence his soul, with heaven itself in view,
On humble prayers and humble praises flew.
The praise as pleasing, and as sweet the prayer,
As incense curling up through morning air.

When towards the field with early steps he trod,
And gaz'd around, and own'd the works of God,
Perhaps, in sweet melodious words of praise,
He drew the prospect which adorn'd his ways;
The soil, but newly visited with rain,
The river of the Lord with springing grain,
In large, encrease the soften'd furrow blest,
The year with goodness crown'd, with beauty drest.

And still to power divine ascribe it all,
From whose high paths the drops of fatness fall;
Then in the song the smiling fights rejoice,
And all the mute creation finds a voice;

With thick returns delightful echoes fill
The pastur'd green, or soft ascending hill,
Rais'd by the bleatings of unnumber'd sheep,
To boast their glories in the crowds they keep.
And corn, that's waving in the western gale,
With joyful sound proclaims the cover'd vale.

Whene'er his flocks the lovely shepherd drove,
To neighbouring waters, to the neighbouring
grove;

To Jordan's flood, refresh'd by cooling wind,
Or Cedron's brook, to mossy banks coufin'd;
In easy notes, and guise of lowly swain, [train:
'Twas thus he charm'd and taught the listening

The Lord's my shepherd; bountiful and good,
I cannot want, since he provides me food;
Safe for his sheep along the verdant meads,
Me, all too mean, his tender mercy leads,
'To taste the springs of life, and taste repose
Wherever living pasture sweetly grows.
And as I cannot want, I need not fear,
For still the presence of my shepherd's near;
Through darksome vales, where beasts of prey
resort,

Where death appears with all his dreadful court,
His rod and hook direct me when I stray,
He calls to fold, and they direct my way.

Perhaps, when seated on the river's brink,
He saw the tender sheep at noon-day drink,
He sung the land where milk and honey glide,
And fattening plenty rolls upon the tide.

Or, fix'd within the freshness of a shade,
While boughs diffuse their leaves around his head

He borrow'd notions from the kind retreat,
Then sung the righteous in their happy state,
And how, by providential care, success
Shall all their actions in due season bless:
So firm they stand, so beautiful they look,
As planted trees beside the purling brook;
Not faded by the rays that parch the plain,
Nor careful for the want of dropping rain:
The leaves sprout forth, the rising branches shoot,
And summer crowns them with the ripen'd fruits.

But if the flowery field, with varied hue,
And native sweetness, entertain'd his view;
The flowery field with all the glorious throng
Of lively colours rose, to paint his song;
Its pride and fall within the numbers ran,
And spake the life of transitory man.

As grass arises by degrees unseen
To deck the breast of earth with lovely green,
Till Nature's order brings the withering days,
And all the summer's beauteous pomp decays;
So, by degrees unseen, doth man arise,
So blooms by course, and so by course he dies.
Or as her head the gaudy floweret heaves,
Spreads to the sun, and boasts her silken leaves,
Till accidental winds their glory shed,
And then they fall before the time to fade;
So man appears, so falls in all his prime,
Ere age approaches on the steps of time.

But thee, my God! thee still the same we find,
Thy glory lasting, and thy mercy kind;
That still the just, and all his race, may know
No cause to mourn their swift account below.

When from beneath he saw the wandering
sheep

That graz'd the level, range along the steep,
Then rose, the wanton stragglers home to call,
Before the pearly dews at evening fall;
Perhaps new thoughts the rising ground supply,
And that employs his mind which fills his eye.
From pointed hills, he cries, my wishes tend,
To that great hill from whence supports descend;
The Lord's that hill, that place of sure defence,
My wants obtain their certain help from thence.
And as large hills projected shadows throw,
To ward the sun from off the vales below,
Or for their safety stop the blast above,
That, with raw vapours loaded, nightly rove;
So shall protection o'er his servants spread,
And I repose beneath the sacred shade,
Unhurt by rage, that, like a summer's day,
Destroys and scorches with impetuous ray;

By wasting sorrows, underriv'd of rest,
That fall, like damps by moon-shine, on the breast.
Here from the mind the prospects seem to wear,
And leave the couch'd design appearing bare;
And now no more the shepherd sings his hill,
But sings the sovereign Lord's protection still;
For as he sees the night prepar'd to come,
On wings of evening he prepares for home;
And in the song thus adds a blessing more,
To what the thought within the figure bore:
Eternal goodness manifestly still
Preserves my soul from each approach of ill;

Ends all my days, as all my days begin,
And keeps my goings, and my comings in.

Here think the sinking sun descends apace,
And, from thy first attempt, my fancy cease;
Here bid the ruddy shepherd quit the plain,
And to the fold return his flocks again.
Go, left the lion, or the shagged bear,
T'by tender lambs with savage hunger tear;
Though neither bear nor lion match thy might,
When in their rage they stood reveal'd to sight;
Go, lest thy wanton sheep returning home,
Should, as they pass, through doubtful darkness roam.

Go, ruddy youth, to Bethlem turn thy way,
On Bethlem's road conclude the parting day.

Methinks he goes as twilight leads the night,
And sees the crescent rise with silver light;
His words consider all the sparkling show
With which the stars in golden order glow.
And what is man, he cries, that thus thy kind,
Thy wondrous love, has lodg'd him in thy

mind?
For him they glitter, him the beasts of prey,
That scare my sheep, and these my sheep obey.
O Lord, our Lord, with how deserv'd a fame,
Does earth record the glories of thy name!
Then, as he thus devoutly walks along,
And finds the road has finish'd with the song,
He sings, with lifted hands and lifted eyes,
Be this, my God, an evening sacrifice.

But now, the lowly dales, the trembling groves,
O'er which the whisper'd breeze serenely roves,
Leave all the coarse of working fancy clear,
Or only grace another subject here;
For in my purpose new designs arise,
Whose brightening images engage mine eyes.
Then here, my verse, thy louder accents raise,
Thy theme through lofty paths of glory trace;
Call forth his honours in imperial throngs,
And strive to touch his more exalted songs.

While yet in humble vales his harp he strung,
While yet he follow'd after ewes with young,
Eternal Wisdom chose him for his own,
And from the flock advanc'd him to the throne;
That there his upright heart, and prudent hand,
With more distinguish'd skill, and high command,
Might act the shepherd in a noble sphere,
And take his nation into regal care.
He could of mercy then, and justice sing,
Those radiant virtues that adorn a king,
That make his reign blaze forth with bright re-
nown,

Beyond those gems whose splendour decks a crown:
That fixing peace, by temper'd love and fear,
Make plains abound, and barren mountains bare.
To thee, to whom these attributes belong,
To thee, my God, he cry'd, I send my song;
To thee, from whom my regal glory came,
I sing the forms in which my court I frame;
Assist the models of imperfect skill.
O come, with sacred aid, and fix my will.
A wise behaviour in my private ways,
And all my soul dispos'd to public peace,
Shall daily strive to let my subjects see
A perfect pattern how to live, in me.
Still will I think, as still my glories rise,
To set no wicked thing before mine eyes,

Nor will I choose the favourites of state,
Among those men that have incur'd thine hate,
Whose vice but makes them scandalously great;
'Tis time that all, whose froward rage of heart
Would vex my realm, shall from my realm depart;
'Tis time that all, whose private slandering lie
Leads judgment falsely, shall by judgment die.
And time the great, who loose the reins to pride,
Shall with neglect and scorn be laid aside;
But o'er the tracts that my commands obey,
I'll send my light, with sharp disarming ray,
Through dark retreats, where humble minds
abide,

Through shades of peace, where modest tempers
To find the good that may support my state,
And, having found them, then to make them great.
My voice shall raise them from the lonely cell,
With me to govern, and with me to dwell.
My voice shall flattery and deceit disgrace,
And in their room exulted virtue place;
That, with an early care, and steadfast hand,
The wicked perish from the faithful land.

When on the throne he sat in calm repose,
And with a royal hope his offspring rose,
His prayers, anticipating time, reveal
Their deep concernment for the public weal;
Upon a good forecasted thought they run,
For common blessings in the king begun:
For righteousness and judgment strictly fair,
Which from the king descends upon his heir.
So when his life and all his labour cease,
The reign succeeding, brings succeeding peace;
So still the poor shall find impartial laws,
And orphans still a guardian of their cause;
And stern oppression have its galling yoke,
And rabid teeth of prey, to pieces broke.
Then, wondering at the glories of his way,
His friends shall love, his daunted foes obey;
For peaceful commerce neighbouring kings apply,
And with great presents court the grand ally.
For him rich gums shall sweet Arabia bear,
For him rich Sheba mines of gold prepare;
Him Tharls, him the foreign isles shall greet,
And every nation bend beneath his feet.
And thus his honours far-extended grow,
The type of great Messiah's reign below.

But worldly realms, that in his accents shine,
Are left beneath the full advanc'd design;
When thoughts of empire in the mind increase
O'er all the limits that determine place,
If thus the monarch's rising fancy move
To search for more unbounded realms above,
In which celestial courts the king maintains,
And o'er the vast extent of nature reigns;
He then describes, in elevated words,
His Israel's shepherd, as the Lord of Lords.
How bright between the cherubims he sits,
What dazzling lustre all his throne emits;
How righteousness, with judgment join'd, sup-
port

The regal seat, and dignify the court;
How fairest honour, and majestic state,
The presence grace, and strength the beauty wait.
What glittering ministers around him stand,
To fly like winds, or flames, at his command.

How sure the beams, on which his palace rise,
Are set in waters, rais'd above the skies;
How wide the skies, like outspread curtains, fly
To veil majestic light from human eye;
Or form'd the wide-expanded vaults above,
Where storms are bounded, though they seem to rove;

Where fire, and hail, and vapour, so fulfil
The wise intentions of their Maker's will;
How well 'tis seen the great eternal mind
Rides on the clouds, and walks upon the wind.
O, wondrous Lord! how bright thy glories shine

The heavens declare, for what they boast is thine;
And yon blue track, enrich'd with orbs of light,
In all its handy-work displays thy might.

Again the monarch touch'd another strain,
Another province claim'd his verse again,
Where goodness infinite has fix'd a sway,
Whose outstretch'd limits are the bounds of day.
Beneath this empire of extended air,
Yet still in reach of Providence's care,
God plac'd the rounded earth with stedfast hand,
And bid the basis ever firmly stand:

He bid the mountains from confusion's heaps
Exalt their summits, and assume their shapes.
He bid the waters like a garnient spread,
To form large seas, and, as he spake, they fled.
His voice, his thunder, made the waves obey.
And forward hasten, till they form'd the sea;
Then, left with lawless rage the surges roar,
He mark'd their bounds, and girt them in with shore,

He fill'd the land with brooks, that trembling
Through winding hills, along the flowery vale;
To which the beasts, that graze the vale, retreat
For cool refreshings in the summer's heat;
While, perch'd in leaves upon the tender sprays,
The birds around their singing voices raise.
He makes the vapours, which he taught to fly,
Forsake the chambers of the clouds on high.
And golden harvest, rich with ears of grain
And spiry blades of grass, adorn the plain;
And grapes luxuriant cheer the soul with wine,
And ointment shed, to make the visage shine.
Through trunks of trees fermenting sap proceeds,
To feed, and tinge the living boughs it feeds:

So shoots the fir, where airy flocks abide,
So cedar, Lebanon's aspiring pride,
Whose birds, by God's appointment, in their nest,
With green furrounded, lie secure of rest;
Where small increase the barren mountains give,
There kins, adapted to the feeding, live;
There flocks of goats in healthy pastures browse,
And, in their rocky entrails, rabbits house.
Where forests, thick with shrubs, entangled stand,
Untrod the roads, and desolate the land,
There close in covert hide the beasts of prey,
Till heavy darkness creeps upon the day,
Then roar with hunger's voice, and range abroad,
And, in their method, seek their meat from God;
And, when the dawning edge of eastern air
Begins to purple, to their dens repair.
Man, next succeeding, from the sweet repose
Of downy beds, to work appointed goes,

When first the morning sees the rising sun,
He sees their labours both at once begun;
And, night returning with its starry train,
Perceives their labours done at once again.
O! manifold in works supremely wise,
How well thy gracious store the world supplies!
How all thy creatures on thy goodness call,
And that bestows a due support for all!
When from an open hand thy favours flow,
Rich bounty stoops to visit us below;
When from thy hand no more thy favours stream,
Back to the dust we turn, from whence we came;

And when thy spirit gives the vital heat,
A sure succession keeps the kinds complete;
The propagated seeds their forms retain,
And all the face of earth's renew'd again.
Thus, as you've seen th' effect reveal the cause,
Is Nature's Ruler known in Nature's laws;
Thus still his power is o'er the world display'd,
And still rejoices in the world he made.

The Lord he reigns, the King of kings is king;
Let nations praise; and praises learn to sing.
My verses here may change their style again,
And trace the Psalmist in another strain;
Where all his soul the soldier's spirit warms,
And to the music fits the sound of arms;
Where brave disorder does in numbers dwell,
And artful number speaks disorder well.

Arise, my genius, and attempt the praise
Of dreaded power, and perilous essays;
And where his accents are too nobly great,
Like distant echoes, give the faint repeat:
For who, like him, with enterprising pen,
Can paint the Lord of hosts in wrath with men?
Or with just images of tuneful lay,
Set all his terrors in their fierce array?

He comes! The tumult of discordant spheres,
The quivering shocks of earth confess their fears;
Thick smoke precede, and blasts of angry breath;
That kindle dread devouring flames of death.
He comes! the firmament, with dismal night,
Bows down, and seems to fall upon the light:
The darkling mists enwrap his head around,
The waters deluge, and the tempests sound;
While on the cherub's purple wings he flies,
And plants his black pavilion in the skies.

He comes! the clouds remove; the rattling hail,
Descending, bounds, and scatters o'er the vale;
His voice is heard, his thunder speaks his ire,
His lightning blasts with blue sulphureous fire;
His brandish'd bolts with swift commission go,
To punish man's rebellious acts below.

His stern rebukes lay deepest ocean bare,
And solid earth, by wide eruption, tear.
Then glares the naked gulf with dismal ray,
And then the dark foundations see the day:
O God! let mercy this thy war assuage!
Alas! no mortal can sustain thy rage.
While I but strive the dire effects to tell,
And on another's words attentive dwell,
Confusing passions in my bosom roll,
And all in tumult work the troubled soul:
Remorse with pity, fear with sorrow blend,
And I but strive in vain; my verse, descend,

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To less aspiring paths direct thy flight,
Though still the less may more than match thy
night;

While I to second agents tune the strings,
And Israel's warrior Israel's battles sings:
Great warrior he, and great to sing of war,
Whose lines (if ever lines prevail'd so far)
Might pitch the tents, compose the ranks anew,
To combat sound, and bring the toil to view.
O nation most securely rais'd in name,
Whose fair records he wrote for endless fame;
O nation oft victorious o'er thy foes,
At once thy conquests, and thy thanks he shows;
For thus he sung the realms that must be thine,
And made thee thus confess an aid divine.
When mercy look'd, the waves perceiv'd its sway,
And Israel pass'd the deep divided sea.
When Mercy spake it, haughty Pharaoh's host,
And haughty Pharaoh, by the waves were tost.
When Mercy led us through the desert sand,
We reach'd the borders of the promis'd land:
Then all the kings their gather'd armies brought,
And all those kings by Mercy's help we fought:
There, with their monarch, Amor's people bleed,
For God was gracious, and the tribes succeed.
There monstrous Ogg was fell'd on Basan's plain,
For God was gracious to the tribes again.
At length their yoke the realms of Canaan feel,
And Israel sings that God is gracious still.

Nor has the warlike prince alone inroll'd
The wondrous feats their fathers did of old;
His own emblazon'd acts adorn his lays,
These too may challenge just returns of praise.
My God! he cries, my surest rock of might,
My trust in dangers, and my shield in fight;
Thy matchless bounties I with gladness own,
Nor find assistance but from thee alone:
Thy strength is armour, and my path success,
No power like thee can thus securely bless.
When troops united would arrest my course,
I break their files, and through their order force;
When in their towns they keep, my siege I form,
And leap the battlements, and lead the storm;
And when in camps abroad intrench'd they lie,
As swift as hinds in chase I bound on high;
My strenuous arms thou teachest how to kill,
And snap in sunder temper'd bows of steel;
My moving footsteps are enlarg'd by thee,
And kept from snares of planned ambush free;
And when my foes forsake the field of fight,
Then, flush'd with conquest, I pursue their flight;
In vain their fears, that almost reach despair,
The trembling wretches from mine anger bear;
As swift as fear brisk warmth of conquest goes,
And at my feet dejects the wounded foes;
For help they call, but find their helper's gone,
For God's against them, and I drive them on
As whirling dust in airy tumult fly,
Before the tempest that involves the sky.
And, in my rage's unavowed sway,
I tread their necks like abject heaps of clay.

The warrior thus in song his deeds express'd,
Nor vainly boasted what he but confess'd;
While warlike actions were proclaim'd abroad,
That all their praises should refer to God.

And here, to make this bright design arise,
In fairer splendour to the nation's eyes,
From private valour he converts his lays,
For yet the public claim'd attempts of praise;
And public conquests where they jointly fought,
Thus stand recorded by reflecting thought;
God sent his Samuel from his holy seat
To bear the promise of my future state,
And I, rejoicing, see the tribes fulfil
The promis'd purpose of almighty will;
Subjected Sichern, sweet Samaria's plain,
And Succoth's valleys, have confess'd my reign;
Remoter Gilead's hilly tracks obey,
Manasseh's parted sands accept my sway. [mine,
Strong Ephraim's sons and Ephraim's ports are
And mine the throne of princely Judah's line;
Then, since my people with my standard go,
To bring the strength of adverse empire low,
Let Moab's soil, to vile subjection brought,
With groans declare how well our ranks have
fought;

Let vanquish'd Edom bow its humbled head,
And tell how pompous on its pride I tread;
And now, Philistia, with thy conquering host,
Dismay'd and broke, of conquer'd Israel boast;
But if a Seer or Rabbah yet remain
On Johanaan's hill, or Amon's plain,
Lead forth our armies, Lord, regard our pray'rs;
Lead, Lord of battles, and we'll conquer there.
As this the warrior spake, his heart arose,
And thus, with grateful turn, perform'd the close;
Though men to men their best assistance lend,
Yet men alone will but in vain befriend;
Through God we work exploits of high renown,
'Tis God that treads our great opposers down.

Hear now the praise of well-disputed fields,
The best return victorious honour yields;
'Tis common good restor'd, when lovely Peace
Is join'd with righteousness in strict embrace;
Hear, all ye victors, what your sword secures,
Hear, all ye nations; for the cause is yours;
And when the joyful trumpets loudly sound,
When groaning captives in their ranks are bound,
When pillars lift the bloody plumes in air,
And broken shafts and batter'd armour bear;
When painted arches acts of war relate,
When slow procession's pomps augment the state;
When fame relates their worth among the throng,
Thus take from David their triumphant song:
Oh, clap your hands together! oh, rejoice
In God with melody's exalted voice;
Your sacred psalm within his dwelling raise,
And, for a pure oblation, offer praise;
For the rich goodness plentifully shows
He prospers our design upon our foes.
Then, hither, all ye nations, hither run,
Behold the wonders which the Lord has done;
Behold, with what a mind, the heap of slain,
He spreads the sanguine surface of the plain;
He makes the wars, that mad confusion hurl'd,
Be spent in victories, and leave the world.
He breaks the bended bows, the spears of ire,
And burns the shatter'd chariots in the fire,
And bids the realms be still, the tumult cease,
And know the Lord of war, for Lord of peace.

THE WORKS OF PARNELL.

Now may the tender youth in goodness rise,
Beneath the guidance of their parents eyes,
And tall young poplars, when the ranger's nigh,
To watch their risings, lest they shoot awry.
Now may theauteous daughters, bred with care,
In modest rules, and pious acts of fear,
Like polish'd corners of the temple be,
So bright, so spotless, and so fit for thee.
Now may the various seasons bless the soil,
And plenteous gardeners pay the ploughman's
toil;

Now sheep and kine, upon the flowery meads,
Increase in thousands, and ten thousand heads;
And now no more the sound of grief complains
For those that fall in fight, or live in chains;
Here, when the blessings are proclaim'd aloud,
Join all the voices of the thankful crowd;
Let all that feel them thus confess their part,
Thus own their worth, with one united heart;
Happy the realm which God vouchsafes to bless
With all the glories of a bright success!
And happy thrice the realm, if thus he please
To crown those glories with the sweets of ease;
From warfare finish'd on a chain of thought,
To bright attempts of future rapture wrought;
Yet stronger, yet thy pinions stronger raise,
O Fancy, reigning in the power of lays.
For Sion's hill thine airy courses hold,
'Twas there thy David prophesy'd of old;
And there devout in contemplation sit,
In holy vision, and ecstatic fit.

Methinks I seem to feel the charms begin,
Now sweet contentment tunes my soul within;
Now wondrous soft arising music plays,
And now full sounds upon the sense increase;
Fit David's lyre, his artful fingers move,
To court the spirit from the realms above;
And, pleas'd to come where holiness attends,
The courted spirit from above descends.
Hence on the lyre and voice new graces rest,
And bright prophetic forms enlarge the breast;
Hence firm decrees his mystic hymns relate,
Affix'd in heaven's adamant gate,
The glories of the most important age,
And Christ's blest empire seen by sure presage.

When, in a distant view, with inward eyes,
He sees the Son descending from the skies,
To take the form of man for mankind's sake,
'Tis thus he makes the great Messiah speak:
It is not, Father, blood of bullocks slain
Can cleanse the world from universal stain;
Such offerings are not here requir'd by thee,
But point at mine, and leave the work for me;
To perfect which, as servants ears they drill,
In sign of opening to their master's will;
Thy will would open mine, and have me bear
My sign of ministry, the body there,
Prophetic volumes of our state assign
The world's redemption as an act of mine;
And lo! with cheerful and obedient heart,
I come, my Father, to perform my part.
So spake the Son, and left his throne above,
When wings to bear him were prepar'd by love;
When with their Monarch, on the great descent,
Sweet humbleness and gentle patience went;

Fair sisters both, both blest'd in his esteem,
And both appointed here to wait on him.

But now, before the Prophet's ravish'd eyes,
Succeeding prospects of his life arise;
And here he teaches all the world to sing
Those strains in which the nations own'd him
King.

When boughs as at an holy feast they bear,
To show the Godhead manifested there;
And garments, as a mark of glory, strow'd,
Declar'd a prince proclaim'd upon the road:
This day the Lord hath made, we will employ
In songs, he cries, and consecrate the joy.
Hosannah, Lord, Hosannah, shed thy peace;
Hosannah, long-expecting nations grace;
Oh, blest'd in honour's height triumphant thou,
That wast to come, oh, blest thy people now.

'Twere easy dwelling here with fix'd delight,
And much the sweet engagement of the sight;
But fleeting visions each on other throng,
And change the music, and demand the song:
Ah! music chang'd by sadly moving show:
Ah! song demanded in excess of woe!
For what was all the gracious Saviour's stay,
Whilst here he trod in life's encumber'd way,
But troubled patience, persecuted breath,
Neglected sorrows, and afflicting death;
Approach, ye sinners; think the garden shows
His bloody sweet of full arising throws;
Approach his grief, and hear him thus complain,
Through David's person, and in David's strain.

Oh, save me, God, thy floods about me roll,
Thy wrath divine hath overflow'd my soul:
I come at length where rising waters drown,
And sink in deep affliction, deeply down.
Deceitful snares, to bring me to the dead,
Lie ready plac'd in every path I tread;
And hell itself, with all that hell contains,
Of fiends accurs'd, and dreadful change of pains;
To daunt firm will, and cross the good design'd,
With strong temptations fasten on the mind;
Such grief, such sorrows, in amazing view,
Distracted fears and heaviness pursue.
Ye sages, deeply read in human frame,
The passions' causes, and their wild extreme;
Where mov'd an object more oppos'd to bliss,
What other agony could equal his?

The music still proceeds with mournful airs,
And speaks the dangers, as it speaks the fears.
Oh, sacred Presence, from the Son withdrawn:
Oh, God, my Father, whether art thou gone?
Oh, must my soul bewail tormenting pain,
And all my words in anguish fall in vain?
The trouble's near, in which my life will end;
But none is near, that will assistance lend;
Like Bashan's, bulls, my foes against me throng,
So proud, inhuman, numberless, and strong.
Like desert lions, on their prey they go,
So much their fierce desire of blood they show:
As ploughers wound the ground, they tore my
back,
And long deep furrows manifest the track.
They pierc'd my tender hands, my tender feet,
And caus'd sharp pangs, where nerves in num-
bers meet;

Rich streams of life forsake my rended veins,
And fall like water spill'd upon the plains;
My bones, that us'd in hollow seats to close,
Disjoint with anguish of convulsive throes;
My mourning heart is melted in my frame,
As wax dissolving runs before a flame;
My strength dries up, my flesh the moisture leaves,
And on my tongue my clammy palate cleaves:
Alas! I thirst; alas! for drink I call;
For drink they give me vinegar and gall.
To sportful game the savage soldiers go,
And for my vesture, on my vesture throw;
While all deride, who see me thus forlorn,
And shoot their lips, and shake their heads in scorn.

And, with despiteful jest, Behold, they cry,
The great peculiar darling of the sky:
He trusted God would save his soul from woe,
Now God may have him, if he loves him so.
But to the dust of death, by quick decay,
I come; O Father, be not long away.
And was it thus, the Prince of Life was slain?
And was it thus he dy'd for worthless men?
Yes, blest Jesus; thus, in every line,
The sufferings which the prophet spake were thine.

Come, Christian, to the corpse, in spirit come,
And with true signs of grief surround the tomb.
Upon the threshold stone let sin be slain,
Such sacrifice will best avenge his pain.
Bring thither then repentance, sighs, and tears,
Bring mortify'd desires, bring holy fears;
And earnest prayer express'd from thoughts that roll

Through broken mind, and groanings of the soul;
These scatter'd on his hearse, and so prepare
Those obsequies the Jews deny'd him there;
While in your hearts the flames of love may burn,
To dress the vault, like lamps in sacred urn:
There oft, my soul, in such a grateful way,
Thine humblest homage, with the godly pay.

But David strikes the sounding chords anew,
And to thy first design recalls thy view;
From life to death, from death to life he flies,
And still pursues his object in his eyes;
And here recounts, in more enliven'd song,
The sacred presence, not absented long:
The flesh not suffer'd in the grave to dwell,
The soul not suffer'd to remain in hell;
But as the conqueror, fatigu'd in war,
With hot pursuit of enemies afar,
Reclines to drink the torrent gliding by,
Then lifts his looks to repossess the sky;
So bow'd the Son, in life's uneasy road,
With anxious toil and thorny danger strow'd;
So bow'd the Son, but not to find relief,
But taste the deep imbitter'd floods of grief;
So when he tasted these, he rais'd his head,
And left the sable mansions of the dead,
Ere mouldering time consum'd the bones away,
Or slow corruption's worms had work'd decay:
Here faith's foundations all the soul employ
With springing graces, springing beams of joy;
Then paus'd the voice, where nature's seen to pause,
And for a time suspend her ancient laws.

From hence arising as the glories rise,
That must advance above the lofty skies,
He runs with sprightly fingers o'er the lyre,
And fills new songs with new celestial fire:
In which he shews, by fair description's ray,
The Christ's ascension to the realms of day;
When justice, pleas'd with life already paid,
Unbends her brows, and sheaths her angry blade;
And meditates rewards, and will restore
What mercy woo'd him, to forsake before.
When on a cloud, with gilded edge of light,
He rose above the reach of human sight,
And met the pomp that hung aloft in air,
To make his honours more exceeding fair:
See, cries the prophet, how the chariots wait
To bear him upwards, in triumphant state,
By twenty thousands in unnumber'd throng,
And angels draw the glittering ranks along.
The Lord amongst them sits in glory dress'd,
Nor more the presence, Sirai mount enfeest.
And now the chariots have begun to fly,
The triumph moves, the Lord ascends on high,
And Sin and Satan, us'd to captive men,
Are dragg'd for captives in his ample train;
While, as he goes, seraphic circles sing
The wondrous conquest of their wondrous King;
With shouts of joy their heavenly voices raise,
And with shrill trumpets manifest his praise;
From such a point of such exceeding height,
A while my verses sloop their airy flight,
And seem for rest on Oliver to breathe,
And charge the two that stand in white beneath;
That as they move, and join the moving rear
Within their honour'd hands aloft they bear
The crown of thorns, the cross on which he dy'd,
The nails that pierc'd his limbs, the spear his side;
Then, where kind mercy lays the thunder by,
Where peace has hung great Michael's arms on
Let these adorn his magazine above, [high;
And hang the trophies of victorious love;
Lest man, by superstitious mind entic'd,
Should idolize whatever touch'd the Christ.

But still the prophet in the spirit soars
To new Jerusalem's imperial doors;
There sees and hears the blest'd angelic throng,
There feels their music, and records their song:
Or, with the vision warm'd, attempts to write,
For those inhabitants of native light,
And teaches harmony's distinguish'd parts,
In sweet response of united hearts;
For thus without might warbling angels sing
Their course containing on the flutter'd wing,
Eternal gates! your stately portals rear,
Eternal gates! your ways of joy prepare;
The King of Glory for admittance stays;
He comes, he'll enter, O prepare your ways;
Then bright archangels, that attend the wall,
Might thus upon the beauteous order call:
Ye fellow-ministers, that now proclaim
Your King of Glory, tell his awful name.
At which the beauteous order will accord,
And sound of solemn notes pronounce the Lord:
The Lord endued with strength, renown'd for
might,
With spoils returning from the finish'd fight.

Again with lays they charm the sacred gates,
And graces double, while the song repeats;
Again within the sacred guardians sing,
And ask the name of their victorious king;
And then again, the Lord's the name rebounds
From tongue to tongue, catch'd up in frequent
rounds.

New thrones and powers appear to lift the gate,
And David still pursues their enter'd state.
Oh, prophet! father! whither would'st thou fly?
Oh, mytic Israel's chariot for the sky;
Thou, sacred spirit! what a wondrous height,
By thee supported, soars his airy flight!
For glimpse of Majesty divine is brought,
Among the shifted prospects of the thought:
Dread, sacred sight! I dare not gaze for fear,
But sit beneath the finger's feet, and hear;
And hold each sound that interrupts the mind,
Thus in a calm by power of verse confin'd.

Ye dreadful ministers of God, displeas'd,
In blasting tempests be no longer rais'd!
Ye deep-mouth'd thunders, leave your direful groan,
Nor roll in hollow clouds around the throne.
The still small voice more justly will express
How great Jehovah did the Lord address.
And you bright-feather'd choirs of endless peace,
A while from tuneful Hallelujah's cease;
A while stand fix'd, with deep attentive care,
You'll have the time to sing for ever there.
The royal Prophet will the silence break,
And in his words Almighty goodness speak.
He spake (and smil'd to see the business done),
Thou art my first, my great begotten Son,
Here on the right of Majesty sit down,
Enjoy thy conquest, and receive thy crown,
While I thy worship and renown complete,
And make thy foes the foot-stool of thy feet;
For I'll pronounce the long-resolv'd decree,
My sacred Sion be reserv'd for thee.
From thence thy peaceful rod of power extend,
From thence thy Messenger of mercy fend,
And teach thy vanquish'd enemies to bow,
And rule where hell has fix'd an empire now.
Then ready, nations to their rightful king
The free-will offerings of their hearts shall bring,
In holy beauties for acceptance dress'd,
And ready nations be with pardon blest'd;
Meanwhile thy dawn of truth begins the day,
Enlighten'd subjects shall encrease the sway;
With such a splendid and unnumber'd train,
As dews in morning fill the grassy plain.
This by myself I swore; the great intent
Has past my sanction, and I can't repent:
Thou art a king, and priest of peace below,
Like Salem's monarch, and for ever so.
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis thine the Gentiles' claim;
For thy possession take the world's extreme.
The kings shall rage, the parties strive in vain,
By persecuting rage, to break thy reign;
Thou art my Christ, and they that still can be
Rebellious subjects be destroy'd by thee.
Bring, like the potter, to severe decay,
Thy worthless creatures, found in humble clay;
Then hear, ye monarchs, and ye judges hear,
Rejoice with trembling, serve the Lord with fear;

In his commands with signs of homage move,
And kiss the gracious offers of his love;
Ye surely perish if his anger flame,
And only they be blest'd that bless his name.
Thus does the Christ in David's anthems shine,
With full magnificence of art divine;
Then on his subjects gifts of grace bestow,
And spread his image on their hearts below;
As when our earthly kings receive the globe,
The sacred unction, and the purple robe,
And mount the throne with golden glory crown'd,
They scatter medals of themselves around;
There heavenly fingers clap their vary'd wings,
And lead the choir of all created things.
Relate his glory's everlasting prime,
His fame continued with the length of time;
While, ere the sun shall dart a gilded beam,
Or changing moons diffuse the silver'd gleam;
Where-e'er the waves of rolling ocean sent,
Encompass land with arms of wide extent.
Hail, full of mercy: ready nations cry!
Hail, oh, for ever, ever blest'd on high!
Hail, oh, for ever on thy beauteous throne!
Thou Lord that workest wondrous things alone!
Still let thy glory to the world appear,
And all the riches of thy goodness hear.

But thou, fair church, in whom he fixes love,
Thou queen accepted of the Prince above;
Behold him, fairer than the sons of men;
Embrace his offer'd heart, and share his reign;
In Moses' laws they bred thy tender years;
But now to new commands incline thine ears,
Forget thy people, bear no more in mind
Thy father's household, for thy spouse is kind.
Within thy soul let vain affections die,
Him only worship, and with him comply.
So shall thy spouse's heart with thine agree,
So shall his fervour still encrease for thee.
Come, while he calls, supremely-favour'd queen,
In heavenly glories dress thy soul within;
With pious actions to the throne be brought,
In close connection of the virtues wrought;
Let these around thee for a garment shine,
And be the work to make them pleasing thine:
Come, lovely queen, advance with stately port:
Thy good companions shall complete thy court,
With joyful souls their joyful entrance sing,
And fill the palace of your gracious king;
What though thy Moses and the prophets cease,
What though the priesthood leaves the settled
race,

The father's place their offspring well supplies,
When at thy spouse's ministry they rise;
When thy blest'd household on his orders go,
And rule for him where-e'er he reigns below.
Come, queen exalted, come; my lasting song
To future ages shall thy fame prolong.
The joyful nations shall thy praise proclaim,
And, for their safety, crowd beneath thy name.
Oh, bounteous Saviour! still thy mercy kind,
Still what thy David sung thy servants find;
Still what thy David sung thy servants see,
From thee sent down, and sent again to thee.
They see the words of thanks, and love divine
In strains mysterious intermingled shine,

As sweet and rich unite in costly waves,
Which purling gold the purpled web receives;
And still the church he shadow'd hears the lays,
In daily service, as an aid to praise.

At these her temper good devotion warms,
And mounts aloft with more engaging charms:
Then, as she strives to reach the lofty sky,
Bids gratitude assist her will to fly;
In these our gratitude becomes on fire,
Then feels its flames improv'd by strong desire;
Then feels desire in eager wishes move,
And wish determine in the point of love.

Such hymns to regulate, and such to raise,
Approach, ye sounding instruments of praise:
'Tis fit you tune for him whose holy love,
In wish aspiring to the choir above,
And fond to practise ere his time to go,
Devoutly call'd you to the choir below;
There, where he plac'd you, with your solemn

found,
For God's high glory, fill the sacred ground,
And there, and every-where, his wondrous name
Within his firmament of power proclaim.
Soft pleasing lutes with easy sweetness move,
To touch the sentiments of heavenly love;
Assist the lyre and voice, to tell the charms
That gently stole him from the father's arms;
Gay trembling timbrels, us'd with airs of mirth,
Assist the loud Hosannah rais'd on earth;
When on an ass he meekly rides along,
And multitudes are heard within the song.
Full-tenor'd psalters join the doleful part,
In which his agony possess his heart;
And seem to feel thyself, and seem to show,
A rising heaviness and signs of woe.

Sonorous organ, at his passion moan,
And utter forth thy sympathizing groan,
In big slow murmurs anxious sorrow speak,
While melancholy winds thine entrails shake.
As when he suffer'd, with complaining sound,
The storm in vaulted caverns shook the ground;
Swift cheerful cymbals give an airy strain,
When, having bravely broke the doubled chain
Of death and hell, he left the conquer'd grave,
And rose to visit those he dy'd to save,
And as he mounts in song, and angels sing,
With grand procession, their returning king,
Triumphant trumpets raise their notes on high,
And make them seem to mount, and seem to fly,
Then all at once conspire to praise the Lord,
In music's full consent, and just accord:
Ye sons of art, in such melodious way,
Conclude the service which you join to pay,
While nations sing Amen, and yet again
Hold forth the note, and sing aloud Amen.

Here has my fancy gone where David leads,
Now softly pacing o'er the grassy meads;
Now nobly mounting where the monarchs rear
The gilded spires of palaces in air;
Now shooting thence, upon the level flight,
To dreadful dangers and the toils of fight,
Anon with utmost stretch ascending far,
Beyond the region of the farthest star;
As sharpest-sighted eagles towering fly,
To weather their broad sails in open sky,

At length on wings half-clos'd slide gently down,
And none attempt shall all my labours crown,
In others' verse the rest be better shewn,
But this is more, or should be more, thine own.

If then the spirit that supports my lines
Have prov'd unequal to my large designs,
Let others rise from earthly passion's dream,
By me provok'd to vindicate the theme.
Let others round the world in rapture rove,
Or with strong feathers fan the breeze above,
Or walk the dusky shades of death, and dive
Down hell's abyss, and mount again alive.
But, Oh, my God! may these unartful rhymes
In sober words of woe bemoan my crimes.
'Tis fit the sorrows I for ever vent
For what I never can enough repent;
'Tis fit, and David shews the moving way,
And with his prayer instructs my soul to pray.
Then, since thy guilt is more than match'd by me,
And since my troubles should with thine agree,
O Muse, to glories in affliction born!
May thy humility my soul adorn.

For humblest prayers are most affecting strains,
As mines lye rich in lowly planted veins;
Such aid I want, to render mercy kind,
And such an aid as here I want, I find:
Thy weeping accents in my numbers run,
Ah, thought! ah, voice of inward dole begun!

My God, whose anger is appeas'd by tears,
Bow gently down thy mercy's gracious ears;
With many tongues my sins for justice call,
But mercy's ears are manifold for all.
Those sweet celestial windows open wide,
And in full streams let soft compassion glide;
There wash my soul, and cleanse it yet again,
O thoroughly cleanse it from the guilty stain;
For I my life with inward anguish see,
And all its wretchedness confess to thee.

The large indictment stands before my view,
Drawn forth by conscience, most amazing true;
And fill'd with secrets hid from human eye,
When, foolish man, thy God stood witness by.
Then, oh, thou majesty divinely great,
Accept the sad confessions I repeat,
Which clear thy justice to the world below,
Should dismal sentence doom my soul to woe.
When in the silent womb my shape was made,
And from the womb to lightsome life convey'd,
Curs'd sin began to take unhappy root,
And through my veins its early fibres shoot;
And then, what goodness didst thou shew, to
kill

The rising weeds, and principles of ill;
When to my breast, in fair celestial flame,
Eternal truth and lovely wisdom came,
Bright gift, by simple nature never got,
But here reveal'd to change the ancient blot.
This wondrous help which mercy pleas'd to grant,
Continue still, for still thine aid I want;
And, as the men whom leprosy invade,
Or they that touch the carcase of the dead,
With hyssop sprinkled, and by water cleans'd,
Their former purity in the law regain'd;
So purge my soul, diseas'd, alas! within,
And much polluted with dead works of sin.

For such blest favours at thine hand I sue,
Be grace thine hyssop, and thy water too.
Then shall my whiteness for perfection vie
With blanching snows that newly leave the sky.
Thus, through my mind, thy voice of gladness
send,

Thus speak the joyful word, I will be clean'd;
That all my strength, consum'd with mournful
pain,

May, by thy saving health, rejoice again :
And now no more my soul offences see,
O turn from these, but turn thee not from me;
Or, lest they make me too deform'd a sight,
Oh, blot them with oblivion's endless night.
Then further purgess to thy servant grant,
Another heart, or change in this, I want.
Create another, or the change create;
For now my vile corruption is so great,
It seems a new creation to restore
Its fall'n estate to what it was before.
Renew my spirit, raging in my breast,
And all its passions in their course arrest;
Or turn their motions, widely gone astray,
And fix their footsteps in thy righteous way;
When this is granted, when again I'm whole,
Oh ne'er withdraw thy presence from my soul;
There let it shine, so let me be restor'd
To present joy, which conscious hopes afford.
There let it sweetly shine, and o'er my breast
Diffuse the dawning of eternal rest;
Then shall the wicked this compassion see,
And learn thy worship, and thy works, from me.
For I, to such occasions of thy praise,
Will tune my lyre, and consecrate my lays.
Unseal my lips, where guilt and shame have hung,
To stop the passage of my grateful tongue,
And let my prayer and song ascend, my prayer
Here join'd with faints, my song with angels there;
Yet neither prayer I'd give, nor songs alone,
If either offerings were as much thy own :
But thine's the contrite spirit, thine's an heart
Oppress'd with sorrow, broke with inward smart;
That at thy footstool in confession shews,
How well its faults, how well the judge it knows;
That sin with sober resolution flies,
This gift thy mercy never will despise.
Then in my soul a mystic altar rear,
And such a sacrifice I'll offer there.
There shall it stand, in vows of virtue bound,
There falling tears shall wash it all around;
And sharp remorse, yet sharper edg'd by woe,
Deserv'd and fear'd, inflict the bleeding blow;
There shall my thoughts to holy breathings fly,
Instead of incense, to perfume the sky,
And thence my willing heart aspires above,
A victim panting in the flames of love.

SOLOMON.

As through the Psalms, from theme to theme
I chang'd,
Methinks like Eve in Paradise I rang'd;
And every grace of song I seem'd to see,
As the gay pride of every season see;

She, gently treading all the walks around,
Admir'd the springing beauties of the ground,
The lily, glistering with the morning dew,
The rose in red, the violet in blue,
The pink in pale, the bells in purple rows,
And tulips colour'd in a thousand shows:
Then here and there perhaps she pull'd a flower,
To strew with moss, and paint her leafy bower;
And here and there, like her, I went along,
Chose a bright strain, and bid it deck my song.

But now the sacred finger leaves mine eye,
Crown'd as he was, I think he mounts on high;
Ere this devotion bore his heavenly Psalms,
And now himself bears up his harp and palms.
Go, saint triumphant, leave the changing sight,
So fitted out, you suit the realms of light;
But let thy glorious robe at parting go,
Those realms have robes of more effulgent show;
It flies; it falls, the fluttering silk I see;
Thy son has caught it, and he sings like thee,
With such election of a theme divine,
And such sweet grace, as conquers all but thine.

Hence every writer o'er the fabled streams,
Where frolic fancies sport with idle dreams;
Or round the light enchanted clouds dispose,
Whence wanton Cupids shoot with gilded bows,
A nobler writer, strains more brightly wrought,
Themes more exalted, fill my wondering thought:
The parted skies are track'd with flames above,
As love descends to meet ascending love;
The seasons flourish where the spouses meet,
And earth in gardens spreads beneath their feet;
This fresh-bloom prospect in the bosom throngs,
When Solomon begins his song of songs,
Bids the wrapt soul to Lebanon repair,
And lays the scene of all his actions there;
Where as he wrote, and from the bower survey'd
The scenting groves, or answering knots he made,
His sacred art the sights of nature brings,
Beyond their use, to figure heavenly things.

Great Son of God! whose gospel pleas'd to throw
Round thy rich glory veils of earthly show;
Who made the vineyard oft thy church design,
Who made the marriage-feast a type of thine;
Assist my verses, which attempt to trace
The shadow'd beauties of celestial grace,
And with illapses of seraphic fire
The work which pleas'd thee once, once more in-
spire.

Look, or illusion's airy visions draw,
Or now I walk the gardens which I saw,
Where silver waters feed a flowering spring,
And winds salute it with a balmy wing.
There, on a bank, whose shades directly rise,
To screen the sun, and not exclude the skies,
There sits the sacred church; methinks I view
The spouse's aspect, and her ensigns too.
Her face has features where the virtues reign,
Her hands the book of sacred love contain,
A light (truth's emblem) on her bosom shines,
And at her side the meekest lamb reclines:
And oft on heavenly lectures in the book,
And oft on heaven itself she casts a look,
Sweet, humble, fervent zeal, that works within,
At length bursts forth, and raptures thus begin :

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Let him, that him my soul adores above,
In close communions breathe his holy love;
For these blest'd words his pleasing lips impart,
Beyond all cordials, cheer the fainting heart.
As rich and sweet the precious ointments stream,
So rich thy graces flow, so sweet thy name
Diffuses sacred joy; 'tis hence we find
Affection rais'd in every virgin mind;
For this we come, the daughters here, and I,
Still draw we forward, and behold I fly;
I fly through mercy, when my king invites;
To tread his chambers of sincere delights;
There, join'd by mystic union, I rejoice,
Exalt my temper, and enlarge my voice,
And celebrate thy joys, supremely more
Than earthly bliss; thus upright hearts adore.
Nor you, ye maids, who breathe of Salem's air,
Nor you refuse that I conduct you there;
Though clouding darkness hath eclips'd my face,
Dark as I am, I shine with beams of grace,
As the black tents, where Ishmael's line abides,
With glittering trophies dress their inward sides;
Or as thy curtains, Solomon, are seen,
Whose plaits conceal a golden throne within.
'Twere wrong to judge me by the carnal sight,
And yet my visage was by nature white;
But fiery suns, which persecute the meek,
Found me abroad, and scorcht'd my rosy cheek.
The world, my brethren, they were angry grown,
They made me dress a vineyard not my own,
Among their rites (their vines) I learn'd to dwell,
And in the mean employ my beauty fell;
By frailty lost, I gave my labour o'er,
And my own vineyard grew deform'd the more.
Behold I turn; O say, my soul's desire,
Where dost thou feed thy flock, and where retire
To rest that flock, when noon-tide heats arise?
Shepherd of Israel, teach my dubious eyes
To guide me right; for why should thine abide
Where wandering shepherds turn their flocks a-
side?

So spake the church, and sigh'd: a purple light
Sprung forth, the Godhead flood reveal'd to sight.
And heaven and nature smil'd; as white as snow
His seamless vesture loosely fell below:
Sedate and pleas'd, he nodded; round his head
The pointed glory shook, and thus he said:
If thou, the loveliest of the beauteous kind,
If thou canst want thy shepherd's walk to find,
Go by the foot-steps where my flocks have trod,
My faints, obedient to the laws of God;
Go, where their tents my teaching servants rear,
And feed the kids, thy young believers there.
Should thus my flocks increase, my fair delight,
I view their numbers, and compare the sight
To Pharaoh's horses when they take the field,
Beat plains to dust, and make the nations yield.
With rows of gems thy comely cheeks I deck,
And chains of pendant gold o'erflow thy neck,
For so like gems the riches of my grace,
And so descending glory, cheers thy face:
Gay bridal robes a flowering silver flows,
Bright gold engraving on the border flows.

He spake; the spouse admiring heard the sound,
Then, meekly bending on the sacred ground,

She cries, Oh present to my ravish'd breast,
This sweet communion is an inward feast.
There sits the king, while all around our heads
His grace, my spikenard, pleasing odours sheds
About my soul, his holy comfort flies;
So closely treasure'd in the bosom lies.
The bundled myrrh, so sweet the scented gale
Breathes all En-gedi's aromatic vale.
Now, says the king, my love, I see thee fair,
Thine eyes, for mildness, with the dove's compare.

No, thou, belov'd, art fair, the church replies,
(Since all my beauties but from thee arise;
All fair, all pleasant, these communions show
Thy counsels pleasant, and thy comforts so.
And as at marriage feasts they strow the flowers,
With nuptial chaplets hang the summer bowers,
And make the rooms of smelling cedars fine,
Where the fond bridegroom and the bride recline,
I dress my soul with such exceeding care,
With such, with more, to court thy presence there.

Well hast thou prais'd, he says; the Sharon rose
Through flowery fields a pleasing odour throws;
The valley lilies ravish'd sense regale,
And with pure whiteness paint their humble vale;
Such names of sweetness are thy lover's due,
And thou, my love, be thou a lily too,
A lily set in thorns; for all I see,
All other daughters, are as thorns to thee.

Then she; the trees that pleasing apples yield,
Surpass the barren trees that clothe the field;
So you surpass the sons with worth divine,
So shade, and fruit as well as shade, is thine.
I sat me down, and saw thy branches spread,
And green protection flourish o'er my head;
I saw thy fruit, the soul's celestial food,
I pull'd, I tasted, and I found it good.
Hence in the spirit to the blissful seats,
Where love, to feast, mysteriously retreats,
He led me forth; I saw the banner rear,
And love was pencil'd for the motto there.
Prophets and teachers in your care combine,
Stay me with apples, comfort me with wine,
The cordial promises of joys above,
For hope deferr'd has made me sick with love.
Ah! while my tongue reveals my fond desire,
His hands support me, lest my life expire;
As round a child the parent's arms are plac'd,
This holds the head, and that enfolds the waist.

Here ceas'd the church, and lean'd her languid
head,

Bent down with joy; when thus the lover said:
Behold, ye daughters of the realm of peace,
She sleeps, at least her thoughts of sorrow cease.
Now, by the bounding roes, the skipping fawns,
Near the cool brooks, or o'er the grassy lawns,
By all the tender innocents that rove,
Your hourly charges, in my sacred grove,
Guard the dear charge from each approach of ill,
I would not have her wake but when she will.

So rest the church and spouse: my verses so
Appear to languish with the flames you shew,
And pausing rest; but not the pause be long,
For still thy Solomon pursues the song.
Then keep the place in view; let sweets more rare
Than earth produces fill the purpl'd air;

Let something solemn overspread the green,
Which seems to tell us, Here the Lord has been !
But let the virgin still in prospect shine,
And other strains of her's enliven mine.
She wakes, she rises: hid the whispering breeze
More softly whisper in the waving trees,
Or fall with silent awe; 'bid all around,
Before the church's voice, abate their sound;
While thus her shadowy strains attempt to shew
A future advent of the spouse below;

Hark! my beloved's voice! behold him too!
Behold him coming in the distant view:
No clambering mountains make my lover stay,
(For what are mountains in a lover's way?)
Leaping he comes, how like the nimble roe
He runs the paths his prophets us'd to show!
And now he looks from yon partition-wall,
Built till he comes—'tis only then to fall,
And now he's nearer in the promise seen,
Too faint the sight—'tis with a glass between:
From hence I hear him as a lover speak,
Who near a window calls a fair to wake.

Attend, ye virgins, while the words that trace
An opening spring design the day of grace.
Hark! or I dream, or else I hear him say,
Arise, my love; my fair-one, come away;
For now the tempests of thy winter end,
Thick rains no more in heavy drops descend;
Sweet painted flowers their silken leaves unclose,
And dress the face of earth with varied shows;
In the green wood the singing birds renew
Their chirping notes, the silver turtle coo:
The trees that yield the fig already shoot,
And knit their blossoms for their early fruit;
With fragrant scents the vines refresh the day,
Arise, my love; my fair one, come away.
O come, my dove, forsake thy close retreat,
For close in safety hast thou fix'd thy seat,
As fearful pigeons in dark clefts abide,
And safe the clefts their tender charges hide.
Now let thy looks with modest guise appear,
Now let thy voice salute my longing ear,
For in thy looks a humble mind I see,
Prayer forms thy voice, and both are sweet to me.
To save the bloomings of my vineyard, haste,
Which foxes (false deluding teachers) waste;
Watch well their haunts, and catch the foxes
there,

Our grapes are tender, and demand thy care.
Thus speaks my love: surprising love divine!
I thus am his, he thus for ever mine.
And, till he comes, I find thy presence still,
Where souls attentive serve his holy will;
Where down in vales unspotted lilies grow,
White types of innocence, in humble show.
Oh, till the spicy breath of heavenly day,
Till all thy shadows fleet before the ray;
Turn, my beloved, with thy comforts here,
Turn in thy promise, in thy grace appear,
Nor let such swiftness in the roes be shown
To save themselves, as thou to cheer thine own;
Turn like the nimble harts that lightly bound,
Before the fretches of the fleetest hound;
Skim the plain chace of lofty Beth's head,
And make the mountain wonder if they tread.

But long expectation of a bliss delay'd
Breeds anxious doubt, and tempts the sacred maid;
Then mists arising strait repel the light,
The colour'd garden lies disguis'd in night;
A pale-horn'd crescent leads a glimmering throng,
And groans of absence jar within the song.

By night, she cries, a night which blots the
mind,

I seek the lover, whom I fail to find;
When on my couch compos'd to thought I lie,
I search, and vainly search, with reason's eye;
I rise, fondly rise, thy present search give o'er,
And ask if others knew thy lover more,
Dark as it is, I rise; the moon that shines
Shows by the gleam the city's outward lines:
I range the wandering road, the winding street,
And ask, but ask in vain, of all I meet,
Till, toil'd with every disappointing place,
My steps the guardians of the temple trace,
Whom thus my wish accosts: Ye sacred guides,
Ye prophets, tell me where my love resides?
'Twas well I question'd; scarce I pass'd them by,
Ere my rais'd soul perceives my lover nigh;
And have I found thee, found my joy divine?
How fast I'll hold thee, till I make thee mine!
My mother waits thee, thither thou repair,
Long-waiting Israel wants thy presence there.
The lover smiles to see the virgin's pain;
The mists roll off, and quit the flowery plain.

Yes, there I come, he says, thy sorrow cease;
And guard her, daughters of the realms of peace,
By all the bounding roes and skipping fawns,
Near the cool brooks, or o'er the grassy lawns;
By all the tender innocents that rove,
Your hourly charges, in my sacred grove:
Guard the dear charge from each approach of ill,
I'll have her feel my comforts while she will.

Here, hand in hand, with cheerful heart they go,
When wandering Salem sees the solemn show,
Dreams the rich pomp of Solomon again,
And thus her daughters sing th' approaching scene

Who from the desert, where the waving clouds
High Sinai pierces, comes involv'd with crowds?
For Zion's hill her sober pace she bends,
As grateful incense from the dome ascends.
It seems the sweets, from all Arabia shed,
Curl at her side, and hover o'er her head.
For her the king prepares a bed of state,
Round the rich bed her guards in order wait,
All mystic Israel's sons, 'tis there they quell
The foes within, the foes without repel.
The guard his ministry, their swords of fight,
His sacred laws, her present state of night.
He forms a chariot too, to bring her there,
Not the carv'd frame of Solomon so fair;
Sweet smells the chariot as the temple flood,
The fragrant cedar lent them both the wood;
High wreaths of silver'd columns prop the door,
Fine gold engrail'd adorns the figur'd floor,
Deep fringing purple hangs the roof above,
And silk embroidery paints the midst with love.

Go forth, ye daughters; Zion's daughters, go;
A greater Solomon exalts the show,
If crown'd with gold, and by the queen bestow'd,
To grace his nuptials, Jacob's monarch rode;

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A crown of glory from the King Divine,
To grace these nuptials, makes the Saviour shine;
While the blest'd pair express'd in emblem ride,
Messiah Solomon, his church the bride.

Ye kind attendants, who, with wondering eyes,
Saw the grand entry, what you said suffice;
You sung the lover with a loud acclaim,
The lover's fondness longs to sing the dame.
He speaks, admiring nature stands around,
And learns new music, while it hears the sound.

Behold, my love, how fair thy beauties show,
Behold how more, how most extremely so!
How still to me thy constant eyes incline,
I see the turtle's when I gaze on thine;
Sweet through the lids they shine with modest care,
And sweet and modest is a virgin's air.
How bright thy locks! how well their number

paints
The great assemblies of my lovely saints!
So bright the kids, so numerously fed,
Grazed the green top of lofty Gilead's head;
All Gilead's head a fleecy whiteness clouds,
And the rich master glories in the crowds.

How pure thy teeth! for equal order made,
Each answering each, whilst all the public aid;
These lovely graces in my church I find,
This candor, order, and accorded mind:
Thus when the season bids the shepherd lave
His sheep, new shorn, within the crystal wave;
Wash'd they return, in such unfully'd white,
Thus march by pairs, and in the flock unite.
How please thy lips adorn'd with native red!
Art vainly mocks them in the scarlet thread!
But, if they part, what music wafts the air!
So sweet thy praises, and so soft thy prayer.
If through thy loosen'd curls, with honest shame,
Thy lovely temples fine complexion flame,
Whatever crimson granate blossoms show,
'Twas never theirs so much to please and glow.
But what's thy neck, the polish'd form I see,
Whose ivory strength supports thine eyes to me!
Fair type of firmness, when my faints aspire
The sacred confidence that lifts desire,
As David's turret, on the stately frame,
Upheld its thousand conquering shields of fame.
And what thy breasts! they still demand my lays,
What image wakes to charm me whilst I gaze!
Two lovely mountains each exactly round,
Two lovely mountains with the lily crown'd;
While two twin roes, and each on either bred,
Feed in the lilies of the mountain's head.
Let this resemblance spotless virtues show,
And in such lilies feed my young below.
But now, farewell, till night's dark shades decay,
Farewell, my virgin, till the break of day;
Swift for the hills of spice and gums I fly,
To breathe such sweets as scent a purer sky;
Yet, as I leave thee, still, above compare,
My love, my spotless, still I find thee fair.
Here rest, celestial maid; for if he go,
Nor will he part, nor is the promise slow,
Nor slow my fancy move; dispel the shade,
Charm forth the morning, and relieve the maid.
Arise, fair sun, the church attends to see
The sun of righteousness arise in thee;

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Arise, fair sun; and bid the church adore;
'Tis then he'll court her, whom he prais'd before.
As thus I sing, it shines; there seems a sound
Of plumes in air, and feet upon the ground;
I see their meeting, see the flowery scene;

And hear the mystic love pursued again;
Now to the mount, whose spice perfumes the day.
'Tis I invite thee; come, my spouse, away;
Come, leave thy Lebanon: is aught we see
In all thy Lebanon, compar'd to me?
Nor tow'rd thy Canaan turn with wishful sight,
From Hermon's, Sheniar's, and Amara's height;
There dwells the leopard, there assaults the bear;
This world has ill, and such may find thee there.

My spouse, my sister, O thy wondrous art,
Which through my bosom drew my ravish'd heart!
Won by one eye, my ravish'd heart is gone;
For all thy seeing guides consent as one.
Drawn by one chain, which round thy body plies,
For all thy members one blest'd union ties.
My spouse, my sister, O the charm to please,
When love repaid returns thy bosom ease.
Strongly thy love, and strongly wines restore,
But wines must yield, thy love enflames me more.

Sweetly thine ointments (all thy virtues) smell,
Not altar-spices please thy king so well.
How soft thy doctrine on thy lips resides!
From those two combs the drooping honey glides;
All pure without, as all within sincere,
Beneath thy tongue—I find it honey there.

Ah, while thy graces thus around thee shine,
The charms of Lebanon must yield to thine!
His spring, his garden, every scented tree,
My spouse, my sister, all I find in thee.
Thee, for myself, I fence, I shut, I seal;
Mysterious spring, mysterious garden, hail!
A spring, a font, where heavenly waters flow,
A grove, a garden, where the graces grow.
There rise my fruits, my cypress, and my fir,
My saffron, spikenard, cinnamon, and myrrh;
Perpetual fountains for their use abound,
And streams of favour feed the living ground.

Scarce spake the Christ, when thus the Church
replies
(And spread her arms where'er the spirit flies);
Ye cooling northern gales, who freshly shake
My balmy reeds; ye northern gales, awake.

And thou the regent of the southern sky,
O soft inspiring, o'er my garden fly;
Unlock and waft my sweets, that every grace,
In all its heavenly life, regale the place.
If thus a paradise thy garden prove,
'Twere best prepar'd to entertain my love;
And, that the pleasing fruits may please the more,
O think my proffer was thy gift before.

At this, the Saviour cries, behold me near,
My spouse, my sister; O behold me here;
To gather fruits, I come at thy request,
And, pleas'd, my soul accepts the solemn feast;
I gather myrrh, with spice to scent the treat,
My virgin-honey with the combs I eat;
I drink my sweetening milk, my lively wine
(These words of pleasure mean thy gifts di-
vine);

D

To share my bliss, my good elect I call,
The church (my garden) must include them all;
Now sit and banquet; now, below'd, you see
What gifts I love, and prove these fruits with me;

O might this sweet communion ever last!
But with the sun the sweet communion past.
The Saviour parts, and on oblivion's breast
Benumb'd and slumbering lies the church to rest,
Pass the sweet alleys while the dusk abides,
Seek the fair lodge in which the maid resides;
Then, Fancy, seek the maid at night again,
The Christ will come, but comes, alas, in vain.

I sleep, she says, and yet my heart awakes
(There's still some feeling while the lover speaks);
With what fond fervour from without he cries,
Arise, my love; my undefil'd, arise!
My dove, my sister, cold the dews alight,
And fill my tresses with the drops of night;
Alas, I'm all unrob'd, I wash'd my feet,
I tasted slumber, and I find it sweet.

As thus ray words refuse, he slips his hands
Where the clos'd latch my cruel door commands;
What, though deny'd, so persevering kind!
Who long denies a persevering mind?
From my wak'd soul my slothful temper flies,
My bowels yearn; I rise, my love, I rise;
I find the latch thy fingers touch'd before,
Thy smelling myrrh comes dropping off the door.
Now, where's my love?—what! hast thou left
the place,

O, to my soul repeat thy words of grace!
Speak in the dark, my love; I seek thee round,
And vainly seek thee, till thou wilt be found.
What, no return! I own my folly past,
I lay too listless, speak, my love, at last.
The guards have found me—are ye guards indeed,
Who smite the sad, who make the feeble bleed?
Dividing teachers, these; who wrong my name,
Rend my long veil, and cast me bare to shame.
But you, ye daughters of the realm of rest,
If ever pity mov'd a virgin-breast,
Tell my belov'd how languishing I lie,
How love has brought me near the point to die.

And what below'd is this you would have found?
Say Salem's daughters, as they flock'd around;
What wondrous thing? what charm beyond
compare?

Say, what's thy lover, fairest o'er the fair?
His face is white and ruddy, she replies,
So mercy, join'd to justice, tempers dies;
His lofty stature, where a myriad shine,
O'er tops, and speaks a majesty divine.
Fair honour crowns his head, the raven-black,
In bushy curlings, flows adown his back:
Sparkling his eyes, with full proportion plac'd,
White like the milk, and with a mildness grac'd;
As the sweet doves, when'er they fondly play
By running waters in a glittering day.
Within his breath what pleasing sweetness grows!
'Tis spice exhal'd, and mingled in the rose.
Within his words what grace with goodness meets!
So beds of lilies drop with balmy sweets.
What rings of eastern price his fingers hold!
Gold decks the fingers, beryl decks the gold!

His ivory shape adorns a costly vest,
Work paints the skirts, and gems enrich the breast;
His limbs beneath, his shining sandals case
Like marble columns on a golden base.

Nor boasts that mountain, where the cedar-tree
Perfumes our realm, such numerous sweets as he.
O, lovely all! what could my king require
To make his presence more the world's desire?
And now, ye maids, if such a friend you know,
'Tis such my longings look to find below.

While thus her friend the spouse's anthem sing,
Deck'd with the thummim, crown'd a sacred
king;

The daughters' hearts the fine description drew,
And that which rais'd their wonder, ask'd their
view.

Then where, they cry, thou fairest o'er the fair,
Where goes thy lover? Tell the virgins where.
What flowering walks invite the steps aside?
We'll help to seek him, let those walks be try'd.

The spouse resolving here the grand descent,
'Twas that he promis'd, there, she cries, he went;
He keeps a garden where the spices breathe,
Its bowering borders kiss the vale beneath;
'Tis there he gathers lilies, there he dwells,
And binds his flowerets to unite the smells.
O, 'tis my height of love that I am his!
O, he is mine, and that's my height of bliss!
Descend, my virgins; well I know the place,
He feeds in lilies, that's a spotless race.

At dawning day the bridegroom leaves a bower,
And here he waters, there he props a flower,
When the kind damsel, spring of heavenly flame,
With Salem's daughters to the garden came.
Then thus his love the bridegroom's words re-
peat

(The smelling borders lent them both a seat):
O, great as Tirzah! 'twas a regal place,
O, fair as Salem! 'tis the realm of peace;
Whose aspect, awful to the wondering eye,
Appears like armies when the banners fly;
O turn, my sister, O my beauteous bride,
Thy face o'ercomes me, turn that face aside;
How bright thy locks, how well their number
paints

The great assemblies of my lovely saints!
So bright the kids, so numerously fed,
Grazed the green wealth of lofty Gilead's head.
How pure thy teeth! for equal order made,
Each answering each, while all the public aid;
As when the season bids the shepherd lave
His sheep, new shorn, within the silver wave:
Wash'd, they return in such unfully'd white,
So march by pairs, and in the flock unite.
How sweet thy temples! not pomegranates know,
With equal modest look, to please and glow.
If Solomon his life of pleasure leads,
With wives in numbers, and unnumber'd maids,
In other paths, my life of pleasure shown,
Admits my love, and undefil'd alone.
Thy mother, Israel, she dame who bore
Her choice, my dove; my spotless, owns no
more;

The Gentile queens, at thy appearance, cry,
Hail, queen of nations! hail, the maids reply;

And thus they sing thy praise: what heavenly
dame

Springs like the morning, with a purple flame?
What rises like the morn with silver light?
What, like the sun, assists the world with light?
Yet awful still, though thus serenely kind,
Like hosts with ensigns rattling in the wind?
I grant I left thy sight, I seem'd to go,
But was I absent when you fancy'd so?
Down to my garden, all my planted vale,
Where nuts their ground in underwood conceal;
Where blown pomegranates, there I went to see
What knitting blossoms white the bearing tree:
View the green buds, recall the wandering shoots,
Smell my gay flowerets, taste my flavour'd fruits;
Raise the curl'd vine, refresh the spicy beds,
And joy for every grace my garden sheds.

The Saviour here, and here the church arise,
And am I thus respected, thus she cries!
I mount for heaven, transported on the winds,
My flying chariot's drawn by willing minds.

As, rapt with comfort, thus the maid withdrew,
The waiting daughters wonder'd where she flew;
And O! return, they cry, for thee we burn,
O maid of Salem; Salem's self return.
And what's in Salem's maid we covet so?
Hear, all ye nations—'tis your bliss below;
That glorious vision, by the patriarch seen,
When sky-born beauties march'd the scented green;
There the met saints and meeting angels came,
Two lamps of God, Mahanaim was the name.

Again the maid reviews her sacred ground;
Solemn she sits, the damsels sing around.
O, prince's daughter! how with shining show,
Thy golden shoes prepare thy feet below!
How firm thy joints! what temple-work can be,
With all its gems and art, prefer'd to thee?
In thee, to feed thy lover's faithful race,
Still flow the riches of abounding grace;
Pure, large, refreshing, as the waters fall
From the ear'd navels of the cistern-wall.
In thee the lover finds his race divine,
You teem with numbers, they with virtues shine;
So wheat with lilies, if their heaps unite,
The wheat's unnumber'd, and the lilies white;
Like tender roes, thy breasts appear above,
Two types of innocence, and twins of love.
Like ivory turrets seems thy neck to rear,
O, sacred emblem, upright, firm, and fair!
As Heshbon-pools, which, with a silver state,
Diffuse their waters at their city-gate,
For ever so thy virgin-eyes remain,
So clear within, and so without serene.
As through sweet fir the royal turret shows,
Whence Lebanon surveys a realm of foes;
So through thy lovely curls appear thy face,
To watch thy foes, and guard thy faithful race.
The richest colours flowery Carmel wears,
Red fillets, cross'd with purple, braid thy hairs;
Yet, not more strictly these thy locks restrain,
Than thou thy king, with strong affection's chain;
When from this palace he enjoys thy sight,
O love, O beauty, form'd for all delight!
Strait is thy goodly stature, firm, and high,
As palms aspiring in the brighter sky;

Thy breasts the cluster (if those breasts we view,
As late for beauty, now for profit too)
Woo'd to thine arms, those arms that oft extend,
In the kind posture of a waiting friend;
Each mind of Salem cries, I'll mount the tree,
Hold the broad branches, and depend on thee.
O, more than grapes, thy fruit delights the maids,
Thy pleasing breath excels the citron shades:
Thy mouth exceeds rich wine, the words that go
From those sweet lips with more refreshment
flow,

Their powerful graces slumbering souls awake,
And cause the dead, that hear thy voice, to speak.

This anthem sung, the glorious spouse arose,
Yet thus instructs the daughters ere she goes.
If aught, my damsels, in the spouse ye find
Deserving praises, think the lover kind;
To my lov'd these marriage-robos I owe,
I'm his desire, and he would have it so.

Scarce spake the spouse, but see the lover near!
Her humble temper brought the presence here;
Then, rais'd by grace, and strongly warm'd by
love,

No second languor lets her lord remove;
She flies to meet him, zeal supplies the wings,
And thus her haste to work his will she sings:
Come, my beloved, to the fields repair,
Come, where another spot demands our care;
There in the village we'll to rest recline,
Mean as it is, I try to make it thine.
When the first rays their cheering crimson shed,
We'll rise betimes to see the vineyard spread;
See vines luxuriant verdur'd leaves display,
Supporting tendrils curling all the way.
See young unpurpled grapes in clusters grow,
And smell pomegranate-blossoms as they blow:
There will I give my loves, employ my care,
And, as my labours thrive, approve me there:
Scarce have we pass'd my gate, the scent we meet,
My covering jasmynes now diffuse their sweet;
My spicy flowerets, mingled as they fly,
With doubling odours crowd a balmy sky.
Now all the fruits, which crown the season, view,
These nearer fruits are old, and those are new;
And these, and all of every loaded tree,
My love, I gather, and reserve for thee.
If then thy spouse's labour please thee well,
Oh! like my brethren, with thy sister dwell;
No blameless maid, whose fond caresses meet
An infant-brother in the public street,
Clings to its lips with less reserve than I
Would hang on thine, where'er I found thee nigh:
No shame would make me from thy side remove,
No danger make me not confess thy love.
Strait to my mother's house, thine Israel she
(And thou my monarch wouldst arrive with me):
'Tis there I'd lead thee, where I mean to stay,
Till thou, by me, instruct my soul to pray;
There shalt thou prove my virtues, drink my
wine,

And feel my joy, to find me wholly thine.
Oh! while my soul were sick, through fond desire,
Thine hands should hold me lest my life expire;
As round a child the parents' arms are plac'd,
This holds the head, and that enfolds the waist.

So cast thy cares on me, the lover cry'd,
Lean to my bosom, lean, my lovely bride;
And now, ye daughters of the realm of bliss,
Let nothing discompose a love like this;
But guard her rest from each approach of ill;
I caus'd her languor, guard her while the will.

Here pause the lines, but soon the lines renew,
Once more the pair celestial come to view;
Ah! seek them once, my ravish'd fancy, more,
And then thy songs of Solomon are o'er:

By yon green bank pursue their orb of light,
The sun shines out, but shines not half so bright.
See Salem's maids, in white, attend the King,
They greet the spouses—hark, to what they sing.

Who, from the desert, where the wandering
clouds

High Sinai pierces, comes involv'd with crowds?
'Tis she, the spouse! Oh! favour'd o'er the rest!
Who walks reclin'd by such a lover's breast.

The spouse, rejoicing, heard the kind salute,
And thus address'd him—all the rest were mute.
Beneath the law, our goodly parent tree,
I went, my much-belov'd, in search of thee;
For thee, like one in pangs of travail, strove;
Hence, none may wonder if I gain thy love,
As seals their pictures to the wax impart,
So let my picture stamp thy gentle heart;
As fix'd the signets on our hands remain,
So fix me thine, and ne'er to part again:
For love is strong as death; when'er they strike;
Alike imperious, vainly check'd alike;
Both dread to lose, Love, mix'd with jealous dread!
As soon the marble tomb resigns the dead.

Its fatal arrows fiery-pointed fall,
The fire intense, and thine the most of all;
To slack the points no chilling floods are found,
Nay, should afflictions roll like floods around,
Were wealth of nations offer'd, all would prove
Too small a danger, or a price for love.
If then with love this world of worth agree,
With soft regard our little sister see;
How far unapt, as yet, like maids that own
No breasts at all, or breasts but hardly grown;
Her part of proselyte is scarce a part,
Too much a Gentile at her erring heart;
Her day draws nearer; what have we to do,
Left she be ask'd, and prove unworthy too?
Despair not spouse, he cries; we'll find the
means,

Her good beginnings ask the greater pains.
Let her but stand, she thrives; a wall too low
Is not rejected for the standing so;
What falls is only lost, we'll build her high,
Till the rich palace glitters in the sky.
The door that's weak (what need we spare the
cost?)

If 'tis a door, we need not think it lost;
The leaves she brings us, if those leaves be good,
We'll close in cedar's uncorrupting wood. [eyes,

Wrapt with the new, the spouse converts her
And, oh! companions to the maids, she cries,
What joys are ours, to hail the nuptial day,
Which calls our sister!—Hark, I hear her say,
Yes, I'm a wall; lo! she that boasted none,
Nor boasts of breasts unmeasurably grown;

Large towery buildings, where securely rests
A thousand thousand of my lover's guests;
The vast increase affords his heart delight,
And I find favour in his heavenly sight.
The lover here, to make her rapture last,
Thus adds assurance to the promise past.

A spacious vineyard in Baal-Hamon vale,
The vintage set, by Solomon, to sale,
His keepers took; and every keeper paid
A thousand purses for the gains he made,
And I've a vintage too; his vintage bleeds
A large increase, but my return exceeds.
Let Solomon receive his keeper's pay,
He gains his thousand, their two hundred they;
Mine is mine own, 'tis in my presence still,
And shall increase the more, the more she will.
My love, my vineyard, oh the future shoots
Which fill my garden-rows with sacred fruits!
I saw the listening maids attend thy voice,
And in their listening saw their eyes rejoice;
A due success thy words of comfort met,
Now turn to me—'tis I would hear thee yet.
Say, dove, and spotless, for I must away,
Say, spouse, and sister, all you wish to say.
He spake; the place was bright with lambent fire,
(But what is brightness, if the Christ retire?)
Gold-bordering purple mark'd his road in air,
And kneeling all, the spouse address'd the prayer:

Desire of nations! if thou must be gone,
Accept our wishes, all compris'd in one;
We wait thine advent! Oh, we long to see
I and my sister both as one in thee.
Then leave thy heaven, and come and dwell below;
Why said I leave?—'tis heaven where'er you go.
Haste, my belov'd, thy promise haste to crown,
The form thou'lt honour waits thy coming down;
Nor let such swiftness in the robes be shown
To save themselves, as thine to save thine own.
Haste, like the nimblest harts that lightly bound
Before the stretches of the swiftest hound;
With reaching feet devour a level way,
Across their backs their branching antlers lay,
In the cool dews their bending body ply,
And brush the spicy mountains as they fly.

JONAH.

Thus sung the king—Some angel reach a
bough

From Eden's tree to crown the wisest brow.
And now thou fairest garden ever made,
Broad bank of spices, blossom'd walks of shade,
O Lebanon! where much I love to dwell,
Since I must leave thee, Lebanon, farewell!

Swift from my soul the fair idea flies,
A wilder sight the changing scene supplies;
Wide seas come rolling to my future page,
And storms stand ready, when I call, to rage.
Then go where Joppa crowns the winding shore,
The prophet Jonah just arrives before;
He sees a ship unmooring, soft the gales,
He pays, and enters, and the vessel fails.

Ah, wouldst thou fly thy God? rash man, forbear,
What land so distant but thy God is there?

Weak reason; cease thy voice.—They run the deep,

And the tir'd prophet lays his limbs to sleep.
Here God speaks louder, sends a storm to sea,
The clouds remove to give the vengeance way;
Strong blasts come whistling, by degrees they roar,
And shove big surges tumbling on to shore;
The vessel bounds, then rolls, and every blast
Works hard to tear her by the groaning mast;
The sailors, doubling all their shouts and cares,
Furl the white canvas, and cast forth the wares;
Each seek the god their native regions own,
In vain they seek them, for those gods were none.

Yet Jonah slept the while, who solely knew,
In all that number, where to find the true.
To whom the pilot: Sleeper, rise and pray,
Our gods are deaf; may thine do more than they!

But thus the rest: Perhaps we waft a foe
To heaven itself, and that's our cause of woe;
Let's seek by lots, if heaven be pleas'd to tell;
And what they fought by lots, on Jonah fell:
Then, whence he came, and who, and what, and why

Thus rag'd the tempest, all confus'dly cry;
Each press'd in haste to get his question heard,
When Jonah stops them with a grave regard.

An Hebrew man, you see, who God revere,
He made this world, and makes this world his care;

His the whirl'd sky, these waves that lift their head,
And his yon land, on which you long to tread
He charg'd me late, to Nineveh repair,
And to their face denounce his sentence there:
Go, said the vision, prophet, preach to all.
Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall fall.
But well I knew him gracious to forgive,
And much my zeal abhor'd the bad should live;
And if they turn, they live; then what were I
But some false prophet, when they fail to die?
Or what, I fancied, had the Gentiles too
With Hebrew prophets, and their God, to do?
Drawn by the wilful thoughts, my foil I run,
I fled his presence, and the work's undone.

The storm increases as the prophet speaks,
O'er the tost ship a foaming billow breaks;
She rises pendant on the lifted waves,
And thence descends a thousand watery graves;
Then, downward rushing, watery mountains hide
Her hulk beneath, in deaths on every side.
O, cry the sailors all, thy fact was ill,
Yet, if a prophet, speak thy master's will;
What part is ours with thee? can aught remain.
To bring the blessings of a calm again?

Then Jonah: Mine's the death will best atone
(And God is pleas'd that I pronounce my own);
Arise, and cast me forth, the wind will cease,
The sea subsiding wear the looks of peace,
And you securely steer. For well I see
Myself the criminal, the storm for me.

Yet pity moves for one that owns a blame,
And awe resulting from a prophet's name;
Love pleads, he kindly meant for them to die;
Fear pleads against him, lest they power defy:

If then to aid the slight abets the sin,
They think to land him where they took him in.
Perhaps, to quit the cause, might end the woe,
And, God appealing, let the vessel go.
For this they fix their oars, and strike the main,
But God withstands them, and they strike in vain.

The storm increases more with want of light,
Low blackening clouds involve the ship in night;
Thick battering rains fly through the driving skies,
Loud thunder bellows, darted lightning flies;
A dreadful picture night-born horror drew,
And his, or their's, or both their fates, they view.

Then thus to God they cry: Almighty power,
Whom we ne'er knew till this despairing hour,
From this devoted blood thy servants free,
To us he's innocent, if so to thee;
In all the past we see thy wond'rous hand,
And that he perish, think it thy command.

This prayer perform'd, they cast the prophet o'er;

A surge receives him, and he mounts no more;
Then still's the thunder, cease the flames of blue,
The rains abated, and the winds withdrew;
The clouds ride off, and, as they march away,
Through every breaking shoots a cheerful day;
The sea, which rag'd so loud, accepts the prize,
A while it rolls, then all the tempest dies;
By gradual sinking, flat the surface grows,
And safe the vessel with the sailors goes.
The lion thus, that bounds the fences o'er,
And makes the mountain-echoes learn to roar,
If on the lawn a branching deer he rend,
Then falls his hunger, all his roarings end;
Murmuring a while, to rest his limbs he lays,
And the freed lawn enjoys its herd at ease.

Bless'd with the sudden calm, the sailors own
That wretched Jonah worshipp'd right alone;
Then make their vows, the victim sheep prepare,
Bemoan the prophet, and the God revere.

Now, though you fear to lose the power to breathe,

Now, though you tremble, fancy, dive beneath;
What worlds of wonders in the deep are seen!
But this the greatest—Jonah lives within!
The man who fondly fled the Maker's view,
Strange as the crime, has found a dungeon too,
God sent a monster of the frothing sea,
Fit, by the bulk, to gorge the living prey,
And lodge him still alive; this hulk receives
The falling prophet, as he dash'd the waves.
There, newly wak'd from fancied death, he lies,
And oft again in apprehension dies:
While three long days and nights, depriv'd of sleep,

He turn'd and toss'd him up and down the deep,
He thinks the judgment of the strangest kind,
And much he wonders what the Lord design'd;
Yet, since he lives, the gift of life he weighs,
That's time for prayer, and thus a ground for praise;

From the dark entrails of the whale to thee,
(This new contrivance of a hell to me)
To thee, my God, I cry'd; my full distress
Pierc'd thy kind ear, and brought my soul redress.

Cast to the deep I fell, by thy command,
 Cast in the midst, beyond the reach of land;
 Then to the midst brought down, the seas abide
 Beneath my feet, the seas on every side;
 In storms the billow, and in calms the wave,
 Are moving coverings to my wandering grave.
 Forc'd by despair, I cry'd, How to my cost
 I fled thy presence, Oh, for ever lost!
 But hope revives my soul, and makes me say,
 Yet tow'rs thy temple shall I turn and pray;
 Or, if I know not here where Salem lies,
 Thy temple's heaven, and faith has inward eyes.
 Alas! the waters, which my whale surround,
 Have through my sorrowing soul a passage found;
 And now the dungeon moves, new depths I try,
 New thoughts of danger all his paths supply.
 The last of deeps affords the last of dread,
 And wraps its funeral weeds around my head:
 Now o'er the sand his rollings seem to go,
 Where the big mountains root their base below;
 And now to rocks and clefts their course they
 take,

Earth's endless bars, too strong for me to break;
 Yet, from th' abyss my God! thy grace divine
 Hath call'd him upward, and my life is mine.
 Still, as I tose'd, I scarce retain'd my breath,
 My soul was sick within, and faint to death.
 'Twas then I thought of thee, for pity pray'd,
 And to thy temple flew the prayers I made.
 The men, whom lying vanity ensnares,
 Forsake thy mercy, that which might be theirs.
 But I will pay—my God! my King! receive
 The solemn vows my full affection gave,
 When in thy temple, for a psalm, I sing
 Salvation only from my God, my king.
 Thus ends the prophet; first from Canaan sent,
 To let the Gentiles know they must repent:
 God hears, and speaks; the whale, at God's com-
 mand,

Heaves to the light, and casts him forth to land.
 With long fatigue, with unexpected ease,
 Oppress'd a while, he lies aside the seas;
 His eyes, though glad, in strange astonish'd way
 Stare at the golden front of cheerful day;
 Then, slowly rais'd, he sees the wonder plain,
 And what he pray'd, he wrote, to sing again.

The song recorded brings his vow to mind;
 He must be thankful, for the Lord was kind;
 Strait to the work he shunn'd he flies in haste
 (That seems his vow, or seems a part at least);
 Preaching he comes, and thus denounc'd to all,
 Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall fall.

Fear seiz'd the Gentiles, Nineveh believes;
 All fast with penitence, and God forgives.

Nor yet of use the prophet's suffering fails,
 Hell's deep black bosom more than shews the
 whale's,

But some resemblance brings a type to view,
 The place was drak, the time proportion'd too.
 A race, the Saviour cries, a sinful race,
 Tempts for a sign the powers of heavenly grace,
 And let them take the sign! as Jonah lay,
 Three days and nights within the fish of prey;
 So shall the Son of Man descend below,
 Earth's opening entrails shall retain him so.

My soul, now seek the song, and find me there
 What heaven has shewn thee to repel despair;
 See, where from hell she breaks the crumbling
 ground,

Her hairs stand upright, and they stare around;
 Her horrid front deep-trenching wrinkles trace,
 Lean sharpening looks deform her livid face;
 Bent lie the brows, and at the bend below,
 With fire and blood two wandering eye-balls
 glow;

Fill'd are her arms with numerous aids to kill,
 And God the fancies but the judge of ill.
 Oh, fair-eye'd Hope! thou see'st the passion nigh,
 Daughter of promise, oh forbear to fly!
 Assurance holds thee, fear would have thee go,
 Close thy blue wings, and stand thy deadly foe;
 The judge of ill is still the Lord of Grace,
 As such behold him in the prophet's case,
 Cast to be drown'd, devour'd within the sea,
 Sunk to the deep, and yet restor'd to day.

Oh, love the Lord, my soul, whose parent care
 So rules the world he punishes to spare.
 If heavy grief my downcast heart oppress,
 My body danger, or my state distress,
 With low submission in thy temper bow,
 Like Jonah pray, like Jonah make thy vow;
 With hopes of comfort kiss the chastening rod,
 And, shunning mad despair, repose in God;
 Then, whatsoever the prophet's vow design,
 Repentance, thanks, and charity, be mine.

HEZEKIAH.

From the bleak beach, and broad expanse of
 sea,

To lofty Salem, thought, direct thy way;
 Mount thy light chariot, move along the plains,
 And end thy flight when Hezekiah reigns.

How swiftly thought has pass'd from land to
 land,

And quite out-run time's measuring-glass of sand!
 Great Salem's walls appear, and I resort
 To view the state of Hezekiah's court.

Well may that king a pious verse inspire,
 Who cleans'd the temple, who reviv'd the choir,
 Pleas'd with the service David fix'd before,
 That heavenly music might on earth adore.
 Deep-rob'd in white, he made the Levites stand
 With cymbals, harps, and psalteries in their hand;
 He gave the priests their trumpets, prompt to
 raise

The tuneful soul, by force of sound, to praise.
 A skilful master for the song he chose,
 The songs were David's these, and Asaph's those;
 Then burns their offering, all around rejoice,
 Each tunes his instrument to join the voice;
 The trumpets sounded, and the fingers sung,
 The people worshipp'd, and the temple rung.
 Each, while the victim burns, presents his heart,
 Then the priest blesses, and the people part.

Hail! sacred Music! since you know to draw
 The soul to heaven, the spirit to the law,
 I come to prove thy force, thy warbling firing
 May tune my soul to write what others sing.

But is this Salem? this the promis'd bliss,
Those sighs and groans! what means the realm by
this?

What solemn sorrow dwells in every street?
What fear confounds the downcast looks I meet?
Alas! the king! whole nations sink with woe,
When righteous kings are summon'd hence to
go;

The king lies sick; and thus, to speak his doom,
The prophet, grave Isaiah, stalks the room:
Oh, prince, thy servant, sent from God, believe;
Set all in order, for thou canst not live.
Solemn he said, and sighing left the place;
Deep prints of horror furrow'd every face;
Within their minds appear eternal glooms,
Black gaping marbles of their monarchs' tombs;
A king belov'd decess'd, his offspring none,
And wars destructive, ere they fix the throne.
Strait to the wall he turn'd, with dark despair,
(Twas tow'rd the temple, or for private prayer,)
And thus to God the pious monarch spoke,
Who burn'd the groves, the brazen serpent broke:
Remember, Lord, with what a heart for right,
What care for truth, I walk'd within thy sight.

'Twas thus with terror, prayers, and tears, he
toss'd,

When the mid-court the grave Isaiah cross'd,
Whom, in the cedar columns of the square,
Meets a sweet angel, hung in glittering air.
Seiz'd with a trance, he stopp'd, before his eye
Clears a rais'd arch of visionary sky,
Where, as a minute pass'd, the greater light
Purpling appear'd, and south'd and set in night;
A moon succeeding leads the starry train,
She glides, and sinks her silver horns again!
A second fancied morning drives the shades,
Clos'd by the dark, the second evening fades,
The third bright dawn awakes, and strait he sees
The temple rise, the monarch on his knees.
Pleas'd with the scene, his inward thoughts re-
joice,

When thus the guardian angel form'd a voice:
Now tow'rd the captain of my people go,
And, seer, relate him what thy visions show;
The Lord has heard his words, and seen his tears,
And through fifteen extends his future years.

Here, to the room prepar'd with dismal black,
The prophet turning, brought the comfort back.
Oh, monarch, hail, he cry'd; thy words are
heard,

Thy virtuous actions meet a kind regard;
God gives thee fifteen years, when thrice a day
Shews the round sun, within the temple pray.

When thrice the day! surpriz'd, the monarch
cries,

When thrice the sun! what power have I to rise!
But, if thy comfort's human or divine,

'Tis short to prove it—give thy prince a sign.

Behold, the prophet cry'd (and stretch'd his
hands),

Against yon lattice, where the dial stands;
Now shall the sun a backward journey go
Through ten drawn lines, or leap to ten below.

'Tis easier posting nature's airy track,

Replies the monarch: let the sun go back.

Attentive here he gaz'd, the prophet pray'd,
Back went the sun, and back pursued the shade.

Cheer'd by the sign, and by the prophet heal'd;
What sacred thanks his gratitude reveal'd!
As sickly swallows, when a summer ends,
Who mis'd the passage with their flying friends,
Take to a wall, there lean the languid head,
While all who find them think the sleepers dead;
If yet their warmth new days of summer bring,
They wake, and joyful flutter up to sing:
So far'd the monarch, sick to death he lay,
His court despair'd, and watch'd the last decay;
At length new favour shines, new life he gains,
And rais'd he sings; 'tis thus the song remains:

I said, my God, when in the loth'd disease
Thy prophet's words cut off my future days,
Now to the grave, with mournful haste, I go,
Now death unbars his sable gates below.
How might my years by course of nature last!
But thou pronounc'd it, and the prospect pass'd!
I said, my God, thy servant now no more
Shall in thy temple's sacred courts adore;
No more on earth with living man converse,
Shrunk in a cold uncomfortable hearth.

My life, like tents which wandering shepherds
raise,

Proves a short dwelling, and removes at ease.
My sins pursue me; see the deadly band!
My God, who sees them, cuts me from the land;
As when a weaver finds his labour sped,
Swift from the beam he parts the fastening thread.
With pining sickness all from night to day,
From day to night, he makes my strength decay;
Reckoning the time, I roll with restless groans,
Till, with a lion's force, he crush my bones;
New morning dawns, but, like the morning past,
'Tis day, 'tis night, and still my sorrows last.
Now, screaming like the crane, my words I spoke,
Now, like the swallow, chattering quick, and
broke;

Now, like the doleful dove, when on the plains
Her mourning tone affects the listening swains.
To heaven, for aid, my wearying eyes I throw,
At length they're weary'd quite, and sink with
woe.

From death's arrest, for some delays, I sue;
Though, Lord, who judg'd me, thou reprove me;
too.

Rapture of joy! what can thy servant say?
He sent his prophet to prolong my day;
Through my glad limbs I feel the wonder run,
Thus said the Lord, and this himself has done:
Soft shall I walk, and, well secur'd from fears,
Possess the comforts of my future years.
Keep soft, my heart, keep humble; while they
roll,

Nor e'er forget my bitterness of soul.

'Tis by the means they sacred words supply,

That mankind live, but in peculiar I;

A second grant thy mercy pleas'd to give,

And my rais'd spirits doubly seem to live,

Behold the time! when peace adorn'd my reign,

'Twas then I felt my stroke of humbling pain;

Corruption dug her pit, I fear'd to sink,

God lov'd my soul, and snatch'd me from the brink.

He turn'd my follies from his gracious eye,
As men who pass accounts, and cast them by.

What mouth has death, which can thy praise
proclaim?

What tongue the grave, to speak thy glorious
name?

Or will the senseless dead exult with mirth,
Mov'd to their hope by promises on earth?

The living, Lord, the living only praise,
The living only fit to sing thy lays:

These feel thy favours, these thy temple see;
These raise the song, as I this day to thee.

Nor will thy truth the present only reach,
This the good fathers shall their offspring teach;

Report the blessings which adorn my page,
And hand their own, with mine, from age to age.

So, when the Maker heard his creature crave,
So kindly rose his ready will to save,

Then march we solemn tow'rs the temple-door,
While all our joyful music sounds before;

There, on this day, through all my life appear,
When this comes round in each returning year;

There strike the strings, our voices jointly raise,
And let his dwellings hear my songs of praise.

Thus wrote the monarch, and I'll think the lay
Design'd for public, when he went to pray;

I'll think the perfect composition runs,
Perform'd by Heman's or Jeduthun's sons.

Then, since the time arrives the Seer foretold,
And the third morning rolls an orb of gold,

With thankful zeal, recover'd prince, prepare
To lead thy nation to the dome of prayer.

My fancy takes her chariot once again,
Moves the rich wheels, and mingles in thy train;

She sees the fingers reach Moriah's hill,
The minstrels follow, then the porches fill;

She wakes the numerous instruments of art,
That each perform its own adapted part;

Seeks airs expressive of thy grateful strains,
And, listening, hears the vary'd tune she signs.

From a grave pitch, to speak the monarch's woe.
The notes flow down, and deeply found below;

All long-continuing, while depriv'd of ease
He rolls for tedious nights and heavy days.

Here intermix'd with discord, when the crane
Screams in the notes, through sharper sense of

pain;

There, run with descant on, and taught to shake,
When pangs repeated force the voice to break:

Now like the dove they murmur, till it sighs
They fall, and languish with the failing eyes:

Then slowly slackening, to surprise the more,
From a dead pause his exclamations soar,

To meet brisk health the notes ascending fly,
I live with the living, and exult on high:

Yet still distinct in parts the music plays,
Till prince and people both are call'd to praise;

Then all, uniting, strongly strike the string,
Put forth their utmost breath, and loudly sing;

The wide-spread chorus fills the sacred ground,
And holy transport scales the clouds with sound.

Or thus, or livelier, if their hand and voice
Join'd the good anthem, might the realm rejoice.

This story known, the learn'd Chaldeans came,
Drawn by the sign observ'd, or mov'd by fame;

These ask the fact for Hezekiah done,
And much they wonder at their God the sun,

That thrice he drove, through one extent of day,
His gold-shod horses in ethereal way;

Then vainly ground their guests on nature's laws;
The soundest knowledge owns a greater cause.

Faith knows the fact transcends, and bids me
find

What help for practice here incites the mind:
Strait to the song, the thankful song, I move;

May such the voice of every creature prove!
If every creature meets its share of woe,

And for kind rescues every creature owe,
In public so thy Maker's praise proclaim,

Nor what you begg'd with tears, conceal with
shame.

'Tis there the ministry thy name repeat,
And tell what mercies were vouchsaf'd of late;

Then joins the church, and begs, through all our
days,

Not only with our lips, but lives, to praise.
'Tis there our sovereigns, for a signal day

The feast proclaim'd, their signal thanks repay.
O'er the long streets we see the chariots wheel,

And, following, think of Hezekiah still,
In the blest'd dome we meet the white-rob'd choir,

In whose sweet notes our ravish'd souls aspire;
Side answering side, we hear, and bear a part,

All warm'd with language from the grateful heart;
Or raise the song, where meeting keys rejoice,

And teach the base to wed the treble voice;
Art's softening echoes in the music found,

And, answering nature's, from the roof rebound.
Here close my verse, the service asks no more,

Bless thy good God, and give the transport o'er.

H A B A K K U K.

Now leave the porch, to vision now retreat,
Where the next rapture glows with varying heat;

Now change the time, and change the temple-
scene,

The following seer forewarns a future reign.
To some retirement, where the prophet's fons

Indulge their holy flight, my fancy runs;
Some sacred college, built for praise and prayer,

And heavenly dream, she seeks Habakkuk there.
Perhaps 'tis there he moans the nation's sin,

Hears the word come, or feels the fit within;
Or sees the vision, fram'd with angels' hands,

And dreads the judgments of revolted lands;
Or holds a converse, if the Lord appear,

And, like Elijah, wraps his face for fear.
This deep recess portends an act of weight,

A message labouring with the work of fate.
Methinks the skies have lost their lovely blue,

A storm rides fiery, thick the clouds ensue.
Fall'n to the ground, with prostrate face I lie:

Oh! 'twere the same in this to gaze and die!
But hark the prophet's voice; my prayers com-

plain
Of labour spent, of preaching urg'd in vain.

And must, my God, thy forrowing servant still
Quit my lone joys, to walk this world of ill?

Where spoiling rages, strife and wrong command,
And the slack'd laws no longer curb the land?

At this a strange and more than human sound
Thus breaks the cloud, and daunts the trembling
ground.

Behold, ye Gentiles; wondering all behold,
What scarce ye credit, though the work be told;
For, lo, the proud Chaldean troops I raise,
To march the breadth, and all the region seize;
Fierce as the prowling wolves, at close of day,
And swift as eagles in pursuit of prey.
As eastern winds to blast the season blow,
For blood and rapine flies the dreadful foe;
Leads the sad captives, countless as the sand,
Derides the princes, and destroys the land.
Yet these, triumphant grown, offend me more,
And only thank the gods they chose before.

Art thou not holiest, here the prophet cries;
Supreme, eternal, of the purest eyes;
And shall those eyes the wicked realms regard,
Their crimes be great, yet victory their reward?
Shall these still ravage more and more to reign,
Draw the full net, and cast to fill again?
As watchmen silent sit, I wait to see
How solves my doubt, what speaks the Lord to me.

Then go, the Lord replies, suspend thy fears,
And write the vision for a term of years:
Thy foes will feel their turn when those are past,
Wait, though it tarry; sure it comes at last.
'Tis for their rapine, lusts, and thirst of blood,
And all their unprotected gods of wood,
The Lord is present on his sacred hill,
Cease thy weak doubts, and let the world be still.

Here terror leaves me; with exalted head,
I breathe the fine air, and find the vision fled;
The seer withdrawn, inspir'd, and urg'd to write,
By the warm influence of the sacred sight.

His writing finish'd, prophet-like array'd,
He brings the burden on the region laid;
His hands a tablet and a volume bear,
The tablet threatenings, and the volume prayer;
Both for the temple, where, to shun decay,
Enroll'd the works of inspiration lay.

And awful, oft he stops, or marches slow,
While the dull'd nation hears him preach their woe.

Arriv'd at length, with grave concern for all,
He fix'd his table on the sacred wall.

'Twas large inscrib'd, that those who run might
read:

"Habakkuk's burden, by the Lord decreed;
"For Judah's sins her empire is no more,
"The fierce Chaldeans bathe her realm in gore."

Next to the priest his volume he resign'd,
'Twas prayer, with praises mix'd, to raise the
mind;

'Twas facts recounted, which their fathers knew,
'Twas power in wonders manifest to view;
'Twas comfort, rais'd on love already past,
And hope, that former love returns at last.

The priests within the prophecy convey'd,
The fingers' tunes to join his anthem made.
Hear, and attend the words: and, holy thou
That help'd the prophet, help the poet now.

O, Lord, who rul'st the world, with mortal ear
I've heard thy judgments, and I shake for fear.

O, Lord, by whom their number'd years we find,
Ev'n in the midst receive the drooping mind;
Ev'n in the midst thou canst—then make it known,
Thy love, thy will, thy power, to save thine own.
Remember mercy, though thine anger burn,
And soon to Salem bid thy flock return.
O, Lord, who gav'st it with an outstretch'd hand,
We well remember how thou gav'st the land.

God came from Teman, southward sprung the
flame,

From Paron-mount the one that's holy came;
A glittering glory made the desert blaze,
High heaven was cover'd, earth was fill'd with
praise.

Dazzling the brightness, not the sun so bright,
'Twas here the pure substantial fount of light;
Shot from his hand and side in golden streams,
Came forward effluent horny-pointed beams:
Thus shone his coming, as sublimely fair
As bounded nature has been fram'd to bear;
But all his further marks of grandeur hid,
Nor what he could was known, but what he did.
Dire plagues before him ran at his command,
To waste the nations in the promis'd land.

A scorching flame went forth where'er he trod,
And burning fevers were the coals of God.
Fix'd on the mount he stood, his measuring reed
Marks the rich realms for Jacob's seed decreed:
He looks with anger, and the nations fly
From the fierce sparklings of his dreadful eye;
He turns, the mountain shakes its awful brow;
Awful he turns, and hills eternal bow.
How glory there, how terror here, displays
His great unknown, yet everlasting ways!

I see the fable tents along the strand
Where Cushan wander'd, desolately stand;
And Midian's high pavilions shake with dread,
While the tam'd seas thy rescued nation tread.
What burst the path? what made the Lord en-
gage?

Could waters anger, seas incite thy rage,
That thus thine horses force the foaming tide,
And all the chariots of salvation ride?
Thy bow was bare for what thy mercy swore;
Those oaths, that promise, Israel had before.

The rock that felt thee cleav'd, the rivers flow,
The wondering desert lends them beds below.
Thy might the mountain's heaving shocks con-
fess'd,

High shatter'd Horeb trembled o'er the fell.
Great Jordan pass'd its nether waters by,
Its upper waters rais'd the voice on high:
Safe in the deep we went, the liquid wall
Curling arose, and had no leave to fall.
The sun effulgent, and the moon serene,
Stopt by thy will, their heavenly course refrain:
The voice was man's, yet both the voice obey,
Till wars completed close the lengthen'd day.
Thy glittering spears, thy rattling darts prevail,
Thy spears of lightning, and thy darts of hail.
'Twas thou that march'd against their beathen
band,

Rage in thy visage, and thy sail in hand;
'Twas thou that went before to wound their head,
The captain follow'd where the Saviour led:

Torn from their earth, they feel the desperate wound,

And power unfounded fails for want of ground.
With village-war thy tribes, where'er they go,
Distress the remnant of the scatter'd foe;
Yet mad they rush'd, as whirling wind descends,
And deem'd for friendly those the Lord be-
friends.

Thy trampling horse from sea to sea subdue,
The bounding ocean left no more to do.

O, when I heard what thou vouchsaf'd to win,
With works of wonder must be lost for sin;
I quak'd through fear, the voice forsook my tongue,
Or, at my lips, with quivering accent hung;
Dry leanness entering to my marrow came,
And every loosening nerve unstrung my frame.
How shall I rest, in what protecting shade,
When the day comes, and hostile troops invade?

Though neither blossoms on the fig appear,
Nor vines with clusters deck the purpling year;
Though all our labours olive-trees belie,
Though fields the substance of the bread deny;
Though flocks are sever'd from the silent fold,
And the rais'd stalls no lowing cattle hold;
Yet shall my soul be glad, in God rejoice,
Yet to my Saviour will I lift my voice;
Yet to my Saviour still my temper sings,
What David set to instruments of strings: [feet,
The Lord's my strength, like hinds he makes my
Yon mount's my refuge, I as safely fleet;
Or (if the song's apply'd) he makes me still
Expect returning to Moriah's hill.

In all this hymn what daring grandeur shines,
What darting glory rays among the lines:
What mountains, earthquakes, clouds, and smokes
are seen,

What ambient fires conceal the Lord within;
What working wonders give the promis'd place,
And load the conduct of a stubborn race!
In all the work a lively fancy flows,
O'er all the work sincere affection glows:
While truth's firm rein the course of fancy guides,
And o'er affection zeal divine presides.

Borne on the prophet's wings, methinks I fly
Amongst eternal attributes on high:
And here I touch at love supremely fair,
And now at power, anon at mercy there;
So, like a warbling bird, my tunes I raise,
On those green boughs the tree of life displays;
Whose twelve fair fruits, each month by turns re-
ceives,

And, for the nations' healing, ope their leaves.
Then be the nations heal'd, for this I sing,
Descending softly from the prophet's wing.

Thou, world, attend the case of Israel; see
'Twill thus at large refer to God and thee,
If love be shewn thee, turn thine eyes above,
And pay the duties relative to love;
If power be shewn, and wonderfully so,
Wonder and thank, adore, and bow below.
If power that led thee, now no longer lead,
But brow bent justice draws the flaming blade;
When love is scorn'd, when sin the sword pro-
vokes,

Let tears and prayers avert, or heal the strokes;

If justice leaves to wound, and thou to groan,
Beneath new lords, in countries not thine own,
Know this for mercy's act, and let your lays,
Grateful in all, recount the cause of praise:
Then love returns, and while no sins divide
The firm alliance, power will shield thy side.

See the grand round of Providence's care,
See realms assisted here, and punish'd there;
O'er the just circle cast thy wondering eyes,
Thank while you gaze, and study to be wise.

HYMN FOR MORNING.

SEE the star that leads the day,
Rising, shoots a golden ray,
To make the shades of darkness go
From heaven above and earth below;
And warn us early with the light,
To leave the beds of silent night;
From an heart sincere and sound,
From its very deepest ground;
Send devotion up on high,
Wing'd with heat to reach the sky.
See the time for sleep has run,
Rise before, or with the sun:
Lift thy hands, and humbly pray,
The fountain of eternal day;
That, as the light serenely fair,
Illustrates all the tracts of air;
The Sacred Spirit so may rest,
With quickening beams, upon thy breast;
And kindly clean it all within,
From darker blemishes of sin;
And shine with grace until we view
The realm it gilds with glory too.
See the day that dawns in air,
Brings along its toil and care:
From the lap of night it springs,
With heaps of business on its wings;
Prepare to meet them in a mind,
That bows submissively resign'd;
That would to works appointed fall,
That knows that God has order'd all:
And whether, with a small repast,
We break the sober morning fast;
Or in our thoughts and houses lay
The future methods of the day;
Or early walk abroad to meet
Our business, with industrious feet:
Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
His glory still be kept in view.
O, giver of eternal bliss,
Heavenly Father, grant me this;
Grant it all, as well as me,
All whose hearts are fix'd on thee;
Who revere thy Son above,
Who thy Sacred Spirit love.

HYMN FOR NOON.

THE sun is swiftly mounted high,
It glitters in the southern sky;

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Its beams with force and glory beat,
 And fruitful earth is fill'd with heat,
 Father, also with thy fire
 Warm the cold, the dead desire.
 And make the sacred love of thee,
 Within my soul, a sun to me.
 Let it shine so fairly bright,
 That nothing else be took for light;
 That worldly charms be seen to fade,
 And in its lustre find a shade.
 Let it strongly shine within,
 To scatter all the clouds of sin,
 That drive when gusts of passion rise,
 And intercept it from our eyes.
 Let its glory more than vie
 With the sun that lights the sky:
 Let it swiftly mount in air,
 Mount with that, and leave it there;
 And soar, with more aspiring flight,
 To realms of everlasting light,
 Thus, while here I'm forc'd to be,
 I daily wish to live with thee;
 And feel that union which thy love
 Will, after death, complete above.
 From my soul I send my prayer,
 Great Creator, bow thine ear;
 Thou, for whose propitious sway
 The world was taught to see the day;
 Who spoke the word, and earth begun,
 And shew'd its beauties in the sun;
 With pleasure I thy creatures view,
 And would, with good affection too;
 Good affection sweetly free,
 Loose from them, and move to thee;
 O, teach me, due returns to give,
 And to thy glory let me live;
 And then my days shall shine the more,
 Or pass more blessed than before.

HYMN FOR EVENING.

The beam-repelling mists arise,
 And evening spreads obscurer skies:
 The twilight will the night forerun,
 And night itself be soon begun.
 Upon thy knees devoutly bow,
 And pray the Lord of glory now,
 To fill thy breast, or deadly sin
 May cause a blinder night within.
 And whether pleasing vapours rise,
 Which gently dim the closing eyes;
 Which make the weary members blest,
 With sweet refreshment in their rest;
 Or whether spirits in the brain
 Dispel their soft embrace again;
 And on my watchful bed I stay,
 Forsook by sleep, and waiting day;
 Be God for ever in my view,
 And never he forsake me too;
 But still as day concludes in night,
 To break again with new-born light;
 His wondrous bounty let me find,
 With still a more enlighten'd mind;

When grace and love in one agree,
 Grace from God, and love from me;
 Grace that will from heaven inspire,
 Love that seals it in desire:
 Grace and love that mingle beams,
 And fill me with encreasing flames,
 Thou that hast thy palace far
 Above the moon and every star,
 Thou that fittest on a throne
 To which the night was never known,
 Regard my voice and make me blest,
 By kindly granting its request.
 If thoughts on thee my soul employ,
 My darkness will afford me joy,
 Till thou shalt call, and I shall soar,
 And part with darkness evermore.

THE SOUL IN SORROW.

With kind compassion hear me cry,
 O, Jesu, Lord of life, on high!
 As when the summer's seasons beat,
 With scorching flame and parching heat:
 The trees are burnt, the flowers fade,
 And thirsty gaps in earth are made:
 My thoughts of comfort languish so,
 And so my soul is broke by woe.
 Then on thy servant's drooping head
 Thy dews of blessing sweetly shed;
 Let those a quick refreshment give,
 And raise my mind, and bid me live.
 My fears of danger, while I breathe,
 My dread of endless hell beneath:
 My sense of sorrow for my sin,
 To spring comfort, change within;
 Change all my sad complaints for ease,
 To cheerful notes of endless praise:
 Nor let a tear mine eyes employ,
 But such as owe their birth to joy;
 Joy transporting, sweet, and strong,
 Fit to fill and raise my song;
 Joy that shall resounded be,
 While days and nights succeed for me:
 Be not as a judge severe,
 For so thy presence who may bear?
 On all my words and actions look,
 (I know they're written in thy book);
 But then regard my mournful cry,
 And look with mercy's gracious eye;
 What needs my blood, since thine will do,
 To pay the debt to justice due?
 O, tender mercy's art divine!
 Thy sorrow proves the cure of mine!
 Thy dropping wounds, thy woeful smart
 Allay the bleedings of my heart;
 Thy death, in death's extreme of pain,
 Restores my soul to life again.
 Guide me then, for here I burn,
 To make my Saviour some return.
 I'll rise (if that will please him, still,
 And sure I've heard him own it will);
 I'll trace his steps, and bear my cross,
 Despising every grief and loss;

Since he, despising pain and shame,
First took up his, and did the same.

THE HAPPY MAN.

How blest'd the man, how fully so,
As far as man is blest'd below,
Who, taking up his cross, essays
To follow Jesus all his days;
With resolution to obey,
And steps enlarging in his way.
The Father of the saints above
Adopts him with a father's love,
And makes his bosom thoroughly shine
With wondrous stores of grace divine;
Sweet grace divine, the pledge of joy,
That will his soul above employ;
Full joy, that, when his time is done,
Becomes his portion as a son.
Ah me! the sweet infus'd desires,
The fervid wishes, holy fires,
Which thus a melted heart refine,
Such are his, and such be mine.
From hence despising all besides
That earth reveals, or ocean hides;
All that men in either prize,
On God alone he sets his eyes.
From hence his hope is on the wings,
His health renews, his safety springs,
His glory blazes up below,
And all the streams of comfort flow.

He calls his Saviour King above,
Lord of mercy, Lord of love;
And finds a kingly care defend,
And mercy smile, and love descend,
To cheer, to guide him in the ways
Of this vain world's deceitful maze:
And though the wicked earth display
Its terrors in their fierce array;
Or gape so wide that horror shows
Its hell replete with endless woes;
Such succour keeps him clear of ill,
Still firm to good, and dauntless still.
So, fix'd by Providence's hands,
A rock amidst an ocean stands;
So bears, without a trembling dread,
The tempest beating round its head;
And with its side repels the wave,
Whose hollow seems a coming grave:
The skies, the deeps, are heard to roar;
The rock stands settled as before.

I, all with whom he has to do,
Admire the life which blesses you,
That feeds a foe, that aids a friend,
Without a bye designing end;
Its knowing real interest lies
On the bright side of yonder skies,
Where, having made a title fair,
It mounts, and leaves the world to care.
While he that seeks for pleasing days,
In earthly joys and evil ways,
Is but the fool of toil or fame,
(Though happy be the spacious name)

And made by wealth, which makes him great,
A more conspicuous wretch of state.

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS.

How long, ye miserable blind,
Shall idle dreams engage your mind;
How long the passions make their flight
At empty shadows of delight,
No more in paths of error stray,
The Lord thy Jesus is the way,
The spring of happiness, and where
Should men seek happiness but there!
Then run to meet him at your need,
Run with boldness, run with speed,
For he forsook his own abode
To meet thee more than half the road.
He laid aside his radiant crown,
And love for mankind brought him down
To thirst and hunger, pain and woe,
To wounds, to death itself below;
And he, that suffer'd these alone
For all the world, despises none.
To bid the soul, that's sick, be clean,
To bring the lost to life again;
To comfort those that grieve for ill,
Is his peculiar goodness still.
And, as the thoughts of parents run
Upon a dear and only son,
So kind a love his mercies show,
So kind and more extremely so.

Thrice happy men! (or find a phrase
That speaks your bliss with greater praise)
Who most obedient to thy call,
Leaving pleasures, leaving all,
With heart, with soul, with strength incline,
O sweetest Jesus! to be thine.
Who know thy will, observe thy ways,
And in thy service spend their days:
Ev'n death, that seems to set them free,
But brings them closer still to thee.

THE CONVERT'S LOVE.

BLESSED light of saints on high,
Who fill the mansions of the sky;
Sure defence, whose mercy still
Preserves thy subjects here from ill;
Oh, my Jesus! make me know
How to pay the thanks I owe.

As the fond sheep that idly strays,
With wanton play, through winding ways,
Which never hits the road of home,
O'er wilds of danger learns to roam,
Till, wearied out with idle fear,
And passing there, and turning here,
He will, for rest, to covert run,
And meet the wolf he wish'd to shun.
Thus wretched I, through wanton will,
Run blind and headlong on in ill:
'Twas thus from sin to sin I flew,
And thus I might have perish'd too;

But mercy dropt the likeness here,
And shew'd, and sav'd me from my fear.
While o'er the darkness of my mind
The sacred spirit purely shin'd,
And mark'd and brighten'd all the way
Which leads to everlasting day;
And broke the thickening clouds of sin,
And fix'd the light of love within.

From hence my ravish'd soul aspires,
And dates the rise of its desires.
From hence to thee, my God! I turn,
And fervent wishes say I burn;
I burn, thy glorious face to see,
And live in endless joy with thee.

There's no such ardent kind of flame
Between the lover and the dame;
Nor such affection parents bear
To their young and only heir,
Though, join'd together, both conspire,
And boast a doubled force of fire,
My tender heart, within its seat,
Dissolves before the scorching heat;
As softening wax is taught to run
Before the warmth of the sun.

Oh, my flame, my pleasing pain,
Burn and purify my stain,
Warm me, burn me, day by day,
Till you purge my earth away;
Till at the last I thoroughly shine,
And turn a torch of love divine.

A DESIRE TO PRAISE.

PROFITOUS Son of God, to thee,
With all my soul, I bend my knee;
My wish I send, my want impart,
And dedicate my mind and heart:
For, as an absent parent's son,
Whose second year is only run,
When no protecting friend is near,
Void of wit, and void of fear,
With things that hurt him fondly plays,
Or here he falls, or there he strays;
So, should my soul's eternal guide,
The sacred Spirit he deny'd,
Thy servant soon the loss would know,
And sink in sin, or run to woe.

O, Spirit bountifully kind,
Warm, possess, and fill my mind;
Disperse my sins with light divine,
And raise the flames of love with thine;
Before thy pleasures rightly priz'd,
Let wealth and honour be despis'd;
And let the Father's glory be
More dear than life itself to me.

Sing of Jesus! Virgins, sing
Him, your everlasting King!
Sing of Jesus! cheerful youth,
Him, the God of love and truth!
Write, and raise a song divine,
Or come and hear, and borrow mine,

Son eternal, Word supreme,
Who made the universal frame,
Heaven, and all its shining show,
Earth, and all it holds below:
Bow with mercy, bow thine ear,
While we sing thy praises here;
Son Eternal, ever blest'd,
Resting on the Father's breast,
Whose tender love for all provides,
Whose power over all presides;
Bow with pity, bow thine ear,
While we sing thy praises, hear!

Thou, by pity's soft extreme,
Mov'd, and won, and set on flame,
Assum'd the form of man, and fell
In pains, to rescue man from hell;
How bright thine humble glories rise,
And match the lustre of the skies,
From death and hell's dejected state
Arising, thou resum'd thy seat,
And golden thrones of bliss prepar'd
Above, to be thy saints' reward.

How bright thy glorious honours rise,
And with new lustre grace the skies!
For thee, the sweet seraphic choir
Raise the voice, and tune the lyre,
And praises with harmonious sound
Through all the highest heaven rebound.

O make our notes with theirs agree,
And bless the souls that sing of thee:
To thee the churches here rejoice,
The solemn organs aid the voice:
To sacred roofs the sound we raise,
The sacred roofs respond thy praise:
And while our notes in one agree,
O! bless the church that sings to thee:

ON HAPPINESS IN THIS LIFE.

THE morning opens, very freshly gay,
And life itself is in the month of May.
With green my fancy paints an harbour o'er,
And flowerets with a thousand colours more;
Then falls to weaving that, and spreading these,
And softly shakes them with an easy breeze.
With golden fruit adorns the bending shade,
Or trails a silver water o'er its bed.
Glide, gentle water, still more gently by,
While in this summer-bower of bliss I lie,
And sweetly sing of sense-delighting flames,
And nymphs and shepherds, soft invented names;
Or view the branches which around me twine,
And praise their fruit, diffusing sprightly wine;
Or find new pleasures in the world to praise,
And still with this return adorn my lays;
"Range round your gardens of eternal spring."
"Go, range my senses, while I sweetly sing."
In vain, in vain, alas! seduc'd by ill,
And acted wildly by the force of will!
I tell my soul, it will be constant May,
And charm a season never made to stay;

My beauteous arbour will not stand a storm,
 The world but promises, and can't perform:
 Then fade, ye leaves; and wither, all ye flowers;
 I'll doat no longer in enchanted bowers;
 But sadly mourn, in melancholy song,
 The vain conceits that held my soul so long.
 The lusts that tempt us with delusive show,
 And sin brought forth for everlasting woe.
 Thus shall the notes to sorrow's object rise,
 While frequent rests procure a place for sighs;
 And, as I moan upon the naked plain,
 Be this the burthen closing every strain:
 Return, my senses; range no more abroad;
 He'll only find his bliss who seeks for God.

ECSTASY.

THE fleeting joys, which all affords below,
 Work the solid heart with unperforming show;
 The wish that makes our happier life complete,
 Nor grasps the wealth nor honours of the great,
 Nor loosely sails on pleasure's easy stream;
 Nor gathers wreaths from all the groves of fame;
 Weak man, whose charms to these alone confine,
 Attend my prayer, and learn to make it thine.
 From thy rich throne, where circling trains of
 light

Make day that's endless, infinitely bright;
 Thence, heavenly Father! thence with mercy dart
 One beam of brightness to my longing heart.
 Down through the mind, drive error's clouds away,
 And still the rage in passion's troubled sea;
 That the poor banish'd soul, serene and free,
 May rise from earth, to visit heaven and thee:

Come, peace divine! fled gently from above,
 Inspire my willing bosom, wondrous love;
 Thy purpled pinions to my shoulders tie,
 And point the passage where I want to fly.

But whither, whither now! what powerful fire
 With this blest influence equals my desire?

I rise (or love, the kind deluder, reigns,
 And acts in fancy such enchanted scenes);
 Earth lessening flies, the parting skies retreat,
 The fleecy clouds my waving feathers beat;
 And now the fun and now the stars are gone,
 Yet still methinks the spirit bears me on,
 Where tracts of æther purer blue display,
 And edge the golden realm of native day.

Oh, strange enjoyment of a bliss unseen!
 Oh, ravishment! Oh, sacred rage within!
 Tumultuous pleasure, rais'd on peace of mind,
 Sincere, excessive, from the world refin'd!
 I see the light that veils the throne on high,
 A light unpierc'd by man's impurer eye;
 I hear the words, that issuing thence proclaim,
 "Let God's attendants praise his awful name!"
 Then heads unnumber'd bend before the shrine,
 Mysterious seat of Majesty divine!
 And hands unnumber'd strike the silver string,
 And tongues unnumber'd hallelujah sing.
 See, where the shining seraphims appear,
 And sink their decent eyes with holy fear.

See flights of angels all their feathers raise,
 And range the orbs, and, as they range, they
 praise;

Behold the great apostles! sweetly met,
 And high on pearls of azure æther set.
 Behold the prophets, full of heavenly fire,
 With wandering finger wake the trembling lyre;
 And hear the martyrs' tune, and all around
 The church triumphant makes the region sound.
 With harps of gold, with boughs of ever-green,
 With robes of white, the pious throngs are seen;
 Exalted anthems all their hours employ,
 And all is music, and excess of joy.

Charm'd with the sight, I long to bear a part;
 The pleasure flutters at my ravish'd heart.
 Sweet saints and angels of the heavenly choir,
 If love has warm'd you with celestial fire,
 Assist my words, and, as they move along,
 With hallelujahs crown the burthen'd song.

Father of all above, and all below,
 O great, and far beyond expression so;
 No bounds thy knowledge, none thy power confine,
 For power and knowledge in their source are
 thine;

Around thee glory spreads her golden wing:
 Sing, glittering angels, hallelujah sing.

Son of the Father, first begotten Son,
 Ere the short measuring line of time begun,
 The world has seen thy works, and joy'd to see
 The bright effulgence manifest in thee.
 The world must own thee love's unfathom'd
 spring;

Sing, glittering angels, hallelujah sing.

Proceeding spirit, equally divine,

In whom the Godhead's full perfection shine,

With various graces, comforts unexpress'd,

With holy transports you refine the breast;

And earth is heavenly where your gifts you bring,
 Sing, glittering angels, hallelujah sing.

But where's my rapture, where my wondrous
 heat,

What interruption makes my bliss retreat?

This world's got in, the thoughts of t' other's cross'd,

And the gay picture's in my fancy lost.

With what an eager zeal the conscious soul

Would claim its seat, and, soaring, pass the pole!

But our attempts these chains of earth restrain,

Deride our toil, and drag us down again.

So from the ground aspiring meteors go,

And, rank'd with planets light the world below;

But their own bodies sink them in the sky,

When the warmth's gone that taught them how
 to fly.

ON DIVINE LOVE;

BY MEDITATING ON

THE WOUNDS OF CHRIST.

HOLY Jesus! God of love!

Look with pity from above;

Shed the precious purple tide

From thine hands, thy feet, thy side;

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Let thy streams of comfort roll,
Let them please and fill my soul.
Let me thus for ever be
Full of gladness, full of thee.
This, for which my wishes pine,
Is the cup of love divine;
Sweet affections flow from hence,
Sweet, above the joys of sense;
Blessed philtre! how we find
Its sacred worships: how the mind,
Of all the world forgetful grown,
Can despise an earthly throne;
Raise its thoughts to realms above,
Think of God, and sing of love.

Love celestial, wondrous heat,
O, beyond expression great!
What resistless charms were thine,
In thy good, thy best design!
When God was hated, sin obey'd,
And man undone without thy aid,
From the seats of endless peace
They brought the Son, the Lord of Grace;
They taught him to receive a birth,
To clothe in flesh, to live on earth;
And after, lifted him on high,
And taught him on the cross to die.

Love celestial, ardent fire,
O, extreme of sweet desire!
Spread thy brightly raging flame
Through and over all my frame;
Let it warm me, let it burn,
Let my corpse to ashes turn;
And, might thy flame thus act with me
To set the soul from body free,
I next would use thy wings, and fly
To meet my Jesus in the sky.

ON QUEEN ANNE'S PEACE.

WRITTEN IN DECEMBER 1712.

MOTHER of plenty, daughter of the skies,
Sweet peace, the troubled world's desire, arise;
Around thy poet weave thy summer shades,
Within my fancy spread thy flowery meads;
Amongst thy train soft ease and pleasure bring,
And thus indulgent sooth me whilst I sing.

Great Anna claims the song; no brighter name
Adorns the list of never-dying fame;
No fairer soul was ever form'd above;
None e'er was more the grateful nation's love,
Nor lov'd the nation more. I fly with speed
To sing such lines as Bolingbroke may read,
On war dispers'd, on faction trampled down,
On all the peaceful glories of the crown.
And, if I fail in too confin'd a flight,
May the kind world upon my labours write,
"So fell the lines which strove for endless fame,
"Yet fell, attempting on the noblest theme."

Now twelve revolving years has Britain stood,
With loss of wealth, and vast expence of blood,
Europa's guardian; still her gallant arms
Secur'd Europa from impending harms.

Fair honour, full success, and just applause,
Pursued her marches, and adorn'd her cause;
Whilst Gaul, aspiring to erect a throne
O'er other empires, trembled for her own;
Bemoan'd her cities won, her armies slain,
And sunk the thought of universal reign.

When thus reduc'd the world's invaders lie,
The fears which rack'd the nations justly die;
Power finds its balance, giddy motions cease,
In both the scales, and each inclines to peace.
This fair occasion Providence prepares,
To answer pious Anna's hourly prayers,
Which still on warm devotion's wings arose,
And, reaching heaven, obtain'd the world's repose,

Within the vast expansion of the sky,
Where orbs of gold in fields of azure lie,
A glorious palace shines, whose silver ray,
Serenely flowing, lights the milky way;
The road of angels. Here, with speedy care,
The summon'd guardians of the world repair.
When Britain's angel, on the message sent,
Speaks Anna's prayers, and Heaven's supreme intent;

That war's destructive arm should humble Gaul,
Spain's parted realms to different monarchs fall;
The grand alliance crown'd with glory cease,
And joyful Europe find the sweets of peace.
He spoke: the smiling hopes of man's repose,
The joy that springs from certain hopes arose,
Diffusive o'er the place; complacent airs,
Sedately sweet, were heard within the spheres;
And, bowing, all adore the sovereign mind,
And fly to execute the work design'd.

This done, the guardian on the wing repairs,
Where Anna sate, revolving public cares
With deep concern of thought. Unseen he stood,
Presenting peaceful images of good;
On fancy's airy stage, returning trade,
A sunk exchequer fill'd, an army paid:
The fields with men, the men with plenty bless'd,
The towns with riches, and the world with rest.
Such pleasing objects on her bosom play,
And give the dawn of glory's golden day;
When all her labours at their harvest shown
Shall, in her subjects' joy, complete her own.
Then breaking silence: 'Tis enough, she cries,
That war has rag'd to make the nations wise.
Heaven prospers armies whilst they fight to save,
And thirst of further fame destroys the brave;
The vanquish'd Gauls are humbly pleas'd to live,
And but escap'd the chains they meant to give.
Now let the powers be still'd, and each possess'd
Of what secures the common safety best.

So spake the queen; then, fill'd with warmth divine,
She call'd her Oxford to the grand design;
Her Oxford, prudent in affairs of state,
Profoundly thoughtful, manifestly great
In every turn, whose steady temper steers
Above the reach of gold, or shock of fears;
Whom no blind chance, but merit understood,
By frequent trials, power of doing good,
And will to execute, advanc'd on high;
Oh, soul created to deserve the sky!

And make the nation, crown'd with glory, see,
How much it rais'd itself by raising thee!
Now let the schemes which labour in thy breast,
The long alliance, crown'd with lasting rest,
Weigh all pretences with impartial laws,
And fix the separate interests of the cause!

These toils the graceful Bolingbroke attends,
A genius fashion'd for the greatest ends;
Whose strong perception takes the swiftest flight,
And yet its swiftness ne'er obscures its sight:
When schemes are fix'd, and each assign'd a part,
None serves his country with a nobler heart;
Just thoughts of honour all his mind controul,
And expedition wings his lively soul.
On such a patriot to confer the trust,
The monarch knows it safe, as well as just.

Then next proceeding in her agents' choice,
And ever pleas'd that worth obtains the voice,
She, from the voice of high-distinguish'd names,
With pious Bristol, gallant Strafford names:
One form'd to stand a church's firm support,
The other fitter to adorn a court:
Both vers'd in business, both of fine address,
By which experience leads to great success:
And both to distant lands the monarch sends,
And, to their conduct, Europe's peace commends.

Now ships unmoor'd, to wait her agents o'er,
Spread all their sail, and quit the flying shore;
The foreign agents reach th' appointed place,
The congress opens, and it will be peace.
Methinks the war, like stormy winter, flies,
When fairer months unveil the bluish skies;
A flowery world the sweetest season spreads,
And doves, with branches, flutter round their heads.

Half-peopled Gaul, whom numerous ills destroy,
With wishful heart, attends the promis'd joy.
For this prepares the duke—ah, sadly slain,
'Tis grief to name him whom we mourn in vain:
No warmth of verse repairs the vital flame,
For verse can only grant a life in fame:
Yet could my praise, like spicy odours shed,
In everlasting song embalm the dead;
To realms that weeping heard the loss I'd tell,
What courage, sense, and faith, with Brandon fell!

But Britain more than one for glory breeds,
And polish'd Talbot to the charge succeeds;
Whole far-projecting thoughts, maturely clear,
Like glasses, draw their distant objects near.
Good parts, by gentle breeding much refin'd,
And stores of learning, grace his ample mind;
A cautious virtue regulates his ways,
And honour gilds them with a thousand rays.
To serve his nation, at his queen's command,
He parts, commission'd for the Gallic land;
With pleasure Gaul beholds him on her shore,
And learns to love the name he fear'd before.

Once more aloft, there meet for new debates,
The guardian angels of Europa's states:
And mutual concord shines in every face,
And every bosom glows with hopes of peace;
While Britain's steps, in one consent, they
praise,
Then gravely mourn their other realms delays;

Their doubtful claims, through seas of blood
pursued,

Their fears that Gallia fell but half subdued;
And all the reasonings which attempt to show
That war should ravage in the world below.

"Ah, fall'n estate of man! can rage delight,
"Wounds please the touch, or ruin charm the
"fight!

"Ambition make unlovely mischief fair!
"Or ever pride be Providence's care!

"When stern oppressors range the bloody field,

"'Tis just to conquer, and unsafe to yield:

"There fave the nations; but no more pursue,

"Nor in thy turn become oppressor to."

Our rebel angels for ambition fell,

And, war in heaven produc'd a fiend in hell.

Thus, with a soft concern for man's repose,

The tender guardians join to moan our woes;

Then awful rise, combin'd with all their might,

To find what fury, 'scap'd the den of night,

The pleasing labours of their love withstands,

And spreads a wild distraction o'er the lands.

Their glittering pinions found in yielding air,

And watchful Providence approves the care.

In Flandria's soil, where camps have mark'd the
plain,

The fiend, impetuous discord, fix'd her reign;

A tent her royal seat. With full resort

Stern shapes of horror throng'd her busy court;

Blind mischief, ambush close concealing ire,

Loud threatenings, ruin arm'd with sword and fire;

Assaulting fierceness, anger wanting breath,

High reddening rage, and various forms of death;

Dire imps of darkness, whom with gore she feeds,

When war beyond its point of good proceeds,

In Gallic armour, call'd with alter'd name

Great love of empire, to the field she came;

Now, still supporting feud, she strives to hide

Beneath that name, and only change the side:

But, as the whirl'd the rapid wheels around,

Where mangled limbs in heaps pollute the ground

(A sullen joyless sport); with searching eye,

The shining chiefs regard her as they fly;

Then, hovering, dart their beams of heavenly light:

She starts, the fury stands confess'd to fight;

And grieves to leave the soil, and yells aloud,

Her yells are answer'd by the fable crowd;

And all on bat-like wings (if fable be true)

From Christian lands to northern climates flew.

But rising murmurs from Britannia's shore

With speed recall her watchful guardian o'er.

He spreads his pinions, and, approaching near,

These hints, in scatter'd words, assails his ear:

The people's power—The grand alliance cross'd,

The peace is separate—Our religion's lost

Led by the blatant voice along the skies,

He comes, where faction over cities flies;

A talking fiend, whom snaky locks disgrace,

And numerous mouths deform her dusky face;

Whence lies are utter'd, whisper softly sounds,

Sly doubts amaze, or insinuating wounds,

Within her arms are heaps of pamphlets seen,

And these blaspheme the Saviour, those the queen;

Associate vices; thus with tongue and hand,

She shed her venom o'er the troubled land.

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Now vex'd that discord, and the baneful train
That tends on discord, fled the neighbouring plain,

She rag'd to madnels; when the guardian came,
And downwards drove her with a sword of flame—
A mountain, gaping to the nether hell,
Receiv'd the fury, railing as she fell:
The mountain closing o'er the fury lies,
And stops her passage, where she means to rise;
And when she strives, or shifts her side for ease,
All Britain rocks amidst her circling seas.

Now peace, returning after tedious woes,
Restores the comforts of a calm repose;
Then bid the warriors sheathe their sanguin'd arms,
Bid angry trumpets cease to sound alarms:
Guns leave to thunder in the tortur'd air,
Red streaming colours furl around the spear;
And each contending realm no longer jar,
But, pleas'd with rest, unharne'd all the war.

She comes, the blessing comes; where'er she moves

New-springing beauty all the land improves:
More heaps of fragrant flowers the field adorn,
More sweet the birds salute the rosy morn;
More lively green refreshes all the leaves,
And in the breeze the corn more thickly waves.
She comes, the blessing comes in easy state,
And forms of brightness all around her wait:
Here smiling safety, with her bosom bare,
Securely walks, and cheerful plenty there;
Here wondrous sciences with eagles' sight:
There liberal arts, which make the world polite;
And open traffic, joining hand in hand,
With honest industry, approach the land.

O, welcome, long-desir'd, and lately found!
Here fix thy seat upon the British ground:
Thy shining train around the nation send,
While by degrees the loading taxes end:
While caution calm, yet still prepar'd for arms,
And foreign treaties, guard from foreign harms:
While equal justice, hearing every cause,
Makes every subject join to love the laws.

Where Britain's patriots in council meet,
Let public safety rest at Anna's feet:
Let Oxford's schemes the path to plenty show,
And through the realm increasing plenty go.
Let arts and sciences in glory rise,
And pleas'd the world has leisure to be wise:
Around their Oxford and their St. John stand,
Like plants that flourish by the master's hand:
And safe in hope the sons of learning wait,
Where learning's self has fix'd her fair retreat.
Let traffic, cherish'd by the senate's care,
On all the seas employ the wafting air:
And industry, with circulating wing,
Through all the land the goods of traffic bring:
The blessings so dispos'd will long abide,
Since Anna reigns, and Harley's thoughts pre-
side,

Great Ormond's arms the sword of caution wield,
And hold Britannia's broad-protecting shield;
Bright Bolingbroke and worthy Dartmouth treat,
By fair dispatch, with every foreign state:
And Harcourt's knowledge, equitably shown,
Makes justice call his firm decrees her own.

VOL. VII.

Thus all that poets fancied heaven of old,
May for the nation's present emblem hold:
That Jove imperial sway'd; Minerva wise,
And Phœbus eloquent, adorn'd the skies:
On arts Cyllenius fix'd his full delight,
Mars rein'd the war, and Themis judg'd the right:
All mortals, once beneficently great,
(As fame reports) and rais'd in heavenly state;
Yet, sharing labours, still they shun'd repose,
To shed the blessings down by which they rose.
Illustrious queen, how Heaven hath heard thy
prayers!

What stores of happiness attend thy cares!
A church in safety fix'd, a state in rest,
A faithful ministry, a people bless'd;
And kings, submissive at thy foot-stool thrown,
That others rights restore, or beg their own.
Now rais'd with thankful mind; and rolling flow,
In grand procession to the temple go,
By snow-white horses drawn; while sounding fame
Proclaims thy coming, praise exalts thy name:
Fair honour, dress'd in robes, adorns thy state,
And on thy train the crowded nations wait:
Who, pressing, view with what a temper'd grace
The looks of majesty compose thy face;
And mingling sweetness shines, or how thy dress,
And how thy pomp, an inward joy confess:
Then, fill'd with pleasures to thy glory due,
With shouts, the chariot moving on, pursue.

As when the Phoenix from Arabia flown
(If any Phoenix were by Anna known)
His spire at Phœbus' shrine prepar'd to lay,
Where'er their monarch cut his airy way:
The gathering birds around the wonder flew,
And much admir'd his shape, and much his hue;
The tuft of gold that glow'd above his head,
His spacious train with golden feathers spread:
His gilded bosom, speck'd with purple pride,
And both his wings in glossy purple dy'd:
He still pursues his way; with wondering eyes
The birds attend, and follow where he flies.

Thrice happy Britons, if at last you know
'Tis less to conquer, than to want a foe;
That triumphs still are made for war's decay,
When men, by conquest, rise to views of peace;
That over toils for peace in view we run,
Which gain'd, the world is pleas'd, and war is
done.

Fam'd Blenheim's field, Ramillies' noble feat,
Blaregni's desperate act of gallant heat,
Or wondrous Winendale, are war pursued,
By wounds and deaths, through plains with blood
embued;

But good design, to make the world be still,
With human grace adorns the needful ill:
This end obtain'd, we close the scenes of rage,
And gentler glories deck the rising age.
Such gentler glories, such reviving days,
The nation's wishes, and the statesman's praise:
Now pleas'd to shine, in golden order throng,
Demand our annals, and enrich our song.
Then go where Albion's cliffs approach the skies
(The fame of Albion so deserves to rise),
And, deep engrav'd for time, till time shall cease,
Upon the stones their fair inscription place.

Iberia rent, the power of Gallia broke,
 Batavia rescued from the threaten'd yoke;
 The royal Austrian rais'd, his realms restor'd;
 Great British arm'd, triumphant and ador'd;
 Its state enlarg'd, its peace restor'd again,
 Are blessings all adorning Anna's reign.

TO DR. SWIFT,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1713.

Uac'd by the warmth of friendship's sacred flame,
 But more by all the glories of thy fame;
 By all those offerings of thy learned mind,
 In judgment solid as in wit refin'd,
 Resolv'd I sing. Though labouring up the way
 To reach my theme, O Swift, accept my lay.
 Hunt by the force of thought, and rais'd above,
 Through contemplation's airy fields I rove;
 Where powerful fancy purifies my eye,
 And lights the beauties of a brighter sky;
 Fresh paints the meadows, bids green shades ascend,
 Clear rivers wind, and opening plains extend;
 Then fills its landscape through the varied parts
 With virtues, graces, sciences, and arts:
 Superior forms, of more than mortal air,
 More large than mortals, more serenely fair.
 Of these, O Swift, the guardians of thy name,
 Conspire to raise thee to the point of fame.
 Ye future times, I heard the silver sound!
 I saw the graces form a circle round!
 Each, where the fix'd, attentive seem'd to root,
 And all, but eloquence herself, was mute.

Thrice happy genius his, whose works have hit
 The lucky point of business and of wit.
 They seem like flowers, which April months
 prepare

To call their flowery glories up to air:
 The drops, descending, take the painted bow,
 And dress with sunshine, while for good they flow.
 To me retiring oft, he finds relief
 In slowly waiting care and biting grief:
 From the recreating oft, he gives to view
 What eases care and grief in others too.
 Ye fondly grave, be wise enough to know,
 "Life, ne'er unbent, were but a life of woe."
 Some, full in stretch for greatness, some for gain,
 On his own rack each puts himself to pain.
 I'll gently steal you from your toils away,
 Where balmy winds with scents ambrosial play;
 Where, on the banks as crystal rivers flow,
 They teach immortal amaranths to grow:
 Then, from the mild indulgence of the scene,
 Restore your tempers strong for toils again.

She ceas'd. Soft music trembled in the wind,
 And sweet delight diffus'd through every mind:
 The little smiles, which still the goddess grace,
 Sportive arose, and ran from face to face.
 But chief (and in that place the virtues bless)
 A gentle band their eager joys express:
 Here, friendship asks, and love of merit longs
 To hear the goddesses renew their songs:
 Here great benevolence to man is pleas'd:
 These own their Swift, and grateful hear him
 praise.

You gentle band, you well may bear your part,
 You reign superior graces in his heart.

ELYSIUM.

In airy fields, the fields of bliss below,
Where woods of myrtle, set by Maro, grow;
Where grass beneath, and shade diffus'd above,
Refresh the fevers of distracted love:
There, at a solemn tide, the beauties, slain
By tender passion, act their fates again,
Through gloomy light, that just betrays the grove,
In orgies, all disconsolately rove:
They range the reeds, and o'er the poppies weep,
That nodding bend beneath their load of sleep,
By lakes subsiding with a gentle pace;
And rivers gliding with a silent pace;
Where kings and swains, by ancient authors sung,
Now chang'd to flowers o'er the margin hung;
The self-admirer, white Narcissus, so
Fades at the brink, his picture fades below:
In bells of azure, Hyacinth arose;
In crimson painted, young Adonis glows:
The fragrant Crocus shone with golden flame,
And leaves inscrib'd with Ajax' haughty name,
A sad remembrance brings their lives to view,
And, with their passion, makes their tears renew;
Unwinds the years, and lays the former scene;
Where, after death, they live for deaths again.

Lost by the glories of her lover's state,
Deluded Semele bewails her fate:
And curs, and seems to burn, the flames arise,
And fan with idle fury at the fire.

The lovely Canis, whose transforming shape
Secur'd her honour from a second rape,
Now means the first, with ruffled dress appears,
Feels her whole sex return, and bathes with tears.

Here Thibet, Canate, and Dido, stand,
All arm'd with swords, a fair, but angry band:
The sword a lover own'd; a father gave the rest;
The next; a stranger chanc'd the last to leave.
And there, ev'n she, the goddess of the grove,
Join'd with the phantom-fairs, affects to rove,
As once, for Larmes, she forsook the plain,
To steal the kisses of a sumbling swain:
Around her head a starry fillet twines,
And at the front a silver crescent shines.

These, and a thousand, and a thousand more,
With sacred rage recall the pangs they bore,
Strive the deep dart afresh, and ask relief,
Or sooth the wound with softening words of grief.
At such a tide, unheeded love invades the mind,
The dark recesses of the madding shades;
Through long descent he sees the fogs around;
His purple feathers, as he flies, resound,
The nimble beauties, crowding all to pass,
Perceive the common trouble of their case;
Though dulling mists and dubious day destroy
The fine appearance of the fluttering boy,
Though all the pomp that glitters at his side,
The golden belt, the clasp and quiver hide,
And though the torch appear a gleam of white,
That faintly spots, and moves in hazy night,
Yet still they know the god, the general foe,
And threatening lift their airy hands below.

From hence they lead him where a myrtle
grows,

The saddest myrtle in the mournful wood;
Devote to vex the gods, 'twas here before
Hell's awful empress lost Adonis bore,
When the young hunter scorn'd her graver air.

And make the nation, crown'd with glory, see,
How much it rais'd itself by raising thee!
Now let the schemes which labour in thy breast,
The long alliance, crown'd with lasting rest,
Weigh all pretences with impartial laws,
And fix the separate interests of the cause!

These toils the graceful Bolingbroke attends,
A genius fashion'd for the greatest ends;
Whose strong perception takes the swiftest flight,
And yet its swiftness ne'er obscures its sight:
When schemes are fix'd, and each assign'd a part,
None serves his country with a nobler heart;
Just thoughts of honour all his mind controul,
And expedition wings his lively soul.
On such a patriot to confer the trust,
The monarch knows it safe, as well as just.

Then next proceeding in her agents' choice,
And ever pleas'd that worth obtains the voice,
She, from the voice of high-distinguish'd famies,
With pious Bristol, gallant Strafford names:
One form'd to stand a church's firm support,
The other fitted to adorn a court:
Both vers'd in business, both of fine address,
By which experience leads to great success:
And both to distant lands the monarch sends,
And, to their conduct, Europe's peace commends.

Now ships unmoor'd, to wait her agents o'er,
Spread all their sail, and quit the flying shore;
The foreign agents reach th' appointed place,
The congress opens, and it will be peace.
Methinks the war, like stormy winter, flies,
When fairer months unveil the bluish skies;
A flowery world the sweetest season spreads,
And doves, with branches, flutter round their heads.

Half-peopled Gaul, whom numerous ills destroy,
With wishful heart, attends the promis'd joy.
For this prepares the duke—ah, sadly slain,
'Tis grief to name him whom we mourn in vain:
No warmth of verse repairs the vital flame,
For verse can only grant a life in fame:
Yet could my praise, like spicy odours shed,
In everlasting song embalm the dead;
To realms that weeping heard the loss I'd tell,
What courage, sense, and faith, with Brandon fell!

But Britain more than one for glory breeds,
And polish'd Talbot to the charge succeeds;
Whole far-projecting thoughts, maturely clear,
Like glasses, draw their distant objects near.
Good parts, by gentle breeding much refin'd,
And stores of learning, grace his ample mind;
A cautious virtue regulates his ways,
And honour gilds them with a thousand rays.
To serve his nation, at his queen's command,
He parts, commission'd for the Gallic land;
With pleasure Gaul beholds him on her shore,
And learns to love the name she fear'd before.

Once more aloft, there meet for new debates,
The guardian angels of Europa's states:
And mutual concord shines in every face,
And every bosom glows with hopes of peace;
While Britain's steps, in one consent, they praise,
Then gravely mourn their other realms delays;

Their doubtful claims, through seas of blood
pursued,

Their fears that Gallia fell but half subdued;
And all the reasonings which attempt to show
That war should ravage in the world below.

"Ah, fall'n estate of man! can rage delight,
"Wounds please the touch, or ruin charm the
"fight!"

"Ambition make unlovely mischief fair!

"Or ever pride be Providence's care!

"When stern oppressors range the bloody field,

"'Tis just to conquer, and unsafe to yield:

"There save the nations; but no more pursue,

"Nor in thy turn become oppressor to."

Our rebel angels for ambition fell,

And, war in heaven produc'd a fiend in hell.

Thus, with a soft concern for man's repose,
The tender guardians join to moan our woes;
Then awful rise, combin'd with all their might,
To find what fury, 'scap'd the den of night,
The pleasing labours of their love withstands,
And spreads a wild distraction o'er the lands.
Their glittering pinions found in yielding air,
And watchful Providence approves the care.
In Flandria's soil, where camps have mark'd the
plain,

The fiend, impetuous discord, fix'd her reign;
A tent her royal seat. With full resort
Stern shapes of horror throng'd her busy court;
Blind mischief, ambush close concealing ire,
Loud threatenings, ruin arm'd with sword and fire;
Assaulting fierceness, anger wanting breath,
High reddening rage, and various forms of death;
Dire imps of darkness, whom with gore she feeds,
When war beyond its point of good proceeds.
In Gallic armour, call'd with alter'd name
Great love of empire, to the field she came;
Now, still supporting feud, she strives to hide
Beneath that name, and only change the side:
But, as the whirl'd the rapid wheels around,
Where mangled limbs in heaps pollute the ground
(A sullen joyless sport); with searching eye,
The shining chiefs regard her as they fly;
Then, hovering, dart their beams of heavenly light:
She starts, the fury stands confess'd to fight;
And grieves to leave the soil, and yells aloud,
Her yells are answer'd by the sable crowd;
And all on bat-like wings (if fame be true)
From Christian lands to northern climates flew.

But rising murmurs from Britannia's shore
With speed recall her watchful guardian o'er.
He spreads his pinions, and, approaching near,
These hints, in scatter'd words, assault his ear:
The people's power—The grand alliance cross'd,
The peace is separate—Our religion's lost.
Led by the blatant voice along the skies,
He comes, where faction over cities flies;
A talking fiend, whom snaky locks disgrace,
And numerous mouths deform her dusky face;
Whence lies are utter'd, whisper softly sounds,
Sly doubts amaze, or insuendo wounds.
Within her arms are heaps of pamphlets seen,
And these blaspheme the Saviour, those the queen;
Associate vices; thus with tongue and hand,
She shed her venom o'er the troubled land.

Now vex'd that discord, and the baneful train
That tends on discord, fled the neighbouring
plain,

She rag'd to madness; when the guardian came,
And downwards drove her with a sword of flame.
A mountain, gaping to the nether hell,
Receiv'd the fury, railing as she fell:
The mountain closing o'er the fury lies,
And stops her passage, where she means to rise;
And when she strives, or shifts her side for ease,
All Britain rocks amidst her circling seas.

Now peace, returning after tedious woes,
Restores the comforts of a calm repose;
Then bid the warriors sheathe their sanguin'd arms,
Bid angry trumpets cease to sound alarms:
Guns leave to thunder in the tortur'd air,
Red streaming colours furl around the spear;
And each contending realm no longer jar,
But, pleas'd with rest, unharmed all the war.

She comes, the blessing comes; where'er she
moves

New-springing beauty all the land improves:
More heaps of fragrant flowers the field adorn,
More sweet the birds salute the rosy morn;
More lively green refreshes all the leaves,
And in the breeze the corn more thickly waves.
She comes, the blessing comes in easy state,
And forms of brightness all around her wait:
Here smiling safety, with her bosom bare,
Securely walks, and cheerful plenty there;
Here wondrous sciences with eagles' flight:
There liberal arts, which make the world polite;
And open traffic, joining hand in hand,
With honest industry, approach the land.

O, welcome, long-desir'd, and lately found!
Here fix thy seat upon the British ground;
Thy shining train around the nation send,
While by degrees the loading taxes end:
While caution calm, yet still prepar'd for arms,
And foreign treaties, guard from foreign harms:
While equal justice, hearing every cause,
Makes every subject join to love the laws.

Where Britain's patriots in council meet,
Let public safety rest at Anna's feet:
Let Oxford's schemes the path to plenty show,
And through the realm increasing plenty go.
Let arts and sciences in glory rise,
And pleas'd the world has leisure to be wise;
Around their Oxford and their St. John stand,
Like plants that flourish by the master's hand:
And safe in hope the sons of learning wait,
Where learning's self has fix'd her fair retreat.
Let traffic, cherish'd by the senate's care,
On all the seas employ the wafting air:
And industry, with circulating wing,
Through all the land the goods of traffic bring.
The blessings so dispos'd will long abide,
Since Anna reigns, and Harley's thoughts pre-
side,

Great Ormond's arms the sword of caution wield,
And hold Britannia's broad-protecting shield:
Bright Bolingbroke and worthy Dartmouth treat,
By fair dispatch, with every foreign state;
And Harcourt's knowledge, equitably shown,
Makes justice call his firm decrees her own.

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What stores of happiness attend thy cares!
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A faithful ministry, a people blest;
And kings, submissive at thy foot-stool thrown,
That others rights restore, or beg their own.
Now rais'd with thankful mind; and rolling slow,
In grand procession to the temple go,
By snow-white horses drawn; while sounding fame
Proclaims thy coming, praise exalts thy name;
Fair honour, dress'd in robes, adorns thy state,
And on thy train the crowded nations wait:
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Then, fill'd with pleasures to thy glory due,
With shouts, the chariot moving on, pursue.

As when the Phoenix from Arabia flown
(If any Phoenix were by Anna known)
His spice at Phœbus' shrine prepar'd to lay,
Where'er their monarch cut his airy way;
The gathering birds around the wonder flew,
And much admir'd his shape, and much his hue;
The tuft of gold that glow'd above his head,
His spacious train with golden feathers spread;
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Demand our annals, and enrich our song.
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Are blessings all adorning Anna's reign.

TO DR. SWIFT,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1713.

URD by the warmth of friendship's sacred flame,
But more by all the glories of thy fame;
By all those offsprings of thy learned mind,
In judgment solid as in wit refin'd,
Resolv'd I sing. Though labouring up the way
To reach my theme, O Swift, accept my lay.

Rapt by the force of thought, and rais'd above,
Through contemplation's airy fields I rove;
Where powerful fancy purifies my eye,
And lights the beauties of a brighter sky;
Fresh paints the meadows, bids green shades ascend,
Clear rivers wind, and opening plains extend;
Then fills its landscape through the varied parts
With virtues, graces, sciences, and arts:
Superior forms, of more than mortal air,
More large than mortals, more serenely fair.
Of these two chiefs, the guardians of thy name,
Conspire to raise thee to the point of fame.
Ye future times, I heard the silver sound!

I saw the graces form a circle round
Each, where she fix'd, attentive seem'd to root,
And all, but eloquence herself, was mute.

High o'er the rest I see the goddess rise,
Loose to the breeze her upper garment flies:
By turns, within her eyes the passions burn,
And softer passions languish in their turn:
Upon her tongue persuasion or command,
And decent action dwells upon her hand.

From out her breast ('twas there the treasure lay)
She drew thy labours to the blaze of day;
Then gaz'd, and read the charms she could inspire,
And taught the listening audience to admire,
How strong thy flight, how large thy grasp of
thought,

How just thy schemes, how regularly wrought;
How sure you wound when ironies deride,
Which must be seen, and feign to turn aside.
'Twas thus exploring she rejoic'd to see
Her brightest features drawn so near by thee:

"Then here," she cries, "let future ages dwell,
And learn to copy, where they can't excel."

She spake: Applause attended on the close;
Then poetry, her sister art, arose;
Her fairer sister, born in deeper ease,
Not made so much for business, more to please:
Upon her cheek sits beauty, ever young;
The soul of music warbles on her tongue;
Bright in her eyes a pleasing ardour glows,
And from her heart the sweetest temper flows:
A laurel wreath adorns her curls of hair,
And binds their order to the dancing air:
She shakes the colours of her radiant wing,
And, from the spheres, she takes a pitch to sing.

Thrice happy genius his, whose works have hit
The lucky point of business and of wit.
They seem like showers, which April months
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To call their flowery glories up to air:
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Here great benevolence to man is pleas'd:
These own their Swift, and grateful hear him
prais'd.

You gentle band, you well may bear your part,
You reign superior graces in his heart.

O Swift: if fame be life (as well we know
That bards and heroes have esteem'd it so);
Thou canst not wholly die. Thy works will shine
To future times, and life in fame be thine.

ON
BISHOP BURNET'S

BEING SET ON FIRE IN HIS CLOSET.

From that dire ara, bane to Sarum's pride,
Which broke his schemes, and laid his friends aside,
He talks and writes that Popery will return,
And we, and he, and all his works will burn.
What touch'd himself was almost fairly prov'd:
(Oh, far from Britain be the rest remov'd!)
For, as of late he meant to bless the age,
With flagrant prefaces of party rage,
O'erwrought with passion, and the subject's weight,
Lolling, he nodded in his elbow-seat;
Down fell the candle; grease and zeal conspire,
Heat meets with heat, and pamphlets burn their
fire.

Here crawls a preface on its half-burn'd maggots,
And there an introduction brings its faggots:
Then roars the prophet of the northern nation,
Score'd by a flaming speech on moderation.

Unwarn'd by this, go on, the realm to fright,
Thou Briton vaunting in thy second-light!
In such a ministry you safely tell,
How much you'd suffer, if religion fell.

ELYSIUM.

IN airy fields, the fields of bliss below,
Where woods of myrtle, set by Maro, grow;
Where grass beneath, and shade diffus'd above,
Refresh the fevers of distracted love:
There, at a solemn tide, the beauties, slain
By tender passion, act their fates again,
Through gloomy light, that just betrays the grove,
In orgies, all disconsolately rove:

They range the reeds, and o'er the poppies sweep,
That nodding bend beneath their load of sleep,
By lakes subsiding with a gentle pace,
And rivers gliding with a silent pace;
Where kings and swains, by ancient authors sung,
Now chang'd to flowerets o'er the margin hung;
The self-admirer, white Narcissus, so
Fades at the brink, his picture fades below:

In bells of azure, Hyacinth arose;
In crimson painted, young Adonis glows;
The fragrant Crocus shone with golden flame,
And leaves inscrib'd with Ajax' naughty name.
A sad remembrance brings their lives to view,
And, with their passion, makes their tears renew;
Unwinds the years, and lays the former scene,
Where, after death, they live for deaths again.

Lost by the glories of her lover's state,
Deluded Semele bewails her fate;
And runs, and seems to burn, the flames arise,
And fan with idle fury as she flies.

The lovely Cænis, whose transforming shape
Secur'd her honour from a second rape,
Now moans the first, with ruffled dress appears,
Feels her whole sex return, and bathes with tears.

The jealous Procris wipes a seeming wound,
Whose trickling crimson dyes the bushy ground;
Knows the sad shaft, and calls before she go,
To kiss the favourite hand that gave the blow.
Where Ocean feigns a rage, the Seltian fair
Holds a dim taper from a tower of air;
A noiseless wind assaults the wavering light,
The beauty tumbling mingles with the night.

Where curling shades for rough Leucate rose,
With love distracted tuneful Sappho goes;
Sings to mock cliffs a melancholy lay,
And with a lover's leap affrights the sea.

The sad Eryphile retreats to moan,
What wrought her husband's death, and caus'd
her own;

Surveys the glittering veil, the bribe of fate,
And tears the shadow, but she tears too late.

In thin design, and airy picture, fleet
The tales that stain the royal house of Crete;
To court a lovely bull, Pasiphae flies,
The snowy phantom feeds before her eyes.
Lost Ariadne raves, the thread she bore
Trails on unwinding, as she walks the shore;
And Phædra, desperate, seeks the lonely groves,
To read her guilty letter while she roves;
Red shame confounds the first, the second wears
A starry crown, the third a halter bears.
Fair Laodamia mourns her nuptial night
Of love defrauded by the thirst of sight;
Yet, for another as delusive cries,
And, dauntless, sees her hero's ghost arise.

Here Thisbe, Canace, and Dido, stand,
All arm'd with swords, a fair, but angry band:
The sword a lover own'd; a father gave
The next; a stranger chanc'd the last to leave.

And there, ev'n she, the goddess of the grove,
Join'd with the phantom-fairs, affects to rove,
As once, for Latmos, she forsook the plain,
To steal the kisses of a slumbering swain:
Around her head a starry fillet twines,
And at the front a silver crescent shines.

These, and a thousand, and a thousand more,
With sacred rage recall the pangs they bore,
Strike the deep dart afresh, and ask relief,
Or sooth the wound with softening words of grief.
At such a tide, unheedful love invades
The dark recesses of the madding shades;
Through long descent he fans the fogs around;
His purple feathers, as he flies, resound.

The nimble beauties, crowding all to gaze,
Perceive the common troubler of their ease;
Though dulling mists and dubious day destroy
The fine appearance of the fluttering boy,
Though all the pomp that glitters at his side,
The golden belt, the clasp and quiver hide;
And though the torch appear a gleam of white,
That faintly spots, and moves in hazy night,
Yet still they know the god, the general foe,
And threatening lift their airy hands below.

From hence they lead him where a myrtle
stood,

The saddest myrtle in the mournful wood;
Devote to vex the gods, 'twas here before
Hell's awful empress lost Adonis bore,
When the young hunter scorn'd her graver air,
And only Venus warm'd his shadow there.

Fix'd to the trunk the tender boy they bind,
They cord his feet beneath, his hands behind;
He mourns, but vainly mourns his angry fate,
For beauty, still relentless, acts in hate.
Though no offence be done, no judge be nigh,
Love must be guilty by the common cry;
For all are pleas'd, by partial passion led,
To shift their follies on another's head.

Now sharp reproaches ring their shrill alarms,
And all the heroines brandish all their arms;
And every heroine makes it her decree,
That Cupid suffer just the same as she.
To fix the desperate halter one essay'd,
One seeks to wound him with an empty blade,
Some headlong hang the nodding rocks of air,
They fall in fancy, and he feels despair.
Some toss the hollow seas around his head
(The seas that want a wave afford a dread),
Or shake the torch, the sparkling fury flies,
And flames that never burn'd afflict his eyes.

The mournful Myrrha bursts her rended womb,
And drowns his visage in a moist perfume;
While others, seeming mild, advise to wound
With humorous pains by sly derision found.
That prickling bodkins teach the blood to flow,
From whence the roses first begin to glow;
Or in their flames, to singe the boy prepare,
That all should choose by wanton fancy where.

The lovely Venus, with a bleeding breast,
She too securely through the circle prest,

Forgot the parent, urg'd his hasty fate,
And spurr'd the female rage beyond debate ;
O'er all the scenes of frailty swiftly runs,
Absolves herself, and makes the crime her son's,
That clasp'd in chains with Mars she chanc'd to lie,

A noted fable of the laughing sky ;
That, from her love's intemperate heat, began
Sicanian Eryx, born a savage man ;
The loose Priapus, and the monster-wight,
In whom the sexes shamefully unite.

Nor words suffice the goddess of the fair,
She snaps the rosy wreath that binds her hair ;
Then on the God, who fear'd a fiercer woe,
Her hands, un pitying, dealt the frequent blow :
From all his tender skin a purple dew
The dreadful scourges of the chaplet drew,
From whence the rose, by Cupid ting'd before,
Now, doubly tinging, flames with lustre more.

Here ends their wrath, the parent seems severe,
The stroke's unfit for little Love to bear ;
To save their foe the melting beauties fly,
And, cruel mother, spare thy child, they cry.
To love's account they plac'd their death of late,
And now transfer the sad account to fate :
The mother, pleas'd, beheld the storm assuage,
Thank'd the calm mourners, and dismiss'd her rage.

Thus fancy, once in dusky shade express'd,
With empty terrors work'd the time of rest.
Where wretched love endur'd a world of woe,
For all a winter's length of night below.
Then soar'd, as sleep dissolv'd, unchain'd away,
And through the port of ivory reach'd the day.

As, mindless of their rage, he slowly fails
On pinions cumber'd in the misty vales ;
(Ah, fool to light !) the nymphs no more obey,
Nor was this region ever his to sway :
Cast in a deepen'd ring they close the plain,
And seize the god, reluctant all in vain.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

WHERE waving pines the brows of Ida shade,
The swain, young Paris, half supinely laid, [rove,
Saw the loose flocks through shrubs unnumber'd
And, piping, call'd them to the gladdened grove.

'Twas there he met the message of the skies,
That he, the judge of beauty, deal the prize.
The message known ; one love with anxious mind,
'To make his mother guard the time assign'd,
Drew forth her proud white swans, and trac'd the pair

That wheel her chariot in the purple air :
A golden bow behind his shoulder bends,
A golden quiver at his side depends ;
Pointing to these he nods, with fearless state,
And bids her safely meet the grand debate.
Another love proceeds, with anxious care,
'To make his ivory sleek the shining hair ;
Moves the loose curls, and bids the forehead show,
In full expansion, all its native snow.
A third enclaps the many-colour'd cest,
And, rul'd by fancy, sets the silver vest ;

When, to her sons, with intermingled sighs,
The goddess of the rosy lips applies :

'Tis now, my darling boys, a time to show
The love you feel, the filial aids you owe :
Yet, would we think that any dar'd to strive
For charms, when Venus and her love's alive ?
Or should the prize of beauty be deny'd,
Has beauty's empress aught to boast beside ?
And, ting'd with poison, pleasing while it harms,
My darts I trusted to your infant arms ;
If, when your hands have arch'd the golden bow,
The world's great Ruler, bending, owns the blow,
Let no contending form invade my due,
Tall Juno's mien, nor Pallas' eyes of blue.
But, grac'd with triumph, to the Paphian shore
Your Venus bears the palms of conquest o'er ;
And joyful see my hundred altars there,
With costly gums perfume the wanton air.

While thus the Cupids hear the Cyprian dame,
The groves resounded where a goddess came.
The warlike Pallas march'd with mighty stride,
Her shield forgot, her helmet laid aside.
Her hair unbound, in curls and order flow'd,
And peace, or something like, her visage shew'd ;
So, with her eyes serene, and hopeful haste,
The long-stretch'd alleys of the wood she trac'd ;
But, where the woods a second entrance found,
With scepter'd pomp and golden glory crown'd,
The stately Juno stalk'd, to reach the seat,
And hear the sentence in the last debate ;
And long, severely long, resent the grove ;
In this, what boots it she's the wife of Jove ?

Arm'd with a grace at length, secure to win,
The lovely Venus, smiling, enters in ;
All sweet and shining, near the youth she drew,
Her rosy neck ambrosial odours threw ;
The sacred scents diffus'd among the leaves,
Ran down the woods, and fill'd their hoary caves ;
The charms, so amorous all, and each so great,
The conquer'd judge no longer keeps his seat ;
Oppress'd with light, he drops his weary'd eyes,
And fears he should be thought to doubt the prize

MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR

LEAVING LONDON.

FROM town fair Arabella flies :

The beaux unpowder'd grieve ;
The rivers play before her eyes ;
The breezes, softly breathing, rise ;
The spring begins to live.

Her lovers swore, they must expire :
Yet quickly find their ease ;
For, as she goes, their flames retire,
Love thrives before a nearer fire,
Esteem by distant rays.

Yet soon the fair-one will return,
When summer quits the plain :
Ye rivers, pour the weeping urn ;
Ye breezes, sadly sighing, mourn ;
Ye lovers, burn again.

'Tis constancy enough in love
That nature's fairly shewn :
To search for more, will fruitless prove ;
Romances, and the turtle dove,
The virtue boast alone.

A RIDDLE.

UPON a bed of humble clay,
In all her garments loose,
A prostitute my mother lay,
To every comer's use.

Till one gallant, in heat of love,
His own peculiar made her ;
And to a region far above,
And softer beds, convey'd her.

But, in his absence, to his place
His rougher rival came ;
And, with a cold constrain'd embrace,
Begot me on the dame.

I then appear'd to public view
A creature wondrous bright ;
But shortly perishable too,
Inconstant, nice, and light.

On feathers not together fast
I wildly flew about,
And from my father's country pass'd
To find my mother out.

Where her gallant, of her beguill'd,
With me enamour'd grew,
And I, that was my mother's child,
Brought forth my mother too.

ON THE
DEATH OF MR. VINER.

Is Viner dead ? and shall each Muse become
Silent as death, and as his music dumb ?
Shall he depart without a poet's praise,
Who oft to harmony has tun'd their lays ?
Shall he, who knew the elegance of sound,
Find no one voice to sing him to the ground ?
Music and poetry are sister arts,
Shew a like genius, and consenting hearts :
My soul with his is secretly ally'd,
And I am forc'd to speak, since Viner dy'd.
Oh, that my Muse, as once his notes, could swell !
That I might all his praises fully tell ;
That I might say with how much skill he play'd,
How nimbly four extended strings survey'd ;
How bow and fingers, with a noble strife,
Did raise the vocal fiddle into life ;
How various sounds, in various order rang'd,
By unobserv'd degrees minutely chang'd,
Through a vast space could in divisions run,
Be all distinct, yet all agree in one :
And how the fleeter notes could swiftly pass,
And skip alternately from place to place ;

The strings could with a sudden impulse bound,
Speak every touch, and tremble into sound.

The liquid harmony, a tuneful tide,
Now seem'd to rage, anon would gently glide ;
By turns would ebb and flow, would rise and fall,
Be loudly daring, or be softly small :
While all was blended in one common name,
Wave push'd on wave, and all compos'd a stream.

The different tones melodiously combin'd,
Temper'd with art, in sweet confusion join'd ;
The soft, the strong, the clear, the shrill, the deep,
Would sometimes soar aloft, and sometimes creep ;
While every soul upon his motions hung,
As though it were in tuneful concert strung.
His touch did strike the fibres of the heart,
And a like trembling secretly impart ;
Where various passions did by turns succeed,
He made it cheerful, and he made it bleed ;
Could wind it up into a glowing fire,
Then shift the scene, and teach it to expire.

Oft have I seen him, on a public stage,
Alone the gaping multitude engage ;
The eyes and ears of each spectator draw,
Command their thoughts, and give their passions
law ;

While other music, in oblivion drown'd,
Seem'd a deed pulse, or a neglected sound.

Alas ! he's gone, our great Apollo's dead,
And all that's sweet and tuneful with him fled ;
Hibernia, with one universal cry,
Laments the loss, and speaks his elegy,
Farewell, thou author of refin'd delight,
Too little known, too soon remov'd from sight ;
Those fingers, which such pleasure did convey,
Must now become to stupid worms a prey :
Thy grateful fiddle will for ever stand
A silent mourner for its master's hand ;
Thy art is only to be match'd above,
Where music reigns, and in that music love :
Where thou wilt in the happy chorus join,
And quickly thy melodious soul refine
To the exalted pitch of harmony divine.

EPIGRAM.

" Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obla-
" Res angusta domi—"

THE greatest gifts that nature does bestow,
Can't unassisted to perfection grow :
A scanty fortune clips the wings of fame,
And checks the progress of a rising name :
Each dastard virtue drags a captive's chain,
And moves but slowly ; for it moves with pain :
Domestic cares sit hard upon the mind, confin'd :
And cramp those thoughts which should be un-
The cries of poverty alarm the soul,
Abate its vigour, its designs control :
The stings of want inflict the wounds of death,
And motion always ceases with the breath.
The love of friends is found a languid fire,
That glares but faintly, and will soon expire ;
Weak is its force, nor can its warmth be great,
A feeble light begets a feeble heat.

Wealth is the fuel that must feed the flame,
It dies in rags, and scarce deserves a name.

ON THE

CASTLE OF DUBLIN. 1715.

THIS house and inhabitants both well agree,
And resemble each other as near as can be;
One half is decay'd, and in want of a prop,
The other new-built; but not finish'd at top.

LOVE IN DISGUISE.

To stifle passion, is no easy thing;
A heart in love is always on the wing;
The bold betrayer flutters still,
And fans the breath prepar'd to tell:
It melts the tongue, and tunes the throat,
And moves the lips to form the note;
And when the speech is lost,
It then sends out its ghost,
A little sigh,
To say we die. [prove;
'Tis strange the air that cools, a flame should
But wonder not, it is the air of love.

Yet, Chloris, I can make my love look well,
And cover bleeding wounds I can't conceal;
My words such artful accents break,
You think I rather act than speak:
My sighs enliven'd through a smile,
Your unsuspecting thoughts beguile;
My eyes are vary'd so,
You can't their wishes know:
And I'm so gay,
You think I play.
Happy contrivance! such as can't be priz'd,
To live in love, and yet to live disguis'd!

CHLORIS APPEARING IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

OFF have I seen a piece of art,
Of light and shade the mixture fine,
Speak of all the passions of the heart,
And shew true life in every line.

But what is this before my eyes,
With every feature, every grace,
That strikes with love and with surprise,
And gives me all the vital face!

It is not Chloris: for, behold,
The shifting phantom comes and goes;
And when 'tis here, 'tis pale and cold,
Nor any female softness knows.

But 'tis her image, for I feel
The very pains that Chloris gives;

Her charms are there, I know them well,
I see what in my bosom lives.

Oh, could I but the picture save!
'Tis drawn by her own matchless skill;
Nature the lively colours gave,
And she need only look to kill.

Ah! fair one, will it not suffice,
That I should once your victim lie;
Unless you multiply your eyes,
And strive to make me doubly die?

ON A LADY WITH FOUL BREATH.

ART thou alive? It cannot be,
There's so much rottenness in thee,
Corruption only is in death;
And what's more putrid than thy breath?
Think not you live because you speak,
For grave-such hollow sounds can make;
And respiration can't suffice,
For vapours do from caverns rise:
From such the noisome stench comes,
Thy mouth betrays thy breast a tomb.
Thy body is a corpse that goes,
By magic rais'd from its repose:
A pestilence, that walks by day,
But falls at night to worms and clay.
But I will to my Chloris run,
Who will not let me be undone:
The sweets her virgin-breath contains
Are fitted to remove my pains;
There will I healing nectar sip,
And, to be sav'd, approach her lip,
Though, if I touch the matchless dame,
I'm sure to burn with inward flame.
Thus, when I would one danger shun,
I'm straight upon another thrown:
I seek a cure, one sore to ease,
Yet in that cure's a new disease:
But love, though fatal, still can bless,
And greater dangers hide the less;
I'll go where passion bids me fly,
And choose my death, since I must die;
As doves, pursued by birds of prey,
Venture with milder man to stay.

ON THE NUMBER THREE.

BEAUTY rests not in one fix'd place,
But seems to reign in every face;
'Tis nothing sure but fancy then,
In various forms, bewitching men;
Or is its shape and colour fram'd,
Proportion just, and woman nam'd?
If fancy only rul'd in love,
Why should it then so strongly move?
Or why should all that look agree,
To own its mighty power in three?

In three it shews a different face,
Each shining with peculiar grace.
Kindred a native likeness gives,
Which pleases, as in all it lives;
And, where the features disagree,
We praise the dear variety.
Then beauty surely ne'er was yet,
So much unlike itself, and so complete.

E S S A Y

O N

THE DIFFERENT STYLES OF POETRY.

TO HENRY LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

"—Vetibus addere calcar,
"Ut studio majore petant Heliconæ virentem."
HOR. Ep. ii. 1.

Allegory is in itself so retir'd a way of writing, that it was thought proper to say something before hand concerning this piece, which is entirely framed upon it. The design, therefore, is to show the several styles which have been made use of by those who have endeavour'd to write verse. The scheme, by which it is carried on, supposes an old Grecian poet couching his observations or instructions within an allegory; which allegory is wrought out upon the single word flight, as in the figurative way it signifies a thought above the common level: Here wit is made to be Pegasus, and the poet his rider, who flies by several countries where he must not touch, by which are meant so many vicious styles, and arrives at last at the sublime. This way of writing is not only very engaging to the fancy, whenever it is well performed, but it has been thought also one of the first that the poets made use of. Hence arose many of those stories concerning the heathen gods, which at first were invented to insinuate truth and morality more pleasingly, and which afterwards made poetry itself more solemn, when they happened to be received into the heathen divinity. And indeed, there seems to be no likelier way by which a poetical genius may yet appear as an original, than that he should proceed with a full compass of thought and knowledge, either to design his plan, or to beautify the parts of it, in an allegorical manner. We are much beholden to antiquity for those excellent compositions by which writers at present form their minds; but it is not so much required of us to adhere merely to their fables, as to observe their manner. For, if we preclude our own invention, poetry will consist only in expression, or simile, or the application of old stories; and the utmost character to which a genius can arrive will depend on imitation, or a borrowing from others, which we must agree together not to call stealing, because we take only from the ancients. There have been poets amongst ourselves, such as Spenser and Milton, who have successfully ventured further. These instances

may let us see that invention is not bounded by what has been done before: they may open our imaginations, and be one method of preserving us from writing without schemes. As for what relates any further particularly to this poem, the reader will observe, that its aim is instruction. Perhaps a representation of several mistakes and difficulties, which happen to many who write poetry, may deter some from attempting what they have not been made for: and perhaps the description of several beauties belonging to it may afford hints towards forming a genius for delighting and improving mankind. If either of these happen, the poem is useful; and upon that account its faults may be more easily excus'd.

I HATE the vulgar with untuneful mind;
Hearts uninspir'd, and senses unrefin'd.
Hence, ye profane: I raise the sounding string,
And Bolingbroke descends to hear me sing.

When Greece could truth in mystic fable shroud,
And with delight instruct the listening crowd,
An ancient poet (time has lost his name)
Deliver'd strains on verse to future fame.
Still, as he sung, he touch'd the trembling lyre,
And felt the notes a rising warmth inspire.
Ye sweetening graces, in the music throng,
Assist my genius, and retrieve the song
From dark oblivion. See, my genius goes
To call it forth. 'Twas thus the poem rose,

"Wit is the Muse's horse, and bears on high
The daring rider to the Muses' sky:
Who, while his strength to mount aloft he tries,
By regions varying in their nature flies.

At first, he riseth o'er a land of toil,
A barren, hard, and undeserving soil,
Where only weeds from heavy labour grow,
Which yet the nation prune, and keep for show;
Where coupling jingling on their accent run,
Whose point of epigram is sunk to pun;
Where wings by fancy never feather'd fly,
Where lines in measure form'd in hatchets lie;
Where altars stand, erected porches grape, (shape;
And sense is cramp'd while words are par'd to
Where mean acrostics, labour'd in a frame
On scatter'd letters, raise a painful scheme;
And, by confinement in their work, controul
The great enlargings of the boundless soul;
Where if a warrior's elevated fire
Would all the brightest strokes of verse require,
Then straight in anagram a wretched crew
Will pay their undeserving praises too;
While on the rack his poor disjointed name
Must tell its master's character to fame.
And (if my fire and fears aright preface)
The labouring writers of a future age
Shall clear new ground, and grots and caves repair,
To civilize the babbling echoes there.
Then, while a lover treads a lonely walk,
His voice shall with its own reflection talk,
The closing sounds of all the vain device
Select by trouble frivolously nice,

+ These, and the like conceits, of putting poems into several shapes, by the different lengths of lines, are frequent in old poets of most languages.

Resound through verse, and with a false pretence
Support the dialogue, and pass for sense.
Can things like these to lasting praise pretend?
Can any muse the worthless toil besfriend?
Ye sacred virgins, in my thoughts ador'd,
Ah, be for ever in my lines deplor'd,
If tricks on words acquire an endless name,
And trifles merit in the court of fame!"

At this the poet stood concern'd a while,
And view'd his objects with a scornful smile:
Then other images of different kind,
With different workings, enter'd on his mind;
At whose approach, he felt the former gone,
And shiver'd in conceit, and thus went on:

"By a cold region next the rider goes,
Where all lies cover'd in eternal snows;
Where no bright genius drives the chariot high,
To glitter on the ground, and gild the sky.
Bleak level realm, where frigid styles abound,
Where never yet a daring thought was found,
But counted feet is poetry defin'd;
And starv'd conceits, that chill the reader's mind,
A little sense in many words imply,
And drag in loitering numbers slowly by.
Here dry sententious speeches, half asleep,
Prolong'd in lines, o'er many pages creep;
Nor ever show the passions well express'd,
Nor raise like passions in another's breast.
Here flat narrations fair exploits debase,
In measures void of every shining grace;
Which never arm their hero for the field,
Nor with prophetic story paint the shield,
Nor fix the crest, nor make the feathers wave,
Nor with their characters reward the brave;
Undeck'd they stand, and unadorn'd with praise,
And fail to profit, while they fail to please.
Here forc'd description is so strangely wrought,
It never stamps its image on the thought;
The lifeless trees may stand for ever bare,
And rivers stop, for aught the readers care;
They see no branches trembling in the woods,
Nor hear the murmurs of increasing floods,
Which near the roots with ruffled waters flow,
And shake the shadows of the boughs below.
Ah, sacred verse, replete with heavenly flame,
Such gold endeavours would invade thy name!
The writer fondly would in these survive,
Which, wanting spirit, never seem'd alive —
But, if applause or fame attend his pen,
Let breathless statues pass for breathing men."

Here seem'd the finger touch'd at what he sung,

And grief a while delay'd his hand and tongue:
But soon he check'd his fingers, chose a strain,
And flourish'd shrill, and thus arose again:

"Pass the next region which appears to show:
'Tis very open, unimprov'd, and low;
No noble flights of elevated thought,
No nervous strength of sense maturely wrought,
Possess this realm, but common turns are there,
Which idly sportive move with childish air.
On callow wings, and like a plague of flies,
The little fancies in a poem rise,
The jaded reader every where to strike,
And move his passions every where alike.

There all the graceful nymphs are forc'd to pass
Where any water bubbles in the way:
There shaggy fatyrs are oblig'd to rove
In all the fields, and over all the grove:
There every star is summon'd from its sphere,
To dress one face, and make Clorinda fair:
There Cupids sling their darts in every song,
Whilst nature stands neglected all along:
Till the teaz'd hearer, vex'd at last to find
One constant object still assault the mind,
Admires no more at what's no longer new,
And hastes to shun the persecuting view.
There bright surprises of poetic rage
(Whose strength and beauty, more confirm'd in age

For having lasted, last the longer still)
By weak attempts are imitated ill,
Or carried on beyond their proper light,
Or with refinement flourish'd out of sight.
There metaphors on metaphors abound,
And sense by differing images confound,
Strange injudicious management of thought,
Not born to rage, nor into method brought.
Ah, sacred Muse! from such a realm retreat,
Nor idly waste the influence of thy heat
On shallow soils, where quick productions rise,
And wither as the warmth that rais'd them dies."

Here o'er his breast a sort of pity roll'd,
Which something labouring in the mind controll'd,
And made him touch the loud resounding strings,
While thus with music's stronger tones he sings:

"Mount higher still, still keep thy faithful seat
Mind the firm reins, and curb thy couriers heat;
Nor let him touch the realms that next appear,
Whose hanging turrets seem a fall to fear;
And strangely stand along the tracks of air,
Where thunder rolls, and bearded comets glare.
The thoughts that most extravagantly soar,
The words that sound as if they meant to roar;
For rant and noise are offer'd here to choice,
And stand elected by the public voice.
All schemes are slighted which attempt to shine
At once with strange and probable design.
'Tis here a mean conceit, a vulgar view,
That bears the least respect to seeming true;
While every trifling turn of things is seen
To move by gods descending in machine.
Here swelling lines with stalking strut proceed,
And in the clouds terrific rumblings breed;
Here single heroes deal grim deaths around,
And armies perish in tremendous sound;
Here fearful monsters are preserv'd to die,
In such a tumult as affrights the sky;
For which the golden sun shall hide with dread,
And Neptune lift his sedge-matted head,
Admire the roar, and dive with dire dismay,
And seek his deepest chambers in the sea.
To raise their subject thus the lines devise,
And false extravagance would vain surprise:
Yet still, ye gods, ye live untouched by fear,
And undisturb'd at bellowing monsters here:
But with compassion guard the brain of men,
If thus they bellow through the poets pen:
So will the reader's eyes discern aright
The rashest folly from the noblest sight,

And find that only boast and sound agree
To seem the life and voice of majesty,
When writers rampant on Apollo call,
And bid him enter and possess them all,
And make his flames afford a wild pretence
To keep them unrestrain'd by common sense.
Ah, sacred verse! lest reason quit thy seat,
Give none to such, or give a gentler heat."

'Twas here the finger felt his temper wrought
By fairer prospects, which arose to thought;
And in himself a while collected sat,
And much admir'd at this, and much at that;
Till all the beauteous forms in order ran,
And then he took their track, and thus began:

"Above the beauties, far above the show
In which weak nature dresses here below,
Stands the great palace of the bright and fine,
Where fair ideas in full glory shine;
Eternal models of exalted parts,
The pride of minds, and conquerors of hearts,

Upon the first arrival here, are seen
Rang'd walks of bay, the Muses' ever-green,
Each sweetly springing from some sacred bough,
Whose circling shade adorn'd a poet's brow,
While through the leaves, in unmolested skies,
The gentle breathing of applauses flies,
And flattering sounds are heard within the breeze,
And pleasing murmur runs among the trees,
And falls of water join the flattering sounds,
And murmur softening from the shore rebounds.
The warbled melody, the lovely sights,
The calms of solitude inspire delights,
The dazzled eyes, the ravish'd ears, are caught,
The panting heart unites to purer thought,
And grateful shiverings wander o'er the skin,
And wondrous ecstasies arise within,
Whence admiration overflows the mind,
And leaves the pleasure felt, but undefin'd.
Stay, daring rider, now no longer rove;
Now pass to find the palace through the grove:
Whate'er you see, whate'er you feel, display
The realm you sought for; daring rider, stay.

Here various fancy spreads a varied scene,
And judgment likes the sight, and looks serene,
And can be pleas'd itself, and helps to please,
And joins the work, and regulates the lays.
Thus, on a plan design'd by double care,
The building rises in the glittering air,
With just agreement fram'd in every part,
And smoothly polish'd with the nicest art.

Here laurel-boughs, which ancient heroes wore,
Now not so fading as they prov'd before,
Wreath round the pillars which the poets rear,
And slope their points to make a foilage there.
Here chaplets, pull'd in gently-breathing wind,
And wrought by lovers innocently kind,
Hung o'er the porch, their fragrant odours give,
And fresh in lasting song for ever live.
The shades, for whom with such indulgent care
Fame wreaths the boughs, or hangs the chaplets
there,

To deathless honours thus preserv'd above,
For ages conquer, or for ages love.

Here bold description paints the walls within,
Her pencil touches, and the world is seen:

The fields look beauteous in their flowery pride,
The mountains rear aloft, the vales subside;
The cities rise, the rivers seem to play,
And hanging rocks repel the foaming sea;
The foaming seas their angry billows show,
Curl'd white above, and darkly roll'd below,
Or cease their rage, and, as they calmly lie,
Return the pleasing pictures of the sky;

The skies, extended in an open view,
Appear a lofty distant arch of blue,
In which description stains the painted bow,
Or thickens clouds, and feathers out the snow
Or mingles blushes in the morning ray,
Or gilds the noon, or turns an evening gray.

Here, on the pedestals of war and peace,
In different rows, and with a different grace,
Fine statues proudly ride, or nobly stand,
To which narration with a pointing hand
Directs the sight and makes examples please
By boldly venturing to dilate in praise;
While chosen beauties lengthen out the song,
Yet make her hearers never think it long.
Or if, with closer art, with sprightly mein,
Scarce like herself, and more like Action seen,
She bids their facts in images arise,
And seem to pass before the reader's eyes,
The words like charms enchanted motion give,
And all the statues of the palace live.
Then hosts embattled stretch their lines afar,
Their leader's speeches animate the war,
The trumpets sound, the feather'd arrows fly,
The sword is drawn, the lance is toss'd on
high,

The brave press on, the fainter forces yield,
And death in different shapes deforms the field.
Or, should the shepherds be dispos'd to play,
Amintor's jolly pipe beguiles the day,
And jocund echos dally with the sound,
And nymphs in measures trip along the ground,
And, ere the dews have wet the grass below,
Turn homewards singing all the way they go.

Here, as on circumstance narrations dwell,
And tell what moves, and hardly seem to tell
The toil of heroes on the dusty plains,
Or on the green the merriment of swains,
Reflection speaks: then all the forms that rose
In life's enchanted scene themselves compose:
Whilst the grave voice, controlling all the spells,
With solemn utterance, thus the moral tells:

"So public worth its enemies destroys,

"Or private innocence itself enjoys."

Here all the passions, for their greater sway,
In all the power of words themselves array:
And hence the soft pathetic gently charms,
And hence the bolder fills the breast with arms,
Sweet love in numbers finds a world of darts,
And with desirings wounds the tender hearts.
Fair hope displays its pinions to the wind,
And flutters in the lines, and lifts the mind.
Brisk joy with transport fills the rising strain,
Breaks in the notes, and bounds in every vein.
Stern courage, glittering in the sparks of ire,
Inflames those lays that set the breast on fire.
Aversion learns to fly with swifter will,
In numbers taught to represent an ill.

By frightful accents fear produces fears;
By sad expression sorrow melts to tears:
And dire amazement and despair are brought
By words of horror through the wilds of thought.
'Tis thus tumultuous passions learn to roll;
Thus, arm'd with poetry, they win the soul.

Pass farther through the dome, another view
Would now the pleasures of thy mind renew,
Where oft description for the colours goes,
Which raise and animate its native shows;
Where oft narration seeks a florid grace
To keep from sinking ere 'tis time to cease;
Where easy turns reflection looks to find,
When morals aim at dress to please the mind;
Where lively figures are for use array'd,
And these an action, those a passion, aid.

There modest metaphors in order sit,
With unaffected, undisguising wit,
That leave their own, and seek another's place,
Not forc'd, but changing with an easy pace,
To deck a notion faintly seen before,
And truth preserves her shape, and shines the more

By these the beauteous similes reside,
In look more open, in design ally'd,
Who, fond of likeness, from another's face
Bring every feature's corresponding grace,
With near approaches in expression flow,
And take the turn their pattern loves to show;
As in a glass the shadows meet the fair,
And dress and practise with resembling air.
Thus truth by pleasure doth her aim pursue,
Looks bright, and fixes on the doubled view.

There repetitions one another meet,
Expressly strong, or languishingly sweet,
And raise the sort of sentiment they please,
And urge the sort of sentiment they raise.

There close in order are the questions plac'd,
Which march with art conceal'd in shows of haste,
And work the reader till his mind be brought
To make its answers in the writer's thought.
For thus the moving passions seem to throng,
And with their quickness force the soul along;
And thus the soul grows fond they should prevail,
When every question seems a fair appeal;
And if by just degrees of strength they soar,
In steps as equal each affects the more.

There strange commotion, naturally shown,
Speaks on regardless that she speaks alone,
Nor minds if they to whom she talks be near,
Nor cares if that to which she talks can hear.
The warmth of anger dares an absent foe;
The words of pity speak to tears of woe;
The love that hopes, on errands sends the breeze;
And love despairing moans to naked trees.

There stand the new creations of the muse,
Poetic persons, whom the writers use
Where'er a cause magnificently great
Would fix attention with peculiar weight.
'Tis hence that humble provinces are seen
Transform'd to matrons with neglected mien,
Who call their warriors in a mournful sound,
And shew their crowns of turrets on the ground,
While over urns reclining rivers moan
They should enrich a nation not their own.

'Tis hence the virtues are no more confin'd
To be but rules of reason in the mind;
The heavenly forms start forth, appear to breathe,
And in bright shapes converse with men beneath;
And, as a god in combat valour leads,
In council prudence as a goddess aids.

There exclamations all the voice employ
In sudden flushes of concern or joy:
Then seem the sluices, which the passions bound,
To burst asunder with a speechless sound;
And then with tumult and surprise they roll,
And shew the case important in the soul.

There rising sentences attempt to speak,
Which wonder, sorrow, shame, or anger break;
But so the part directs to find the rest,
That what remains behind is more than guess'd.
Thus fill'd with ease, yet left unfinish'd too,
The sense looks large within the reader's view:
He freely gathers all the passion means,
And artful silence more than words explains,
Methinks a thousand graces more I see,
And I could dwell—but when would thought be free

Engaging method ranges all the band,
And smooth transition joins them hand in hand
Around the music of my lays they throng,
Ah, too deserving objects of my song:
Live, wondrous palace, live secure of time,
To senses harmony, to souls sublime,
And just proportion all, and great design,
And lively colours, and an air divine.

'Tis here that, guided by the Muses' fire,
And fill'd with sacred thought, her friends re-tire,

Unbent to care, and unconcern'd with noise,
To taste repose and elevated joys,
Which in a deep untroubled leisure meet,
Serenely ravishing, politely sweet.
From hence the charms that most engage they choose,

And, as they please, the glittering objects use;
While to their genius, more than art, they trust,
Yet art acknowledges their labours just.
From hence they look, from this exalted show,
To choose their subject in the world below,
And where an hero well deserves a name,
They consecrate his acts in song to fame;
Or, if a science unadorn'd they find,
They smooth its look to please and teach the mind;

And where a friendship's generously strong,
They celebrate the knot of souls in song;
Or, if the verses must inflame desire,
The thoughts are melted, and the words on fire:
But, when the temples deck'd with glory stand,
And hymns of gratitude the gods demand,
Their bosoms kindle with celestial love,
And then alone they cast their eyes above.

Hail, sacred verse! ye sacred Muses, hail!
Could I your pleasures with your fire reveal,
The world might then be taught to know you right,

And court your rage, and envy my delight.
But, whilst I follow where your pointed beams
My course directing shoot in golden streams,

The bright appearance dazzles fancy's eyes,
And weary'd-out the fix'd attention lies;
Enough, my verses, have you work'd my breast,
I'll seek the sacred grove, and sink to rest."

No longer now the ravish'd poet sung,
His voice in easy cadence left the tongue;
Nor o'er the music did his fingers fly,
The sounds ran tingling, and they seem'd to die.

O, Bolingbroke! O favourite of the skies,
O born to gifts by which the noblest rise,
Improv'd in arts by which the brightest please,
Intent to business, and polite for ease;
Sublime in eloquence, where loud applause
Hath styl'd thee patron of a nation's cause,
'Twas there the world perceiv'd and own'd thee
great,

Thence Anna call'd thee to the reins of state;
"Go, said the greatest queen, with Oxford go,
And still the tumults of the world below,
Exert thy powers, and prosper; he that knows
To move with Oxford, never should repose."

She spake: the patriot overspread thy mind,
And all thy days to public good resign'd.
Else might thy soul, so wonderfully wrought
For every depth and turn of curious thought,
To this the poet's sweet recess retreat,

And thence report the pleasures of the seat,
Describe the raptures which a writer knows,
When in his breast a vein of fancy glows,
Describe his business while he works the mine,
Describe his temper when he sees it shine,
Or say, when readers easy verse ensnares,
How much the writer's mind can act on theirs:
Whence images, in charming numbers set,
A sort of likeness in the soul beget,
And what fair visions oft we fancy nigh
By fond delusions of the swimming eye,
Or further pierce through nature's maze to find
How passions drawn give passions to the mind.

Oh, what a sweet confusion! what surprise!
How quick the shifting views of pleasure rise!
While, lightly skimming, with a transient wing,
I touch the beauties which I wish to sing.
Is verse a sovereign regent of the soul,
And fitted all its motions to control?
Or are they sisters, tun'd at once above,
And shake like unisons if either move?
For, when the numbers sing an eager fight,
I've heard a soldier's voice express delight;

I've seen his eyes with crowding spirits shine,
And round his hilt his hand unthinking twine.
When from the shore the fickle Trojan flies,
And in sweet measures poor Eliza dies,
I've seen the book forsake the virgin's hand,
And in her eyes the tears but hardly stand,
I've known her blush at soft Corinna's name,
And in red characters confess a flame:
Or with success had more adorn'd his arms,
Who gave the world for Cleopatra's charms.

Ye sons of glory, be my first appeal,
If here the power of lines these lines reveal.
When some great youth has with impetuous
thought

Read o'er achievements which another wrought,
And seen his courage and his honour go
Through crowding nations in triumphant show,
His soul, enchanted by the words he reads,
Shines all impregnated with sparkling seeds,
And courage here, and honour there, appears
In brave design that soars beyond his years;
And this a spear, and that a chariot lends,
And war and triumph he by turns attends;
Thus gallant pleasures are his waking dream,
Till some fair cause have call'd him forth to
fame.

Then, form'd to life on what the poet made,
And breathing slaughter, and in arms array'd,
He marches forward on the daring foe,
And emulation acts in every blow.
Great Hector's shade in fancy stalks along,
From rank to rank amongst the martial throng;
While from his acts he learns a noble rage,
And shines like Hector in the present age.
Thus verse will raise him to the victor's bays;
And verse, that rais'd him, shall resound his
praise.

Ye tender beauties, be my witness too,
If song can charm, and if my song be true.
With sweet experience oft a fair may find
Her passions mov'd by passions well design'd;
And then she longs to meet a gentle swain,
And longs to love, and to be lov'd again.
And if by chance an amorous youth appears,
With pants and blushes she the courtship hears;
And finds a tale that must with theirs agree,
And he's Septimius, and his Acme she:
Thus lost in thought her melted heart she gives,
And the rais'd lover by the poet lives.

I've seen his eyes with crowding forth
And reach his hand, his hand, his hand,
When from the host the light
And in sweet measure pour his wine
I've seen the look of his hand
And in his eyes the tears have fallen
I've known his hand, his hand, his hand
And in his hand, his hand, his hand
Or with his hand, his hand, his hand
Who gave the world the light of day
Ye sons of glory, my first sight
I've seen the power of his hand
When from his hand, his hand, his hand

Head of a child, his hand, his hand
And from his hand, his hand, his hand
I've seen the power of his hand
And from his hand, his hand, his hand
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The light appears, the light appears
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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR SAMUEL GARTH, M. D.

Containing

THE DISPENSARY,
CLAREMONT,
EPISTLES,



PROLOGUES,
EPILOGUES,
TRANSLATIONS,

W. W. W.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Let GARTH with sharp, but salutary spleen,
As music gentle, but as lightning keen,
In *physic's* mock solemnity appear,
Or with *correct description* charm your ear.

ANON. EPISTLE TO A LADY.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

THE
POETICAL WORKS

SIR SAMUEL GARTH, M.D.

Containing

THE DISTRESS, THE COMPLAINT, THE PROLOGUE, THE EPILOGUE, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Let Garth with sharp, but tender, pen,
As gentle youth, but as lightning keen,
In rhyme's sweet harmony appear,
Or with coarsest epithets charm your ear.
AMON. SPENCER TO A LADY.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MURRAY AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.
1793.

THE LIFE OF GARTH.

SAMUEL GARTH was of a good family in Yorkshire; but the year and place of his birth are not certainly known.

From some school in his own county, he was sent to Peter-House College in Cambridge, where he resided till he commenced Doctor of Physic, July 7. 1691.

He now repaired to London, where he resolved to settle in the practice of his profession, and was examined before the College of Physicians 12th March 1691-2, and admitted a Fellow 26th June 1693.

He was soon so much distinguished by his conversation and accomplishments, as to obtain very extensive practice, and had the favour and confidence of the Whigs, as Radcliffe had of the Tories.

In 1696, he acted a conspicuous part in the famous diffension in the College of Physicians, concerning the observance of an edict, passed 28th July 1687, requiring all the Fellows, Candidates, and Licentiates to give gratuitous advice to the neighbouring poor.

He is always mentioned as a man of benevolence; and, on this occasion, he concurred with a majority of the College, in enforcing the observance of the edict, and in adopting a proposition for a subscription among the members, to accommodate the poor with medicines at prime cost, by preparing them in a proper dispensatory for that purpose.

This work of charity having exposed him and the physicians with whom he acted to a malignant opposition from some members of the College, and the Society of Apothecaries, he resolved to expose their envy and resentment in a proper satire.

He was not long in executing his purpose with peculiar spirit and vivacity, in his admirable burlesque poem, intitled *The Dispensary*, which came out *flagrante bello*, and co-operating with the passions and prejudices then prevalent, was universally and liberally applauded. It was on the side of charity, against the intrigues of interest; and of regular learning, against licentious usurpation of medical authority; and was therefore naturally favoured by those who read and can judge of poetry.

It was dedicated to Anthony Henley, Esq., and had commendatory verses before it, by Charles Boyle, afterwards Earl of Orrery, Colonel Codrington, Thomas Cheek, Esq., and Colonel Blunt; and bore three impressions in a few months.

In 1697, he spoke the *Harveian Oration*, before the College in Warwick-Lane, "to the great satisfaction of the auditors, and his own honour," as it is expressed in the register of the College.

The applause with which it was received by the College, was confirmed by the public, who, in this instance, testified almost an equal admiration of the poet, who exposed, in the genteel satire, the mean-spirited intrigues of the false brethren of the Faculty, and of the orator, who ridiculed, with a just spirit and inimitable humour, the mischievous knavery of the multifarious classes of quacks.

In the *Harveian Oration*, he introduced an animated apostrophe to King William, "Ad te nunc coronidis loco convertimur Gulielme Auguste," &c., and an eloquent encomium on the blessings of the Revolution.

On the death of Dryden, in 1701, he performed a memorable act of generosity and tenderness, in providing a suitable interment to his shamefully abandoned corpse; which he caused to be brought to the College of Physicians, proposed and encouraged a subscription for defraying the expense of a funeral, pronounced a proper oration over the great poet's remains, and afterwards attended the solemnity from Warwick-Lane to Westminster Abbey.

For this one pious action, the memory of Garth will be regarded with everlasting honour and gratitude, by the admirers of the great father of genuine English poetry.

In 1702, he was elected one of the censors of the College of Physicians.

Being an active and zealous Whig, he was an original member of the Kit-Kat Club, established in 1703, which consisted of about thirty noblemen and gentlemen, distinguished by a warm zeal for the succession in the House of Hanover.

It received its name from one Christopher Kat, a pastry-cook, near the tavern in King-Street, Westminster, where they met, who often served them with tarts, and other things in his way.

Old Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, was their secretary; and the portraits of all the original members of the club, painted by Kneller, were long in the possession of his family at Barn-elms, and are now the property of Richard Baker, Esq., and are at his house in Hill-Street, Berkley Square, London.

In concert with Halifax, and other members of the Club, who recommended loyalty and liberty, by the powerful influence of wit and pleasantry, Garth furnished extempore epigrams on the most celebrated Whig beauties, which were inscribed on their drinking glasses.

He was familiarly known to all the great men of the Whig party, and enjoyed, with great moderation, the sunshine of court-favour during Godolphin's administration, and attended the dismissal of that minister, in 1710, with a short poem, which is an unequivocal testimony of his gratitude, and the steadiness and sincerity of his attachment.

There were some to whom this testimony of gratitude was displeasing, and the poem was severely criticised by Prior, in "The Examiner," a paper engaged in defence of the new ministry, and successfully vindicated by Addison, in "The Whig-Examiner," who conferred additional honour on the poet and the verses, by his admirable vindication.

In 1711, he wrote a dedication for an intended edition of Lucretius, to the Elector of Hanover, which is remarkable for its elegant Latinity.

At the accession of that prince to the British throne, his merits were acknowledged and rewarded: He was knighted with the sword of Marlborough, and was made Physician in Ordinary to the King, and Physician-general to the Army.

In 1715, he published a poem, intitled *Claremont*, addressed to the Earl of Clare, afterwards Duke of Newcastle, on his giving that name to his beautiful and magnificent villa, near Esher, in Surrey.

He then undertook an edition of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, translated by several hands, to which he contributed a version of the fourteenth book, and prefixed a critical and recommendatory preface.

This was his last work. His health now visibly declined, which caused a general concern. Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdowne, though of a different party, testified his sensibility in strains worthy of Waller.

"Machaon sick! in every face we find,
His danger is the danger of mankind," &c.

He died 18th January 1717-18, and was buried in the church of Harrow on the Hill. He left an only daughter, who was married to Colonel Boyle.

The personal character of Garth seems to have been very amiable. He was a good poet, a good physician, and an honest man, and more than merely and passively so. His benevolence was as active as it was extensive. His hand and heart went together; a circumstance more valuable than all the lustre that genius can confer. He communicated himself through a very wide extent of acquaintance; and though firm in a party, yet he imparted his kindness to those who were not supposed to favour his principles. He buried Dryden. He was an early encourager of Pope.

Well-natur'd Garth, inflamed with early praise.

In the conflict of parties, he was caressed by the first wits on either side. He was at once the friend of Addison and of Granville.

"The best natured of men," says Pope, in one of his letters "Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in the truest concern for his loss. His death was very heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a saint or a philosopher famous. But ill tongues, and worse hearts, have branded his last moments as wrongfully, as they did his life with irreligion. You must have heard many tales upon this subject: but if ever there was a good Christian, without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth."

His poems were collected and printed by Tonson, among "The Works of the Minor Poets," in 2 volumes, 12mo., 1749. The *Dispensary* and *Claremont* are generally known and admired, particularly the *Dispensary*, of which it is sufficient commendation to say, that it is only inferior in humour, discrimination of character, and poetical ardour, to the "Rape of the Lock." His *Claremont* is in the manner of Ovid, and has many of the beauties and defects of his favourite author. His *Translations* and petty pieces have nothing in them remarkable.

"His poetry," says Dr. Johnson, "has been praised at least equally to its merit. In the *Dispensary* there is a strain of smooth and free versification; but few lines are eminently elegant. The general design is perhaps open to criticism; but the composition can seldom be charged with inaccuracy or negligence. The author never slumbers in self-indulgence, his full vigour is always erected, scarce a line is left unfinished; nor is it easy to find an expression used by constraint, or a thought imperfectly expressed. It was remarked by Pope, that the *Dispensary* had been corrected in every edition, and that every change was an improvement. It appears, however, to want something of poetical ardour, and something of general delectation; and therefore, since it has been no longer supported by accidental and extrinsic popularity, it has been scarcely able to support itself."

THE DISPENSARY,

A POEM,

IN SIX CANTOS.

"—Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim."

HOR. de Arte Poet.

TO

ANTHONY HENLEY, Esq.

A MAN of your character can no more prevent a dedication, than he would encourage one; for merit, like a virgin's blushes, is still most discovered, when it labours most to be concealed.

It is hard, that to think well of you, should be but justice, and to tell you so, should be an offence: thus, rather than violate your modesty, I must be wanting to your other virtues; and, to gratify one good quality, do wrong to a thousand.

The world generally measures our esteem by the ardour of our pretences; and will scarce believe that so much zeal in the heart, can be consistent with so much faintness in the expression; but when they reflect on your readiness to do good, and your industry to hide it; on your passion to oblige, and your pain to hear it owned; they will conclude that acknowledgments would be ungrateful to a person, who even seems to receive the obligations he confers.

But though I should persuade myself to be silent upon all occasions; those more polite arts, which, till of late, have languished and decayed, would appear under their present advantages, and own you for one of their generous restorers; inasmuch, that sculpture now breathes, painting speaks, music ravishes; and as you help to refine our taste, you distinguish your own.

Your approbation of this poem, is the only exception to the opinion the world has of your judgment, that ought to relish nothing so much as what you write yourself: but you are resolved to forget to be a critic, by remembering you are a friend. To say more, would be uneasy to you; and to say less, would be unjust in

Your humble Servant,

F H

P R E F A C E.

SINCE this following poem in a manner stole into the world, I could not be surpris'd to find it incorrect: though I can no more say I was a stranger to its coming abroad, than that I approved of the publisher's precipitation in doing it: for a hurry in the execution generally produces a leisure in reflection; so when we run the fastest, we stumble the ofteneft. However, the errors of the printer have not been greater than the candour of the reader: and if I could but say the same of the defects of the author, he would need no justification against the cavils of some furious critics, who, I am sure, would have been better pleas'd if they had met with more faults.

Their grand objection is, that the fury disease is an improper machine to recite characters, and recommend the example of present writers: but though I had the authority of some Greek and Latin poets, upon parallel instances, to justify the design; yet that I might not introduce any thing that seem'd inconsistent, or hard, I started this objection myself, to a gentleman, very remarkable in this sort of criticism, who would by no means allow that the contrivance was forced, or the conduct incongruous.

Disease is represented a fury as well as Envy: she is imagin'd to be forc'd by an incantation from her recess; and, to be reveng'd on the exorcist, mortifies him with an introduction of several persons eminent in an accomplishment he has made some advances in.

Nor is the compliment less to any great genius mention'd there; since a very fiend, who naturally repines at any excellency, is forc'd to confess how happily they have all succeeded.

Their next objection is, that I have imitated the *Lutrin* of Monsieur Boileau. I must own, I am proud of the imputation; unless their quarrel be, that I have not done it enough: but he that will give himself the trouble of examining, will find I have copied him in nothing but in two or three lines in the complaint of Moleffe, Canto II. and in one in his first canto; the sense of which line is entirely his, and I could wish it were not the only good one in mine.

I have spoke to the most material objections I have heard of, and shall tell these gentlemen, that for every fault they pretend to find in this poem, I will undertake to shew them two. One of these curious persons does me the honour to say, he approves of the conclusion of it; but I suppose it is upon no other reason, but because it is the conclusion. However, I should not be much concern'd not to be thought excellent in an amusement I have very little practis'd hitherto, nor perhaps ever shall again.

Reputation of this sort is very hard to be got, and very easy to be lost; its pursuit is painful, and its possession unfruitful; nor had I ever attempted any thing in this kind, till finding the animosities among the members of the College of Physicians increasing daily (notwithstanding the frequent exhortations of our worthy president to the contrary), I was perswaded to attempt something of this nature, and to endeavour to rally some of our disaffected members into a sense of their duty, who have hitherto most obstinately oppos'd all manner of union; and have continued so unreasonably refractory, that it was thought fit by the College, to reinforce the observance of the statutes by a bond, which some of them would not comply with, though none of them had refus'd the ceremony of the customary oath; like some that will trust their wives with any body, but their money with none. I was sorry to find there could be any constitution that was not to be cured without poison, and that there should be a prospect of effecting it by a less grateful method than reason and persuasion.

The original of this difference has been of some standing, though it did not break out to fury and excess, until the time of erecting the Dispensary, being an apartment in the college, set up for the relief of the sick poor, and managed ever since with an integrity and disinterest suitable to so charitable a design.

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The intention of this preface is not to persuade mankind to enter into our quarrels, but to vindicate the author from being censured for taking any indecent liberty with a faculty he has the honour to be a member of. If the satire may appear directed at any particular person, it is at such only as are presumed to be engaged in dishonourable confederacies for mean and mercenary ends, against the dignity of their own profession. But if there be no such, then these characters are but imaginary, and by consequence ought to give nobody offence.

The description of the battle is grounded upon a feud that happened in the Dispensary, betwixt a member of the College with his retinue, and some of the servants that attended there to dispense the medicines; and is so far real, though the poetical

relation be fictitious. I hope nobody will think the author too undecently reflecting through the whole, who, being too liable to faults himself, ought to be less severe upon the miscarriages of others. There is a character in this trivial performance, which the town, I find, applies to a particular person: it is a reflection which I should be sorry should give offence; being no more than what may be said of any physician remarkable for much practice. The killing of numbers of patients is so trite a piece of raillery, that it ought not to make the least impression, either upon the reader, or the person it is applied to; being one that I think in my conscience a very able physician, as well as a gentleman of extraordinary learning. If I am hard upon any one, it is my reader: but some worthy gentlemen, as remarkable for their humanity as their extraordinary parts, have taken care to make him amends for it, by prefixing something of their own.

I confess, those ingenious gentlemen have done me a great honour; but while they design an imaginary panegyric upon me, they have made a real one upon themselves; and by saying how much this small performance exceeds some others, they convince the world how far it falls short of theirs.

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IN SIX CANTOS.

"—Hanc venias, petimusque damusque vicissim."

Hon. de Arte Poet.

TO

ANTHONY HENLEY, Esq.

A MAN of your character can no more prevent a dedication, than he would encourage one; for merit, like a virgin's blushes, is still most discovered, when it labours most to be concealed.

It is hard, that to think well of you, should be but justice, and to tell you so, should be an offence: thus, rather than violate your modesty, I must be wanting to your other virtues; and, to gratify one good quality, do wrong to a thousand.

The world generally measures our esteem by the ardour of our pretences; and will scarce believe that so much zeal in the heart, can be consistent with so much faintness in the expression; but when they reflect on your readiness to do good, and your industry to hide it; on your passion to oblige, and your pain to hear it owned; they will conclude that acknowledgments would be ungrateful to a person, who even seems to receive the obligations he confers.

But though I should persuade myself to be silent upon all occasions; those more polite arts, which, till of late, have languished and decayed, would appear under their present advantages, and own you for one of their generous restorers; inasmuch, that sculpture now breathes, painting speaks, music ravishes; and as you help to refine our taste, you distinguish your own.

Your approbation of this poem, is the only exception to the opinion the world has of your judgment, that ought to relish nothing so much as what you write yourself: but you are resolved to forget to be a critic, by remembering you are a friend. To say more, would be unequal to you; and to say less, would be unjust in

Your humble Servant,

F U

P R E F A C E.

SINCE this following poem in a manner stole into the world, I could not be surpris'd to find it uncorrected: though I can no more say I was a stranger to its coming abroad, than that I approved of the publisher's precipitation in doing it: for a hurry in the execution generally produces a leisure in reflection; so when we run the fastest, we stumble the ofteneft. However, the errors of the printer have not been greater than the candour of the reader: and if I could but say the same of the defects of the author, he would need no justification against the cavils of some furious critics, who, I am sure, would have been better pleased if they had met with more faults.

Their grand objection is, that the fury disease is an improper machine to recite characters, and recommend the example of present writers: but though I had the authority of some Greek and Latin poets, upon parallel instances, to justify the design; yet that I might not introduce any thing that seem'd inconsistent, or hard, I started this objection myself, to a gentleman, very remarkable in this sort of criticism, who would by no means allow that the contrivance was forced, or the conduct incongruous.

Disease is represented a fury as well as Envy: she is imagin'd to be forced by an incantation from her recess; and, to be revenged on the excruciat; mortifies him with an introduction of several persons eminent in an accomplishment he has made some advances in.

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THE COPY OF AN INSTRUMENT,

SUBSCRIBED BY

THE PRESIDENT, CENSOR, MOST OF THE ELECTS, SENIOR FELLOWS,
CANDIDATES, &c. OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS,

IN RELATION TO THE SICK POOR.

WHEREAS the several orders of the College of Physicians, London, for prescribing medicines *gratis* to the poor sick of the cities of London and Westminster, and parts adjacent; as also proposals made by the said college to the Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen, and Common Council, of London, in pursuance thereof; have hitherto been ineffectual, for that no method hath been taken to furnish the poor with medicines for their cure at low and reasonable rates; we therefore, whose names are here under-written, fellows and members of the said college, being willing effectually to promote so great a charity, by the counsel and good liking of the president and college declared in their commitia, hereby (to wit, each of us severally and apart, and not the one for the other of us) do oblige ourselves to pay to Dr. Thomas Burwell, fellow and elect of the said college, the sum of ten pounds a-piece of lawful money of England, by such proportions, and at such times, as to the major part of the subscribers here shall seem most convenient: which money, when received by the said Dr. Thomas Burwell, is to be by him expended in preparing and delivering medicines to the poor at their intrinsic value, in such manner, and at such times, and by such orders and directions, as by the major part of the subscribers hereto shall, in writing, be hereafter appointed and directed for that purpose.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals, this twenty-second day of December 1696.

Tho. Millington, Preses.	Rich. Robinson.
Tho. Burwell, Elect. and Censor.	John Bateman.
Sam. Collins, Elect.	Walter Mills.
Edw. Browne, Elect.	Dan. Core.
Rich. Torlefs, Elect. and Censor.	Henry Sampson.
Edw. Hulse, Elect.	Thomas Gibbon.
Tho. Gill, Censor.	Charles Goodall.
Will. Dawes, Censor.	Edm. King.
Jo. Hutton.	Sam. Garth.
Rob. Brady.	Barnh. Soame.
Hans Sloane.	Denton Nicholas.
Rich. Morton.	Joseph Gaylard.
John Hawys.	John Woollaston.
Ch. Harel.	Steph. Hunt.
David Hamilton.	Oliver Horseman.
Hen. Morelli.	Rich. Morton, jun.
Walter Harris.	Walter Charlton.
William Briggs.	Phineas Fowke.
Tho. Colladon.	Tho. Alvery.
Martin Lister.	Rob. Gray.
Jo. Colbatch.	John Wright.
Bernard Conner.	James Drake.
W. Cockburn.	Sam. Morris.
J. le Feure.	John Woodward.
P. Sylvestre.	— Norris.
Ch. Morton.	George Colebrook.
	Gideon Harvey.

The design of printing the subscribers names, is to shew, that the late undertaking has the sanction of a college act; and that it is not a project carried on by five or six members, as those that oppose it would unjustly insinuate.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

TO DR. GARTH, UPON THE DISPENSARY.

Oh that some genius whose poetic vein
Like Montague's could a just piece sustain,
Would search the Grecian and the Latin store;
And thence present thee with the purest ore:
In lasting numbers praise thy whole design,
And manly beauty of each nervous line:
Shew how your pointed satire's sterling wit,
Does only knaves or formal blockheads hit;
Who're gravely dull, *insipidly serene*,
And carry all their wisdom in their mien;
Whom thus expos'd, thus stripp'd of their disguise,
None will again admire, most will despise!
Shew in what noble verse Nassau you sing,
How such a poet's worthy such a king!
When Somers' charming eloquence you praise,
How loftily your tuneful voice you raise!
But my poor feeble muse is as unfit
To praise, as imitate what you have writ.
Artists alone should venture to commend
What Dennis can't condemn, nor Dryden mend:
What must, writ with that fire and with that ease,
The beaux, the ladies, and the critics, please.

C. BOYLE.

TO MY FRIEND THE AUTHOR, DESIRING MY OPINION OF HIS POEM.

Ask me not, friend, what I approve or blame;
Perhaps I know not why I like, or damn;
I can be pleas'd; and I dare own I am.
I read thee over with a lover's eye;
Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy;
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.
Critics and aged beaux of fancy chaste,
Who ne'er had fire, or else whose fire is past,
Must judge by rules what they want force to
taste.

I would a poet, like a mistress, try,
Not by her hair, her hand, her nose, her eye;
But by some nameless power, to give me joy.
The nymph has Grafton's, Cecil's, Churchill's
charms,

If with resistless fires my soul she warms,
With balm upon her lips, and raptures in her arms.
Such is thy genius, and such art is thine,
Some secret magic works in every line;
We judge not, but we feel the power divine.
Where all is just, is beauteous, and is fair,
Distinctions vanish of peculiar air.
Lost in our pleasure, we enjoy in you
Lucretius, Horace, Sheffield, Montague.
And yet 'tis thought, some critics in this town,
By rules to all, but to themselves, unknown,
Will damn thy verse, and justify their own.
Why let them damn: were it not wondrous hard
Facetious Mirmil * and the city bard,
So near ally'd in learning, wit, and skill,
Should not have leave to judge, as well as kill?
Nay, let them write; let them their forces join,
And hope the motley piece may rival thine.
Safely despise their malice, and their toil,
Which vulgar ears alone will reach, and will
defile.

Be it thy generous pride to please the best,
Whose judgment, and whose friendship, is a test.
With learned Hans thy healing cares be join'd;
Search thoughtful Ratchiffe to his inmost mind;
Unite, restore your arts, and save mankind:
Whilst all the busy Mirmils of the town
Envy our health, and pine away their own.
Whene'er thou would'st a tempting muse engage,
Judicious Walth can best direct her rage.
To Sommers and to Dorset too submit,
And let their stamp immortalize thy wit.
Consenting Phœbus bows, if they approve,
And ranks thee with the foremost bards above.
Whilst these of right the deathless laurel send,
Be it my humble business to commend
The faithful, honest man, and the well-natur'd
friend.

CHR. COBBINGTON.

* Dr. Gibbons.

F 311

TO

MY FRIEND DR. GARTH,

THE AUTHOR OF THE DISPENSARY.

To praise your healing art would be in vain;
The health you give, prevents the poet's pen.
Sufficiently confirm'd is your renown,
And I but fill the chorus of the town.
That let me wave, and only now admire
The dazzling rays of your poetic fire:
Which its diffusive virtue does dispense,
In flowing verse, and elevated sense.

[verse,

The town, which long has swallow'd foolish
Which poetasters every where rehearse,
Will mend their judgment now, refine their taste,
And gather up th' applause they threw in waste.
The play-house shan't encourage false sublime,
Abortive thoughts, with decoration-hyme.

The satire of vile scribblers shall appear
On none, except upon themselves, severe:
While yours condemns the gall of vulgar spire;
And when you seem to smile the mock, you bite.

THO. CHERR.

TO

MY FRIEND,

UPON THE DISPENSARY.

As when the people of the northern zone
Find the approach of the revolving sun,

Pleas'd and reviv'd, they see the new-born
light,

And dread no more eternity of night:

Thus we, who lately, as of summer's heat,
Have felt a dearth of poetry and wit,
Once fear'd, Apollo would return no more
From warmer climes to an ungrateful shore.
But you, the favourite of the tuneful nine,
Have made the god in his full lustre shine;
Our night have chang'd into a glorious day;
And reach'd perfection in your first essay.
So the young eagle, that his force would try,
Faces the sun, and towers it to the sky.

Others proceed to art by flow degrees,
Aukward at first, at length they faintly please;
And still, whate'er their first efforts produce,
'Tis an abortive, or an infant muse:
Whilst yours, like Pallas, from the head of Jove,
Steps out full-grown, with noblest pace to move.
What ancient poets to their subjects owe,
Is here inverted, and this owes to you:
You found it little, but have made it great,
They could describe, but you alone create.

Now let your muse rise with expanded wings,
To sing the fate of empires and of kings;
Great William's victories she'll next rehearse,
And raise a trophy of immortal verse:
Thus to your art proportion the design,
And mighty things with mighty numbers join,
A second Namur, or a future Boyne.

H. BLOUNT.

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THE DISPENSARY.

C A N T O I.

SPEAK, goddess! since 'tis thou that best canst tell,
How ancient leagues to modern discord fell;
And why physicians were so cautious grown
Of others' lives, and lavish of their own;
How by a journey to th' Elysian plain
Peace triumph'd, and old time return'd again.

Not far from that most celebrated place,
Where angry * justice shews her awful face;
Where little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state;
There stands a † dome, majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe, plac'd high with artful skill,
Seems, to the distant sight, a gilded pill:
This pile was, by the pious patron's aim,
Rais'd for a use as noble as its frame;
Nor did the learn'd society decline
The propagation of that great design;
In all her mazes, nature's face they view'd,
And, as she disappear'd, their search pursued. (a)
Wrapt in the shade of night the goddess lies,
Yet to the learn'd unveils her dark disguise,
But shuns the gross access of vulgar eyes.

Now she unfolds the faint and dawning strife
Of infant atoms kindling into life;
How ductile matter new meanders takes,
And slender trains of twisting fibres makes;
And how the viscous seeks a closer tone,
By just degrees to harden into bone;
While the more loose flow from the vital urn,
And in full tides of purple streams return;
How lambent flames from life's bright lamps arise,
And dart in emanations through the eyes;
How from each sluice a gentle torrent pours,
To slake a feverish heat with ambient showers;

VARIATIONS.

(a) — they still pursued.
They find her dubious now, and then as plain,
Here she's too sparing; there profusely vain.

* Old Bailey.

† College of Physicians.

Whence their mechanic powers the spirits claim;
How great their force, how delicate their frame;
How the same nerves are fashion'd to sustain
The greatest pleasure and the greatest pain;
Why bilious juice a golden light puts on,
And floods of chyle in silver currents run;
How the dim speck of entity began
T' extend its recent form, and stretch to man;
To how minute an origin we owe
Young Ammon, Cæsar, and the great Nassau;
Why paler looks impetuous rage proclaim,
And why chill virgins redden into flame;
Why envy oft' transforms with wan disguise,
And why gay mirth sits smiling in the eyes;
All ice why Lucrece; or Sempronius, fire;
Why Scarfdale rages to survive desire;
When Milo's vigour at th' Olympick's shown,
Whence tropest to Finch, or impudence to Sloane; (b)
How matter, by the vary'd shape of pores,
Or ideots frames, or solemn senators.

Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous cause to find,
How body acts upon impassive mind;
How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
Past hopes revive, and present joys inspire;
Why our complexions oft' our soul declare,
And how the passions in the feature are;
How touch and harmony arise between
Corporeal figure, and a form unseen;
How quick their faculties the limbs fulfil,
And act at every summons of the will;
With mighty truths, mysterious to descry,
Which in the womb of distant causes lie.
But now no grand inquiries are descry'd,
Mean faction reigns where knowledge should
preside,
Feuds are increas'd, and learning laid aside.

VARIATIONS.

(b) Why Atticus polite, Brutus severe,
Why Methwin muddy, Montague why clear.

Thus synods oft' concern for faith conceal,
And for important nothings shew a zeal:
The drooping sciences neglected pine,
And Pæan's beams with fading lustre shine.
No readers here with hectic looks are found,
Nor eyes in rheum, through midnight-watching,
drown'd;

The lonely edifice in sweats complains
That nothing there but sullen silence reigns.

This place, so fit for undisturb'd repose,
The god of sloth for his asylum chose;
Upon a couch of down in these abodes,
Supine with folded arms he thoughtless nods;
Indulging dreams his godhead lull to ease,
With murmurs of soft rills, and whispering trees:
The poppy and each numbing plant dispense
Their drowsy virtue, and dull indolence;
No passions interrupt his easy reign,
No problems puzzle his lethargic brain:
But dark oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
And lazy fogs hang lingering o'er his head.

As at full length the pamper'd monarch lay,
Battening in ease, and slumbering life away;
A spiteful noise his downy chains unties,
Hastens forward, and increases as it flies.

First, some to cleave the stubborn * flint engage,
Till, urg'd by blows, it sparkles into rage:
Some temper lute, some spacious vessels move;
These furnaces erect, and those approve;
Here phials in nice discipline are set,
There gallipots are rang'd in alphabet.
In this place, magazines of pills you spy:
In that, like forage, herbs in bundles lie;
While lifted pestles, brandish'd in the air,
Descend in peals, and civil wars declare. [rend,
Loud strokes, with pounding spice, the fabric
And aromatic clouds in spires ascend.

So when the Cyclops o'er their anvils sweat,
And swelling sinews echoing blows repeat;
From the volcanos grofs eruptions rise,
And curling fleets of smoke obscure the skies.

The slumbering God, amaz'd at this new din,
Thrice strove to rise, and thrice sunk down again,
Listless he stretch'd, and gaping rubb'd his eyes,
Then falter'd thus betwixt half words and sighs:

How impotent a deity am I!

With godhead born, but curs'd, that cannot die!
Through my indulgence, mortals hourly share
A grateful negligence, and ease from care.

Lull'd in my arms, how long have I with-held
The northern monarchs from the dusty field!

How I have kept the British fleet at ease,
From tempting the rough dangers of the seas!

Hibernia owns the mildness of my reign,
And my divinity's ador'd in Spain.

I swains to sylvan solitudes convey,
Where, stretch'd on mossy beds, they waste away

In gentle joys the night, in vows the day.

What marks of wondrous clemency I've shown,
Some reverend worthies of the gown can own:

Triumphant plenty, with a cheerful grace,
Basks in their eyes, and sparkles in their face.

How sleek their looks, how goodly is their mien,
When big they strut behind a double chin!

Each faculty in blandishments they lull,
Aspiring to be venerably dull;
No learn'd debates molest their downy trance,
Or discompose their pompous ignorance;
But, undisturb'd, they soiter life away,
So wither green, and blossom in decay;
Deep sunk in down, they, by my gentle care,
Avoid th' inclemencies of morning air, [prayer.
And leave to tatter'd * crape the drudgery of

Urim † was civil, and not void of sense,

Had humour, and a courteous confidence:

So spruce he moves, so gracefully he cocks,

The hallow'd rose declares him orthodox:

He pass'd his easy hours, instead of prayer,

In madrigals, and phillyng the fair;

Constant at feasts, and each decorum knew,

And, soon as the desert appear'd, withdrew;

Always obliging, and without offence,

And fancy'd, for his gay impertinence.

But see how ill-mistaken parts succeed;

He threw off my dominion, and would read;

Engag'd in controversy, wrangled well!

In convocation language could excel;

In volumes prov'd the church without defence,

By nothing guarded but by Providence;

How grace and moderation dilagree;

And violence advances charity.

Thus writ till none would read, becoming soon

A wretched scribbler, of a rare buffoon.

Mankind my fond propitious power has try'd,

Too oft' to own, too much to be deny'd.

And all I ask are shades and silent bowers,

To pass in soft forgetfulness my hours.

Oft' have my fears some distant villa chose,

O'er their quietus where fat judges dose,

And lull their cough and conscience to repose:

Or, if some cloister's refuge I implore, (c)

Where holy drones o'er dying tapers snore,

The peals of * Nassau's arms these eyes unclose,

Mine he molests, to give the world repose.

That ease I offer with contempt he flies,

His couch a trench, his canopy the skies.

Nor climes nor seasons his resolves controul,

Th' equator has no heat, no ice the pole.

With arms resistless o'er the globe he flies,

And leaves to Jove the empire of the skies.

But, as the slothful god to yawn begun,

He shook off the dull mist, and thus went on:

VARIATIONS.

(c) Sometimes among the Caspian cliffs I creep,

Where solitary bats and swallows sleep;

Or, if some cloister's refuge I implore,

Where holy drones o'er dying tapers snore,

Still Nassau's arms a soft repose deny,

Keep me awake, and follow where I fly,

Since he has blest'd the weary world with peace,

And with a nod has bid Bellona cease;

I sought the covert of some peaceful cell,

Where silent shades in harmless raptures dwell;

That rest might past tranquillity restore,

And mortal never interrupt me more.

* The building of the dispensary.

* See Boileau's Lutrin.

† Dr. Atterbury.

'Twas in this reverend dome I sought repose,
 These walls were that asylum I had chose. (d)
 Here have I rul'd long undisturb'd with broils,
 And laugh'd at heroes, and their glorious toils.
 My annals are in mouldy mildews wrought,
 With easy insignificance of thought.
 But now some busy, enterprising brain
 Invents new fancies to renew my pain,
 And labours to dissolve my easy reign.
 With that, the god his darling phantom calls,
 And from his faltering lips this message falls :

VARIATIONS.

(d) Nought underneath this roof but damps are
 found,

Nought heard but drowsy beetles buzzing round,
 Spread cobwebs hide the walls, and dust the floors,
 And midnight silence guards the noiseless doors.

Since mortals will dispute my power, I'll try
 Who has the greatest empire, they or I.
 Find envy out, some prince's court attend,
 Most likely there you'll meet the famish'd
 fiend; (e)
 Or where dull critics authors' fate foretell;
 Or where stale maids, or meagre enuchs, dwell;
 Tell the bleak fury what new projects reign
 Among the homicides of Warwick-lane;
 And what th' event, unless the strait inclines
 To blast their hopes, and baffle their designs.
 More he had spoke, but sudden vapours rise,
 And with their silken cords tie down his eyes.

VARIATIONS.

(e) Or in cabals, or camps, or at the bar,
 Or where ill poets pennyless confer,
 Or in the senate-house at Westminster.

C A N T O II.

Soon as the evening veil'd the mountains heads
 And winds lay hush'd in subterranean beds;
 Whilst sickening flowers drink up the silver dew,
 And beaux for some assembly dress anew;
 The city saints to prayers and play-house haste;
 The rich to dinner, and the poor to rest :
 Th' officious phantom then prepar'd with care
 To slide on tender pinions through the air.
 Oft' he attempts the summit of a rock,
 And oft' the hollow of some blasted oak;
 At length approaching where bleak envy lay;
 The hissing of her snakes proclaim'd the way.

Beneath the gloomy covert of an yew,
 That taints the grass with sickly sweats of dew;
 No verdant beauty entertains the sight,
 But baneful hemlock, and cold aconite;
 In a dark grot the baleful haggard lay,
 Breathing black vengeance, and infecting day.
 But how deform'd, and worn with spiteful woes,
 When Accius has applause, Dorsennus shews.
 The cheerful blood her meagre cheeks forsook,
 And basilisks fate brooding in her look;
 A bald and bloated toad-stool rais'd her head;
 The plumes of boding ravens were her bed :
 From her chapp'd nostrils scalding torrents fall,
 And her sunk eyes boil o'er in floods of gall.
 Volcanos labour thus with inward pains,
 While seas of melted ore lay waste the plains.

Around the fiend in hideous order sat
 Foul bawling infamy, and bold debate;
 Gruff discontent, through ignorance misled,
 And clamorous faction at her party's head;
 Reflex seditious still dissembling fear,
 And fly hypocrisy with pious leer.

Glouting with sullen spite the fury shook
 Her clotted locks, and blasted with each look;
 Then tore with canker'd teeth the pregnant scrolls,
 Where fame the acts of demi-gods enrolls;
 And, as the rent-records in pieces fell,
 Each scrap did some immortal action tell.

This show'd, how fix'd as fate Torquatus stood,
 That, the fam'd passage of the Granic flood;
 The Julian eagles, here, their wings display,
 And there, like setting stars, the Decii lay;
 This does Camillus as a god extol,
 That points at Manlius in the capitol;
 How Cocles did the Tiber's surges brave,
 How Curtius plung'd into the gaping grave.
 Great Cyrus, here, the Medes and Persians join,
 And, there, th' immortal battle of the Boyne.

As the light messenger the fury spy'd,
 Awhile his curdling blood forgot to glide :
 Confusion on his fainting virals hung,
 And faltering accents flutter'd on his tongue :
 At length, assuming courage, he convey'd
 His errand, then he shrunk into a shade.

The hag lay long revolving what might be
 The blest event of such an embassy :
 Then blazons in dread smiles her hideous form ;
 So lightning gilds the unrelenting storm. (f)

VARIATIONS.

(f) Then she : Alas ! how long in vain have I
 Aim'd at these noble ills the fates deny ?
 Within this isle for ever must I find
 Disasters to distract my restless mind ?

THE WORKS OF GARTH.

Thus she—Mankind are blest, they riot still
Unbounded in exorbitance of ill.
By devastation the rough warrior gains,
And farmers fatten most when famine reigns;
For sickly seasons the physicians wait,
And politicians thrive in broils of state;
The lover's easy when the fair-one sighs,
And gods subsist not but by sacrifice.

Each other being some indulgence knows:
Few are my joys, but infinite my woes.
My present pain Britannia's genius wills,
And thus the fates record my future ills.

A heroine shall Albion's sceptre bear,
With arms shall vanquish earth, and heaven with prayer.

She on the world her clemency shall shower,
And only to preserve exert her power.
Tyrants shall then their impious aims forbear,
And Blenheim's thunder more than Ætna's fear.

Since by no arts I therefore can defeat
The happy enterprises of the great,
I'll calmly stoop to more inferior things,
And try if my lov'd snakes have teeth or stings.

She said; and straight shall Colon's * person
took,

In morals loose, but most precise in look.
Black-friar: annals lately pleas'd to call
Him warden of apothecaries-hall;
And, when so dignify'd, did not forbear
That operation which the learn'd declare
Gives colics ease, and makes the ladies fair.
In trifling show his tinsel talent lies;
And form the want of intellects supplies.
In aspect grand and goodly he appears,
Rever'd as patriarchs in primæval years.
Hourly his learn'd impertinence affords
A barren superfluity of words; (g)

VARIATIONS.

Good Tenison's celestial piety
At last has rais'd him to the sacred see.
Somers does sickening equity restore,
And helpless orphans are oppress'd no more.
Pembroke to Britain endless blessings brings.
He spoke; and peace clapp'd her triumphant wings.
Great Ormond shines illustriously bright
With blazes of hereditary right.
The noble ardour of a royal fire
Inspires the generous breast of Devonshire.
And Macclesfield is active to defend
His country with the zeal he loves his friend.
Like Leda's radiant sons divinely clear,
Portland and Jersey deck'd in rays appear,
To gild by turns the Gallic hemisphere.
Worth in distress is rais'd by Montague;
Augustus listens if Mæcenas sue;
And Vernon's vigilance no slumber takes,
Whilst faction peeps abroad, and anarchy awakes.

(g) In haste he strides along, to recompense
The want of business with its vain pretence.

* Lec, an apothecary.

The patient's ears remorseless he assails,
Murders with jargon where his medicine fails.

The fury thus assuming Colon's grace,
So slung her arms, so shuffl'd in her pace.
Onward she hastens to the fam'd abodes,
Where Horoscope * invokes th' infernal gods;
And reach'd the mansion where the vulgar run,
For ruin throng, and pay to be undone.

This visionary various projects tries,
And knows that to be rich is to be wise.
By useful observations he can tell
The sacred charms that in true sterling dwell;
How gold makes a patrician of a slave,
A dwarf an Atlas, a Therpsites brave.
It cancels all defects, and in their place
Finds sense in Brownlow, charms in Lady Grace;
It guides the fancy, and directs the mind;
No bankrupt ever found a fair-one kind.

So truly Horoscope its virtues knows,
To this lov'd idol 'tis, alone, he bows;
And fancies such bright heraldry can prove,
The vile plebeian but the third from Jove.

Long has he been of that amphibious fry,
Bold to prescribe, and busy to apply.
His shop the gazing vulgar's eyes employs
With foreign trinkets, and domestic toys.
Here mummies lay most reverently stale;
And there the tortoise hung her coat of mail;
Not far from some huge shark's devouring head
The flying fish their finny pinions spread;
Aloft in rows large poppy-heads were strung,
And near, a scaly alligator hung;
In this place, drugs in musty heaps decay'd;
In that, dry'd bladders and drawn teeth were laid.

An inner room receives the numerous shoals
Of such as pay to be reputed fools.
Globes stand by globes, volumes on volumes lie,
And planetary schemes amuse the eye.
The sage, in velvet chair, here lolls at ease,
To promise future health for present fees;
Then, as from tripod, solemn flame reveals,
And what the stars know nothing of, foretells.

One asks how soon Panthea may be won,
And longs to feel the marriage-fetters on:
Others, convinc'd by melancholy proof,
Inquire when courteous fates will strike them off.
Some, by what means they may redress their
wrong,

When fathers the possession keep too long.
And some would know the issue of their cause,
And whether gold can foder up its flaws.
Poor pregnant Lais his advice would have,
To lose by art what fruitful nature gave;
And Portia, old in expectation grown,
Laments her barren curse, and begs a son:
Whilst Iris his cosmetic wash would try,
To make her bloom revive, and lovers die.
Some ask for charms, and others philters choose,
To gain Corinna, and their quartans lose.
Young Hylas, botch'd with stains too foul to name,
In cradle here renews his youthful frame;
Clay'd with desire, and surfeited with charms,
A hot-house he prefers to Julia's arms.

* Dr. Barnard.

And old Lucullus would th' arcanum prove,
Of kindling in cold veins the sparks of love.
Blask envy these dull frauds with pleasure
fees,

And wonders at the senseless mysteries.
In Colon's voice she thus calls out aloud
On Horoscope environ'd by the crowd :

Forbear, forbear, thy vain amusements cease,
Thy woodcocks from their gins awhile release ;
And to that dire misfortune listen well,
Which thou should'st fear to know, or I to tell.
'Tis true, thou ever wast esteem'd by me
The great Alcides of our company.
When we with noble scorn resolv'd to ease
Ourselves from all parochial offices ;
And to our wealthier patients left the care
And dragg'd dignity of scavenger ;
Such zeal in that affair thou didst express,
Nought could be equal, but the great success.
Now call to mind thy generous prowess past,
Be what thou should'st, by thinking what thou
wast :

The faculty of Warwick-lane design,
It not to storm, at least to undermine.
Their gates each day ten thousand night-caps
crowd,

And mortars utter their attempts aloud.
If they should once unmask our mystery,
Each nurse, ere long, would be as learn'd as we ;
Our art expos'd to every vulgar eye ;
And none, in complaisance to us, would die.
What if we claim their right t' assassinate,
Must they needs turn apothecaries straight ?
Prevent it, gods ! all stratagems we try,
'To crowd with new inhabitants your sky.
'Tis we who wait the destinies' command,
To purge the troubled air, and weed the land.
And dare the college insolently aim
To equal our fraternity in fame ?
Then let crabs-eyes with pearl for virtue try,
Or Highgate-hill with lofty Pindus vie ;

So glow-worms may compare with Titan's beams,
And Hare-court pump with Aganippe's streams.
Our manufactures now they meanly sell,
And their true value treacherously tell ;
Nay, they discover too, their spite is such,
That health, that crowns more valued, costs not
much ;

Whilst we must steer our conduct by these rules,
To cheat as tradesmen, or to starve as fools. (a)

At this fam'd Horoscope turn'd pale, and
straight

In silence tumbled from his chair of state :
The crowd in great confusion fought the door,
And left the magus fainting on the floor ;
Whilst in his breast the fury breath'd a storm,
Then fought her cell, and re-assum'd her form.
Thus from the fore although the insect flies,
It leaves a brood of maggots in disguise.

Officious Squirt * in haste forsook his shop,
To succour the expiring Horoscope.

Oft' he essay'd the magus to restore,
By salt of succinum's prevailing power ;
Yet still supine the solid lumber lay,
An image of scarce-animat'd clay ;
Till fates, indulgent when disasters call,
By Squirt's nice hand apply'd a urinal.

The wight no sooner did the stream receive,
But rouz'd, and bless'd the stale restorative.
The springs of life their former vigour feel ;
Such zeal he had for that vile utensil.

So when the great Pelides Thetis found,
He knew the sea-weed scent, and th' azure god-
dess own'd.

VARIATIONS.

(a) Whilst we, at our expence, must persevere,
And for another world, be ruin'd here.

* Dr. Barnard's man.

C A N T O III.

ALL night the sage in pensive tumults lay,
Complaining of the slow approach of day ;
Oft' turn'd him round, and strove to think no
more

Of what shrill Colon said the day before.
Cowslips and poppies o'er his eyes he spread,
And Salmon's works he laid beneath his head.
But those bless'd opiates still in vain he tries,
Sleep's gentle image his embraces flies :
Tumultuous cares lay rolling in his breast,
And thus his anxious thoughts the sage express'd.

Oft' has this planet roll'd around the sun,
Since to consult the skies I first begun :

Such my applause, so mighty my success,
Some granted my predictions more than guess.
But, doubtful as I am, I'll entertain
This faith, there can be no mistake in gain.
For the dull world must honour pay to those,
Who on their understanding most impose.
First man creates, and then he fears the elf ;
Thus others cheat him not, but he himself ;
He lothes the substance, and he loves the
show ;

You'll ne'er convince a fool, himself is so :
He hates realities, and hugs the cheat,
And still the only pleasure's the deceit,

THE WORKS OF CARTH.

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So meteors flatter with a dazzling dye,
Which no existence has, but in the eye.
As distant prospects please us, but when near
We find but desert rocks and fleeting air;
From stratagem to stratagem we run,
And he knows most, who latest is undone.

Mankind one day serene and free appear;
The next, they're cloudy, sullen, and severe;
New passions new opinions still excite;
And what they like at noon they leave at night.
They gain with labour what they quit with ease;

And health, for want of change, becomes disease,

Religion's bright authority they dare,
And yet are slaves to superstitious fear.
They counsel others, but themselves deceive;
And though they're cozen'd still, they still believe.

So false their censure, sickle their esteem,
This hour they worship, and the next blaspheme.

Shall I then, who with penetrating sight
Inspect the springs that guide each appetite;
Who with unflinching search hourly pierce
The dark recesses of the universe;
Be aw'd, if punny emmets would oppress;
Or fear their fury, or their name carels?
If all the fiends that in low darkness reign
Be not the fictions of a sickly brain,
That prospect, the dispensary they call,
Before the moon can blunt her horns, shall fall.

With that, a glance from mild Aurora's eyes
Shoots through the crystal kingdoms of the skies.
The savage kind in forests cease to roam,
And fets, o'ercharg'd with nauseous loads, reel home;

Drums, trumpets, hautboys, wake the slumbering pair,

Whilst bridegroom sighs, and thinks the bride less fair;

Light's cheerful smiles o'er th' azure waste are spread,

And mists from inns of court bolts out unpaid;
The sage, transported at th' approaching hour,
Imperiously thrice thunder'd on the floor;
Officious Squirt that moment had access,
His trust was great, his vigilance no less.
To him thus Horoscope:

My kind compassion in this dire affair,
Which is more light, since you assume a share;
Fly with what haste you us'd to do of old,
When clyster was in danger to be cold;
With expedition on the beadle call,
'To summon all the company to th' hall.

Away the friendly coadjutor flies,
Swift as from phial steams of hearts-horn rise.
The magus in the interim mumbles o'er
Vile terms of art to some infernal power,
And draws mysterious circles on the floor.

But from the gloomy vault no glaring spright
Ascends, to blast the tender bloom of light.
No mystic sounds from hell's detested womb
In dusky exhalations upwards come.
And now to raise an altar he decrees,
To that devouring harpy call'd Disease:

Then flowers in canisters he hastes to bring,
The wither'd product of a blighted spring;
With cold solanum from the Pontic shore,
The roots of mandrake and black hellebore;
The griper senna, and the puker rue,
The sweetener saffraas, are added too;
And on the structure next he heaps a load
Of sulphur, turpentine, and mastic wood;
Gams, fossils too, the pyramids increas'd;
A mummy next, once monarch of the east;
Then from the compter he takes down the file,
And with prescriptions lights the solemn pile.

Feebly the flames on clumsy wings aspire,
And smothering fogs of smoke benight the fire,
With sorrow he beheld the sad portent,
Then to the hag these orisons he sent:

Disease! thou ever most propitious power,
Whose kind indulgence we discern each hour!
Thou well canst boast thy numerous pedigree, (a)
Begot by sloth, maintain'd by luxury.
In gilded palaces thy prowess reigns,
But flies the humble sheds of cottage swains.
To you such might and energy belong,
You nip the blooming, and unnerve the strong.
The purple conqueror in chains you bind,
And are to us your vassals only kind.

If, in return, all diligence we pay
To fix your empire, and confirm your sway,
Far as the weekly-bills can reach around,
From Kent-street end, to fam'd St. Giles's pound;
Behold this poor libation with a smile,
And let auspicious light break through the pile.

He spoke; and on the pyramid he laid
Bay-leaves and vipers-hearts, and thus he said;
As these consume in this mysterious fire,
So let the curs'd dispensary expire!
And as those crackle in the flames, and die,
So let its vessels burst, and glasses fly!
But a sinister cricket straight was heard;
The altar fell, the offering disappear'd.
As the fam'd wight the omen did regret,
Squirt brought the news the company was met.

Nigh where Fleet-ditch descends in sable streams,
To wash his sooty Naiads in the Thames;
There stands a structure on a rising hill,
Where Tyros take their freedom out to kill.
Some pictures in these dreadful flambles tell,
How, by the Delian god, the Python fell;
And how Medea did the philtre brew,
That could in Æson's veins young force renew;
How mournful Myrrha for her crimes appears,
And heals hysteric matrons still with tears;
How Mintha and Althea, nymphs no more,
Revive in sacred plants, and health restore;
How sanguine swains their amorous hours repent,
When pleasure's past, and pains are permanent;
And how frail nymphs oft, by abortion, aim
To loose a substance, to preserve a name.

VARIATIONS.

(a) Thou that wouldst lay whole states and regions waste,
Sooner than we thy cormorants saquid fast.

Soon as each member in his rank was plac'd,
The assembly Diaphenna* thus address'd :

My kind confederates, if my poor intent,
As 'tis sincere, had been but prevalent,
We here had met on some more safe design,
And on no other business but to dine;
The faculty had still maintain'd their sway,
And interest then had bid us but obey;
This only emulation we had known,
Who best could fill his purse, and thin the town.
But now from gathering clouds destruction pours,
Which ruins with mad rage our halcyon hours:
Mists from black jealousies the tempest form,
Whilst late divisions reinforce the storm.
Know, when these feuds, like those at law, were
past,

The winners will be losers at the last.
Like heroes in sea-fights we seek renown;
To fire some hostile ship, we burn our own.
Whoe'er throws dust against the wind, descries
He throws it, in effect, but in his eyes,
That juggler which another's sleight will show,
But teaches how the world his own may know.

Thrice happy were those golden days of old,
When dear as Fargundy, pitans were sold;
When patients chose to die with better will,
Than breathe, and pay the apothecary's bill;
And, cheaper than for our assistance call,
Might go to Aix or Bourbon, spring and fall.
Then priests increas'd, and piety decay'd,
Churchmen the church's purity betray'd,
Their lives and doctrine slaves and atheists
made.

The laws were but the hireling judge's sense;
Injuries were sway'd by venal evidence.
Fools were promoted to the council-board,
Tools to the bench, and bullies to the sword.
Pensions in private were the senate's aim;
And patriots for a place abandon'd fame.

But now no influencing art remains,
For Somers has the seal, and Nassau reigns,
And we, in spite of our resolves, must bow,
And suffer by a reformation too.
For now late jars our practices detect (b).
And mines, when once discover'd, lose effect.
Diffusions, like small streams, are first begun,
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run:
So lines that from their parallel decline,
More they proceed, the more they still disjoin.

VARIATIONS.

(b) But now late jars our practices detect,
For mines, when once discover'd, lose th' effect.
Diffusions, like small streams, are first begun,
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run.
So lines that from their parallel decline,
More they advance, the more they still disjoin.
'Tis therefore my advice, in haste we send,
And beg the faculty to be our friend.
As he revolving stood to say the rest,
Rough Colocynthus thus his rage express.

* Glisdrop, an apothecary.

'Tis therefore my advice, in haste we send,
And beg the faculty to be our friend;
Send swarms of patients, and our quarrels end.

So awful beaules, if the vagrant treat,
Straight turn familiar, and their fancies quit.
In vain we but contend, that planet's power
Those vapours can disperse it rais'd before.

As he prepar'd the mischief to recite,
Keen Colocynthus* paus'd, and foam'd with spite.
Sour ferments on his shining surface swim,
Work up the froth, and bubble o'er the brim:
Not beauties fret so much if freckles come,
Or nose should redden in the drawing-room;
Or lovers that mistake th' appointed hour,
Or in the lucky minute want the power.

Thus he—'Thou scandal of great Pæan's art,
At thy approach the springs of nature start,
The nerves unbrace; nay, at the sight of thee,
A scratch turns cancer, itch a leprosy,
Could'st thou propose, that we, the friends of
fates,

Who fill churchyards, and who unpeople states,
Who baffle nature, and dispose of lives,
Whilst Ruffel†, as we please, or starves or thrives,
Should e'er submit to their despotic will;
Who out of consolation scarce can kill?
The towering Alps shall sooner sink to vales,
And leeches, in our glasses, swell to whales;
Or Norwich trade in instruments of steel,
And Birmingham in stuffs and druggets deal:
Alleys at Wapping furnish us new modes,
And Monmouth-street, Versailles with riding-
hoods!

The sick to th' hundreds in pale throngs repair,
And change the gravel-pits for Kentish air!
Our properties must on our arms depend;
'Tis next to conquer, bravely to defend.
'Tis to the vulgar death too harsh appears;
The ill we feel is only in our fears.
'To die, is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar:
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.
The wise through thought th' insults of death
defy:

The fools through blest insensibility.
'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave;
Sought by the wretch, and vanquish'd by the brave.
It eases lovers, sets the captive free;
And, though a tyrant, offers liberty.

Sound but to arms, the foe shall soon confess
Our force increases, as our funds grow less;
And what requir'd such industry to raise,
We'll scatter into nothing as we please,
Thus they'll acknowledge, to annihilate
Shews no less wondrous power than to create.
We'll raise our numerous cohorts, and oppose
The feeble forces of our pigmy foes;
Legions of quacks shall join us on the place,
From great Kirlens down to Doctor Cafe.
Though such vile rubbish sink, yet we shall rise;
Directors still secure the greatest prize.
Such poor supports serve only like a stay;
The tree once fix'd, its rest is torn away.

* Dare, an apothecary.

† A celebrated undertaker of funerals.

So patriots, in time of peace and ease,
Forget the fury of the late disease:
On dangers past serenely think no more,
And curse the hand that heal'd the wound before.

Arm therefore, gallant friends, 'tis honour's call;
Or let us boldly fight, or bravely fall!

To this the session seem'd to give consent,
Much lik'd the war, but dreaded much th' event.
At length, the growing difference to compose,
Two brothers, nam'd Ascarides *, arose.
Both had the volubility of tongue,
In meaning faint, but in opinion strong.
To speak they both assum'd alike pretence;
The elder gain'd his just pre-eminence.

Thus he: 'Tis true, when privilege and right
Are once invaded, honour bids us fight.
But ere we once engage in honour's cause,
First know what honour is, and whence it was.

Scorn'd by the base, 'tis courted by the brave;
The hero's tyrant, and the coward's slave;
Born in the noisy camp, it lives on air,
And both exists by hope and by despair;
Angry when'er a moment's ease we gain,
And reconcil'd at our returns of pain.
It lives, when in death's arms the hero lies:
But when his safety he consults, it dies.
Bigoted to this idol, we disclaim
Rest, health, and ease, for nothing but a name.

Then let us, to the field before we move,
Know, if the gods our enterprise approve.
Suppose th' unthinking faculty unveil
What we, through wiser conduct, would conceal:
Is't reason we should quarrel with the glass
That shows the monstrous features of our face?

* The Pearces, apothecaries.

Or grant some grave pretenders have of late
Thought fit an innovation to create;
Soon they'll repent what rashly they begun:
Though projects please, projectors are undone.
All novelties must this success expect,
When good, our envy; and when bad, neglect:
If reason could direct, ere now each gate
Had borne some trophy of triumphal state;
Temples had told how Greece and Belgia owe
Troy and Namur to Jove and to Nassau.

Then, since no veneration is allow'd,
Or to the real, or th' appearing good;
The project that we vainly apprehend
Most, as it blindly rose, as vilely end.
Some members of the faculty there are,
Who interest prudently to oaths prefer.
Our friendship; with feign'd airs, they poorly
court (c),

And boast, their politics are our support
Them we'll consult about this enterprise,
And boldly execute what they advise.

But from below, while such resolves they took,
Some Aurum Fulminans the fabric shook.
The champions, daunted at the crack, retreat,
Regard their safety, and their rage forget.

So when at Bathos earth's big offspring strove
To scale the skies, and wage a war with Jove:
Soon as the ass of old Silenus bray'd,
The trembling rebels in confusion fled.

VARIATIONS.

(c) If things of use were valued, there had been
Some workhouse where the monument is seen.

C A N T O IV.

Not far from that frequented theatre,
Where wandering punks each night at five repair;
Where purple emperors in buskins tread,
And rule imaginary worlds for bread:
Where Bentley *, by old writers, wealthy grew,
And Brifcoe * lately was undone by new;
There triumphs a physician of renown,
To none, but such as rust in health, unknown.
None e'er was plac'd more fitly, to impart
His known experience, and his healing art.
When Burgefs deafens all the listening press
With peals of most seraphic emptiness;
Or when mysterious Freeman mounts on high,
To preach his parish to a lethargy;
This Æsculapius waits hard by, to ease
The martyrs of such Christian cruelties.

* Two bookfellers.

Long has this darling quarter of the town.
For lewdness, wit, and gallantry, been known.
All sorts meet here, of whatso'er degree,
To blend and juggle into harmony.
The critics each adventurous author scan,
And praise or censure as they like the man.
The weeds of writings for the flowers they cull;
So nicely tasteless, so correctly dull!
The politicians of Parnassus prate,
And poets canvass the affairs of state;
The cits ne'er talk of trade and stock, but tell
How Virgil writ, how bravely Turnus fell.
The country-dames drive to Hippolito's,
First find a spark, and after lose a nose.
The lawyer for lac'd coat the robe does quit,
He grows a madman, and then turns a wit.
And in the cloister pensive Strephon waits,
Till Cloc's hackney comes, and then retreats;

And if th' ungenerous nymgh a shaft lets fly,
More fatally than from a sparkling eye,
Mirmillo *, that fam'd Opifer, is nigh.

The trading tribe oft thither throng to dine,
And want of elbow-room supply in wine.
Cloy'd with variety, they surfeit there,
Whilst the wan patients on thin gruel fare.
'Twas here the champions of the party met,
Of their heroic enterprise to treat.
Each hero a tremendous air put on,
And stern Mirmillo in these words begun :

'Tis with concern, my friends, I meet you
here;

No grievance you can know, but I must share.
'Tis plain, my interest you've advanc'd so long,
Each fee, though I was mute, would find a tongue.
And, in return, though I have strove to rend
Those statutes, which on oath I should defend;
Such arts are trifles to a generous mind:
Great services as great returns should find.
And you'll perceive, this hand, when glory calls,
Can brandish arms as well as urinals.

Oxford and all her passing bells can tell,
By this right-arm what mighty numbers fell.
Whilst others meanly ask'd whole mouths to slay,
I oft dispatch'd the patient in a day:
With pen in hand I push'd to that degree,
I scarce had left a wretch to give a fee.
Some fell by laudanum, and some by steel,
And death in ambush lay in every pill.
For, save or slay, this privilege we claim,
Though credit suffers, the reward's the same.

What though the art of healing we pretend,
He that designs it least, is most a friend.
Into the right we err, and must confess
To oversights we often owe success.
Thus Bessius got the battle in the play;
His glories cowardice restor'd the day.

So the fam'd Grecian piece ow'd its desert
To chance, and not the labour'd strokes of art.

Physicians, if they're wise, should never think
Of any arms but such as pen and ink:
But th' enemy, at their expence, shall find
When honour calls, I'll scorn to stay behind.

He said; and seal'd th' engagement with a kiss,
Which was return'd by younger Ascaris *;
Wao thus advanc'd: Each word, Sir, you impart,
Has something killing in it, like your art.
How much we to your boundless friendship owe,
Our files can speak, and your prescriptions show.
Your ink descends in such excessive showers,
'Tis plain, you can regard no health but ours.
Whilst poor pretenders puzzle o'er a case,
You but appear, and give the *coup de grace*.
O that near Xanthus' banks you had but dwelt,
When Ilium first Achaian fury felt!

The horned river then had cur'd in vain
Young Peleus' arm, that chok'd his stream with
slain;

No trophies you had left for Greeks to raise;
Their ten years toil, you'd finish'd in ten days.
Fate smiles on your attempts; and, when you list,
In vain the cowards fly, or brave resist.

Then let us arm, we need not fear success;
No labours are too hard for Hercules.
Our military ensigns we'll display;
Conquest pursues, where courage leads the way.

To this design shrill Querno * did agree,
A zealous member of the faculty;
His fire's pretended pious steps he treads,
And where the doctor fails, the saint succeeds.
A conventicle flesh'd his greener years,
And his full age the righteous rancour shares.
Thus boys hatch game-eggs under birds of prey,
To make the fowl more furious for the fray.

Slow Carus † next discover'd his intent,
With painful pauses muttering what he meant.
His sparks of life, in spite of drugs, retreat,
So cold, that only calentures can heat.
In his chill veins the sluggish puddle flows,
And loads with lazy fogs his sable brows.
Legions of lunatics about him press;
His province is, lost reason to redress.

So when perfumes their fragrant scent give o'er,
Nought can their odour, like a jakes, restore.
When for advice the vulgar throng, he's found
With lumber of vile books besieg'd around.
The gazing throng acknowledge their surprise,
And, deaf to reason, still consult their eyes.
Well he perceives, the world will often find,
To catch the eye is to convince the mind.
Thus a weak state by wife distrust inclines
To numerous stores, and strength in magazines.
So fools are always most profuse of words,
And towards never fail of longest frowns.
Abandon'd authors here a refuge meet,
And from the world to dust and worms retreat.
Here dregs and sediment of auctions reign,
Refuse of fairs, and gleanings of Dyck lane.
And up these walls much Gothic lumber climbs,
With Swifts philosophy, and Runic rhymes.
Hither, retriev'd from cooks and grocers, come
Mede's works entire, and endless reams of Blome.
Where would the long neglected Collins fly,
If bounteous Carus should refuse to buy?
But each vile scribbler's happy on this score:
He'll find some Carus still to read him o'er,

Nor must we the obsequious Umbra § spare,
Who soft by nature, yet declar'd for war.
But when some rival power invades a right,
Flies set on flies, and turtles turtles fight.
Else courteous Umbra to the last had been
Demurely meek, insipidly serene.
With him, the present still some virtues have;
The vain are sprightly; and the stupid, grave;
The slothful, negligent; the soppy, neat;
The lewd are airy, and the fly discreet;
A wren, an eagle; a baboon, a bean;
Cok ||, a Lycurgus, and a Phocion, Rowe ¶.

Heroic ardour now th' assembly warms,
Each combatant breathes nothing but alarms.
For future glory while the scheme is laid,
Fam'd with Horoscope thus offers to dissuade:

Since of each enterprise th' event's unknown,
We'll quit the sword, and hearken to the gown.

* Dr. Howe.

† Dr. Gould.

‡ Mr. Anthony Rowe.

§ Dr. Tyfon.

|| Sir H. Burton Colt.

Nigh lives Vagellius *, one reputed long
 For strength of lungs, and phiancy of tongue.
 For fees, to any form he moulds a cause,
 The world has merits, and the best has flaws.
 Five guineas make a criminal to-day;
 And ten to-morrow wipe the stain away.
 Whatever he affirms is undeny'd,
 Milo's the lecher, Clodius th' homicide;
 Cato pernicious, Catiline a saint,
 Orford suspected, Duncomb innocent.
 To law then, friends, for 'tis by fate decreed,
 Vagellius, and our money, shall succeed.
 Know, when I first invok'd diseste by charms
 To prove propitious to our future arms,
 Ill omens did the sacrifice attend,
 Nor would the Sibyl from her grot ascend.

As Horoscope urg'd farther to be heard,
 He thus was interrupted by a bard † :

In vain your magic mysteries you use,
 Such sounds the Sibyl's sacred ears abuse,
 These lines the pale divinity shall raise,
 Such is the power of sound, and force of lays.

§ Arms meet with arms, fauchions with fau-
 chions clash,

" And sparks of fire struck out from armour flash.
 " Thick clouds of dust contending warriors raise,
 " ¶ And hideous war o'er all the region brays.
 " Some raging ran with huge Herculean clubs,
 " Some massy balls of brass, some mighty tubs
 " Of cinders bore —
 " ¶ Naked and half-burnt hills with hideous wreck
 " Affright the skies, and fry the ocean's back."

As he went rumbling on, the fury straight
 Crawl'd in, her limbs could scarce support her
 weight.

A rueful rag her meagre forehead bound,
 And faintly her furr'd lips these accents sound :

Mortal, how dar'st thou with such lines address
 My awful seat, and trouble my recess?
 In Essex marshy hundreds is a cell,
 Where lazy fogs and drizzling vapours dwell :
 Thither raw damp on drooping wings repair,
 And shivering quartans shake the sickly air.
 There, when fatig'd, some silent hours I pass,
 And substitute physicians in my place.
 Then dare not, for the future, once rehearse
 The dissonance of such untuneful verse;
 But in your lines let energy be found,
 And learn to rise in sense, and sink in sound.
 Harsh words, though pertinent, uncouth appear;
 None please the fancy, who offend the ear.
 In sense and numbers if you would excel,
 Read Wycherley, consider Dryden well.
 In one, what vigorous turns of fancy shine!
 In th' other, Syrens warble in each line.
 If Dorset's sprightly Muse but touch the lyre,
 The smiles and graces melt in soft desire,
 And little loves confess their amorous fire. (a)

After (a) these lines are omitted :

The Tiber now no gentle Gallus fees,
 But smiling Thames enjoys her Normanbys.

* Sir Barth. Shower.

† Sir Richard Blackmore.

‡ King Arthur, p. 307.

¶ King Arthur, p. 327.

§ Prince Arthur, p. 130.

The gentle Isis claims the ivy crown,
 To bind th' immortal brows of Addison.
 As tuneful Congreve tries his rural strains,
 Pan quits the woods, the listening fawns the
 plains;

And Philomel, in notes like his, complains.
 And Britain, since Pausanias * was writ,
 Knows Spartan virtue, and Athenian wit.
 When Stepney paints the godlike acts of kings,
 Or, what Apollo dictates, Prior sings;
 The banks of Rhine a pleas'd attention show,
 And silver Sequana forgets to flow.

Such just examples carefully read o'er,
 Slide without falling; without straining, soar.
 Ose' though your strokes surprise, you should not
 choose

A theme so mighty for a virgin Muse.
 Long did Apelles his fam'd piece decline;
 His Alexander was his last design.

'Tis Montague's rich vein alone must prove,
 None but a Phidias should attempt a Jove.

The fury paus'd, till with a frightful sound (b)
 A rising whirlwind burst th' unhallow'd ground.

Then she—The deity we fortune call,
 Though distant, rules and influences all.
 Straight for her favour to her court repair;
 Important embassies ask wings of air. [soul,

Each wondering stood; but Horoscope's great
 That dangers ne'er alarm, nor doubts control,
 Rais'd on the pinions of the bounding wind,
 Out-slew the rack, and left the hours behind.

The evening now with blushes warms the air,
 The steer resigns the yoke, the hind his care.
 The clouds above with golden edgings glow,
 And falling dews refresh the earth below.

The bat with sooty wings flits through the grove,
 The reeds scarce rustle, nor the aspines move.
 And all the feather'd folks forbear their lays of
 love.

Through the transparent region of the skies,
 Swift as a wish, the missionary flies:
 With wonder he surveys the upper air,
 And the gay gilded meteors sporting there;
 How lambent jellies, kindling in the night,
 Shoot through the æther in a trail of light;
 How rising steams in th' azure fluid blend,
 Or fleet in clouds, or soft in showers descend;
 Or, if the stubborn rage of cold prevail,
 In flakes they fly, or fall in moulded hail;
 How honey-dews embalm the fragrant morn,
 And the fair oak with luscious sweats adorn;
 How heat and moisture mingle in a mass,
 Or belch in thunder, or in lightning blaze;
 Why nimble convulsions strike the eye,
 And bold tornados bluster in the sky;

VARIATIONS.

(b) The fury said; and vanishing from sight,
 Cry'd out, To arms; so left the realms of light.
 The combatants to th' enterprise consent,
 And the next day smil'd on the great event.

* Pausanias, written by Mr. Norton.

Why a prolific Aura upwards tends,
Ferments, and in a living shower descends;
How vapours hanging on the towering hills
In breezes sigh, or weep in warbling rills;
Whence infant winds their tender pinions try,
And river gods their thirsty urns supply.

The wondering sage pursues his airy flight,
And braves the chill unwholesome damps of night:
He views the tracts where luminaries rove,
To settle seasons here, and fates above;
The bleak Arcturus still forbid the seas,
The stormy Kids, the weeping Hyades;
The shining lyre with strains attracting more
Heaven's glittering mansions now than hell's be-
fore;

Glad Cassiopeia circling in the sky,
And each fair Churchill of the galaxy.

Aurora, on Etesian breezes borne,
With blushing lips breathes out the sprightly morn:
Each flower in dew their short-liv'd empire weeps,
And Cynthia with her lov'd Endymion sleeps.
As through the gloom the Magus cuts his way,
Imperfect objects tell the doubtful day;
Dim he discerns majestic Atlas rise,
And bend beneath the burden of the skies;
His towering brows aloft no tempests know,
Whilst lightning flies, and thunder rolls below.

Distant from hence beyond a waste of plains,
Proud Teneriff, his giant brother, reigns;
With breathing fire his pitchy nostrils glow,
As from his sides he shakes the fleecy snow.
Around this hoary prince, from watery beds,
His subject islands raise their verdant heads;
The waves so gently wash each rising hill,
The land seems floating, and the ocean still.

Eternal spring with smiling verdure here
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year,
From crystal rocks transparent rivulets flow;
The tuberoso ever breathes, and violets blow.
The vine undress'd her swelling clusters bears,
The labouring hind the mellow olive cheers;
Blossoms and fruit at once the citron shews,
And, as she pays, discovers still she owes.
The orange to her sun her pride displays,
And gilds her fragrant apples with his rays.
No blasts e'er discompose the peaceful sky,
The springs but murmur, and the winds but sigh.
The tuneful swans on gliding rivers float,
And warbling dirges die on every note.
Where Flora treads, her Zephyr garlands flings,
And scatters odours from his purple wings;

Whilst birds from woodbine bowers and jessamine
groves

Chant their glad nuptials, and unenvy'd loves,
Mild seasons, rising hills, and silent dales,
Cool grottos, silver brooks, and flowery vales,
Groves fill'd with balmy shrubs, in pomp appear,
And scent with gales of sweets the circling year.

These happy isles, where endless pleasures
wait,

Are styl'd by tuneful bards—The Fortunate,
On high, where no hoarse winds nor clouds re-
sort,

The hoodwink'd goddess keeps her partial court,
Upon a wheel of amethyst she sits,
Gives and resumes, and smiles and frowns by fits.
In this still labyrinth, around her lie
Spells, philters, globes, and schemes of palmistry:
A sigil in this hand the gipsy bears,
In th' other a prophetic sieve and shears.

The dame, by divination, knew that soon
The Magus would appear—and then begun
Hail sacred seer! thy embassy I know:
Wars must ensue, the fates will have it so.
Dread feats shall follow, and disasters great,
Pills charge on pills, and bolus bolus meet:
Both sides shall conquer, and yet both shall fail;
The mortar now, and then the urinal.

To thee alone my influence I owe;
Where nature has deny'd, my favours flow.
'Tis I that give, so mighty is my power;
Faith to the Jew, complexion to the Moor.
I am the wretch's wish, the rook's pretence,
The sluggard's ease, the coxcomb's providence,
Sir Scrape-quill, once a supple smiling slave,
Looks lofty now, and insolently grave;
Builds, settles, purchases, and has each hour
Caps from the rich, and curses from the poor.
Spadillio, that at table serv'd of late,
Drinks rich Tockay himself, and eats in plate;
Has levees, villas, mistresses in store,
And owns the racers which he rubb'd before.

Souls heavenly borne my faithless boons defy;
The brave is to himself a deity.
Though blest Astrea's gone, some soil remains:
Where fortune is the slave, and merit reigns.

The Tiber boasts his Julian progeny,
Thames his Nassau, the Nile his Ptolomy,
Iberia, yet for future sway design'd,
Shall, for a Hesse, a greater Mordaunt find.
Thus Ariadne in proud triumph rode;
She lost a hero, and she found a god.

C A N T O V.

When the still night, with peaceful poppies
crown'd,
Had spread her shady pinions o'er the ground;

And slumbering chiefs of painted triumphs dream,
While groves and streams are the lost virgin's
theme;

The surges gently dash against the shore,
Flocks quit the plains, and gally-slaves the oar;
Sleep shakes its downy wings o'er mortal eyes;
Mirmillo is the only wretch it flies;
He finds no respite from his anxious grief;
Then seeks from this soliloquy relief.

Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the town,
Oppress'd with fees, and deafen'd with renown.

None e'er could die with due solemnity,
Unless his passport first was sign'd by me.

My arbitrary bounty's undeny'd;

I give reversions, and for heirs provide.

None could the tedious nuptial state support,

But I, to make it easy, make it short.

I set the discontented matrons free,

And ransom husbands from captivity.

Shall one of such importance then engage

In noisy riot and in civil rage?

No: I'll endeavour straight a peace, and so

Preserve my character, and person too.

But discord, that still haunts with hideous mien

Those dire abodes where Hymen once hath been,

O'erheard Mirmillo's anguish; then begun

In peevish accents to express her own.

Have I so often banish'd lazy peace

From her dark solitude, and lov'd recess?

Have I made South and Sherlock disagree,

And puzzle truth with learn'd obscurity?

And does the faithful Ferguson profess

His ardour still for animosities?

Have I, Britannia's safety to ensure,

Expos'd her naked, to be most secure?

Have I made parties opposite, unite,

In monstrous leagues of amicable spite,

To curse their country, whilst the common cry

Is freedom; but their aim, the ministry?

And shall a dastard's cowardice prevent

The war, so long I've labour'd to foment?

No, 'tis resolv'd, he either shall comply,

Or I'll renounce my wretched divinity.

With that, the hag approach'd Mirmillo's bed,

And, taking Querpo's meagre shape, she said:

At noon of night I hasten, to dispel

Those tumults in your pensive bosom dwell.

I dreamt but now I heard your heaving sighs,

Nay, saw the tears debating in your eyes:

O that 'twere but a dream! but threats I find

Lour in your looks, and rankle in your mind.

Speak, whence it is this late disorder flows,

That shakes your soul, and troubles your repose.

Mistakes in practice scarce could give you pain;

Too well you know, the dead will ne'er com-
plain.

What looks discover, said the homicide,

Would be a fruitless industry to hide.

My safety first I must consult, and then

I'll serve our suffering party with my pen.

All should, reply'd the hag, their talent learn;

The most attempting oft' the least discern.

Let Peterborough speak, and Vanburgh write,

Soft Acon court, and rough Cecinna fight:

Such must succeed; but, when th' enervate aim

Beyond their force, they still contend for shame.

Had Colbatch printed nothing of his own,

He had not been the Safford of the town.

Asses and owls, unseen, their kind betray,

If these attempt to hoot, or those to bray.

Had Wesley never aim'd in verse to please,

We had not rank'd him with our Ogilbys.

Still censures will on dull pretenders fall;

A Codrus should expect a Juvenal.

Ill lines, but like ill paintings, are allow'd,

To set off, and to recommend the good.

So diamonds take a lustre from their foil;

And to a Bentley 'tis we owe a Boyle.

Consider well the talent you possess;

To strive to make it more, would make it less:

And recollect what gratitude is due,

To those whose party you abandon now.

To them you owe your odd magnificence,

But to your stars your magazine of sense.

Hast in a tomb, awkward have you shin'd,

With one fat slave before, and none behind.

Then haste and join your true intrepid friends, (a)

Success on vigour and dispatch depends.

Labouring in doubts Mirmillo stood; then said,

'Tis hard to undertake; if gain dissuade;

What fool for noisy feuds large fees would leave?

Ten harvests more would all I wish for give.

True man! reply'd the elf; by choice diseas'd,

Ever contriving pain, and never pleas'd.

A present good they slight, an absent choose;

And what they have, for what they have not,
lose.

False prospects all their true delights destroy,

Resolv'd to want, yet labouring to enjoy.

In restless hurries thoughtlessly they live,

At substance oft' unmov'd, for shadows grieve.

Children at toys, as men at titles, aim;

And in effect both covet but the same.

This Philip's son prov'd in revolving years;

And first for rattles, then for worlds shed tears. (a)

The fury spoke; then in a moment fir'd

The hero's breast with tempests, and retir'd.

In boding dreams Mirmillo spent the night,

And frightful phantoms danc'd before his sight,

Till the pale pleiads clos'd their eyes of light.

At length gray morn glows in the eastern skies,

The larks in raptures through the æther rise,

The azure mists scud o'er the dewy lawns,

The chaunter at his early matins yawns,

The amaranth opens its leaves, the lily its bells,

And Progne her complaint of Tereus tells.

As bold Mirmillo the gray dawn descries,

Arm'd cap-a-pie, where honour calls, he flies,

And finds the legions planted at their post;

Where mighty Querpo fill'd the eye the most.

His arms were made, if we may credit fame,

By Mulciber, the Mayor of Birmingham.

VARIATIONS.

From (a)—(a) originally thus:

But soon what they've exalted they'll discard,
And set up Carus, or the city bard.

Alarm'd at this the hero courage took,

And storms of terror threaten'd in his look.

My dread resolves, he cry'd, I'll straight pursue;

The fury, satisfy'd, in smiles withdrew.

Of temper'd sibilum the bright shield was cast,
 And yet the work the metal far surpass'd.
 A foliage of the vulgar leaves, [ceives
 Graved round the brim, the wondering sight de-
 Around the centre fate's bright trophies lay,
 Probes, saws, incision-knives, and tools to slay.
 Embost upon the field, a battle stood
 Of leeches spouting hæmorrhoidal blood.
 The artist too express'd the solemn state
 Of grave physicians at a consult met;
 About each symptom how they disagree,
 But now unanimous in case of fee.
 Whilst each assassin his learn'd colleague tires
 With learn'd impertinence, the sick expires.

Beneath this blazing orb bright Quерpo shone,
 Himself an Atlas, and his shield a moon.
 A peltre for his truncheon led the van,
 And his high helmet was a close-roof pan.
 His crest an Ibis, brandishing her beak,
 And winding in loose folds her spiral neck.
 This when the young Quерpoides beheld,
 His face in nurse's breast the boy conceal'd;
 Then, peep't, and with the effulgent helm would
 play,

And as the monster gap'd, would shrink away.
 Thus sometimes joy prevail'd, and sometimes fear;
 And tears and smiles alternate passions were:

As Quерpo towering stood in martial might,
 Pacific Carus sparkled on the right.
 An oran outang o'er his shoulders hung,
 His plume confess'd the capon whence it sprang.
 His motley mail scarce could the hero bear,
 Harangueing thus the tributaries of the war:

Fair'd chiefs,
 For present triumphs born, design'd for more,
 Your virtue I admire, your valour more.
 If battle be resolv'd, you'll find this hand
 Can deal out destiny, and fate command.
 Our foes in throngs shall hide the crimson plain,
 And their Apollo interpose in vain.
 Though gods themselves engage, a Diomed
 With ease could show a deity can bleed.

But war's rough trade should be by fools pro-
 fess'd,

The truest rubbish fills a trench the best.
 Let quinsies throttle, and the quartan shake,
 Or dropsies drown, and gout and cholics rack;
 Let sword and pestilence lay waste, while we
 Wage bloodless wars, and fight in theory.
 Who wants not merit, needs not arm for fame;
 The dead I raise, my chivalry proclaim;
 Diseases baffled, and lost health restor'd.
 In fame's bright list my victories record.
 More lives from me their preservation own,
 Than lovers lose if fair Cornelia frown.

Your cures, shrill Quерpo cry'd, aloud you tell,
 But wisely your miscarriages conceal.
 Zeno, a priest, in Samothrace of old,
 Thus reason'd with Philopidas the bold:
 Immortal gods you own, but think them blind
 To what concerns the state of human kind.
 Either they hear not, or regard not prayer;
 That argues want of power and this of care.
 Allow that wisdom infinite must know;
 Power infinite must act. "I grant it so."

Haste straight to Neptune's fane; survey with
 zeal

The walls. "What then?" reply'd the infidel.
 Observe those numerous throngs, in effigy,
 The gods have fav'd from the devouring sea.
 "'Tis true, their pictures that escap'd you keep,
 "But where are theirs that perish'd in the
 "deep?"

Vaunt now no more the triumph of your skill.
 But, though unsee'd, exert your arm, and kill.
 Our scouts have learn'd the posture of the foe;
 In war surprises surest conduct show.

But fame, that neither good nor bad conceals,
 That Pembroke's worth, and Ormond's valour
 tells;

How truth in Burnet, how in Cavendish, reigns,
 Varro's magnificence with Maro's strains;
 But how at church and bar all gape and stretch
 If Winnington but plead, or South or Only
 preach;

On nimble wings to Warwick-lane repairs,
 And what the enemy intends, declares.
 Confusion in each countenance appear'd,
 A council's call'd, and Stentor* first was heard;
 His labouring lungs the thron'd prætorium rent, (b)
 Addressing thus the passive president:

Machaon†, whose experience we adore,
 Great as your matchless merit, is your power:
 At your approach, the baffled tyrant death
 Breaks his keen shafts, and grinds his clashing
 teeth.

To you we leave the conduct of the day;
 What you command, your vassals must obey.
 If this dread enterprise you would decline,
 We'll send to treat, and stifle the design.
 But, if my arguments had force, we'd try
 To humble our audacious foes, or die;
 Our spite, they'll find, to their advantage leans;
 The end is good, no matter for the means.
 So modern casuists their talents try,
 Uprightly for the sake of truth to lie.

He had not finish'd, till th' out-guards def-
 cry'd (c)

Bright columns move in formidable pride;

VARIATIONS.

(b) True to extremes, yet to dull forms a slave,
 He's always dully gay, or vainly grave.
 With indignation, and a daring air,
 He paus'd a while, and thus address'd the chair.

(c) What Stentor offer'd was by most approv'd;
 But several voices several methods mov'd.
 At length th' adventurous heroes all agree
 To expect the foe, and act defensively.
 Into the shop their bold battalions move,
 And what their chief commands, the rest approve.
 Down from the walls they tear the shelves in haste,
 Which on their flank for palisades are plac'd;

* Dr. Goodall.

† Sir Thomas Millington.

The passing pomp so dazzled from afar,
It seem'd a triumph, rather than a war.
Though wide the front, though gross the phalanx
grew,

It look'd less dreadful, as it nearer grew.

The adverse host for action straight prepare;
All eager to unveil the face of war.

Their chiefs lace on their helmets, and take the
field,

And to their trusty squire resigns the shield:
To paint each knight, their ardour and alarms.

Would ask the muse that sung the frogs in arms.

And now the signal summons to the fray;

Mock falchions flash, and paltry ensigns play.

Their patron god his silver bow-strings twangs;

Tough harness rattles, and bold armour clangs;

The piercing caustics ply their spiteful power;

Emetics ranch, and keen cathartics scour;

The deadly drugs in double doses fly;

And pestles peal a martial symphony.

Now from their level'd syringes they pour

The liquid volley of a missive shower.

Not storms of fleet, which o'er the Baltic drive

Puff'd on by northern gulls, such horror give.

Like spouts in southern seas the deluge broke,

And numbers sunk beneath th' impetuous stroke.

So when Leviathans dispute the reign

And uncontrol'd dominion of the main;

From the rent rocks whole coral groves are torn,

And isles of sea-weed on the waves are borne,

Such watery stores from their spread nostrils fly,

'Tis doubtful which is sea, and which is sky.

And now the staggering braves, led by despair,

Advance, and to return the charge prepare,

Each seizes for his shield a spacious scale,

And the brass weights fly thick as showers of
hail.

Whole heaps of warriors welter on the ground, }
With gally-pots and broken phials crown'd; }

Whilst empty jars the dire defeat resound.

Thus when some storm its crystal quarry rends,

And Jove in rattling showers of ice descends;

Mount Athos shakes the forests on his brow,

Whilst down his wounded sides fresh torrents }
flow, [below.] }

And leaves and limbs of trees o'erspread the vale.

But now, all order lost, promiscuous blows

Confus'dly fall; perplex'd the battle grows.

From Stentor's arm a massy opiate slice,

And straight a deadly sleep clos'd Carnus' eyes.

At Colon † great Sertorius Buckthorn slung,

Who with fierce gripes, like those of death, was
slung;

And then behind the compter rang'd they stand
Their front so well secur'd, t'obey command.

And now the son's the adverse host's defcry,

B'ne aprons in the air for colours fly:

With unresisted force they urge their way,

And find the foe embattled in array.

But with a dauntless and disdainful mein
Hurl'd back steel pills, and hit him on the spleen,

Chiron * attack'd Talthibius with such might,

One pass had paunch'd the huge hydropic knight,

Who straight retreated to evade the wound,

But in a flood of apozem was drown'd.

This Pylas † saw, and to the victor said,

Thou shalt not long survive th' unwieldy dead,

Thy fate shall follow; to confirm it, swore,

By the image of Priapus, which he bore:

And rais'd an eagle-stone, invoking loud

On Cynthia, leaning o'er a silver cloud:

Great queen of night, and empress of the seas,

If faithful to thy midnight mysteries,

If, still observant of my early vows,

These hands have eas'd the mourning matron's
throes,

Direct this rais'd avenging arm aright;

So may loud cymbals aid thy labouring light.

He said, and let the ponderous fragment fly

At Chiron, but learn'd Hermes put it by.

Though the haranguing god survey'd the war,

That day the muses' sons were not his care;

Two friends, adepts, the Trifmegists by name,

Alike their features, and alike their flame;

As simpling near fair Tweed each sung by turn,

The listening river would neglect his urn.

Those lives they fail'd to rescue by their skill,

Their muse could make immortal with her quill;

But learn'd inquiries after nature's state

Disolv'd the league, and kindled a debate.

The one, for lofty labours fruitful known,

Fill'd magazines with volumes of his own.

At his once-favour'd friend a tome he threw,

That from its birth had slept unseen till now;

Stunn'd with the blow, the batter'd bard retir'd,

Sunk down, and in a simile expir'd.

And now the cohorts shake, the legions ply,

The yielding flanks confess the victory.

Stentor, undaunted still, with noble rage

Sprung through the battle, Querpo to engage.

Fierce was the onset, the dispute was great,

Both could not vanquish, neither would retreat;

Each combatant his adversary mauls,

With batter'd bed-pans, and stav'd urinals.

On Stentor's crest the usual crystal breaks,

And tears of amber gutter'd down his cheeks;

But whilst the champion, as late rumours tell,

Design'd a sure decisive stroke, he fell:

And as the victor hovering o'er him stood,

With arms extended, thus the suppliant sued:

When honour's lost, 'tis a relief to die;

Death's but a sure retreat from infamy.

But to the lost if pity might be shown,

Reflect on young Querpoides thy son;

Then pity mine, for such an infant grace

Smiles in his eyes, and flatters in his face.

If he was near, compassion he'd create,

Or else lament his wretched parent's fate.

Thine is the glory, and the field is thine;

To thee the lov'd Dispensary I resign.

* Dr. Goodall against Dr. Tyson.

† Dr. Birch.

* Dr. Gill against Dr. Ridley.

† Dr. Chamberlain.

At this the victors own such extasies,
As Memphian priests if their Osiris sneeze :
Or champions with Olympic clangor fir'd ;
Or simpering prudes with sprightly Nantz inspir'd ;
Or sultans rais'd from dungeons to a crown ;
Or fasting zealots when the sermon's done.

Awhile the chief the deadly stroke declin'd,
And found compassion pleading in his mind.
But whilst he view'd with pity the distress'd,
He spy'd Signetur† writ upon his breast. [head,
Then tow'rd's the skies he toss'd his threatening
And, fir'd with more than mortal fury, said :
Sooner than I'll from vow'd revenge desist, (d)
His Holiness shall turn a Quietest ;

VARIATIONS.

(d) Faith stand unmov'd through Stillingfleet's defence,
And Locke for mystery abandon sense.

† Those members of the college that observe a late statute, are called by the apothecaries " Signetur men."

Janfenius and the Jesuits agree,
The inquisition wink at heresy,
Warm convocations own the church secure,
And more consult her doctrine than her power.

With that he drew a lancet in his rage,
To puncture the still supplicating sage.
But while his thoughts that fatal stroke decree,
Apollo interpos'd in form of see.
The chief great Pæan's golden tresses knew,
He own'd the god, and his rais'd arm with-drew.

Thus often at the Temple-stairs we've seen
Two tritons, of a rough athletic mien,
Sourly dispute some quarrel of the flood,
With knuckles bruise'd, and face besmear'd in blood ;

But, at the first appearance of a fare,
Both quit the fray, and to their oars repair.

The Hero so his enterprize recalls,
His fist unclinch'es, and the weapon falls.

C A N T O VI.

WHILE the shrill clangor of the battle rings,
Auspicious health appear'd on zephyr's wings ;
She seem'd a cherub most divinely bright,
More soft than air, more gay than morning-light.
A charm she takes from each excelling fair,
And borrows Carlisle's shape, and Grafton's air.
Her eyes like Ranelagh's their beams disperse,
With Churchill's bloom, and Berkeley's innocence ;

On Iris thus the differing beams bestow
The dye, that paints the wonders of her bow ;
From the fair nymph a vocal music falls,
As to Machaon thus the goddess calls :

Enough, th' atchievement of your arms you've shown,

You seek a triumph you should blush to own.

Haste to th' Elysian fields, those blest abodes,
Where Harvey sits among the demi-gods,
Consult that sacred sage, he'll soon disclose
The method that must mollify these woes.
Let Celsus* for that enterprize prepare,
His conduct to the shades shall be my care.

Aghast the heroes stood dissolv'd in fear,
A form so heavenly bright they could not bear ;
Celsus, alone unmov'd, the sight beheld,
The rest in pale confusion left the field.

So when the pygmies, marshal'd on the plains,
Wage puny war against th' invading cranes ;

The puppets to their bodkin spears repair,
And scatter'd feathers flutter in the air ;
But, when the bold imperial bird of Jove
Stoops on his sounding pinions from above,
Among the brakes the fairy nation crowds,
And the Strimonian Squadron seeks the clouds.

And now the delegate prepares to go
And view the wonders of the realms below ;
Then takes Amomum for the golden bough.
Thrice did the goddess with her sacred wand
The pavement strike ; and straight at her command

The willing surface opens, and describes
A deep descent that leads to nether skies.

Hygeia to the silent region tends ;

And with his heavenly guide the charge descends.

Thus Numa, when to hallow'd caves retir'd,
Was by Ægeria guarded and inspir'd.

Within the chambers of the globe they spy
The beds where sleeping vegetables lie,
Till the glad summons of a genial ray
Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.
Hence pancies trick themselves in various hue,
And hence jonquils derive their fragrant dew ;
Hence the carnation and the bashful rose
Their virgin blushes to the morn disclose ;
Hence the chaste lily rises to the light,
Unveils her snowy breasts, and charms the sight ;

* Dr. Bateman.

Hence arbours are with twining greens array'd,
 T' oblige complaining lovers with their shade;
 And hence on Daphne's laurel'd forehead grow
 Immortal wreaths for Phœbus and Naïad.

The insects here their lingering trance survive:
 Benumb'd they seem'd, and doubtful if alive.

From winter's fury hither they repair;
 And stay for milder skies and softer air.
 Down to these cells obscurer reptiles creep,
 Where hateful nutes and painted lizards sleep;
 Where shivering snakes the summer solstice wait:
 Unfurl their painted folds, and slide in state.
 Here their new form the numb'd crucea hide
 Their numerous feet in slender bandage ty'd:
 Soon as the kindling ear begins to rise,
 This upstart race their native clod despise,
 And proud of painted wings attempt the skies.

Now those profounder regions they explore,
 Where metals ripen in vast cakes of ore,
 Here, fullen to the fight, at large is spread
 The dull unwieldy mass of lumpish lead.
 There, glimmering in their dawning beds, are
 seen

The light aspiring seeds of sprightly tin.
 The copper sparkles next in ruddy streaks;
 And in the gloom betrays its glowing cheeks.
 The silver then, with bright and burnish'd grace,
 Youth and a blooming lustre in its face,
 To th' aims of those more yielding metals flies,
 And in the folds of their embraces lies.
 So close they cling, so stubbornly retire;
 Their love's more violent than the chemist's fire.

Near these the delegate with wonder spies
 Where floods of living silver serpentine;
 Where richest metals their bright looks put on,
 And golden streams through amber channels run:
 Where light's gay god descends, to ripen gems,
 And lend a lustre brighter than his beams.

Here he observes the subterranean cells,
 Where wanton nature sports in idle shells.
 Some helicoids, some conical appear:
 These, mitres emulate, those turbans are.
 Here marcasites in various figure wait,
 To ripen to a true metallic state:
 'Till drops that from impending rocks descend
 Their substance petrify, and progress end.

Nigh, livid seas of kindled sulphur flow,
 And whilst enrag'd, their fiery surges glow,
 Convulsions in the labouring mountains rise,
 And hurl their melted vitals to the skies.

He views with horror next the noisy cave,
 Where with hoarse din imprison'd tempests rave;
 Where clamorous hurricanes attempt their flight,
 Or, whirling in tumultuous eddies, fight.
 The warring winds unmov'd Hygeia heard,
 Brav'd their loud jars, but much for Cæsus fear'd.
 Andromeda so, whilst her hero fought,
 Shook for his danger, but her own forgot.

And now the goddess with her charge descends,
 Whilst scarce one cheerful glimpse their steps be-
 friends.

Here his forsaken seat old Chaos keeps;
 And, undisturb'd by form, in silence sleeps;
 A grisly wight, and hideous to the eye,
 An awkward lump of shapeless anarchy.

With sordid age his features are defac'd;
 His lands unpeopled, and his countries waste:
 To these dark realms much learned lumber creeps
 There copious Moxton safe in silence sleeps;
 Where mushroom libels in oblivion lie,
 And, soon as born, like other monsters, die.
 Upon a couch of jet, in these abodes,
 Dull night, his melancholy consort, nods.
 No ways and means their cabinet employ;
 But their dark hours they waste in barren joy.

Nigh this recess, with terror they survey
 Where death maintains his dread tyrannic sway.
 In the close covert of a cypress grove,
 Where goblins frisk, and airy spectres rove,
 Yawns a dark cave, with awful horror wide,
 And there the monarch's triumphs are deserv'd;
 Confus'd, and wildly huddled to the eye,
 The beggar's pouch and prince's purple lie;
 Dim lamps with sickly rays scarce seem to glow;
 Sighs heave in mournful moans, and tears o'erflow;
 Restless anxiety, forlorn despair,
 And all the faded family of care;
 Old mouldering urns, racks, daggers, and distress,
 Make up the frightful horror of the place.

Within its dreadful jaws those furies wait,
 Which execute the harsh decrees of fate.
 Febris is first: the hag relentless hears
 The virgin's sighs, and sees the infant's tears.
 In her parch'd eye-balls fiery meteors reign;
 And restless ferments revel in each vein.

Then hydrops next appears amongst the throng;
 Bloated, and big, the slowly sails along.
 But, like a miser, in excess she's poor,
 And pines for thirst amidst her watery store.

Now loathsome lepra, that offensive spright,
 With foul eruptions stain'd, offends the sight;
 Still deaf to beauty's soft persuading power;
 Nor can bright Hebe's charms her bloom secure.

Whilst meagre Pthisis gives a silent blow,
 Her strokes are sure, but her advances slow:
 No loud alarms, nor fierce assaults, are shown;
 She starves the fortress first, then takes the town.
 Behind stood crowds of much inferior fame,
 Too numerous to repeat, too foul to name;
 The vassals of their monarch's tyranny,
 Who, at his nod, on fatal errands fly.

Now Cæsus, with his glorious guide, invades
 The silent region of the fleeting shades;
 Where rocks and rueful deserts are deserv'd,
 And fullen Styx rolls down his lazy tide:
 Then shows the ferry-man the plant he bore,
 And claims his passage to the further shore.
 To whom the Stygian pilot, smiling, said,
 You need no passport to demand our aid.
 Physicians never linger on this strand:
 Old Charon's present still at your command.
 Our awful monarch and his consort owe
 To them the peopling of the realms below.
 Then in his swarthy hand he grasp'd the oar,
 Receiv'd his guests aboard, and shov'd from
 shore.

Now, as the goddess and her charge prepare
 To breathe the sweets of soft Elysian air,
 Upon the left they spy a pensive shade,
 Who on his bended arm had rais'd his head:

Pale grief sat heavy on his mournful look;
To whither, not unconcern'd, thus Celsus spoke:
Tell me, thou much afflicted shade, why sighs
Burst from your breast, and torrents from your
eyes:

And who those mangled manes are, which show
A fullen satisfaction at your woe?

Since, said the ghost, with pity you'll attend,
Know, I'm Gulicium †, once your firmest friend;
And on this barren beach in discontent

Am doom'd to stay, till th' angry powers relent.
Those spectres, seam'd with scars, that threaten
The victims of my late ill-conduct are. [there,

They vex with endless clamours my repose:
This wants his palate; that demands his nose:
And here they execute stern Pluto's will,
And ply me every moment with a pill.

Then Celsus thus: O much-lamented state!
How rigid is the sentence you relate!
Methinks I recollect your former air,
But ah! how much you're chang'd from what
you were!

Insipid as your late perfumes you lie,
That once were sprightlier far than Mercury.
At the sad tale you tell, the poppies weep,
And mourn their vegetable souls asleep;
The unctuous larix, and the healing pine,
Lament your fate in tears of turpentine.
But still the offspring of your brain shall prove
The grocer's care, and brave the rage of Jove:
When bonfires blaze, your vagrant works shall
rise

In rockets, till they reach the wondering skies.

If mortals e'er the Stygian powers could bend,
Intreaties to their awful seats I'll send.

But, since no human arts the fates dissuade,
Direct me how to find blest'd Harvey's shade.
In vain th' unhappy ghost still urg'd his stay;
Then, rising from the ground, he shew'd the way.
Nigh the dull shore a shapeless mountain stood,
That with a dreadful frown survey'd the flood.
Its fearful brow no lively greens put on;
No frisking goats bound o'er the ridgy stone:
To gain the summit the bright goddess try'd;
And Celsus follow'd, by degrees, his guide.

Th' ascent thus conquer'd, now they tower
on high,

And taste th' indulgence of a milder sky.
Loose breezes on their airy pinions play,
Soft infant blossoms their chaste odours pay,
And roses blush their fragrant lives away. }
Cool streams through flowery meadows gently
glide;

And, as they pass, their painted banks they chide
These blissful plains no blights nor mildews fear,
The flowers ne'er fade, and shrubs are myrtles
The morn awakes the tulip from her bed; [here.
Ere noon in painted pride she decks her head,
Robb'd in rich dye the triumphs on the green.
And every flower does homage to their queen.
So, when bright Venus rises from the flood,
Around in throngs the wondering Nereids crowd;
The Tritons gaze, and tune each vocal shell,
And every grace unsung, the waves conceal.

† Dr. Morton.

The delegate observes, with wondering eyes,
Ambrosial dews descend, and incense rise;
Then hastens onward to the pensive grove,
The silent mansion of disastrous love.
Here jealousy with jaundic'd looks appears,
And broken slumbers, and fantastic fears.
The widow'd turtle hangs her moulting wings,
And to the woods in mournful murmurs sings.
No winds but sighs there are, no floods but
tears:

Each conscious tree a tragic signal bears.
Their wounded bark records some broken vow,
And willow-garlands hang on every bough.

Olivia here in solitude he found,
Her downcast eyes fix'd on the silent ground:
Her dress neglected, and unbound her hair,
She seem'd the dying image of despair.
How lately did this celebrated thing
Blaze in the box, and sparkle in the ring;
Till the green sickness and love's force betray'd
To death's remorseless arms th' unhappy maid!

All o'er confus'd the guilty lover stood,
The light forsook his eyes, his cheeks the blood;
An icy horror shiver'd in his look,
As to the cold-complexion'd nymph he spoke:

Tell me, dear shade, from whence such anx-
ious care,

Your looks disorder'd, and your bosom bare?
Why thus you languish like a drooping flower,
Crush'd by the weight of some relentless shower?
Your languid looks your late ill-conduct tell;
Oh that, instead of trash, you'd taken steel!

Stabb'd with th' unkind reproach, the consci-
ous maid

Thus to her late insulting lover said:
When ladies listen not to loose desire,
You stile our modesty our want of fire:
Smile or forbid, encourage or reprove,
You still find reasons to believe we love:
Vainly you think a liking we betray,
And never mean the peevish things we say.
Few are the fair-ones of Rufilla's make,
Unask'd she grants, uninjur'd she'll forsake:
But several Cælia's, several ages boast,
That like, where reason recommends the most.
Where heavenly truth and tenderness conspire,
Chaste passion may persuade us to desire.

Your sex, he cry'd, as custom bids, behaves;
In forms the tyrant ties such haughty slaves.
To do nice conduct right, you nature wrong;
Impulses are but weak, where reason's strong.
Some want the courage; but how few the flame!
They like the thing, that startle at the name.

The lonely phoenix, though profess'd a nun,
Warms into love, and kindles at the sun;
Those tales of spicy urns and fragrant fires
Are but the emblems of her scorch'd desires.

Then, as he strove to clasp the fleeting fair,
His empty arms confess'd th' impassive air.
From his embrace th' unbody'd spectre flies,
And, as she mov'd, she chid him with her eyes.

They hasten now to that delightful plain,
Where the glad manes of the blest'd remain:
Where Harvey gathers simples, to bestow
Immortal youth on heroes' shades below.

Soon as the bright Hygeia was in view,
The venerable sage her presence knew :
Thus he—

Hail, blooming goddess! thou propitious power,
Whose blessings mortals more than life implore!
With so much lustre your bright looks endear,
That cottages are courts where those appear.
Mankind, as you vouchsafe to smile or frown,
Finds ease in chains, or anguish in a crown.

With just resentments and contempt you see
The foul dissensions of the faculty ;
How your sad sickening art now hangs her head,
And, once a science, is become a trade.
Her sons ne'er tifle her mysterious store,
But study nature less, and lucre more.
Not so when Rome to th' Epidaurian rais'd
A temple, where devoted incense blaz'd.
Oft father Tiber views the lofty fire :
As the learn'd son is worshipp'd like the fire ;
The sage with Romulus like honours claim ;
The gift of life and laws were then the same.

I shew'd of old, how vital currents glide,
And the meanders of the resluent tide.
Then, Willis, why spontaneous actions here,
And whence involuntary motions there :
And how the spirits, by mechanic laws,
In wild careers tumultuous riots cause.
Nor would our Wharton, Bates, and Glisson, lie
In the abyss of blind obscurity.
But now such wondrous searches are foreborn,
And Pæan's art is by divisions torn.

Then let your charge attend, and I'll explain
How her lost health your science may regain.

Haste, and the matchless Atticus address,
From Heaven and great Nassau he has the mace.
Th' oppress'd to his asylum still repair ;
Arts he supports, and learning is his care,
He softens the harsh rigour of the laws,
Blunts their keen edge, and grinds their harpy
And graciously he casts a pitying eye {claws ;
On the sad state of virtuous poverty.
Whene'er he speaks, Heaven! how the listen-
ing throng
Dwells on the melting music of his tongue !

His arguments are emblems of his mien,
Mild, but not faint, and forcing, though serene ;
And, when the power of eloquence he'd try,
Here lightning strikes you; there soft breezes
sigh.

To him you must your sickly state refer,
Your charter claims him as your visiter.
Your wounds he'll close, and sovereignly restore
Your science to the height it had before.

Then Nassau's health shall be our glorious
aim,

His life shall be as lasting as his fame.
Some princes' claims from deservations spring ;
He condescends in pity to be king ;
And, when amidst his olives plac'd he stands,
And governs more by candour than commands ;
Ev'n then not less a hero he appears,
Than when his laurel diadem he wears.

Would Phœbus, or his Granville, but inspire
Their sacred vehemence of poetic fire ;
To celebrate in song that godlike power,
Which did the labouring universe restore :
Fair Albions cliffs would echo to the strain,
And praise the arm that conquer'd, to regain
The earth's repose, and empire o'er the main.

Still may th' immortal man his cares repeat,
To make his blessings endless as they're great :
Whilst malice and ingratitude confess
They've strove for ruin long without success.
When, late, Jove's eagle from the pile shall rise
To bear the victor to the boundless skies,

A while the god puts off paternal care,
Neglects the earth, to give the heavens a star.
Near thee, Alcides, shall the hero shine ;
His rays resembling, as his labours, thine.

Had some sam'd patriot, of the Latian blood,
Like Julius great, and like Octavius good,
But thus preserv'd the Latian liberties,
Aspiring columns soon had reach'd the skies :
Loud lo's the proud capitol had shook,
And all the statues of the gods had spoke.

No more the sage his raptures could pursue :
He paus'd ; and Cæsus with his guide withdrew.

P O E M S.

CLAREMONT:

Addressed to the Right Honourable
THE EARL OF CLARE,
AFTERWARDS DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

“—Dryadum sylvas, saltusque sequamur
“Intactos, tua, Mæcenæ, haud mollia iussa.”
VIRGIL.

P R E F A C E.

THEY that have seen those two excellent poems of Cooper's Hill and Windsor-Forest; the one by Sir J. Denham, the other by Mr. Pope; will shew a great deal of candour if they approve of this. It was written upon giving the name of Claremont to a villa now belonging to the Earl of Clare. The situation is so agreeable and surprising, that it inclines one to think some place of this nature put Ovid at first upon the story of Narcissus and Echo. It is probable he had observed some spring arising amongst woods and rocks, where echoes were heard; and some flower bending over the stream, and by consequence reflected from it. After reading the story in the third book of the *Metamorphosis*, it is obvious to object (as an ingenious friend has already done) that the renewing the charms of a nymph, of which Ovid had dispossest her,

“—vox tantùm atque ossa superfunt,”

is too great a violation of poetical authority. I dare say the gentleman who is meant, would have been well pleased to have found no faults. There are not many authors one can say the same of: experience shews us every day that there are writers who cannot bear a brother should succeed, and the only refuge from their indignation is by being inconsiderable; upon which reflection, this thing ought to have a pretence to their favour.

They who would be more informed of what relates to the ancient Britons, and the Druids their priests, may consult Pliny, Ovid, and the other classic authors that have mentioned them.

CLAREMONT.

WHAT frenzy has of late possess'd the brain!
Though few can write, yet fewer can refrain.
So rank our soil, or bards rise in such store,
Their rich retaining patrons scarce are more.
The last indulge the fault the first commit;
And take of still the offal of their wit.

So shameless, so abandon'd are their ways;
They poach Parnassus, and lay snares for praise.

None ever can without admirers live,
Who have a pension or a place to give.
Great ministers ne'er fail of great deserts;
The herald gives them blood, the poet parts.
Sense is of course annex'd to wealth and power;
No muse is proof against a golden shower.
Let but his lordship write some poor lampoon,
He's Horac'd up in doggrel like his own:
Or, if to rant in tragic rage he yields, [fields.
False fame cries—Athens; honest truth—Moor.
Thus fool'd, he flounders on through floods of ink;
Flags with full sail; and rises but to sink.

Some venal pens so prostitute the bays,
Their panegyric lash; their satires praise.
So nauseously, and so unlike, they paint,
N——'s an Adonis; M——r, a saint.
Metius with those fam'd heroes is compar'd,
That led in triumph Porus and Tallard.
But such a shameless muse must laughter move,
That aims to make Salmonæus vie with Jove.

To form great works, puts fate itself to pain;
Ev'n nature labours for a mighty man,
And, to perpetuate her hero's fame,
She strains no less a poet next to frame.
Rare as the hero's, is the poet's rage;
Churchills and Drydens rise but once an age.
With earthquakes towering Pindar's birth begun;
And an eclipse produc'd Alcmena's son.
The fire of gods o'er Phœbus cast a shade;
But, with a hero, well the world repaid,

No bard of bribes should prostitute his vein;
Nor dare to flatter where he should arraign.
To grant big Thraso valour, Phormio sense,
Should indignation give, at least offence.

I hate such mercenaries, and would try
From this reproach to rescue poetry.
Apollo's sons should scorn the servile art,
And to court-preachers leave the fulsome part.

What then—You'll say, Must no true sterling
Because impure allays some coin debase? [pass,

Yes, praise, if justly offer'd, I'll allow;
And, when I meet with merit, scribble too.
The man who's honest, open, and a friend,
Glad to oblige, uneasy to offend;

Forgiving others, to himself severe;
Though earnest, easy; civil, yet sincere;

Who seldom but through great good-nature errs;
Detesting fraud as much as flatterers;

'Tis he my muse's homage should receive;
If I could write, or Holles could forgive;

But pardon, learned youth, that I decline
A name so lov'd by me, so lately thine.

When Pelham you resign'd what could repair
A loss so great, unless Newcastle's heir?

Hydaspes, that the Asian plains divides,
From his bright urn in purest crystal glides;

But, when new-gathering streams enlarge his
course,

He's Indus nam'd, and rolls with mightier force;
In fabled floods of gold his current flows,

And wealth on nations, as he runs, bestows.
Direct me, Clare, to name some nobler muse,

That for her theme thy late recess may choose;
Such bright descriptions shall the subject dress;

Such vary'd scenes, such pleasing images,
'That swains shall leave their lawns, and nymphs

their bowers,
And quit Arcadia for a seat like your's.

But say, who shall attempt th' adventurous part
Where Nature borrows dress from Vanburgh's

art?

If, by Apollo taught, he touch the lyre,
Stones mount in columns, palaces aspire,

And rocks are animated with his fire. }
'Tis he can paint in verse those rising hills,

Their gentle vallies, and their silver rills;
Close groves, and opening glades with verdure

spread,
Flowers sighing sweets, and shrubs that balm

bleed;
With gay variety the prospect crown'd,

And all the bright horizon smiling round.
Whilst I attempt to tell how ancient fame

Records from whence the villa took its name.
In times of old, when British nymphs were

known
To love no foreign fashions like their own;

When dress was monstrous, and fig-leaves the
And quality put on no paint but woad; [mode,

Of Spanish red unheard was then the name
(For cheeks were only taught to blush for shame);

No beauty, to increase her crowd of slaves,
Rose out of wash, as Venus out of waves;

Not yet lead comb was on the toilet plac'd;
Nor yet broad eye-brows were reduc'd by paste;

No shape-smith set up shop, and droye a trade
To mend the work wife Providence had made;

Tires were unheard of, and unknown the loom,
And thrifty silkworms spun for times to come;

Bare limbs were then the marks of modesty;
All like Diana were below the knee.

The men appear'd a rough, undaunted race,
Surly in show, unfashion'd in address;

Upright in actions, and in thought sincere;
And strictly were, the same they would appear.

Honour was plac'd in probity alone;
For villains had no titles but their own.

None travel'd to return politely mad;
But still what fancy wanted, reason had.

Whatever Nature ask'd, their hands could give;
Unlearn'd in feats, they only eat to live.

No cook with art increas'd physicians' fees,
Nor serv'd up death in soups and fricasees:

Their taste was, like their temper, unrefin'd;
For looks were then the language of the mind.

Ere right and wrong, by turns, set prices bore;
And conscience had its rate like common whore;

Or tools to great employments had pretence;
Or merit was made out by impudence;

Or coxcombs look'd assuming in affairs;
And humble friends grew haughty ministers;

In those good days of innocence, here stood
Of oaks, with heads unshorn, a solemn wood,

Frequented by the Druids, to bestow
Religious honours on the Mistletoe.

The naturalists are puzzled to explain
How trees did first this stranger entertain;

Whether the busy birds ingraft it there;
Or else some deity's mysterious care,

As Druids thought; for, when the blasted oak
By lightning falls, this plant escapes the stroke.

So, when the Gauls the towers of Rome defac'd,
And flames drove forward with outrageous

waste,
Jove's favour'd capitol uninjur'd stood:

So sacred was the mansion of a God.
Shades honour'd by this plant the Druids chose,

Here, for the bleeding victims, altars rose.
To Hermes oft they paid their sacrifice;

Parent of arts, and patron of the wife.
Good rules in mild persuasions they convey'd;

Their lives confirming what their lectures said.
None violated truth, invaded right;

Yet had few laws, but will and appetite.
The people's peace they studied, and profess

No politics but public interest.
Hard was their lodging, homely was their food;

For all their luxury was doing good.
No mitred priest did then with princes vie,

Nor o'er his master claim'd supremacy;
Nor were the rules of faith allow'd more pure,

For being several centuries obscure.
None lost their fortunes, forfeited their blood,

For not believing what none understood.
Nor simony, nor sinecure, were known;

Nor would the bee work honey for the drone.
Nor was the way invented, to dismiss

Fair Abigails with fat pluralities.
But then, in fillets bound, a hallow'd band

Taught how to tend the flocks, and till the land;

Could tell what murrains in what months begun,
And how the seasons travel'd with the sun;
When his dim orb seem'd wading through the air,
They told that rain on dropping wings drew near;
And that the winds their bellowing throats would
try,

When reddening clouds reflect his blood-shot eye:
All their remarks on nature's laws require
More lines than would even *Alpin's* readers tire.

This fell in sacred veneration held
Opinions, by the Samian sage reveal'd;
That matter no annihilation knows,
But wanders from these tenements to those
For when the plastic particles are gone,
They rally in some species like their own:
The self-same atoms, if new-jumbled, will
In seas be restless, and in earth be still;
Can, in the truffle, furnish out a feast,
And nardsteat, in the scaly squill, the taste.
Those falling leaves that wither with the year,
Will, in the next, on other stems appear.
The sap, that now forsakes the bursting bud,
In some new shoot will circulate green blood.
The breath to-day that from the jasmine blows,
Will, when the season offers, scent the rose;
And those bright flames that in carnations glow,
Ere long will blanch the lily with a snow.

They hold that matter must be still the same,
And varies but in figure and in name;
And that the soul nor dies, but shifts her seat,
New rounds of life to run, or pass repeat.
Thus, when the brave and virtuous cease to live,
In beings brave and virtuous they revive.
Again shall *Romulus* in *Nassau* reign;
Great *Namu*, in a *Brunswick* prince, ordain
Good laws; and *Halcyon* years shall hush the
world again.

The truths of old traditions were their theme;
Or gods descending in a morning dream.
Past'd acts they cited; and to come, foretold;
And could events, not ripe for fate, unfold:
Beneath the shady covert of an oak,
In rhymes uncouth, prophetic truths they spoke.
Attend then, *Clare*; nor is the legend long;
The story of thy villa is their song.

The fair *Montana*, of the sylvan race,
Was with each beauty blest'd, and every grace.
His fire, green *Faunus*, guardian of the wood;
His mother, a swift *Naiad* of the flood.
Her silver urn supply'd the neighbouring streams,
A darling daughter of the bounteous *Thames*.

Not lovelier seem'd *Narcissus* to the eye;
Nor, when a flower, could boast more fragrantcy:
His skin might with the down of swans compare,
More smooth than pearl; than mountain-snow
more fair:

In shape so poplars or the cedars please;
But these are not so straight, nor graceful these:
His flowing hair in unfur'd ringlets hung;
Tuneful his voice, persuasive was his tongue;
The haughtiest fair scarce heard without a wound,
But sunk to softness at the melting sound.

The fourth bright lustre had but just begun
To shade his blushing cheeks with doubtful
down,

All day he rang'd the woods, and spread the tale,
And knew no pleasures but in sylvan spoils.
In vain the nymphs put on each pleasing grace;
Too cheap the quarry seem'd, too short the chase;
For, though possession be th' undoubted view,
To seize is far less pleasure than pursue.

Those nymphs, that yield too soon, their charms
impair,

And prove at last but despicably fair.
His own undoing glutton love decrees;
And palls the appetite he meant to please;
His slender wants too largely he supplies;
Thriev's on short meals, but by indulgence dies.

A grot there was, with hoary moss o'ergrown,
Rough with rude shells, and arch'd with moulder-
ing stone;

Sad silence reigns within the lonesome wall,
And weeping rills but whisper as they fall;
The clasping ivies up the ruin creep,
And there the bat and drowsy beetle sleep.

This cell sad *Echo* chose, by love betray'd,
A fit retirement for a mourning maid.
Hither, fatigu'd with toil, the sylvan flies,
To shun the calenture of sultry skies;
But feels a fiercer flame: love's keenest dart
Finds through his eyes a passage to his heart.
Pensive the virgin fate with folded arms,
Her tears but lending lustre to her charms.
With pity he beholds her wounding woes;
But wants himself the pity he bestows.

Oh whether of a mortal born! he cries;
Or some fair daughter of the distant skies;
That, in compassion, leave your crystal sphere,
To guard some favour'd charge, and wander here!
Slight not my suit, nor too ungentle prove;
But pity one, a novice yet in love.
If words avail not, see my suppliant tears;
Nor disregard those dumb petitioners.

From his complaint the tyrant virgin flies,
Asserting all the empire of her eyes.
Full thrice three days he lingers out in grief,
Nor seeks from sleep, or sustenance, relief.
The lamp of life now casts a glimmering light;
The meeting lids his setting eyes benight.
What force remains, the hapless lover tries;
Invoking thus his kindred deities:

Haste, parents of the flood, your race to mourn;
With tears replenish each exhausted urn;
Retake the life you gave, but let the maid
Fall a just victim to an injur'd shade.
More he endeavour'd; but the accents hung
Half form'd, and stopp'd unfinish'd on his tongue.

For him the graces their sad vigils keep;
Love broke his bow, and wish'd for eyes to weep.
What gods can do, the mournful faunus tries;
A mount erecting where the sylvan lies,
The rural powers the wondrous pile survey,
And piously their different honours pay.
Th' ascent with verdant herbage *Pales* spread;
And nymphs, transform'd to laurels, lent their
shade.

Her stream a *Naiad* from the basis pours;
And *Flora* strows the summit with her flowers.
Alone Mount *Latmos* claims pre-eminence,
When silver *Cynthia* lights the world from thence.

Sad Echo now laments her rigour, more
Than for Narcissus her loose flame before.
Her flesh to sinew shrinks, her charms are fled;
All day in rifted rocks she hides her head.
Soon as the evening shews a sky serene,
Abroad she strays, but never to be seen.
And ever, as the weeping Naiads name
Her cruelty, the nymph repeats the same;
With them she joins, her lover to deplore,
And haunts the lonely dales he rang'd before.
Her sex's privilege she yet retains;
And, though to nothing wasted, voice remains.
So sung the Druids—then, with rapture fir'd,
Thus utter what the Delphic god inspir'd:

Ere twice ten centuries shall fleet away,
A Brunswick prince shall Britain's sceptre sway.
No more fair liberty shall mourn her chains;
The maid is rescu'd, her lov'd Perseus reigns.
From Jove he comes, the captive to restore;
Nor can the thunder of his fire do more.
Religion shall dread nothing but disguise;
And justice need no bandage for her eyes.
Britannia smiles, nor fears a foreign lord;
Her safety to secure, two powers accord,
Her Neptune's trident, and her monarch's sword.
Like him, shall his Augustus shine in arms,
Though captive to his Carolina's charms.
Ages with future heroes she shall bless,
And Venus once more found an Alban race.

Then shall a Clare in honour's cause engage:
Example must reclaim a graceless age.
Where guides themselves for guilty views mislead;
And laws even by the legislators bleed;
His brave contempt of state shall teach the proud,
None but the virtuous are of noble blood:
For tyrants are but princes in disguise,
Though sprung by long descents from Ptolemies.
Right he shall vindicate, good laws defend;
The firmest patriot, and the warmest friend.
Great Edward's order early he shall wear,
New light restoring to the fully'd star.
Oft will his leisure this retirement choofe,
Still finding future subjects for the muse;
And, to record the sylvan's fatal flame,
The place shall live in song, and Claremont be
the name.

TO

THE LADY LOUISA LENOS:

WITH OVID'S EPISTLES.

IN moving lines these few epistles tell
What fate attends the nymph that likes too well:
How faintly the successful lovers burn,
And their neglected charms how ladies mourn.
The fair you'll find, when soft entreaties fail,
Assert their uncontested right, and rail.
Too soon they listen, and repent too late;
'Tis sure they love, when'er they strive to hate.
Their sex or proudly shuns, or poorly craves;
Commencing tyrants, and concluding slaves.
In different breasts what differing passions glow!
Ours kindle quick, but yours extinguish slow.

The fire we boast, with force uncertain burns,
And breaks but out, as appetite returns:
But yours, like incense, mounts by soft degrees,
And in a fragrant flame consumes to please.

Your sex, in all that can engage, excel;
And ours in patience, and persuading well.
Imperial nature equally decrees:
You have your pride, and we our perjuries.
Though form'd to conquer, yet too oft you fall
By giving nothing, or by granting all.

But, Madam, long will your unpractic'd years
Smile at the tale of lovers' hopes and fears.
Though infant graces sooth your gentle hours,
More soft than sighs, more sweet than breathing
flowers;

Let rash admirers your keen lightning fear;
'Tis bright at distance, but destroys if near.

The time ere long, if verse preface, will come,
Your charms shall open in full Brudenell bloom.
All eyes shall gaze, all hearts shall homage vow,
And not a lover languish but for you.
The muse shall string her lyre, with garlands
crown'd,

And each bright nymph shall sicken at the sound.

So, when Aurora first salutes the sight,
Pleas'd we behold the tender dawn of light;
But, when with ripen red she warms the skies,
In circling throngs the wing'd musicians rise,
And the gay groves rejoice in symphonies.
Each pearly flower with painted beauty shines,
And every star its fading fire resigns.

TO

RICHARD EARL OF BURLINGTON.

WITH OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

MY LORD,
Our poet's rules, in easy numbers, tell,
He felt the passion he describes so well.
In that soft art successfully refin'd,
Though angry Cæsar frown'd, the fair were kind.
More ills from love, than tyrants malice, flow;
Jove's thunder strikes less sure than Cupid's bow.

Ovid both felt the pain, and found the ease:
Physicians study most their own disease.
The practice of that age in this we try,
Ladies would listen then, and lovers lie.
Who flatter'd most the fair were most polite,
Each thought her own admirer in the right:
To be but faintly rude was criminal,
But to be boldly so aton'd for all.

Breeding was banish'd for the fair one's sake,
The sex ne'er gives, but suffers ours should take.

Advice to you, my lord, in vain we bring;
The flowers ne'er fail to meet the blooming spring.
Though you possess all nature's gifts, take care;
Love's queen has charms, but fatal is her snare.

On all that goddesses her false smiles bestows;
As on the seas she reigns, from whence the rose.
Young Zephyrs sigh with fragrant breath, soft
gales

Guide her gay barge, and swell the silken sails:

Each silver wave in beauteous order moves,
Fair as her bosom, gentle as her doves;
But he that once embarks, too surely finds
A fullen sky, black storms, and angry winds;
Cares, fears, and anguish, hovering on the coast,
And wrecks of wretches by their folly lost.

When coming time shall bless you with a bride,
Let passion not persuade, but reason guide;
Instead of gold, let gentle truth endear;
She has most charms who is the most sincere.
Shun vain variety, 'tis but disease;
Weak appetites are ever hard to please.
The nymph must fear to be inquisitive;
'Tis for the sex's quiet, to believe.
Her air an easy confidence must show,
And shun to find what the world dread to know;
Still charming with all arts that can engage,
And be the Juliana of the age.

TO

THE DUCHESS OF BOLTON,

ON HER STAYING ALL THE WINTER IN THE
COUNTRY.

CEASE rural conquests, and let free your swains,
To Dryads leave the groves, to nymphs the plains.
In penive dales alone let echo dwell,
And each sad sigh she hears with sorrow tell.
Haste, let your eyes at Kent's pavilion shine,
It wants but stars, and then the work's divine.
Of late, fame only tells of yielding towns,
Of captive generals and protected crowns:
Of purchas'd laurels, and of battles won,
Lines forc'd, states vanquish'd, provinces o'er-
run,
And all Alcides' labour summ'd in one.

The brave must to the fair now yield the prize,
And English arms submit to English eyes:
In which bright list among the first you stand;
Though each a goddess, or a Sunderland.

TO

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,

ON HIS VOLUNTARY BANISHMENT.

Go, mighty prince, and those great nations see,
Which thy victorious arms before made free;
View that fam'd column, where thy name en-
grav'd

Shall tell their children who their empire sav'd,
Point out that marble where thy worth is shown,
To every grateful country but thy own.
O censure undeserv'd! unequal fate!
Which strove to lessen him who made her great:
Which, pamper'd with success and rich in fame,
Extoll'd his conquests, but condemn'd his name.
But virtue is a crime when plac'd on high,
Though all the fault's in the beholder's eye;

* A gallery at St. James's.

Yet he, untouch'd, as in the heat of wars,
Flies from no danger but domestic jars,
Smiles at the dart which angry envy shakes,
And only fears for her whom he forsakes:
He grieves to find the course of virtue cross'd,
Blushing to see our blood no better lost;
Disdains in factious parties to contend,
And proves in absence most Britannia's friend.
So the great Scipio of old, to shun
That glorious envy which his arms had won,
Far from his dear, ungrateful Rome retir'd,
Prepar'd, whene'er his country's cause requir'd,
To shine in peace or war, and be again admir'd.

TO

THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN.

WHILST weeping Europe bends beneath her ills,
And where the sword destroys not, famine kills;
Our ills enjoys, by your successful care,
The pomp of peace, amidst the woes of war.
So much the public to your prudence owes,
You think no labours long for our repose:
Such conduct, such integrity are shown,
There are no coffers empty, but your own.

From mean dependance, merit you retrieve,
Unask'd you offer, and unseen you give:
Your favour, like the Nile, increase bestows,
And yet conceals the source from whence it flows,
No pomp, or grand appearance, you approve:
A people at their ease is what you love:
To lessen taxes, and a nation save,
Are all the grants your services would have.
Thus far the state-machine wants no repair,
But moves in matchless order by your care;
Free from confusion, settled and serene;
And, like the universe, by springs unseen.

But now some star, sinister to our prayers,
Contrives new schemes, and calls you from affairs:
No anguish in your looks, or cares appear,
But how to teach th' unprais'd crew to steer.
Thus, like a victim, no constraint you need,
To expiate their offence by whom you bleed.

Ingratitude's a weed of every clime,
It thrives too fast at first, but fades in time.
The god of day, and your own lot's the same;
The vapours you have rais'd, obscure your flame:
But though you suffer, and awhile retreat,
Your globe of light looks larger as you set.

ON

HER MAJESTY'S STATUE

IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

NEAR the vast bulk of that stupendous frame,
Known by the Gentiles' great apostle's name;
With grace divine, great Anna's seen to rise,
An awful form that glads a nation's eyes;
Beneath her feet four mighty realms appear,
And with due reverence pay their homage there.

Britain and Ireland seem to own her grace,
And even wild India wears a smiling face.

But France alone with downcast eyes is seen,
The sad attendant of so good a queen!
Ungrateful country! to forget so soon,
All that great Anna for thy sake has done:
When sworn the kind defender of thy cause,
Spite of her dear religion, spite of laws;
For thee she sheath'd the terrors of her sword,
For thee she broke her general—and her word:
For thee her mind in doubtful terms she told,
And learn'd to speak like oracles of old.
For thee, for thee alone, what could she more?
She lost the honour she had gain'd before;
Lost all the trophies, which her arms had won
(Such Cæsar never knew, nor Philip's son);
Resign'd the glories of a ten year's reign,
And such as none but Marlborough's arm could gain.

For thee in annals she's content to shine,
Like other monarchs of the Stuart line.

ON

THE NEW CONSPIRACY, 1716.

WHERE, where, degenerate countrymen—how
high

Will your fond folly and your madness fly?
Are scenes of death, and servile chains so dear,
To sue for blood and bondage every year,
Like rebel Jews, with too much freedom curst,
To court a change—though certain of the worst?

There is no climate which you have not sought,
Where tools of war, and vagrant kings, are
bought;

O! noble passion, to your country kind,
To crown her with—the refuse of mankind.
As if the new Rome, which your schemes unfold,
Were to be built on rapine, like the old,
While her asylum openly provides
For every ruffian every nation hides.

Will you still tempt the great avenger's blow,
And force the bolt—which he is loth to throw?
Have there too few already bit the plains,
To make you seek new Prestons and Dumblands?
If vengeance loses its effects so fast,
Yet those of mercy sure—should longer last.

Say, is it rashness or despair provokes
Your harden'd hearts to these repeated strokes?
Reply:—Behold, their looks, their souls declare,
All pale with guilt, and dumb with deep despair.

Hear then, you sons of blood, your destin'd
fate,

Hear, are you sin too soon—repent too late.
Madly you try to weaken George's reign,
And stem the stream of Providence in vain.
By right, by worth, by wonders, made our own,
The hand that gave it shall preserve his throne.
As vain your hopes to distant times remove,
To try the second, or the third from Jove;
For 'tis the nature of that sacred line,
To conquer monsters, and to grow divine.

ON

THE KING OF SPAIN.

PALLAS, destructive to the Trojan line,
Raz'd the proud walls, though built by hands
divine:

But love's bright goddess, with propitious grace,
Preserv'd a hero, and restor'd the race.
Thus the fam'd empire where the Iber flows,
Fell by Eliza, and by Anna rose.

VERSES WRITTEN FOR

THE TOASTING GLASSES

OF THE

KIT-CAT-CLUB. 1703.

LADY CARLISLE.

CARLISLE's a name can every muse inspire;
To Carlisle fill the glass, and tune the lyre.
With his lov'd boys the god of day shall crown
A wit and lustre equal to his own.

THE SAME.

At once the sun and Carlisle took their way,
To warm the frozen north, and kindle day;
The flowers to both their glad creation ow'd,
Their virtues be, their beauties she bestow'd.

LADY ESSEX.

The bravest hero, and the brightest dame,
From Belgia's happy clime Britannia drew;
One pregnant cloud we find does often frame
The awful thunder and the gentle dew.

THE SAME.

To Essex fill the sprightly wine;
The health's engaging and divine.
Let purest odours scent the air,
And wreaths of roses bind our hair:
In her chaste lips these blushing lie,
And those her gentle sighs supply.

LADY HYDE.

The god of wine grows jealous of his art,
He only fires the head, but Hyde the heart.
The queen of love looks on, and smiles to see
A nymph more mighty than a deity.

ON LADY HYDE IN CHILD-BED.

Hyde, though in agonies, her graces keeps,
A thousand charms the nymph's complaints
adorn;
In tears of dew so mild Aurora weeps,
But her bright offspring is the cheerful morn.

LADY WHARTON.

When Jove to Ida did the gods invite,
And in immortal toasting pass'd the night,
With more than nectar he the banquet blest'd,
For Wharton was the Venus of the feast.

PROLOGUE

DESIGNED FOR

TAMERLANE.

To-day a mighty hero comes, to warm
 Your curdling blood, and bid you, Britons, arm.
 To valour much he owes, to virtue more;
 He fights to save, and conquers to restore.
 He strains no text, nor makes dragoons persuade;
 He likes religion, but he hates the trade.
 Born for mankind, they by his labour live;
 Their property is his prerogative.
 His sword destroys less than his mercy saves,
 And none, except his passions, are his slaves.
 Such, Britons, is the prince that you possess;
 In council greatest, and in camps no less:
 Brave, but not cruel; wise without deceit;
 Born for an age curs'd with a Bajazet.
 But you, disdaining to be too secure,
 Ask his protection, and yet grudge his power.
 With you a monarch's right is in dispute;
 Who give supplies, are only absolute.
 Britons, for shame! your factious feuds decline,
 Too long you've labour'd for the Bourbon line:
 Assert lost rights, an Austrian prince alone
 Is born to nod upon a Spanish throne.
 A cause no less could on great Eugene call;
 Steep Alpine rocks require an Hannibal.
 He shows you your lost honour to retrieve;
 Our troops will fight, when once the senate give.
 Quit your cabals and factions, and in spite
 Of Whig and Tory in this cause unite.
 One vote will then send Anjou back to France;
 There let the meteor end his airy dance;
 Else to the Mantuan soil he may repair,
 Ev'n abdicated gods were Latium's care.
 At worst, he'll find some Cornish borough here.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

MUSIC-MEETING IN YORK-BUILDINGS.

WHERE music and more powerful beauties reign,
 Who can support the pleasure and the pain?
 Here their soft magic those two Syrens try,
 And if we listen, or but look, we die.
 Why should we then the wondrous tales admire,
 Of Orpheus' numbers, or Amphion's lyre;
 Of walls erected by harmonious skill, [still:
 How mountains mov'd, and rapid streams stood
 Behold this scene of beauty, and confess
 The wonder greater, and the fiction less.
 Like human victims here we stand decreed
 To worship those bright altars where we bleed.
 Who braves his fate in fields, must tremble here;
 Triumphant love more vassals makes than fear.
 No faction homage to the fair denies;
 The right divine's apparent in their eyes.
 That empire's fix'd, that's founded in desire;
 Those flames, the vestals guard, can ne'er expire.

VOL. VII.

PROLOGUE

TO

THE CORNISH SQUIRE, A COMEDY.

Who dares not plot in this good-natur'd age?
 Each place is privileg'd except the stage;
 There the dread phalanx of reformers come,
 Sworn foes to wit, as Carthage was to Rome;
 Their ears so sanctify'd, no scenes can please,
 But heavy hymns, or pensive homilies:
 Truths, plainly told, their tender nature wound,
 Young rakes must, like old patriarchs, expound;
 The painted punk the proselyte must play,
 And bawds, like *filles-devotes*, procure and pray.
 How nature is inverted! soon you'll see
 Senates unanimous, and sects agree,
 Jews at extortion rail, and monks at mystery.
 Let characters be represented true,
 An airy sinner makes an awkward prue.
 With force and sitting freedom vice arraign:
 Though pulpits flatter, let the stage speak plain.
 If Verres gripes the poor, or Nanius write,
 Call that the robber, this the parasite,
 Ne'er aim to make an eagle of an owl;
 Cinna's a statesman; Syrophel a tool.
 Our censurers with want of thought dispense,
 But tremble at the hideous sin of sense.
 Who would not such hard fate as ours bemoan,
 Indicted for some wit, and damn'd for none?
 But if, to-day, some scandal should appear,
 Let those precise Tartuffs bind o'er Moliere.
 Poet, and Papist too, they'll surely mail,
 There's no indulgence at Hick's hall.
 Gold only can their pious spite allay,
 They call none criminals that can but pay:
 The heedless shrines with victims they invoke,
 They take the fat, and give the gods the smoke.

PROLOGUE

Spoken at the opening of the Queen's Theatre, in
 the Hay-Market.

SUCH was our builder's art, that, soon as nam'd,
 This fabric, like the infant world, was fram'd.
 The architect must on dull order wait,
 But 'tis the poet only can create.
 None else, at pleasure, can duration give:
 When marble fails, the muses' structures live.
 The Cyprian fane is now no longer seen,
 Though sacred to the name of love's fair queen.
 Ev'n Athens scarce in pompous ruin stands,
 Though finish'd by the learn'd Minerva's hands.
 More sure prefages from these walls we find,
 By beauty founded, and by wit design'd.
 In the good age of ghostly ignorance,
 How did cathedrals rise, and zeal advance!
 The merry monks said orisons at ease,
 Large were their meals, and light their penances;
 Pardons for sins were purchas'd with estates,
 And none but rogues in rags died reprobates.

* Lady Sunderdand.

H

But, now, that pious pageantry's no more,
And stages thrive, as churches did before;
Your own magnificence you here survey,
Majestic columns stand, where dunghills lay,
And cars triumphal rise from carts of hay.
Swains here are taught to hope, and nymphs to fear,

And big Almanzor's fight mocks Blenheim's here.
Descending goddesses adorn our scenes,
And quit their bright abodes for gilt machines.
Should Jove, for this fair circle, leave his throne,
He'd meet a lightning fiercer than his own.
Though to the son his towering eagles rife,
They scarce could bear the lustre of these eyes.

EPILOGUE

TO

THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHAT odd fantastic things we women do!
Who would not listen when young lovers woo?
What! die a maid, yet have the choice of two?
Ladies are often cruel to their cost:
To give you pain, themselves they punish most.
Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancell'd, though in convents made.

Would you revenge such rash resolves—you may

Be spiteful—and believe the thing we say;
We hate you, when you're easily said nay.
How needless, if you knew us, were your fears!
Let love have eyes, and beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd, as you yourselves would
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse: [choose,
We give to merit, and to wealth we sell;
He sighs with most success that settles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.
Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
These lively lessons we have learn'd from you:
Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth usurps the power of charms.
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
To swell in show, and be a wretch in state!
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
Ev'n churches are no sanctuaries now;
There golden idols all your vows receive;
She is no goddess who has nought to give.
Oh may once more the happy age appear, [ere;
When words were artless, and the thoughts sin-
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And courts less coveted than groves and springs.
Love then shall only mourn when truth com-
plains,

And constancy feel transport in its chains;
Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,
And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright station climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time:
The fair shall listen to desert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's son.

A SOLILOQUY, OUT OF ITALIAN.

COULD he whom my dissembled rigour grieves,
But know what torment to my soul it gives;
He'd find how fondly I return his flame,
And want myself the pity he would claim,
Immortal gods! why has your doom decreed
Two wounded hearts with equal pangs should bleed?

Since that great law, which your tribunal guides,
Has join'd in love whom destiny divides;
Repent, ye powers, the injuries you cause,
Or change our natures, or reform your laws.

Unhappy partner of my killing pain,
Think what I feel the moment you complain.
Each sigh you utter wounds my tenderest part,
So much my lips misrepresent my heart.
When from your eyes the falling drops distil,
My vital blood in every tear you spill:
And all those mournful agonies I bear,
Are but the echoes of my own despair.

AN

IMITATION OF A FRENCH AUTHOR.

CAN you count the silver lights
That deck the skies, and cheer the nights;
Or the leaves that strow the vales,
When groves are stript by winter gales;
Or the drops that in the morn
Hang with transparent pearl the thorn;
Or bridegroom's joys, or miser's cares,
Or gameller's oaths, or hermit's prayers;
Or envy's pangs, or love's alarms,
Or Marlborough's acts, or ———n's charms?

ANACREONTIC EPISTLE TO MR. GAY,

ON HIS POEMS.

When fame did o'er the spacious plain
The lays she once had learn'd repeat;
All listen'd to the tuneful strain,
And wonder'd who could sing so sweet.
'Twas thus. The graces held the lyre,
Th' harmonious frame the muses strung,
The love's and smiles compos'd the choir,
And Gay transcrib'd what Phœbus sung.

TO THE MERRY POETASTER,

AT SADDLERS-HALL IN CHEAPSIDE.

UNWILDEY pedant, let thy aukward muse
With censures praise, with flatteries abuse.
To lash, and not be felt, in thee's an art;
Thou ne'er mad'st any, but thy school-boys, smart.
Then be advis'd, and scribble not again;
Thou'rt fashion'd for a snail, and not a pen.

If D——l's immortal wit thou would'st decry,
Pretend 'tis he that writ thy poetry.
Thy feeble satire ne'er can do him wrong;
Thy poems and thy patients live not long.

THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN

TO

DR. GARTH,

UPON THE LOSS OF MISS DINGLE.

*In return to the Doctor's Consolatory Verses to him,
upon the Loss of his Rod.*

Thou, who the pangs of my embitter'd rage
Could'st, with thy never-dying verse, alluage;
Immortal verse, secure to live as long
As that curs'd prose that did condemn thy song:
Thou, happy bard, whose double gifted pen,
Alike can cure an aking corn, or spleen;
Whose lucky hand administers repose
As well to breaking heart, as broken nose;
Accept this tribute: think it all I had,
In recompence of thine, when I was sad.
What though it comes from an unpractis'd muse,
Bad at the best, grown worse by long disuse;
In silence lost, since once I did complain
Of Wiv—l's cold neglect in humble strain;
When, check'd by slavish conscience, she deny'd
To throw aside the niece, and act the bride:
Yet sure I may be thought among the throng,
If not to sing, to whistle out a song:
Then take the kind remembrance of my verse,
While Dingle's loss with sorrow I rehearse.

Dingle is lost, the hollow caves resound
Dingle is lost, and multiply the sound;
Till echo, chanting it by just degree,
Shortens it to Ding, then softens it to D.

Dingle is lost; where's now the parent's care,
The boasted force of piety and prayer?
No more shall she within thy spacious hall
Lead up the dance, and animate the ball;
Deserted thus, no more shalt thou engage
Under the roof to Whartonise the age.

Train'd by thy care, by thy example led,
Early she learnt to scorn the nuptial bed;
In vain by thy advice enlarg'd her kind,
And vow'd, like thee, to multiply her mind,
For Dingle thou didst bless the nether skies,
In hopes a mingled race might once arise,
To sooth thy hoary age, and close thy dying
eyes.

Learn, ye indulging parents, learn from hence:
Think not compliance e'er will influence.
The fifth command alone you did enjoin,
And frankly gave her up the other nine:
Yet she, though that, and that alone, was press'd,
Regardless of your will, the fifth transgress'd.

But oh! my friend, consider, though she's gone,
She left no coffers empty but her own;
Her mind, that did direct the great machine,
Mov'd, like the universe, by springs unseen;

And, though from thy instructions the retreats,
Her globe of light grows larger as she sets;
For nought could brighter make her lustre shine,
Than to withdraw, and single it from thine,
Then think of this; and pardon, when you see,
Those virtues you so late admir'd in me.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XIV.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF SCYLLA.

Now Glaucus, with a lover's haste, bounds o'er
The swelling waves, and seeks the Latian shore.
Messena, Rhegium, and the barren coast
Of flaming Ætna, to his sight are lost:
At length he gains the Tyrrhene seas, and views
The hills where baneful philtres Circe brews;
Monsters in various forms around her press;
As thus the god salutes the sorceress:
O Circe, be indulgent to my grief,
And give a love-sick deity relief.

Too well the mighty power of plants I know,
To those my figure and new fate I owe.
Against Messena, on th' Ausonian coast,
I Scylla view'd, and from that hour was lost.
In tenderest sounds I sued; but still the fair
Was deaf to vows, and pitiless to prayer.
If numbers can avail, exert their power;
Or energy of plants, if plants have more.
I ask no cure; let but the virgin pine
With dying pangs, or agonies, like mine.

No longer Circe could her flame disguise,
But to the suppliant god Marine replies:
When maids are coy, have manlier aims in
view;

Leave those that fly; but those that like, pursue.
If love can be by kind compliance won;
See, at your feet, the daughter of the sun.

Sooner, said Glaucus, shall the ash remove
From mountains, and the swelling surges love;
Or humble sea-weed, to the hills repair;
E'er I think any but my Scylla fair.

Straight Circe reddens with a guilty shame,
And vows revenge for her rejected flame.
Fierce liking oft a spite as fierce creates;
For love refus'd, without aversion, hates.
To hurt her hapless rival, she proceeds;
And, by the fall of Scylla Glaucus bleeds.

Some fascinating beverage now she brews,
Compos'd of deadly drugs and baneful juice.
At Rhegium she arrives: the ocean braves,
And treads with unwet feet the bailing waves.
Upon the beach a winding bay there lies,
Shelter'd from seas, and shaded from the skies:
This station Scylla chose; a soft retreat
From chilling winds, and raging Cancer's heat.

Hij

The vengeful forcerefs visits this recess;
Her charm infuses, and infects the place.
Soon as the nymph wades in, her nether parts
Turn into dogs; then at herself she starts.
A ghastly horror in her eyes appears;
But yet she knows not who it is she fears;
In vain she offers from herself to run,
And drags about her what she strives to shun.

Oppress'd with grief the plying God appears,
And swells the rising surges with his tears;
From the distressed forcerefs he flies;
Her art reviles, and her address denies:
Whilst hapless Scylla, chang'd to rocks decrees
Destruction to those barks that beat the seas.

THE VOYAGE OF ÆNEAS CONTINUED.

HERE bulg'd the pride of fam'd Ulysses' fleet;
But good Æneas 'scap'd the fate he met.
As to the Latian shore the Trojan flood,
And cut with well-tim'd oars the foaming flood:
He weather'd till Charybdis' but ere-long
The skies were darken'd, and the tempest strong.
Thither to the Libyan coast he stretches o'er;
And makes at length the Carthaginian shore.
Here Dido, with an hospitable care,
Into her heart receives the wanderer.
From her kind arms th' ungrateful hero flies;
The injur'd queen looks on with dying eyes,
Then to her folly falls a sacrifice.

Æneas now sets sail, and, plying, gains
Fair Eryx, where his friend Accellus reigns:
First to his fire does funeral rites decree,
Then gives the signal next, and stands to sea;
Out-runs the islands where volcano's roar;
Gets clear of Syrens, and their faithless shore:
But loses Palinurus in the way;
Then makes Inarime, and Prochyta.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF CERCOPIANS INTO APES.

THE gallees now by Pythecusa pass;
The name is from the natives of the place.
The father of the gods, detesting lies,
Off, with abhorrence, heard their perjuries.
Th' abandon'd race, transform'd to beasts, began
To mimic the impertinence of man.
Flat-nos'd, and furrow'd; with grimace they grin;
And look, to what they were, too near akin;
Merry in make, and busy to no end;
This moment they divert, the next offend:
So much this species of their past retains;
'I though lost the language, yet the noise remains.

ÆNEAS DESCENDS TO HELL.

NOW, on his right, he leaves Parthenope:
His left, Milcenus jutting in the sea;

Arrives at Cuma, and with awe survey'd
The grotto of the venerable maid;
Begs leave through black Avernus to retire,
And view the much-lov'd manes of his fire.
Straight the divining virgin rais'd her eyes;
And, foaming with a holy rage, replies:

O thou, whose worth thy wondrous works pro-
claim;
The flames, thy piety; the world, thy fame;
Though great be thy request, yet shalt thou see
Th' Elysian fields, th' infernal monarchy;
Thy parent's shade: this arm thy steps shall guide:
To supplant virtue nothing is deny'd.

She spoke, and pointing to the golden bough,
Which in th' Avernian grove refulgent grew,
Seize that, she bids: he listens to the maid;
Then views the mournful mansions of the dead;
The shade of great Anchises, and the place
By fates determin'd to the Trojan race.

As back to upper light the hero came,
He thus salutes the visionary dame:

O, whether some propitious deity,
Or lov'd by those bright rulers of the sky!
With grateful incense I shall style you one,
And deem no godhead greater than your own:
'Twas you restor'd me from the realms of night,
And gave me to behold the fields of light;
To feel the breezes of congenial air,
And nature's blest benevolence to share.

THE STORY OF THE SIBYL.

I AM no deity, reply'd the dame,
But mortal, and religious rites disclaim.
Yet had avoided death's tyrannic sway,
Had I consented to the God of day.
With promises he sought my love, and said,
Have all you wish, my fair Cumæan maid.
I paus'd; then, pointing to a heap of sand, said
For every grain, to live a year, demand.
But ah! unmindful of th' effect of time,
Forgot to covenant for youth, and prime.
The smiling bloom, I boasted once, is gone,
And feeble age with lagging limbs creeps on.
Seven centuries have I liv'd; three more fulfill
The period of the years to finish still.
Who'll think, that Phæbus, dress'd in youth divine,
Had once believ'd his lustre less than mine?
This wither'd frame (so fates have will'd) shall
waste

To nothing, but prophetic words, at last.
(The Sibyl mounting now from nether skies,
And the fam'd Ilian prince, at Cuma rise.
He sail'd, and near the place to anchor came,
Since call'd Cajeta, from his nurse's name.
Here did the luckless Macareus, a friend
To wife Ulysses, his long labours end.
Here, wandering, Achæmenides he meets,
And sudden thus his late associate greets:
Whence came you here, O friend, and whither
bound?
All gave you lost on far Cyclopean ground:
A Greek's at last aboard a Trojan found.

THE ADVENTURES OF ACHÆMENIDES.

THUS Achæmenides—With thanks I name
Æneas, and his piety proclaim,
I 'scap'd the Cyclops through the hero's aid,
Else in his maw my mangled limbs had laid.
When first your navy under sail he found,
He rav'd, till Ætna labour'd with the sound.
Raging he stalk'd along the mountain's side,
And vented clouds of breath at every stride.
His staff a mountain ash; and in the clouds
Oft, as he walks, his grizzly front he shrouds.
Eyeless he prop'd about with vengeful haste,
And jostled promontories, as he pass'd.
Then heav'd a rock's high summit to the main,
And bellow'd, like some bursting hurricane:

Oh! could I seize Ulysses in his flight,
How unlamented were my loss of sight!
These jaws should piece-meal tear each panting
vein,

Grind every crackling bone, and pound his brain.
As thus he rav'd, my joints with horror shook;
The tide of blood my chilling heart forsook.
I saw him once disgorge huge morsels, raw,
Of wretches undigested in his maw.
From the pale breathless trunks whole limbs he tore,
His beard all clotted with o'erflowing gore.
My anxious hours I pass'd in caves; my food
Was forest fruits, and wildings of the wood.
At length a sail I wasted, and aboard
My fortune found an hospitable lord.

Now, in return, your own adventures tell,
And what, since first you put to sea, befel.

THE ADVENTURES OF MACAREUS.

THEN Macareus—There reign'd a prince of fame,
O'er Tuscan seas, and Æolus his name.
A largess to Ulysses he consign'd,
And in a steer's tough hide inclos'd a wind.
Nine days before the swelling gale we ran;
The tenth, to make the meeting land, began:
When now the merry mariners, to find
Imagin'd wealth within, the bag unbind.
Forthwith out-rush'd a gust, which backwards }
Our galleys to the Læstrigian shore, [bore
Whose crown Antiphatates the tyrant wore.
Some few commission'd were with speed to treat;
We to his court repair, his guards we meet.
To friendly flight preserv'd; the third was doom'd,
To be by those curs'd cannibals consum'd.
Inhumanly our hapless friends they treat;
Our men they murder, and destroy our fleet.
In time the wise Ulysses bore away,
And dropp'd his anchor in yon faithless bay.]
The thoughts of perils past we still retain,
And fear to land, till lots appoint the men.
Polites true, Elpenor given to wine,
Eurylochus, myself, the lots assign.
Design'd for dangers, and resolv'd to dare,
To Circe's fatal palace we repair.

THE ENCHANTMENTS OF CIRCE.

BEFORE the spacious front, a herd we find
Of beasts, the fiercest of the savage kind.
Our trembling steps with blandishments they meet,
And fawn, unlike their species, at our feet.
Within upon a sumptuous throne of state,
On golden columns rais'd, th' enchantress sate.
Rich was her robe, and amiable her mien,
Her aspect awful, and she look'd a queen.
Her maids not mind the loom, nor household care;
Nor wage in needle-work a Scythian war;
But cull in canisters disastrous flowers,
And plants from haunted hearths, and fairy bowers.
With brazen sickles reap'd at planetary hours,
Each dose the goddess weighs with watchful eye.
So nice her art in impious pharmacy!
Entering she greets us with a gracious look,
And airs, that future amity bespoke.

Her ready nymphs serve up a rich repast;
The bowl she dashes first, then gives to taste.
Quick, to our own undoing, we comply;
Her power we prove, and shew the force.

Soon, in a length of face, our head extends;
Our chin stiff bristles bears, and forward bends.
A breadth of brawn new burnishes our neck;
Anon we grunt, as we begin to speak.
Alone Eurylochus refus'd to taste,
Nor to a beast obscene the man debas'd.
Hither Ulysses hastes (so fates command),
And bears the powerful Moly in his hand;
Unsheaths his scymitar, assaults the dame,
Preserves his species, and remains the same.

The nuptial right this outrage straight attends;
The dower desir'd is his transfigur'd friends.
The incantation backwards she repeats,
Inverts her rod, and what she did defeats.

And now our skin grows smooth, our shape
upright;

Our arms stretch up, our cloven feet unite.
With tears our weeping general we embrace;
Hang on his neck, and melt upon his face;
Twelve silver moons in Circe's court we stay,
Whilst there they waste th' unwilling hours away.
'Twas here I spy'd a youth in Parian stone;
His head a pecker bore; the cause unknown
To passengers. A nymph of Circe's train
The mystery thus attempted to explain.

THE STORY OF PICUS AND CANENS.

Picus, who once th' Ausonian sceptre held,
Could rein the fœd, and sit him for the field;
So like he was to what you see, that still
We doubt if real, or the sculptor's skill.
The graces in the finish'd piece, you find,
Are but the copy of his fairer mind.
Four lustres scarce the royal youth could name,
Till every love-sick nymph confess'd a flame,
Oft' for his love the mountain Dryads su'd,
And every silver sister of the flood:

Those of Numicus, Albula, and those
Where 'Almo creeps, and hasty Nar o'erflows :
Where sedgey Amo glides through smiling meads,
Where shady Farfar rustles in the reeds :
And those that love the lakes, and homage owe
To the chaste goddess of the silver bow.

In vain each nymph her brightest charms put
on,

His heart no sovereign would obey but one :
She whom Venilia, on Mount Palatine,
To Janus bore, the fairest of her line.
Nor did her face alone her charms confess,
Her voice was ravishing, and pleas'd no less.
Whene'er she sung, so melting were her strains,
The flocks unfeign'd seem'd listening on the plains ;
The rivers would stand still, the cedars bend ;
And birds neglect their pinions to attend ;
The savage kind in forest-wilds grow tame ;
And Canens, from her heavenly voice, her name.

Hymen had now in some ill-fated hour
Their hands united, as their hearts before.
Whilst their soft moments in delights they waste,
And each new day was dearer than the past ;
Picus would sometimes o'er the forests rove,
And mingle sports with intervals of love.
It chanc'd, as once the foaming boar he chac'd,
His jewels sparkling on his Tyrian vest,
Lascivious Circe well the youth survey'd,
As simpling on the flowery hills she stray'd.
Her wishing eyes their silent message tell,
And from her lap the verdant mischief fell.
As she attempts at words, his courser springs
O'er hills, and lawns, and ev'n a wish outwings.

Thou shalt not 'scape me so, pronounc'd the
dame,

If plants have power, and spells be not a name.
She said—and forthwith form'd a boar of air,
That fought the covert with dissembled fear.
Swift to the thicket Picus wings his way
On foot, to chase the visionary prey.

Now she invokes the daughters of the night,
Does noxious juices smear, and charms recite ;
Such as can veil the moon's more feeble fire,
Or shade the golden lustre of her fire.
In filthy fogs she hides the cheerful noon ;
The guard at distance, and the youth alone :
By those fair eyes, she cries, and every grace
That finish all the wonders of your face,
Oh ! I conjure thee, hear a queen complain ;
Nor let the sun's soft lineage sue in vain.

Whoe'er thou art, reply'd the king, forbear,
None can my passion with my Canens share.
She first my every tender with possess,
And found the soft approaches to my breast.
In nuptials blest, each loose desire we shun,
Nor time can end what innocence begun.

Think not, the cry'd, to saunter out a life
Of form, with that domestic drudge a wife :
My just revenge, dull fool, ere long, shall show
What ill we women, if refus'd, can do ;
Think me a woman, and a lover too.

From dear successful spite we hope for ease,
Nor fail to punish, where we fail to please.

Now twice to east she turns, as oft to west ;

Thrice waves her wand, as oft a charm express.

On the lost youth her magic power she tries ;
Aloft he springs, and wonders how he flies.
On painted plumes the woods he seeks, and still
The monarch oak he pierces with his bill.
Thus chang'd, no more o'er Latian lands he
reigns ;

Of Picus nothing but the name remains. [air,

The winds from drizzling damps now purge the
The mists subside, the settling skies are fair :
The court their sovereign seek with arms in hand,
They threaten Circe, and their lord demand.
Quick she invokes the spirits of the air,
And twilight elves, that on dun wings repair
To charnels, and th' unhallow'd sepulchre.

Now, strange to tell, the plants sweat drops of
blood,

The trees are tofs'd from forests where they stood ;
Blue serpents o'er the tainted herbage slide,
Pale glaring spectres on the æther ride ; [beds,
Dogs howl, earth yawns ; rent rocks forsake their
And from their quarries heave their stubborn
heads.

The sad spectators, stiffen'd with their fears,
She sees, and sudden every limb she smears ;
Then each of savage beasts the figure bears.

The sun did now to western waves retire,
In tides to temper his bright world of fire.
Canens laments her royal husband's stay ;
Ill suits fond love with absence, or delay :
Where the commands, her ready people run ;
She wills, retracts ; bids, and forbids anon.
Restless in mind, and dying with despair,
Her breasts she beats, and tears her flowing hair.
Six days and nights she wanders on, as chance
Directs, without or sleep, or sustenance.
Tiber at last beholds the weeping fair ;
Her feeble limbs no more the mourner bear ;
Stretch'd on his banks, she to the flood complains,
And faintly tunes her voice to dying strains.
The sickening swan thus hangs her silver wings,
And, as she droops, her elegy she sings :
Ere-long sad Canens wastes to air ; whilst fame
The place still honours with her hapless name.

Here did the tender tale of Picus cease,
Above belief the wonder, I confess.
Again we sail, but more disasters meet,
Foretold by Circe, to our suffering fleet.
Myself, unable further woes to bear,
Declin'd the voyage, and am refus'd here.

ÆNEAS ARRIVES IN ITALY.

Thus Macareus—Now with a pious aim
Had good Æneas rais'd a funeral flame,
In honour of his hoary nurse's name.
Her epitaph he fix'd ; and setting sail,
Cajera left, and catch'd at every gale.

He steer'd at distance from the faithless shore
Where the false goddess reigns with fatal power ;
And sought those grateful groves, that shade the
plain,

Where Tiber rolls majestic to the main,
And fattens, as he runs, the fair campaign.

His kindred gods the hero's wishes crown
With fair Lavinia, and Latinus' throne :
But not without a war the prize he won.
Drawn up in bright array the battle stands :
Turnus with arms his promis'd wife demands.
Hetrurians, Latians, equal fortune share ;
And doubtful long appears the face of war.
Both powers from neighbouring princes seek sup-
plies,

And embassies appoint for new allies.
Æneas, for relief, Evander moves ;
His quarrel he asserts, his cause approves.
The bold Rutilians, with an equal speed,
Sage Venulus dispatch to Diomede.
The king, late griefs revolving in his mind,
These reasons for neutrality assign'd :

Shall I, of one poor dotal town possess,
My people thin, my wretched country waste ;
An exil'd prince, and on a shaking throne ;
Or risk my patron's subjects, or my own ?
You'll grieve the harshness of our hap to hear ;
Nor can I tell the tale without a tear.

THE ADVENTURES OF DIOMEDES.

AFTER fam'd Ilium was by Argives won,
And flames had finish'd what the sword begun ;
Pallas, incens'd, pursued us to the main,
In vengeance of her violated fane.
Alone Oileus forc'd the Trojan maid,
Yet all were punish'd for the brutal deed.
A storm begins, the raging waves run high,
The clouds look heavy, and benight the sky ;
Red sheets of lightning o'er the seas are spread,
Our tackling yields, and wrecks at last succeed.
'Tis tedious our disastrous state to tell ;
Even Priam would have pitied what befel.
Yet Pallas sav'd me from the swallowing main ;
At home new wrongs to meet, as fates ordain,
Chac'd from my country, I once more repeat
All suffering seas could give, or war complete ;
For Venus, mindful of her wound, decreed
Still new calamities should pass succeed.
Agmon, impatient through successive ills,
With fury, love's bright goddess thus reviles :
These plagues in spite to Diomede are sent ;
The crime is his, but ours the punishment.
Let each, my friends, her puny spleen despise,
And dare that haughty harlot of the skies.

The rest of Agmon's insolence complain,
And of irreverence the wretch arraign.
About to answer, his blaspheming throat
Contracts, and shrieks in some diddainful note.
To his new skin a fleece of feathers clings,
Hides his late arms, and lengthens into wings.
The lower features of his face extend,
Warp into horn, and in a beak descend.
Some more experience Agmon's destiny ;
And, wheeling in the air, like swans they fly.
These thin remains to Daunus' realms I bring,
And here I reign, a poor precarious king.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF APPULUS.

THUS Diomedes — Venulus withdraws ;
Unsped the service of the common cause.
Puteoli he passes, and survey'd
A cave long honour'd for its awful shade.
Here trembling reeds exclude the piercing ray,
Here streams in gentle falls through windings
stray,

And with a passing breath cool Zephyrs play.
The goat-herd god frequents the silent place,
As once the wood-nymphs of the sylvan race,
Till Appulus, with a dishonest air,
And gross behaviour, banish'd thence the fair.
The bold buffoon, whene'er they tread the green,
Their motion mimicks, but with gestic obscene.
Loose language oft' he utters ; but ere long
A bark in slimy net-work binds his tongue.
Thus chang'd, a base wild olive he remains ;
The shrub the coarseness of the clown retains.

THE

TROJAN SHIPS TRANSFORMED TO SEA-NYMPHS.

MEANWHILE the Latians all their power prepare,
'Gainst fortune and the foe to push the war.
With Phrygian blood the floating fields they stain ;
But, short of succours, still contend in vain.
Turnus remarks the Trojan fleet ill-mann'd,
Unguarded, and at anchor-near the strand ;
He thought ; and straight a lighted brand he bore,
And fire invades what 'scap'd the waves before.
The billows from the kindling prow retire ;
Pitch, rosin, scarwood, on red wings aspire,
And Vulcan on the seas exerts his attribute of
fire.

This when the mother of the gods beheld,
Her towery crown the shook, and flood reveal'd ;
Her brindled lions rein'd, unveil'd her head,
And, hovering o'er her favour'd fleet, she said ;
Cease Turnus, and the heavenly powers respect,
Nor dare to violate what I protect.
These gallies, once fair trees, on Ida stood,
And gave their shade to each descending god ;
Nor shall consume ; irrevocable fate
Allots their being no determin'd date.

Straight peals of thunder heaven's high arches
rend

The hail-stones leap, the showers in spouts descend.
The winds with widen'd throats the signal give ;
The cables break, the smoking vessels drive.
Now, wondrous, as they beat the foaming flood,
The timber softens into flesh and blood ;
The yards and oars new arms and legs design ;
A trunk the hull ; the slender keel, a spine ;
The prow a female face ; and by degrees
The gallies rise green daughters of the seas.
Sometimes on coral beds they sit in state,
Or wanton on the waves they fear'd of late.
The barks, that beat the seas, are still their care,
Themselves remembering what of late they were

To save a Trojan sail, in throngs they press,
But smile to see Alcinous in distress.
Unable were those wonders to deter
The Latians from their unsuccessful war.
Both sides for doubtful victory contend;
And on their courage, and their Gods, depend.
Nor bright Lavinia, nor Latinus' crown,
Warm their great soul to war, like fair renown.
Venus at last beholds her godlike son
Triumphant, and the field of battle won;
Brave Turnus slain; strong Ardea but a name,
And buried in fierce deluges of flame;
Her towers, that boasted once a sovereign sway,
The fate of fancy'd grandeur now betray.
A famish'd heron from the ashes springs,
And beats the ruin with disastrous wings;
Calamities of towns distress the feigns,
And oft', with woeful shrieks, of war complains.

THE DEIFICATION OF ÆNEAS.

Now had Æneas, as ordain'd by fate,
Surviv'd the period of Saturnia's hate:
And, by a sure irrevocable doom,
Fix'd the immortal majesty of Rome.
Fit for the station of his kindred stars,
His mother goddess thus her suit prefers:
Almighty arbiter, whose powerful nod
Shakes distant earth, and bows our own abode;
To thy great progeny indulgent be,
And rank the goddess-born a deity.
Already has he view'd, with mortal eyes,
Thy brother's kingdoms of the nether skies.
Forthwith a conclave of the godhead meets,
Where Juno in the shining senate sits.
Remorse for past revenge the goddess feels;
Then thundering Jove th' almighty mandate seals;
Allots the prince of his celestial line
An apotheosis, and rights divine.
The crystal mansions echo with applause,
And, with her graces, love's bright queen with-
draws;
Shoots in a blaze of light along the skies,
And, borne by turtle, to Laurentum flies;
Alights where through the reeds Numicius strays,
And to the seas his watery tribute pays.
The god she supplicates, to wash away
The parts more gross, and subject to decay,
And cleanse the goddess-born from feminal al-
lay.
The horned flood with glad attention stands,
Then bids his streams obey their fire's commands.
His better parts by lustral waves refin'd,
More pure, and nearer to ethereal mind,
With gums of fragrant scent the goddess strews,
And on his features breathes ambrosial dews.
Thus, deify'd, new honours Rome decrees,
Shrines, festivals; and styles him Indiges.

THE LINE OF THE LATIAN KINGS.

ASCANIUS now the Latian sceptre sways;
The Alban nation Sylvius next obeys.

Then young Latinus: Next an Alba came,
The grace and guardian of the Alban name.
Then Epitus; then gentle Capys reign'd;
Then Capetis the regal power sustain'd.
Next he who perish'd on the Tuscan flood,
And honour'd with his name the river god.
Now haughty Romulus began his reign,
Who fell by thunder he aspir'd to feign.
Meek Acrota succeeded to the crown;
From peace endeavouring, more than arms, re-
nown,
To Aventinus well resign'd his throne.
The mount on which he rul'd preserves his name,
And Procas wore the regal diadem.

THE

STORY OF VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

A HAMA-DRYAD flourish'd in these days,
Her name Pomona, from her woodland race.
In garden culture none could so excel,
Or form the pliant souls of plants so well;
Or to the fruit more generous flavours lend,
Or teach the trees with nobler loads to bend.
The nymph frequented not the fluttering stream,
Nor meads, the subject of a virgin's dream;
But to such joys her nursery did prefer,
Alone to tend her vegetable care.
A pruning-hook she carry'd in her hand,
And taught the stragglers to obey command;
Lest the licentious and unthrifty bough,
The too indulgent parent should undo.
She shows, how flocks invite to their embrace
A graft, and naturalise a foreign race
To mend the salvage teint; and in its stead
Adopt new nature, and a nobler breed.
Now hourly she observes her growing care,
And guards their nonage from the bleaker air:
Then opens her streaming sluices, to supply
With flowing draughts her thirsty family.
Long had she labour'd to continue free
From chains of love, and nuptial tyranny;
And, in her orchard's small extent immur'd,
Her vow'd virginity she still secur'd.
Oft would loose Pan, and all the lustful train
Of satyrs, tempt her innocence in vain.
Silenus, that old dotard, own'd a flame;
And he, that frights the thieves with stragagem
Of sword, and something else, too gross to
name.
Vertumnus too pursued the maid no less;
But, with his rivals, shar'd a like success;
To gain access, a thousand ways he tries;
Oft, in the hind, the lover would disguise.
The heedless lout comes shambling on, and seems
Just sweating from the labour of his teams.
Then, from the harvest, oft' the mimic swain
Seems bending with a load of bearded grain.
Sometimes a dresser of the vine he feigns,
And lawless tendrils to their bounds restrains.
Sometimes his sword a soldier shews; his rod,
An angler; still so various is the god.

Now, in a forehead cloth, some crone he seems,
A staff supplying the defect of limbs;
Admittance thus he gains; admires the store
Of fairest fruit; the fair possessor more;
Then greets her with a kiss: Th' unpractis'd

dame
Admir'd a grandame kiss'd with such a flame.
Now, seated by her, he beholds a vine
Around an elm in amorous foldings twine.
If that fair elm, he cry'd, alone should stand,
No grapes would glow with gold, and tempt the

hand;
Or if that vine without her elm should grow,
'Twould creep a poor neglected shrub below.
Be then, fair nymph, by these examples led;
Nor shun, for fancy'd fears, the nuptial bed.
Not she for whom the Lapithites took arms,
Nor Sparta's queen, could boast such heavenly

charms.
And, if you would on woman's faith rely,
None can your choice direct so well as I.
Though old, so much Pomona I adore,
Scarce does the bright Vertumnus love her more.
'Tis your fair self alone his breast inspires
With softest wishes and unfoild desires.
Then fly all vulgar followers, and prove
The god of seasons only worth your love:
On my assurance well you may repose;
Vertumnus scarce Vertumnus better knows.
True to his choice, all looser flames he flies;
Nor for new faces fashionably dies.
The charms of youth, and every smiling grace
Bloom in his features, and the god confests.
Besides, he puts on every shape at ease;
But those the most that best Pomona please.
Still to oblige her is her lover's aim;
Their likings and aversions are the same.
Not the fair fruit your burden'd branches bear,
Nor all the youthful product of the year,
Could bribe his choice; yourself alone can prove
A fit reward for so refin'd a love.
Relent, fair nymph; and with a kind regret,
Think 'tis Vertumnus weeping at your feet.
A tale attend, through Cyprus known, to prove
How Venus once reveng'd neglected love.

THE

STORY OF IPHIS AND ANAXARETE.

IPHIS, of vulgar birth, by chance had view'd
Fair Anaxareté of Teucer's blood.
Not long had he beheld the royal dame,
Ere the bright sparkle kindled into flame,
Oft did he struggle with a just despair,
Unfix'd to ask, unable to forbear.
But love, who flatters still his own disease,
Hopes all things will succeed, he knows will
please.
Where'er the fair one haunts, he hovers there;
And seeks her confident with sighs and pray'r;
Or letters he conveys, that seldom prove
Successful messengers in suits of love.

Now shivering at her gates the wretch ap-
pears,
And myrtle garlands on the columns rears,
Wet with a deluge of unbidden tears.
The nymph, more hard than rocks, more deaf
than seas,
Derides his prayers; insults his agonies;
Arraigns of insolence th' aspiring swain;
And takes a cruel pleasure in his pain.
Resolv'd at last to finish his despair,
He thus upbraids th' inexorable fair:

O Anaxareté, at last forget
The licence of a passion indiscreet.
Now triumph, since a welcome sacrifice
Your slave prepares, to offer to your eyes.
My life, without reluctance, I resign;
That present best can please a pride like thine.
But, O! forbear to blast a flame so bright,
Doom'd never to expire, but with the light.
And you, great powers, do justice to my name;
The hours, you take from life, restore to fame.

Then o'er the posts, once hung with wreaths,
he throws
The ready cord, and fits the fatal noose;
For death prepares; and, bounding from above,
At once the wretch concludes his life, and love.

Ere long the people gather, and the dead
Is to his mourning mother's arms convey'd.
First, like some ghastly statue she appears:
Then bathes the breathless corse in seas of tears,
And gives it to the pile; now, as the throng
Proceed in sad solemnity along,
To view the passing pomp, the cruel fair
Hastes, and beholds her breathless lover there.
Struck with the sight, inanimate she seems;
Set are her eyes, and motionless her limbs:
Her features without fire, her colour gone,
And, like her heart, she hardens into stone.
In Salamis the statue still is seen,
In the fam'd temple of the Cyprian queen.
Warn'd by this tale, no longer then disdain,
O nymph belov'd, to ease a lover's pain.
So may the frosts in spring your blossoms spare,
And winds their rude autumnal rage forbear!

The story oft Vertumnus urg'd in vain,
But then assum'd his heavenly form again.
Such looks and lustre the bright youth adorn,
As when with rays glad Phœbus paints the morn.
The sight so warms the fair admiring maid,
Like snow she melts: so soon can youth persuade,
Consent, on eager winds, succeeds desire:
And both the lovers glow with mutual fire.

THE LATIAN LINE CONTINUED.

Now Procas yielding to the fates, his son
Mild Numitor succeeded to the crown.
But false Amulius, with a lawless power,
At length depos'd his brother Numitor.
Then Ilia's valiant issue, with the sword,
Her parent re-enthron'd, the rightful lord.
Next Romulus to people Rome contrives;
The joyous time of Pales' feast arrives;
He gives the word to seize the Sabine wives.

The fires enrag'd take arms, by Tattus led,
 Bold to revenge their violated bed.
 A fort there was, not yet unknown to fame,
 Call'd the Tarpeian, its commander's name.
 This by the false Tarpeia was betray'd;
 But death well recompens'd the treacherous maid.
 The foe on this new-bought success relies,
 And silent march the city to surprize.
 Saturnia's arms with Sabine arms combine;
 But Venus countermines the vain design;
 Intreats the nymphs that o'er the springs preside,
 Which near the fane of hoary Janus glide,
 To send their succours; every urn they drain,
 To stop the Sabines progress, but in vain.
 The Naiads now more stratagems essay,
 And kindling sulphur to each source convey.
 The floods ferment, hot exhalations rise,
 Till from the scalding ford the army flies.
 Soon Romulus appears in shining arms,
 Add to the war the Roman legions arms:
 The battle rages, and the field is spread
 With nothing but the dying and the dead.
 Both sides consent to treat without delay,
 And their two chiefs at once the sceptre sway.
 Bet, Tattus by Lavinian fury slain,
 Great Romulus continued long to reign.

THE ASSUMPTION OF ROMULUS.

Now warrior Mars his burnish'd helm puts on,
 And thus addresses Heaven's imperial throne:

Since the inferior world is now become
 One vassal globe, and colony to Rome,
 This grace, O Jove, for Romulus I claim,
 Admit him to the skies, from whence he came.
 Long hast thou promis'd an ethereal state
 To Mars's lineage; and thy word is fate.

The fire, that rules the thunder, with a nod
 Declar'd the fiat, and dismiss'd the god.

Soon as the power omnipotent survey'd
 The flashing skies, the signal he obey'd;
 And, leaning on his lance, he mounts his car,
 His fiery couriers lashing through the air.
 Mount Palatine he gains, and finds his son
 Good laws enacting on a peaceful throne;
 The scales of heavenly justice holding high,
 With steady hand, and a discerning eye.
 Then vaults upon his car, and to the sphere,
 Swift, as a flying shaft, Rome's founder bears.
 The parts more pure in rising are refin'd,
 The gross and perishable lag behind.
 His shrine in purple vestments stands in view;
 He looks a god, and is Quirinus now.

THE ASSUMPTION OF HERSILIA.

Ever long the goddess of the nuptial bed,
 With pity mov'd, sends Iris in her stead
 To sad Hersilia—Thus the meteor maid:
 Chaste relië! in bright truth to heaven ally'd,
 The Sabines' glory, and the sex's pride;

Honour'd on earth, and worthy of the love
 Of such a spouse as now resides above;
 Some respites to thy killing griefs afford;
 And, if thou would'st once more behold thy lord,
 Retire to yon' sleep mount, with groves o'er-
 spread,
 Which with an awful gloom, his temple shade.
 With fear the modest matron lifts her eyes.
 And to the bright ambassadress replies:
 O goddess, yet to mortal eyes unknown!
 But sure thy various charms confess thee one:
 O quick to Romulus thy votress bear!
 With looks of love he'll smile away my care:
 In what'er orb he shines, my heaven is there.
 Then hastes with Iris to the holy grove,
 And, up the Mount Quirinal as they move,
 A lambent flame glides downward through the
 air,
 And brightens with a blaze Hersilia's hair.
 Together on the bounding ray they rise,
 And shoot a gleam of light along the skies.
 With opening arms Quirinus met his bride,
 Now Ora nam'd, and press'd her to his side.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XV.

THE STORY OF CIPPUS.

OR as when Cippus in the current view'd
 The shooting horn that on his forehead stood,
 His temples first he feels, and with surprize
 His touch confirms th' assurance of his eyes;
 Straight to the skies his horned front he rears,
 And to the gods directs these pious prayers:

If this portent be prosperous, O decree
 To Rome th' event; if otherwise, to me.
 An altar then of turf he hastes to raise,
 Rich gums in fragrant exhalations blaze;
 The panting entrails crackle as they fry,
 And boding fumes pronounce a mystery.
 Soon as the augur saw the holy fire,
 And victims with presaging signs expire,
 To Cippus then he turns his eyes with speed,
 And views the horny honours of his head:
 Then cry'd, Hail, conqueror! thy call obey,
 Those omens I behold presage thy sway.
 Rome waits thy nod, unwilling to be free,
 And owns thy sovereign power as fate's decree.

He said—and Cippus, starting at th' event,
 Spoke in these words his pious discontent:
 Far hence, ye gods, this execration send,
 And the great race of Romulus defend.
 Better that I in exile live abhor'd,
 Than e'er the capitol should stile me lord.

This spoke, he hides with leaves his omen'd
 head;
 Then prays, the senate next convenes, and said:

If augurs can foresee, a wretch is come,
 Design'd by destiny the bane of Rome.
 Two horns (most strange to tell) his temples
 crown;

If e'er he pass the walls, and gain the town,
 Your laws are forfeit that ill-fated hour,
 And liberty must yield to lawless power.
 Your gates he might have enter'd; but this arm
 Seiz'd the usurper, and with-held the harm.
 Haste, find the monster out, and let him be
 Condemn'd to all the senate can decree;
 Or ty'd in chains, or into exile thrown;
 Or by the tyrant's death prevent your own.

The crowd such murmurs utter as they stand,
 As swelling surges breaking on the strand:
 Or as when gathering gales sweep o'er the
 grove,
 And their tall heads the bending cedars move.

Each with confusion gaz'd, and then began
 To feel his fellow's brows, and find the man.
 Cippus then shakes his garland off, and cries,
 The wretch you want, I offer to your eyes.

The anxious throng look'd down, and, sad in
 thought,

All wish'd they had not found the sign they sought:
 In haste with laurel-wreaths his head they bind;
 Such honour to such virtue was assign'd.

Then thus the senate: Hear, O Cippus, hear;
 So god-like is thy tutelary care,

That, since in Rome thyself forbids thy stay,
 For thy abode those acres we convey
 The plough-share can surround, the labour of a
 day.

In deathless records thou shalt stand inroll'd,
 And Rome's rich posts shall shine with horns of
 gold.

THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF

NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq.

Containing

ODES,
SONGS,
EPISTLES,



PROLOGUES,
TRANSLATIONS,
EPIGRAMS,

U. U. U.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Thy reliques, ROWE! to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy SHAKSPEARE place thy honour'd bust,
Oh! next him skill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere;
To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdain'd a slave!
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest,
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
And blest that timely from our scene remov'd
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

POPE'S EPITAPH ON ROWE.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,

Anno 1793.

THE
POETICAL WORKS

NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq.

Containing

PROLOGUES,
TRANSLATIONS,
EPICRAMS,

OTHER
POEMS,
SONNETS,

IN TWO VOLUMES.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

The religious Rowe! to this let shrine we trust,
And near the sacred place the honour'd dust;
Oh! next him shill'd to draw the censer fume;
For never heart for passion more sincere;
To nobler sentiment to like the brave;
For never Britain more distinguish'd have;
Fame to thy gentle hands, and English tongue;
Blest is thy genius, in thy love too blund;
And blest that timely from our scene remove'd
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

JOHN'S WIFE OF ROWE.

EDINBURGH

PRINTED BY MOWBRAY AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1795.

THE LIFE OF ROWE.

NICHOLAS ROWE, one of the greatest names in the English drama, was born at Little Berkford, the seat of his grandfather Jasper Edwards, Esq. in Bedfordshire, in the year 1673. His family had long possessed a considerable estate at Lamberton in Devonshire; the ancestor from whom he descended in a direct line, having received the arms borne by his descendants for his bravery in the Holy War. His father, John Rowe, Esq. who was the first that left the frugal management of his paternal inheritance, to practise any art of profit, studied the law in the Middle Temple, was called to the degree of Serjeant, and published Benlow's and Dallison's Reports, in the reign of James II., when, in opposition to the courtly claim of *dispensing power*, he ventured to remark how low his authors rated the prerogative, and to defend the liberty of the subject against the encroachments of the crown, as his ancestors had done in all the changes of government. He died April 30. 1692, and was buried in the Temple Church.

Rowe was instructed in the rudiments of classical learning at a private school at Highgate, from whence he was removed to Westminster, and placed under the care of Dr. Busby, and at the age of fifteen was chosen one of the King's scholars. He gave early proofs of a vigorous understanding and a lively imagination, which did not escape the discernment of Busby, who suffered none of his scholars to let their powers lie useless; and his exercises in several languages are said to have been written with uncommon degrees of excellence, and yet to have cost him very little labour.

At sixteen, his father, designing him for his own profession, took him from school, and entered him a student in the Middle Temple, where, for some time, he prosecuted the study of the law with a proficiency proportionate to the vigour of his mind, which was already such that he endeavoured to comprehend law, not as a collection of statutes, or a series of precedents, but as a system founded on right reason, and calculated for the good of mankind.

At nineteen, he was, by the death of his father, left more to his own direction, and though he was patronised by Lord Chief Justice Treby, and had the best opportunities of rising to eminence in the law, from that time, probably, there appeared to him more charms in Euripides, Sophocles, Æschylus, and Shakspeare, than in Glanville, Bracton, Littleton, and Coke; and he suffered law gradually to give way to poetry.

At twenty-five, he produced his first tragedy, *The Ambitious Stepmother*, which was acted at the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and dedicated to the Earl of Jersey. The design of the play seems to have been taken from the establishment of Solomon on the throne of David by Bathsheba, Zadok, and Nathan, but the characters are made Persian. "The purity of the language," says Dr. Welwood, "the justness of his characters, the noble elevation of the sentiments, were all of them admirably adapted to the plan of the play." The conduct of it may be objected to as injudicious; but it has an infinite deal of fire in it; the business is precipitate and the characters active; and it may be doubted whether he ever wrote another play with so much elevation.

Downes, in his "*Roscus Anglicanus*" says, "the play answered the Company's expectation." It was received with so much favour, that he devoted himself from that time wholly to the cultivation of elegant literature, and the pursuit of poetical fame.

His next tragedy was *Tamerlane*, acted at the same theatre in 1702, and dedicated to the Marquis of Hartington. In this play, under the name of Tamerlane, he intended to characterise King William, and Lewis XIV. under Bajazet. This was the tragedy which Dr. Welwood says, "he valued the most," and which probably excited most applause; but it has for a long time been acted only once a year, on the 4th of November, in commemoration of the landing of King William, when an occasional prologue is spoken.

The Fair Penitent, his next production, was acted at the same theatre in 1703, and dedicated to the Duchess of Ormond. The plan of it is borrowed from the "*Fatal Dowry*" of Massinger. It is, as Dr. Johnson observes, one of the most pleasing tragedies on the stage, where it still keeps its turns of appearing, and probably will long keep them; for there is scarcely any work of any poet at once so interesting by the fable, and so delightful by the language. The story is domestic, and therefore easily received by the imagination, and assimilated to common life; the diction is exquisitely harmonious, and soft or spritely as occasion requires.

It has been observed, that the title of the play does not sufficiently correspond with the behaviour of *Calista*, who, at last, shews no evident signs of repentance; but may be reasonably suspected of feeling pain from detection rather than from guilt, and expresses more shame than sorrow, and more rage than shame.

In 1706, he ventured on a comedy, and produced *The Biter*, which was acted at the same theatre, but met with no success, and he tried at lighter scenes no more.

His next tragedy was *Ulysses*, which was acted the same year, at the theatre in the Hay-Market, and dedicated to Lord Godolphin. It met with success, but is now generally neglected, probably because the story is mythological; for it has business, passion, and tragic propriety to recommend it. The character of Penelope is an excellent example of conjugal fidelity.

In 1708, *The Royal Convert* was acted at the same theatre, and dedicated to Lord Halifax. It met with but small success, as appears from the motto to it, *laudatur et alget*, and is not often acted, though it highly deserves to be so. The characters of Rhodogune and Ethelinda are finely contrasted, as are also those of Hengist and Aribert. The incidents are interesting, the language occasionally spirited and tender, yet every where poetical, and the catastrophe affecting, and truly dramatic. "Rhodogune," Dr. Johnson says, "is a personage truly tragical, of high spirit, and violent passions, great with tempestuous dignity, and wicked with a soul that would have been heroic if it had been virtuous."

Gibbon (History of the Roman Empire, vol. III. p. 617.) says, that Procopius might have suggested to Rowe the character and situation of Rhodogune in this play.

In 1709, he undertook an edition of Shakspeare's plays, to which he prefixed an account of his life, such as tradition then almost expiring could supply. This edition, without the pomp of annotations, or the parade of emendatory criticism, at least contributed to the popularity of Shakspeare's dramas.

In 1714, the tragedy of *Jane Shore*, written in imitation of Shakspeare's style, was acted at the theatre in Drury-Lane, and dedicated to the Duke of Queensberry and Dover. This is a very excellent tragedy, and continually acted with great success. "In what he thought himself an imitator of Shakspeare, it is not," says Dr. Johnson, "easy to conceive. The numbers, the diction, the sentiments, and the conduct, every thing in which imitation can consist, are remote in the utmost degree from the manner of Shakspeare, whose dramas it resembles only as it is an English story, and as some of the persons have their names in history. This play, consisting of domestic scenes and private distress, lays hold upon the heart. The wife is forgiven because she repents, and the husband is honoured because he forgives. This, therefore, is one of those pieces which we still welcome on the stage."

His last tragedy was *Lady Jane Gray*, acted at the same theatre in 1715, and dedicated to the Princess of Wales. This subject had been chosen by his friend Smith, whose papers were put into

his hand by Mr. Duckett, consisting of loose hints of sentiments, and short sketches of scenes, from which he borrowed one, in which Lord Guildford singly persuades Lady Jane to take the crown, inserted in the third act. This play is frequently acted with success, though not absolutely on the acting list of plays.

His attachment to poetry did not entirely unfit him for business. He was Under-Secretary for three years, when the Duke of Queensberry was Secretary of State. After the Duke's death, the avenues to his preferment being stopped, he passed his time in retirement during the rest of Queen Anne's reign.

A story is told by Spence, of his applying to Harley for some public employment. Harley enjoined him to study Spanish, and when he came again and said that he had mastered it, dismissed him with this congratulation. "Then, Sir, I envy you the pleasure of reading *Don Quixotte* in the original."

The story may be justly doubted; for Harley, who was desirous to be thought a patron of literature, cannot be supposed to insult a man of acknowledged merit; and Rowe, who was so zealous a Whig, that he did not willingly associate with Tories, cannot be supposed to ask preferment of the leader of the opposite party.

At the accession of King George, he was made Poet-Laureat, in the room of Tate, who died in 1716, in the Mint, where he was forced to seek shelter from extreme poverty. He was likewise made one of the Land-surveyors of the Port of London. The Prince of Wales chose him Clerk of his Council, and the Lord Chancellor Parker, as soon as he received the Seals, appointed him, unasked, Secretary of Presentations.

Having already translated some part of *Lucan's Pharsalia*, which had been published in the *Miscellanies*, he undertook a version of the whole work, which he lived to finish, but not to publish.

He died the 6th of December 1718, in the 45th year of his age, and was buried among the Poets in Westminster Abbey.

He was twice married, first to a daughter of Mr. Auditor Parsons, and afterwards to a daughter of Mr. Devenish, of a good family in Devonshire. By his first wife he had a son, and by the second a daughter, married to Mr. Fane.

His character is given by Dr. Welwood with the fondness of a friend.

"His person was graceful and well made, his face regular and of a manly beauty. He had a quick and fruitful invention, a deep penetration, and a large compass of thought, with singular dexterity and easiness in making his thoughts to be understood. He was master of most parts of polite learning, especially the classical authors, both Greek and Latin, understood the French, Italian, and Spanish languages, and spoke the first fluently, and the other two tolerably well. He had a good taste in philosophy, and having a firm impression of religion upon his mind, he took great delight in divinity and ecclesiastical history. He abhorred the principle of persecuting men upon account of their principles in religion, and being strict in his own, he took it not upon him to censure those of another persuasion. His conversation was pleasant, witty, and learned, without the least tincture of affectation or pedantry, and his inimitable manner of diverting the company, made it impossible for any one to be out of humour when he was in it. He died like a Christian and a philosopher, in charity with all mankind, and with an absolute resignation to the will of God. He kept up his good humour to the last, and took leave of his wife and friends, immediately before his last agony, with the same indifference for life as though he had been upon taking but a short journey."

To this character may be added the testimony of Pope, who says, in a letter to Blount, "Mr. Rowe accompanied me and passed a week in the Forest. I need not tell you how much a man of his turn entertained me; but I must acquaint you there is a vivacity and gaiety of disposition almost peculiar to him, which makes it impossible to part from him without that uneasiness which generally succeeds all our pleasures."

A less advantageous mention of his companion is reported by Warburton. "Rowe, in Mr. Pope's opinion, maintained a decent character, but had no heart." A conversation is added be-

tween Pope and Addison, in which Pope is reported to have mentioned the satisfaction which their common friend expressed at some juncture of Addison's advancement, and Addison is said to have replied, "I do not suspect that he feigned; but the levity of his heart is such, that he is struck with any new adventure; and it would affect him just in the same manner if he heard that I was going to be hanged." But much stress is not to be laid on hyperbolical accusations, and pointed sentences, which were probably meant to be applauded rather than credited; for it is to be hoped that he who knew how to seize the hearts of others, did not want one himself.

Pope has left behind him a refutation of this censure, in his "Epitaph on Rowe," which contains a liberal encomium on his genius, his patriotism, and his sensibility. A more unquestionable testimony to the excellence of his heart, is to be found in the love and esteem of men of the highest reputation for abilities and virtue among his contemporaries.

Enough for him that *Congreve* was his friend,
That *Gurth*, and *Steele*, and *Addison* commend.

His "Poetical Works," consisting of his plays and miscellaneous poems, were collected and printed by Tonson, in 3 vols. 12mo, 1719. An account of his life was prefixed by the Rev. S. Hales, dated St. James's, December 28, 1718, with Verses on his death by Mr. Beckingham, Mr. Amhurst, Mrs. Centlivre, and Mr. Newcomb.

His translation of *Lucan's Pharsalia* was published by Dr. Welwood, soon after his death; and dedicated to the King by his widow, at his desire.

Rowe is chiefly distinguished as a dramatist and a translator. His occasional poems and short compositions, like those of Shakspeare and Otway, are rarely worthy of much praise or censure; for they seem the casual effusions of a mind seeking rather to amuse its leisure than to exercise its powers. His translation of the *Golden Verses of Pythagoras*, and of the first book of *Quillet's Callipædia*, is smooth and free; yet few lines are eminently elegant. The *Poem on the Success of his Majesty's Arms* is tedious. His beautiful ballad, intitled, *Colin's Complaint*, is the most popular of his little pieces. It may be ranked with the "Pastoral Ballad" of Shenstone, of which it was probably the model.

His admirable version of *Lucan* is not appended to this edition of his poems, in consequence of an arrangement adopted by the proprietors of this publication, which is to give the entire translations of the poetical authors of antiquity in a particular series.

"I know not that there can be found in his plays," says Dr. Johnson, "any deep search into nature, any accurate discrimination of kindred qualities, or nice display of passion in its progress; all is general and undefined. Nor does he much interest or affect the auditor, except in *Jane Shore*, who is always seen and heard with pity. *Æcilia* is a character of empty noise, with no resemblance to real sorrow, or to natural madness."

"Whence, then, has Rowe his reputation?—From the reasonableness and propriety of some of his scenes, from the elegance of his diction, and the suavity of his verse. He seldom moves either pity or terror, but he often elevates the sentiments; he seldom pierces the heart, but he always delights the ear, and often improves the understanding."

"His version of *Lucan* is one of the greatest productions of English poetry; for there is perhaps none that so completely preserves the genius and spirit of the original. *Lucan* is distinguished by a kind of dictatorial or philosophic dignity; rather, as Quintilian observes, declamatory than poetical; full of ambitious morality and pointed sentences comprised in vigorous and animated lines. This character Rowe has very diligently and successfully preserved. His versification, which is such as his contemporaries praised, without any attempt at innovation or improvement, seldom wants either melody or force. His author's sense is sometimes a little diluted by additional insusions, and sometimes weakened by too much expansion. But such faults are to be expected in all translations, from the constraint of measures and dissimilitude of languages. The *Pharsalia* of Rowe deserves more notice than it obtains, and as it is more read will be more esteemed."

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P O E M S.

THE GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

TO THE READER.

I HOPE the reader will forgive the liberty I have taken in translating these verses somewhat at large, without which it would have been almost impossible to have given any kind of turn in English poetry to so dry a subject. The sense of the author is, I hope, no where mistaken; and if there seems in some places to be some additions in the English verses to the Greek text, they are only such as may be justified from Hierocles's Commentary, and delivered by him as the larger and explained sense of the author's short precept. I have in some few places ventured to differ from the learned Mr. Dacier's French interpretation, as those that shall give themselves the trouble of a strict comparison will find. How far I am in the right, is left to the reader to determine.

FIRST to the gods thy humble homage pay;
The greatest this, and first of laws obey:
Perform thy vows, observe thy plighted troth,
And let religion bind thee to thy oath.
The heroes next demand thy just regard,
Renown'd on earth, and to the stars preferr'd,
To light and endless life, their virtue's sure re-
ward.

Due rites perform and honours to the dead,
To every wife, to every pious shade.
With lowly duty to thy parents bow,
And grace and favour to thy kindred shew:
For what concerns the rest of human kind,
Choose out the man to virtue best inclin'd;
Him to thy arms receive, him to thy bosom
bind.

Possess of such a friend, preserve him still;
Nor thwart his counsels with thy stubborn will;
Pliant to all his admonitions prove,
And yield to all his offices of love:

Him from thy heart, so true, so justly dear,
Let no rash word nor light offences tear.
Bear all thou canst, still with his failings strive,
And to the utmost still, and still forgive;
For strong necessity alone explores
The secret vigour of our latent powers,
Rouzes and urges on the lazy heart,
Force, to itself unknown before, t'exert.
By use thy stronger appetites assuage,
Thy gluttony, thy sloth, thy lust, thy rage;
From each dishonest act of shame forbear;
Of others, and thyself, alike beware.
Let reverence of thyself thy thoughts control,
And guard the sacred temple of thy soul.
Let justice o'er thy word and deed preside,
And reason ev'n thy meanest actions guide:
For know that death is man's appointed doom,
Know that the day of great account will come,
When thy past life shall strictly be survey'd,
Each word, each deed, be in the balance laid,
And all the good and all the ill most justly be
repaid.

For wealth, the perishing, uncertain good,
Ebbing and flowing like the sickle flood,
That knows no sure, no fix'd abiding-place,
But wandering loves from hand to hand to pass;
Revolve the getter's joy and loser's pain,
And think if it be worth thy while to gain.
Of all those sorrows that attend mankind,
With patience bear the lot to thee assign'd;
Nor think it chance, nor murmur at the load;
For know what man calls fortune is from God,
In what thou may'st, from wisdom seek relief,
And let her healing hand assuage thy grief;
Yet still whate'er the righteous doom ordains,
What cause soever multiplies thy pains,
Let not those pains as ills be understood;
For God delights not to afflict the good.

The reasoning art, to various ends apply'd,
Is oft a sure, but oft an erring guide.
Thy judgment therefore sound and cool pre-
serve,
Nor lightly from thy resolution swerve;
The dazzling pomp of words does oft deceive,
And sweet persuasion wins the easy to believe.
When fools and liars labour to persuade,
Be dumb, and let the babblers vainly plead.

This above all, this precept chiefly learn,
This nearly does, and first, thyself concern;
Let not example, let no soothing tongue,
Prevail upon thee with a Syren's song,
To do thy soul's immortal essence wrong,
Of good and ill by words or deeds express'd,
Choose for thyself, and always choose the best.

Let wary thought each enterprise forerun,
And ponder on thy task before begun,
Lest folly should the wretched work deface,
And mock thy fruitless labours with disgrace.
Fools huddle on, and always are in haste,
A& without thought, and thoughtless words they waste.

But thou, in all thou dost, with early cares
Strive to prevent at first a fate like theirs;
That sorrow on the end may never wait,
Nor sharp repentance make thee wise too late.

Beware thy meddling hand in ought to try,
That does beyond thy reach of knowledge lie;
But seek to know, and bend thy serious thought
To search the profitable knowledge out.

So joys on joys for ever shall increase,
Wisdom shall crown thy labours, and shall bless
Thy life with pleasure, and thy end with peace.

Nor let the body want its part, but share
A just proportion of thy tender care:
For health and welfare prudently provide,
And let its lawful wants be all supply'd.
Let sober draughts refresh, and wholesome fare
Decaying nature's wasted force repair;
And sprightly exercise the duller spirits cheer.
In all things still which to this care belong,
Observe this rule, to guard thy soul from wrong,
By virtuous use thy life and manners frame,
Manly and simply pure, and free from blame.

Provoke not envy's deadly rage, but fly
The glancing curse of her malicious eye.
Seek not in needless luxury to waste,
Thy wealth and substance with a spendthrift's haste.

Yet flying these, be watchful, lest thy mind,
Prone to extremes, an equal danger find,
And be to sordid avarice inclin'd.
Distant alike from each, to neither lean,
But ever keep the happy golden mean.

Be careful still to guard thy soul from wrong,
And let thy thought prevent thy hand and tongue.

Let not the stealing god of sleep surprise,
Nor creep in slumbers on thy weary eyes,
Ere every action of the former day
Strictly thou dost and righteously survey.
With reverence at thy own tribunal stand,
And answer justly to thy own demand.
Where have I been? In what have I transgress'd?

What good or ill has this day's life express'd?
Where have I fail'd in what I ought to do?
In what to God, to man, or to myself I owe?
Inquire severe what-e'er from first to last,
From morning's dawn, till evening's gloom, has pass'd.

If evil were thy deeds, repenting mourn,
And let thy soul with strong remorse be torn.

If good, the good with peace of mind repay,
And to thy secret self with pleasure say,
Rejoice, my heart, for all went well to-day.

These thoughts, and chiefly these thy mind
should move,

Employ thy study, and engage thy love.
These are the rules which will to virtue lead,
And teach thy feet her heavenly paths to trade.
This by his name I swear, whose sacred lore
First to mankind explain'd the mystic four,
Source of eternal nature and almighty power.

In all thou dost first let thy prayers ascend,
And to the gods thy labours first commend:
From them implore success, and hope a prosperous end.

So shalt thy abler mind be taught to soar,
And wisdom in her secret ways explore;
To range through heaven above and earth below,
Immortal gods and mortal men to know.
So shalt thou learn what power does all control,
What bounds the parts, and what unites the whole:

And rightly judge, in all this wondrous frame,
How universal nature is the same;

So shalt thou ne'er thy vain affections place
On hopes of what shall never come to pass.

Man, wretched man, thou shalt be taught to know,

Who bears within himself the inborne cause of woe,
Unhappy race! that never yet could tell,
How near their good and happiness they dwell.
Depriv'd of sense, they neither hear nor see;
Fetter'd in vice, they seek not to be free,
But stupid, to their own sad fate agree:
Like ponderous rolling-stones, oppress with ill,
The weight that loads them makes them roll on still,

Bereft of choice and freedom of the will;
For native strife in every bosom reigns,
And secretly an impious war maintains:
Provoke not this, but let the combat cease,
And every yielding passion sue for peace.

Would'st thou, great Jove, thou father of mankind,

Reveal the demon for that task assign'd,
The wretched race an end of woes would find.
And yet be bold, O man, divine thou art,
And of the gods celestial essence part.

Nor sacred nature is from thee conceal'd,
But to thy race her mystic rules reveal'd.
These if to know thou happily attain,
Soon shalt thou perfect be in all that I ordain.
Thy wounded soul to health thou shalt restore,
And free from every pain the felt before.

Abstain, I warn, from meats unclean and foul,
So keep thy body pure, so free thy soul;
So rightly judge; thy reason so maintain;
Reason which heaven did for thy guide ordain,
Let that best reason ever hold the rein.

Then if this mortal body thou forsake,
And thy glad flight to the pure ether take,
Among the gods exalted shalt thou shine,
Immortal, incorruptible, divine:
The tyrant death securely shalt thou brave,
And scorn the dark dominion of the grave.

A POEM

ON THE LATE GLORIOUS SUCCESES, &c.

Humbly Inscribed to

THE LORD TREASURER GODOLPHIN.

WHILE kings and nations on thy counsels wait,
And Anna trusts to thee the British state;
While fame, to thee, from every foreign coast,
Flies with the news of empires won and lost,
Relates what'er her busy eyes beheld,
And tells the fortune of each bloody field;
While, with officious duty, crowds attend,
To hail the labours of thy god-like friend,
Vouchsafe the muse's humbler joy to hear;
For sacred numbers shall be still thy care;
Though mean the verse, though lowly be the strain,
Though least regarded be the muse, of all the
tuneful train,

Yet rise, neglected nymph, avow thy flame,
Assert th' inspiring god, and greatly aim
To make thy numbers equal to thy theme.
From heaven derive thy verse; to heaven belong
The counsels of the wise, and battles of the strong.
To heaven the royal Anna owes, alone,
The virtues which adorn and guard her throne;
Thence is her justice wretches to-redress,
Thence is her mercy and her love of peace;
Thence is her power, her sceptre uncontrol'd,
To bend the stubborn, and repress the bold;
Her peaceful arts fierce factions to allvage,
To heal their breaches, and to sooth their rage;
Thence is that happy prudence, which presides
In each design, and every action guides;
Thence is she taught her shining court to grace,
And fix the worthiest in the worthiest place,
To trust at home Godolphin's watchful care,
And send victorious Churchill forth to war.

Arise, ye nations rescued by her sword,
Freed from the bondage of a foreign lord,
Arise, and join the heroine to blest,
Behold she sends to save you from distress;
Rich is the royal bounty she bestows,
'Tis plenty, peace, and safety from your foes.
And thou, Iberia! rous'd at length, disdain
To wear enslav'd the Gallic tyrant's chain.
For see! the British genius comes, to cheer
Thy fainting sons, and kindle them to war.
With her own glorious fires their soul she warms,
And bids them burn for liberty and arms.
Unhappy land! the foremost once in fame,
Once list'ning to the stars thy noble name,
In arts excelling, and in arms severe,
The western kingdoms' envy, and their fear:
Where is thy pride, thy conscious honour, flown,
Thy ancient valour, and thy first renown?
How art thou sunk among the nations now!
How hast thou taught thy haughty neck to bow,
And drop the warrior's wreath inglorious from
thy brow.

Not thus of old her valiant fathers bore
The bondage of the unbelieving Moor,

But, oft, alternate, made the victors yield,
And prov'd their might in many a well-fought
field;

Bold in defence of liberty they stood,
And doubly dy'd their cross in Moorish blood:
Then in heroic arms their knights excell'd.
The tyrant then and giant then they quell'd.
Then every nobler thought their minds did move,
And those who fought for freedom, sigh'd for
love.

Like one, those sacred flames united live,
At once they languish, and at once revive;
Alike they shun the coward and the slave,
But bless the free, the virtuous, and the brave.
Nor frown, ye fair, nor think my verse untrue:
Though we disdain that man should man sub-
due, } [you]

Yet all the free-born race are slaves alike to

Yet, once again that glory to restore,
The Britons seek the Celtiberian shore.
With echoing peals, at Anna's high command,
Their naval thunder wakes the drowsy land;
High at their head, Iberia's promis'd lord,
Young Charles of Austria, waves his shining
sword;

His youthful veins with hopes of empire glow,
Swell his bold heart, and urge him on the foe:
With joy he reads, in every warrior's face,
Some happy omen of a sure success;
Then leaps exulting on the hostile strand,
And thinks the destin'd sceptre in his hand.

Nor fate denies, what first his wishes name,
Proud Barcelona owns his juster claim,
With the first laurel binds his youthful brows,
And, pledge of future crowns, the mural wreath
bestows.

But soon the equal of his youthful years,
Philip of Bourbon's haughty line appears;
Like hopes attend his birth, like glories grace,
(If glory can be in a tyrant's race)
In numbers proud, he threats no more from far,
But nearer draws the black impending war;
He views his host, then scorns the rebel town,
And dooms to certain death the rival of his crown,

Now fame and empire, all the nobler spoils
That urge the hero, and reward his toils,
Plac'd in their view, alike their hopes engage,
And fire their breasts with more than mortal rage.
Not lawless love, not vengeance, nor despair,
So daring, fierce, untam'd, and furious are, }
As when ambition prompts the great to war;
As youthful kings, when, striving for renown,
They prove their might in arms, and combat for a
crown.

Hard was the cruel strife, and doubtful long
Betwixt the chiefs suspended conquest hung;
I'll, forc'd at length, disdaining much to yield,
Charles to his rival quits the fatal field.
Numbers and fortune o'er his right prevail,
And ev'n the British valour seems to fail;
And yet they fail'd not all. In that extreme,
Conscious of virtue, liberty, and fame,
They vow the youthful monarch's fate to share,
Above distress, unconquer'd by despair, }
Still to defend the town and animate the war.

But, lo! when every better hope was past,
 When every day of danger seem'd their last,
 Far on the distant ocean, they survey,
 Where a proud navy plows its watery way.
 Nor long they doubted, but with joy descry,
 Upon the chief's tall top-masts waving high,
 The British cross and Belgic lion fly.
 Loud with tumultuous clamour, loud they rear
 Their cries of ecstasy, and rend the air;
 In peals on peals the shouts triumphant rise,
 Spread swift, and rattle through the spacious skies;
 While, from below, old ocean groans profound,
 The walls, the rocks, the shores, repel the sound,
 Ring with the deafening shock, and thunder all
 around.

Such was the joy the Trojan youth express'd
 Who, by the fierce Rutilian's siege distress'd,
 Were by the Tyrrhene aid at length releas'd;
 When young Ascanius, then in arms first try'd,
 Numbers and every other want supply'd,
 And haughty Turnus from his walls defy'd;
 Sav'd in the town an empire yet to come,
 And fix'd the fate of his imperial Rome.

But oh! what verse, what numbers, shall reveal
 Those pangs of rage and grief the vanquish'd
 feel!

Who shall retreating Philip's shame impart,
 And tell the anguish of his labouring heart!
 What paint, what speaking pencil shall express
 The blended passions striving in his face!
 Hate, indignation, courage, pride, remorse,
 With thoughts of glory past, the loser's greatest
 curie.

Fatal ambition! say what wondrous charms
 Delude mankind to toil for thee in arms!
 When all thy spoils, thy wreaths in battle won,
 The pride of power, and glory of a crown,
 When all war gives, when all the great can gain,
 Ev'n thy whole pleasure, pays not half thy pain.

All hail! ye softer, happier arts of peace,
 Secur'd from harms, and blest with learned ease;
 In battles, blood, and perils hard, unskill'd,
 Which haunt the warrior in the fatal field;
 But chief, thee, goddess muse! my verse would
 raise,

And to thy own soft numbers tune thy praise;
 Happy the youth inspir'd, beneath thy shade,
 Thy verdant, ever-living laurels laid!
 There, safe, no pleasures, there no pains they
 know,

But those which from thy sacred raptures flow,
 Nor wish for crowns, but what thy groves be-
 flow.

Me, nymph divine! nor scorn my humble prayer,
 Receive unworthy, to thy kinder care,
 Doom'd to a gentler though more lowly, fate,
 Nor wishing once, nor knowing to be great;
 Me, to thy peaceful haunts, inglorious bring,
 Where secret thy celestial sisters sing,
 Past by thy sacred hill, and sweet Castalian
 spring.

But nobler thoughts the victor prince employ,
 And raise his heart with high triumphant joy;
 From hence a better course of time rolls on,
 And whiter days successive seem to run.

From hence his kinder fortune seems to date
 The rising glories of his future state,
 From hence!—But oh! too soon the hero mourns
 His hopes deceiv'd, and war's inconflant turns.
 In vain, his echoing trampets loud alarms
 Provoke the cold Iberian lords to arms;
 Careless of fame, as of their monarch's fate,
 In sullen sloth supinely proud they fate;
 Or to be slaves or free alike prepar'd,
 And trusting heaven was bound to be their guard,
 Untouch'd with shame, the noble strife beheld,
 Nor once essay'd to struggle to the field;
 But fought in the cold shade, and rural seat,
 An unmolested ease and calm retreat:
 Saw each contending prince's arms advance,
 Then with a lazy dull indifference [chance,
 Turn'd to their rest, and left the world to
 So when, commanded by the wife of Jove,
 Thaumantian Iris left the realms above,
 And swift descending on her painted bow,
 Sought the dull god of sleep in shades below;
 Nodding and slow, his drowsy head he rear'd,
 And heavily the sacred message heard;
 Then with a yawn at once forgot the pain,
 And sunk to his first sloth and indolence again.
 But oh, my muse! th' ungrateful toil forsake,
 Some task more pleasing to thy numbers take,
 Nor choose in melancholy strains to tell
 Each harder chance the juster cause befall.
 Or rather turn, auspicious turn thy flight,
 Where Marlborough's heroic arms invite,
 Where highest deeds the poet's breast inspire
 With rage divine, and fan the sacred fire.
 See! where at once Ramillia's noble field
 Ten thousand themes for living verse shall yield.
 See! where at once the dreadful objects rise,
 At once they spread before my wondering eyes,
 And shock my labouring soul with vast surprise;
 At once the wide-extended battles move,
 At once they join, at once their fate they prove.
 The roar ascends promiscuous; groans and cries,
 The drums, the cannons' burst, the shout, supplies
 One universal anarchy of noise.
 One din confus'd, found mixt and lost in sound,
 Echoes to all the frighted cities round.
 Thick dust and smoke in wavy clouds arise,
 Stain the bright day, and taint the purer skies;
 While flashing flames like lightning dart between,
 And fill the horror of the fatal scene.
 Around the field, all dy'd in purple foam,
 Hate, fury, and insatiate slaughter roam;
 Discord with pleasure o'er the ruin treads,
 And laughing wraps her in her tatter'd weeds;
 While fierce Bellona thunders in her car,
 Shakes terrible her steely whip from far,
 And with new rage revives the fainting war.
 So when two currents, rapid in their course,
 Rush to a point, and meet with equal force,
 The angry billows rear their heads on high,
 Dashing aloft the foaming surges fly,
 And rising cloud the air with misty spray;
 The raging flood is heard from far to roar,
 By listening shepherds on the distant shore,
 While much they fear, what ills it should portend,
 And wonder why the watery gods contend.

High in the midst, Britannia's warlike chief,
Too greatly bold, and prodigal of life,
Is seen to press where death and dangers call,
Where the war bleeds, and where the thickest

fall,
He flies, and drives confus'd the fainting Gaul.
Like heat diffus'd, his great example warms,
And animates the social warriors' arms,
Inflames each colder heart, confirms the bold,
Makes the young heroes, and renews the old.
In forms divine around him watchful wait
The guardian genii of the British state;
Justice and truth his steps unerring guide,
And faithful loyalty defends his side;
Prudence and fortitude their Marlborough guard,
And pleasing liberty his labours cheer'd;
But chief, the angel of his queen was there,
The union-cross his silver shield did bear,
And in his decent hand he took a warlike spear.
While victory celestial soars above,
Plum'd like the eagle of imperial Jove,
Hangs o'er the chief, whom she delights to bless,
And ever arms his sword with sure success,
Dooms him the proud oppressor to destroy,
Then waves her palm, and claps her wings for joy.
Such was young Ammon on Arbela's plain,
Or such the painter * did the hero feign,
Where rushing on, and fierce, he seems to ride,
With graceful ardor, and majestic pride,
With all the gods of Greece and fortune on his

side.
Nor long Bavaria's haughty prince in vain
Labours the fight unequal to maintain;
He sees 'tis doom'd his fatal friend the Gaul
Shall share the shame, and in one ruin fall;
Flies from the foe too oft in battle try'd,
And heaven contending on the victor's side;
Then mourns his rash ambition's crime too late,
And yields reluctant to the force of fate.
So when Æneas, through night's gloomy shade,
The dreadful forms of hostile gods survey'd,
Hopeless he left the burning town, and fled:
Saw 'twas in vain to prop declining Troy,
Or save what heaven had destin'd to destroy.
What vast reward, O Europe, shalt thou pay
To him who sav'd thee on this glorious day!
Bless him, ye grateful nations, where he goes,
And heap the victor's laurel on his brows.

In every land, in every city freed
Let the proud column rear its marble head,
To Marlborough and liberty decreed;
Rich with his wars, triumphal arches raise,
To teach your wondering sons the hero's praise:
To him your skilful bards their verse shall bring,
For him the tuneful voice be taught to sing,
The breathing pipe shall swell, shall sound the

trembling string.
O happy thou! where peace for ever smiles,
Britannia! noblest of the ocean's isles,
Fair queen! who dost amidst thy waters reign,
And stretch thy empire o'er the farthest main;
What transports in thy parent bosom roll'd,
When fame at first the pleasing story told!

* Le Brun.

How didst thou lift thy towery front on high!
Not meanly conscious of a mother's joy,
Proud of thy son as Crete was of her Jove,
How wert thou pleas'd heaven did thy choice

approve,
And fix success where thou hast fixt thy love!
How with regret his absence didst thou mourn!
How with impatience wait his wisht return!
How were the winds accus'd for his delay!
How didst thou chide the gods who rule the sea,
And charge the Nereid nymphs to wait him on

his way!
At length he comes, he ceases from his toil!
Like kings of old returning from the spoil;
To Britain and his queen for ever dear,
He comes, their joy and grateful thanks to share;
Lowly he kneels before the royal seat,
And lays its proudest wreaths at Anna's feet.
While, form'd alike for labours or for ease,
In camps to thunder, or in courts to please,
Britain's bright nymphs make Marlborough their

care,
In all his dangers, all his triumphs, share,
Conquering he lends the well pleas'd fair new
grace,
And adds fresh lustre to each beauteous face;
Britain preserv'd by his victorious arms,
With wondrous pleasure each fair bosom warms,
Lightens in all their eyes, and doubles all their

charms.
Ev'n his own Sunderland, in beauty's store
So rich, she seem'd incapable of more,
Now shines with graces never known before.
Fierce with transporting joy she seems to burn,
And each soft feature takes a sprightly turn;
New flames are seen to sparkle in her eyes,
And on her blooming cheeks fresh roses rise:
The pleasing passion heightens each bright hue,
And seems to touch the finish'd piece anew,
Improves what nature's bounteous hand had given,
And mends the fairest workmanship of heaven.

Nor joy like this in courts is only found,
But spreads to all the grateful people round;
Laborious hinds inur'd to rural toil,
To tend the flocks and turn the mellow soil,
In homely guise their honest hearts express,
And bless the warrior who protects the peace,
Who keeps the foe aloof, and drives afar
The dreadful ravage of the wasting war.
No rude destroyer cuts the ripening crop,
Prevents the harvest, and deludes their hope;
No helpless wretches fly with wild amaze,
Look weeping back, and see their dwellings blaze;
The victor's chain no mournful captives know,
Nor hear the threats of the insulting foe,
But freedom laughs, the fruitful fields abound,
The cheerful voice of mirth is heard to sound,
And plenty doles her various bounties round.
The humble village, and the wealthy town,
Consenting join their happiness to own:
What heaven and Anna's gentlest reign afford,
All is secur'd by Marlborough's conquering

sword.
O sacred, ever honour'd name! O thou!
That wert our greatest William once below!

What place so'er thy virtues now possess
Near the bright source of everlasting bliss,
Where'er exalted to ethereal height,
Radiant with stars, thou treadst the fields of light.

Thy seats divine, thy heaven a-while forsake,
And deign the Britons' triumph to partake.
Nor art thou chang'd, but still thou shalt de-
light,

To hear the fortune of the glorious fight,
How fail'd oppression, and prevail'd the right.
What once below, such still thy pleasures are,
Europe and liberty are still thy care;
Thy great, thy generous, pure, immortal mind
Is ever to the public good inclin'd,
Is still the tyrant's foe, and patron of mankind.

Behold where Marlborough, thy last best gift,
At parting to thy native Belgia left,
Succeeds to all thy kind paternal cares,
Thy watchful counsels, and laborious wars;
Like thee aspires by virtue to renown,
Fights to secure an empire not his own,
Reaps only toil himself, and gives away a crown.
At length thy prayer, O pious prince, is heard;
Heaven has at length in its own cause appear'd;
At length Ramillia's field atones for all
The faithless breaches of the perjurd Gaul;
At length a better age to men decreed,
With truth, with peace, and justice, shall suc-
ceed;

Free'd
Fall'n are the proud, and the griev'd world is

One triumph yet, my muse, remains behind,
Another vengeance yet the Gaul shall find;
On Lombard plains, beyond his Alpine hills,
Louis the force of hostile Britain feels:
Swift to her friends distress'd her succours fly,
And distant wars her wealthy sons supply:
From slow inactive courts, they grieve to hear
Eugene, a name to every Briton dear,
By tedious languishing delays is held
Repining, and impatient, from the field:
While factious statesmen riot in excess,
And lazy priests whole provinces possess,
Of unregarded wants the brave complain,
And the starv'd soldier sues for bread in vain;
At once with generous indignation warm,
Britain the treasure sends, and bids the hero arm,
Straight eager to the field he speeds away,
There vows the victor Gaul shall dear repay
The spoils of Calcinato's fatal day:
Cheer'd by the presence of the chief they love,
Once more their fate the warriors long to prove;
Reviv'd each soldier lifts his drooping head,
Forgets his wounds, and calls him on to lead;
Again their crests the German eagles rear,
Stretch their broad wings, and fan the Latian air;
Greedy for battle and the prey they call,
And point great Eugene's thunder on the Gaul.
The chief commands, and soon in dread array
Onwards the moving legions urge their way;
With hardy marches and successful haste,
O'er every barrier fortunate they pass'd,
Which nature or the skilful foe had plac'd.
The foe in vain with Gallic arts attends,
To mark which way the wary leader bends,

Vainly in war's mysterious rules is wife,
Lurks where tall woods and thickest coverts rise,
And meanly hopes a conquest from surprise.
Now with swift horse the plain around them beats,
And oft advances, and as oft retreats;
Now fix'd to wait the coming force, he seems,
Secur'd by steepy banks and rapid streams;
While river-gods in vain exhaust their store;
From plenteous urns the gushing torrents pour,
Rise o'er their utmost margins to the plain,
And strive to stay the warrior's haste in vain;
Alike they pass the plain and closter wood,
Explore the ford, and tempt the swelling flood,
Unshaken still pursue the steadfast course,
And where they want their way, they find it or
they force.

But anxious thoughts Savoy's great prince infest,
And ill ill-boding in his careful breast;
Oft he revolves the ruins of the great,
And sadly thinks on lost Bavaria's fate,
The hapless mark of fortune's cruel sport,
An exile, meanly forc'd to beg support
From the flow bounties of a foreign court.
Forc'd from his lov'd Turin, his last retreat,
His glory once and empire's ancient seat,
He sees from far where wide destructions spread,
And fiery showers the goodly town invade,
Then turns to mourn in vain his ruin'd state,
And curse the unrelenting tyrant's hate.

But great Eugene prevents his every fear,
He had resolv'd it, and he would be there;
Not danger, toil, the tedious weary way,
Nor all the Gallic powers his promis'd aid delay.
Like truth itself unknown how to fail,
He scorn'd to doubt, and knew he must prevail.
Thus ever certain does the sun appear,
Bound by the law of Jove's eternal year;
Thus constant to his course sets out at morn,
Round the wide world in twice twelve hours is

borne,

And to a moment keeps his fix'd return.

Straight to the town the heroes turn their care,
Their friendly succour for the brave prepare,
And on the foe united bend the war.
O'er the steep trench and ramparts guarded
height,

At once they rush, and drive the rapid flight;
With idle arms the Gallic legions seem
To stem the rage of the resistless stream;
At once it bears them down, at once they yield,
Headlong are push'd and swept along the field;
Resistance ceases, and 'tis war no more,
At once the vanquish'd own the victor's power;
Throughout the field, where'er they turn their
flight,

'Tis all or conquest or inglorious flight;
Swift to their rescued friends their joys they
bear,

With life and liberty at once they cheer,
And save them in the moment of despair.

So timely to the aid of sinking Rome,

With active haste did great Camillus come:

So to the capitol he forc'd his way,

So from the proud Barbarians snatch'd his prey,

And sav'd his country in one signal day.

From impious arms at length, O Louis, cease!
And leave at length the labouring world in peace,
Lest heaven disclose some yet more fatal scene,
Fatal beyond Ramillia or Turin;
Lest from thy hand thou see thy sceptre torn,
And humbled in the dust thy losses mourn:
Lest urg'd at length thy own repining slave,
Though fond of burdens, and in bondage brave,
Pursue thy hoary head with curses to the grave.

AN EPISTLE TO FLAVIA.

ON THE SIGHT OF TWO PINDARIC ODES ON THE
SPLEEN AND VANITY.

Written by a Lady, her Friend.*

FLAVIA, to you with safety I commend
This verse, the secret failing of your friend.
To your good nature I securely trust,
Who know, that to conceal, is to be just.
The muse, like wretched maids by love undone,
From friends, acquaintance, and the light would
run;

Conscious of folly, fears attending shame,
Fears the censorious world, and loss of fame.
Some confident by chance she finds (though few
Pity the fools, whom love or verse undo),
Whose fond compassion soothes her in the sin,
And sets her on to venture once again.

Sure, in the better ages of old time,
Nor poetry nor love was thought a crime;
From heaven they both the gods best gifts were
sent,

Divinely perfect both, and innocent.
Then were bad poets and loose loves not known;
None felt a warmth which they might blush to
own.

Beneath cool shades our happy fathers lay,
And spent in pure untainted joys the day:
Artless their loves, artless their numbers were,
While nature simply did in both appear,
None could the censor or the critic fear.
Pleas'd to be pleas'd, they took what heaven be-
flow'd,

Nor were too curious of the given good.
At length, like Indians fond of fancy'd toys,
We lost being happy, to be thought more wise.
In one curs'd age, to punish verse and sin,
Critics and hangmen, both at once, came in.
Wit and the laws had both the same ill fate,
And partial tyrants sway'd in either state.
Ill-natur'd censure would be sure to damn
An alien-wit of independent fame,
While Bayes grown old, and harden'd in offence,
Was suffer'd to write on in spite of sense;
Back'd by his friends, th' invader brought along
A crew of foreign words into our tongue,
To ruin and enslave the free-born English song;
Still the prevailing faction propt his throne,
And to four volumes let his plays run on;
Then a lewd tide of verse, with vicious rage,
Broke in upon the morals of the age.

* Anne Countess of Winchelsea.

The stage (whose art was once the mind to move
To noble daring, and to virtuous love)
Precept, with pleasure mix'd, no more profess,
But dealt in double-meaning bawdy jest:
The shocking sounds offend the blushing fair,
And drive them from the guilty theatre.
Ye wretched bards! from whom these ills have
sprung,

Whom the avenging powers have spar'd too long,
Well may you fear the blow will surely come,
Your Sodom has no ten to avert its doom;
Unless the fair Ardelia will alone
To heaven for all the guilty tribe atone;
Nor can ten saints do more than such a one.
Since she alone of the poetic crowd
To the false gods of wit has never bow'd,
The empire which she saves, shall own her sway,
And all Parnassus her blest laws obey.

Say, from what sacred fountain, nymph divine!
The treasures flow, which in thy verse do shine?
With what strange inspiration art thou blest,
What more than Delphic ardour warms thy
breast?

Our sordid earth ne'er bred so bright a flame,
But from the skies, thy kindred skies, it came.
To numbers great like thine, th' angelic quire
In joyous concert tune the golden lyre;
Viewing, with pitying eyes, our cares with thee,
They wisely own, that "All is vanity;"
Ev'n all the joys which mortal minds can know,
And find Ardelia's verse the least vain thing below.

If Pindar's name to those blest mansions reach,
And mortal muses may immortal teach,
In verse like his, the heavenly nation raise
Their tuneful voices to their Maker's praise.
Nor shall celestial harmony disdain,
For once, to imitate an earthly strain,
Whole fame secure, no rival e'er can fear,
But those above, and fair Ardelia here.
She who undaunted could his raptures view,
And with bold wings his sacred heights pursue;
Safe through the Dishyrambic stream she steer'd,
Nor the rough deep in all its dangers fear'd;
Not so the rest, who with successful pain
Th' unnavigable torrent try'd in vain.

So Clelia leap'd into the rapid flood,
While the Etruscans struck with wonder stood:
Amidst the waves her rash pursuers dy'd,
The matchless dame could only stem the tide,
And gain the glory of the farther side.

See with what pomp the antic masque comes in!
The various forms of the fantastic spleen.
Vain empty laughter, howling grief and tears,
False joy, bred by false hope, and falser fears;
Each vice, each passion which pale nature wears,
In this odd monstrous medley mix'd appears.
Like Bayes's dance, confus'dly round they run,
Statesman, coquet, gay fop, and pensive nun,
Spectres and heroes, husbands and their wives,
With monkish drones that dream away their lives.
Long have I lab'ur'd with the dire disease,
Nor found, but from Ardelia's numbers, ease:
The dancing verse runs through my sluggish
veins,

Where dull and cold the frozen blood remains.

Pale cares and anxious thoughts give way in haste,
 And to returning joy resign my breast;
 Then free from every pain I did endure,
 I bless the charming author of my cure.
 So when to Saul the great musician play'd,
 The fullen fiend unwillingly obey'd,
 And left the monarch's breast, to seek some safer
 shade.

SONG.

WHILE Sappho with harmonious airs
 Her dear Philenis charms,
 With equal joy the nymph appears
 Dissolving in his arms.

Thus to themselves alone they are
 What all mankind can give;
 Alternately the happy pair
 All grant, and all receive.

Like the twin-stars, so fam'd for friends,
 Who set by turns, and rise;
 When one to Thetis' lap descends,
 His brother mounts the skies.

With happier fate, and kinder care,
 These nymphs by turns do reign,
 While still the falling does prepare
 The rising to sustain.

The joys of either sex in love,
 In each of them we read;
 Successive each to each does prove,
 Fierce youth and yielding maid.

EPIGRAM.

TO THE TWO NEW MEMBERS FOR BRAMBER, 1708

THOUGH in the Commons House you did prevail,
 Good Sir Cleeve Moore, and gentle Master Hale;
 Yet on good luck be cautious of relying,
 Burgesses for Bramber is no place to die in.
 Your predecessors have been oddly fated;
 Afsill and Shippen have been both translated.

VERSES MADE TO A SIMILE OF POPE'S.

WHILE at our house the servants brawl,
 And raise an uproar in the hall;
 When John the butler, and our Mary,
 About the plate and linen vary:
 Till the smart dialogue grows rich,
 In sneaking dog! and ugly bitch!
 Down comes my lady like the devil,
 And makes them silent all and civil.
 Thus cannon clears the cloudy air,
 And scatters tempests brewing there:
 Thus bullies sometimes keep the peace,
 And one scold makes another cease.

ON NICOLINI AND VALENTINI'S

First coming to the House in the Hay-Market.

AMPHION strikes the vocal lyre,
 And ready at his call,
 Harmonious brick and stone conspire
 To raise the Theban wall.
 In emulation of his praise
 Two Lation Signors come,
 A sinking theatre to raise
 And prop Van's tottering dome.
 But how this last should come to pass
 Must still remain unknown,
 Since these poor gentlemen, alas!
 Bring neither brick nor stone.

EPILOGUE TO THE INCONSTANT;

OR,

THE WAY TO WIN HIM.

A COMEDY. BY MR. FARQUHAR.

*As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane,
 1703.*

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

FROM Fletcher's great original *, to-day
 We took the hint of this our modern play:
 Our author, from his lines, has strove to paint
 A witty, wild, inconstant, free gallant:
 With a gay soul, with sense and will to rove,
 With language, and with softness fram'd to
 move,
 With little truth, but with a world of love.
 Such forms on maids in morning slumbers wait,
 When fancy first instructs their hearts to beat,
 When first they wish, and sigh for what they
 know not yet.

Frown not, ye fair, to think your lovers may
 Reach your cold hearts by some unguarded way;
 Let Villeroi's misfortune make you wise,
 There's danger still in darkness and surprise;
 Though from his rampart he defy'd the foe,
 Prince Eugene found an aqueduct below.
 With easy freedom, and a gay address,
 A pressing lover seldom wants success:
 Whilst the respectful, like the Greek, sits down,
 And wastes a ten years siege before one town.
 For her own sake let no forsaken maid,
 Our wanderer for want of love, upbraid;
 Since 'tis a secret, none should e'er confess,
 That they have lost the happy power to please.
 If you suspect the rogue inclin'd to break,
 Break first, and swear you've turn'd him off a
 week:

As princes when they resty statesmen doubt,
 Before they can surrender, turn them out.
 Whate'er you think, grave uses may be made,
 As much, ev'n for inconstancy be said.
 Let the good man for marriage rites design'd,
 With studious care, and diligence of mind,
 Turn over every page of womankind;

* See, The Wild Goose Chase.

Mark every sense, and how the readings vary,
And when he knows the worst on't—let him
marry.

PROLOGUE TO THE GAMESTER.

A COMEDY. BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.

*As it was acted at the New Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn
Fields, 1704.*

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

Ir humble wives, that drag the marriage-chain
With cursed dogged husbands, may complain;
If turn'd at large to starve, as we by you,
They may, at least, for alimony sue.
Know, we resolve to make the case our own,
Between the plaintiff stage, and the defendant
town.

When first you took us from our father's house,
And lovingly our interest did espouse,
You kept us fine, caref'd, and lodg'd us here,
And honey moon held out above three year;
At length, for pleasures known do seldom last,
Frequent enjoyment pall'd your sprightly taste;
And though at first you did not quite neglect,
We found your love was dwindled to respect.
Sometimes, indeed, as in your way it fell,
You stopp'd, and call'd to see if we were well.
Now, quite estrang'd, this wretched place you shun,
Like bad wine, bus'ness, duels, and a dun.
Have we for this increas'd Apollo's race?
Been often pregnant with your wit's embrace?
And born you many chopping babes of grace?
Some ugly toads we had, and that's the curse.
They were so like you, that you far'd the worse;
For this to-night, we are not much in pain,
Look on't and if you like it, entertain:
If all the midwife says of it be true,
There are some features too like some of you:
For us, if you think fitting to forsake it,
We mean to run away, and let the parish take it.

EPILOGUE

*Spoken by Mrs. Barry, at the Theatre-Royal in
Drury-Lane, April 7. 1709, at her playing in
"Love for Love" with Mrs. Bracegirdle, for the
Benefit of Mr. Betterton.*

As some brave knight, who once with spear and
shield
Had fought renown in many a well-fought field;
But now no more with sacred fame inspir'd,
Was to a peaceful hermitage retir'd:
There, if by chance disastrous tales he hears,
Of matrons wrongs, and captive virgins tears,
He feels soft pity urge his generous breast,
And vows once more to succour the distress'd.
Buckled in mail, he sallies on the plain,
And turns him to the feats of arms again.

So we, to former leagues of friendship true,
Have bid once more our peaceful homes adieu,
To aid old Thomas, and to pleasure you,

Like errant damsels, boldly we engage,
Arm'd, as you see, for the defenceless stage.
Time was when this good man no help did
lack,

And scorn'd that any she should hold his back;
But now, so age and frailty have ordain'd,
By two * at once he's forc'd to be sustain'd,
You see what failing nature brings man to;
And yet let none insult, for ought we know,
She may not wear so well with some of you.
Though old, yet find his strength is not clean
past,

But true as steel he's metal to the last.
If better he perform'd in days of yore,
Yet now he gives you all that's in his power;
What can the youngest of you all do more?

What he has been, though present praise be
dumb,

Shall haply be a theme in times to come,
As now we talk of Roscius, and of Rome.
Had you withheld your favours on this night,
Old Shakspeare's ghost had ris'n to do him
right.

With indignation had you seen him frown
Upon a worthless, witless, tasteless town;
Griev'd and repining, you had heard him say,
Why are the muse's labours cast away?
Why did I write what only he could play?
But since, like friends to wit, thus throng'd you
meet,

Go on, and make the generous work complete:
Be true to merit, and still own his cause,
Find something for him more than bare ap-
plause.

In just remembrance of your pleasure past,
Be kind, and give him a discharge at last;
In peace and ease life's remnant let him wear,
And hang his consecrated buskin there.

EPILOGUE TO THE CRUEL GIFT:

A TRAGEDY. BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.

*As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane,
1717.*

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD.

WELL—'twas a narrow 'scape my lover made,
That cup and message—I was sore afraid—
Was that a present for a new-made widow,
All in her dismal dumps, like doleful Dido?
When one peep'd in—and hop'd for something
good,
There was—oh! Gad! a nasty heart and blood!
If the old man had shewn himself a father,
His bowl should have inclin'd a cordial rather,

* Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle clasp him round the
waist.

† Pointing to the top of the stage.

‡ This tragedy was founded upon the story of Segimonda and Guiscard, one of Boccaccio's novels: wherein the heart of the lover is sent by the father to his daughter, as a present.

Something to cheer me up amidst my trance,
L'Eau de Barde—or comfortable Nants* :
 He thought he paid it off with being smart,
 And, to be witty, cry'd he'd send the heart.
 I could have told his gravity, moreover
 Were I our sex's secrets to discover,
 'Tis what we never look'd for in a lover.
 Let but the bridegroom prudently provide
 All other matters fitting for a bride,
 So he make good the jewels and the jointure,
 To miss the heart does seldom disappoint her.
 Faith, for the fashion hearts of late are made in,
 They are the vilest baubles we can trade in.
 Where are the tough brave Britons to be found,
 With hearts of oak, so much of old renown'd ?
 How many worthy gentlemen of late
 Swore to be true to mother-church and state ;
 When their false hearts were secretly maintaining
 You trim king Pepin, at Avignon reigning ?
 Shame on the canting crew of soul-insurers,
 The Tyburn tribe of speech-making Non jurors ;
 Who, in new-fangled terms, old truths explain-
 ing, [ing.
 Teach honest Englishmen, damn'd double-mean-
 Oh would you lost integrity restore,
 And boast that faith your plain fore-fathers bore ;
 What sure pattern can you hope to find,
 Than that dear pledge† your monarch left behind :
 See how his looks his honest heart explain,
 And speak the blessings of his future reign !
 In his each feature truth and candour trace,
 And read plain-dealing written in his face.

PROLOGUE TO THE NON-JUROR :

A COMEDY. BY MR. CIBBER.

*As it was acted at the Theat. Royal in Dury-Lane,
 1718.*

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

To NIGHT, ye Whigs and Tories, both be safe,
 Nor hope at one another's cost to laugh.
 We mean to souce old Satan and the Pope ;
 They've no relations here, nor friends, we hope.
 A tool of theirs supplies the comic stage
 With just materials for satiric rage :
 Nor this k our colours may too strongly paint
 The stiff Non-juring separation faint.
 Good breeding ne'er commands us to be civil
 To those who give the nation to the devil ;
 Who at our surest, best foundation strike,
 And hate our monarch and our church alike :
 Our church—which, aw'd with reverential fear,
 Scarcely the muse presumes to mention here.
 Long may she these her worst of foes defy.
 And lift her mitred head triumphant to the sky :
 While theirs—but satire silently disdains
 To name, what lives not, but in madmen's brains.
 Like bawds, each lurking pastor seeks the dark,
 And fears the justice's inquiring clerk.

* J. e. Citron-water and good brandy.

† The Prince of Wales, then present.

In close back-rooms his routed flocks he rallies,
 And reigns the patriarch of blind lanes and allies :
 There safe, he lets his thundering censures fly,
 Unchristens, damns us, gives our laws the lie,
 And excommunicates three stories high.
 Why, since a land of liberty they hate,
 Still will they linger in this free-born state ?
 Here, every hour, fresh, hateful objects rise,
 Peace and prosperity afflict their eyes ;
 With anguish, prince and people they survey,
 Their just obedience and his righteous sway.
 Ship off, ye slaves, and seek some passive land,
 Where tyrants after your own hearts command.
 To your Transalpine master's rule reform,
 And fill an empty abdicated court :
 Turn your possessions here to ready rhino,
 And buy ye lands and lordships at Urbino.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE IV. IMITATED.

THE LORD GRIFFIN TO THE EARL
OF SCARSDALE.

I.

Do not, most fragrant earl, disclaim
 Thy bright, thy reputable flame,
 To Bracegirdle the brown :
 But publicly espouse the dame,
 And say, G—d—the town.

II.

Full many heroes, fierce and keen,
 With drabs have deeply smitten been,
 Although right good commanders ;
 Some who with you have Hounslow seen,
 And some who've been in Flanders.

III.

Did not base Greber's Peg * inflame
 The sober Earl of Nottingham,
 Of sober fire defended ?
 That, careless of his soul and fame,
 To play-houses he nightly came,
 And left church undefended.

IV.

The monarch who of France is hight,
 Who rules the roast with matchless might,
 Since William went to heaven ;
 Loves Maintenon, his lady bright,
 Who was but Scarron's leaving.

V.

Though thy dear's father kept an inn
 At grisly head of Saracen,
 For cartiers at Northampton ;
 Yet she might come of gentler kin,
 Than e'er that father dreamt on.

VI.

Of proffers large her choice had she,
 Of jewels, plate, and land in fee,
 Which she with scorn rejected :
 And can a nymph so virtuous be
 Of base-born blood suspected ?

* Signora Francesco Margareta de l'Epine, an Italian songstress.

VII.

Her dimple cheek, and roguish eye,
Her slender waist, and taper thigh,
I always thought provoking;
But, faith, though I talk waggishly,
I mean no more than joking.

VIII.

Then be not jealous, friend : for why ?
My lady marchioness is nigh,
To see I ne'er should hurt ye;
Besides, you know full well that I
Am turn'd of five-and-forty.

THE RECONCILEMENT

BETWEEN

JACOB TONSON AND MR. CONGREVE.

AN IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK III. ODE IX.

TONSON.

WHILE at my house in Fleet-street once you lay,
How merrily, dear Sir, time pass'd away ?
While " I partook your wine, your wit, and mirth,
" I was the happiest creature on God's yearth *."

CONGREVE.

While in your early days of reputation,
You for blue garters had not such a passion;
While yet you did not use (as now your trade is)
To drink with noble lords, and toast their ladies;
Thou, Jacob Tonson, wert to my conceiving,
The cheerfullest, best, honest fellow living.

TONSON.

I'm in with Captain Vanburgh at the present,
A most sweet-natur'd gentleman, and pleasant;
He writes your comedies, draws schemes, and
models,
And builds dukes houses upon very odd hills :
For him, so much I dote on him, that I,
If I was sure to go to heaven, would die.

CONGREVE.

Temple † and Delavel are now my party,
Men that are *tam* *Mercurio* both *quam* *Marte* ;
And though for them I shall scarce go to heaven,
Yet I can drink with them six nights in seven.

TONSON.

What if from Van's dear arms I should retire,
And once more warm my Bunnians § at your fire;
If I to Bow-street should invite you home,
And set a bed up in my dining room,
Tell me, dear Mr. Congreve, would you come ?

CONGREVE.

Though the gay sailor and the gentle knight,
Were ten times more my joy and heart's delight,
Though civil persons they, you ruder were,
And had more humours than a dancing bear;
Yet for your sake I'd bid them both adieu,
And live and die, dear Bob, with only you.

* The dialect of the elder Tonson.

† Sir Richard Temple, afterwards Lord Cobham.

§ Jacob's term for his corns.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE XXI.

TO HIS CASK.

I.

HAIL, gentle cask, whose venerable head
With hoary down and ancient dust o'erspread,
Proclaims, that since the vine first brought thee
forth
Old age has added to thy worth.
Whether the sprightly juice thou dost contain,
Thy votaries will to wit and love,
Or senseless noise and lewdness move,
Or sleep; the cure of these and every other pain.

II.

Since to some day propitious and great,
Justly at first thou wast design'd by fate;
This day, the happiest of thy many years,
With thee I will forget my cares:
To my Corvinus' health thou shalt go round,
(Since thou art ripen'd for to-day,
And longer age would bring decay)
Till every anxious thought in the rich stream be
drown'd.

III.

To thee my friend his roughness shall submit,
And Socrates himself a while forget.
Thus when old Cato would sometimes unbind
The rugged stiffness of his mind,
Stern and severe, the Stoic quaff'd his bowl,
His frozen virtue felt the charm,
And soon grew pleas'd, and soon grew warm,
And bless'd the sprightly power that cheer'd his
gloomy soul.

IV.

With kind constraint ill-nature thou dost bend,
And mould the snarling cynic to a friend.
The sage reserv'd, and fam'd for gravity,
Finds all he knows summ'd up in thee,
And by thy power unlock'd, grows easy, gay,
and free.
The swain, who did some credulous nymph per-
To grant him all, inspir'd by thee, [suade-
Devotes her to his vanity,
And to his fellow-fops toasts the abandon'd maid.

V.

The wretch who, press'd beneath a load of cares,
And labouring with continual woes, despairs,
If thy kind warmth does his chill'd sense invade,
From earth he rears his drooping head,
Reviv'd by thee, he ceases now to mourn;
His flying cares give way to haste,
And to the god resign his breast,
Where hopes of better days, and better things
return.

VI.

The labouring hind, who with hard toil and pains,
Amidst his wants, a wretched life maintains;
If thy rich juice his homely supper crown,
Hot with thy fires, and bolder grown,
Of kings, and of their arbitrary power,
And how by impious arms they reign,
Fiercely he talks with rude disdain,
And vows to be a slave, to be a wretch, no more.

VII.

Fair queen of love, and thou great god of wine,
 Hear every grace, and all ye powers divine,
 All that to mirth and friendship do incline,
 Crown this auspicious cask, and happy night,
 With all things that can give delight;
 Be every care and anxious thought away:
 Ye tapers still be bright and clear,
 Rival the moon and each pale star,
 Your beams shall yield to none but his who brings
 the day.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE I.

TO VENUS.

ONCE more the queen of love invades my breast
 Late, with long ease and peaceful pleasures blest;
 Spare, spare the wretch, that still has been
 thy slave,
 And let my former service have
 The merit to protect me to the grave.
 Much am I chang'd from what I once have been,
 When under Cynera, the good and fair,
 With joy I did thy fetters wear,
 Blest'd in the gentle sway of an indulgent queen.
 Stiff and unequal to the labour now,
 With pain my neck beneath thy yoke I bow.
 Why dost thou urge me still to bear? Oh! why
 Dost thou not much rather fly
 To youthful breasts, to mirth and gaiety?
 Go, bid thy swans their glossy wings expand,
 And swiftly through the yielding air
 To Damon thee their goddess bear,
 Worthy to be thy slave, and fit for thy command.
 Noble, and graceful, witty, gay, and young,
 Joy in his heart, love in his charming tongue.
 Skill'd in a thousand soft prevailing arts,
 With wondrous force the youth imparts
 Thy power to unexperienc'd virgins' hearts.
 Far shall he stretch the bounds of thy command;
 And if thou shalt his wishes bless,
 Beyond his rivals with success,
 In gold and marble shall thy statues stand.
 Beneath the sacred shade of Odel's wood,
 Or on the banks of Ouse's gentle flood,
 With odorous beams a temple he shall raise,
 For ever sacred to thy praise, [decays.
 Till the fair stream, and wood, and love itself
 There while rich incense on thy altar burns,
 Thy votaries, the nymphs and swains,
 In melting soft harmonious strains,
 Mix'd with their softer flutes, shall tell their
 flames by turns.
 As love and beauty with the light are born,
 So with the day thy honours shall return;
 Some lovely youth, pair'd with a blushing maid,
 A troop of either sex shall lead, [tread.
 And twice the Salian measures round thy altar
 Thus with an equal empire o'er the light,
 The queen of love, and god of wit,
 Together rise, together sit: [night.
 But, goddess, do thou stay, and blest alone the

There may'st thou reign, while I forget to love;
 No more false beauty shall my passion move;
 Nor shall my fond believing heart be led,
 By mutual vows and oaths betray'd,
 To hope for truth from the protesting maid.
 With love the sprightly joys of wine are fled;
 The roses too shall wither now,
 That us'd to shade and crown my brow,
 And round my cheerful temples fragrant odours
 shed.

But tell me, Cynthia, say, bewitching fair,
 What mean these sighs? why steals this falling tear?
 And when my struggling thoughts for passage
 Why did my tongue refuse to move; [strove,
 Tell me, can this be any thing but love?
 Still with the night my dreams my griefs renew,
 Still she is present to my eyes,
 And still in vain I, as she flies,
 O'er woods, and plains, and seas, the scornful
 maid pursue.

HORACE, BOOK I. EPIST. IV. IMITATED.

TO RICHARD THORNHILL, ESQ.*

THORNHILL, whom doubly to my heart commend,
 The critic's art, and candour of a friend,
 Say what thou dost in thy retirement find,
 Worthy the labours of thy active mind;
 Whether the tragic muse inspires thy thought,
 To emulate what moving Otway wrote;
 Or whether to the covert of some grove
 Thou and thy thoughts do from the world re-
 move,
 Where to thyself thou all those rules dost show,
 That good men ought to practise, or wise know.
 For sure thy mass of men is no dull clay,
 But well-inform'd with the celestial ray.
 The bounteous gods, to thee completely kind,
 In a fair frame inclos'd thy fairer mind;
 And though they did profusely wealth bestow,
 They gave thee the true use of wealth to know.
 Could ev'n the nurse wish for her darling boy
 A happiness which thou dost not enjoy;
 What can her fond ambition ask beyond
 A soul by wisdom's noblest precepts crown'd?
 To this fair speech, and happy utterance join'd,
 T' unlock the secret treasures of the mind,
 And make the blessing common to mankind.
 On these let health and reputation wait,
 The favour of the virtuous and the great:
 A table cheerfully and cleanly spread,
 Stranger alike to riot and to need:
 Such an estate as no extremes may know,
 A free and just disdain for all things else below.
 Amidst uncertain hopes, and anxious cares,
 Tumultuous strife, and miserable fears,
 Prepare for all events thy constant breast,
 And let each day be to thee as thy last,
 That morning's dawn will with new pleasure rise,
 Whose light shall unexpected blest thy eyes.

* Who fought the duel with Sir Cholmondely Deering.

Me, when to town in winter you repair,
Battening in case you'll find, sleek, frisk, and fair;
Me, who have learn'd from Epicurus' lore,
To snatch the blessings of the flying hour,
Whom every Friday at the Vine* you'll find
His true disciple, and your faithful friend.

THE UNION.

WHILE rich in brightest red the blushing Rose
Her freshest opening beauties did disclose;
Her, the rough Thistle from a neighbouring field,
With fond desires and lover's eyes beheld:
Straight the fierce plant lays by his pointed darts,
And woos the gentle flower with softer arts.
Kindly she heard, and did his flame approve,
And own'd the warrior worthy of her love.
Flora, whose happy laws the seasons guide,
Who does in fields and painted meads preside,
And crowns the gardens with their flowery
pride.

With pleasure saw the wishing pair combine,
To favour what their goddess did design,
And bid them in eternal Union join.
Henceforth, she said, in each returning year,
One stem the Thistle and the Rose shall bear:
The Thistle's lasting grace, thou, O my Rose!
shalt be.
The warlike Thistle's arms, a sure defence to thee.

ON CONTENTMENT.

DONE FROM THE LATIN OF J. GERHARD †.

MANY that once, by fortune's bounty rear'd,
Amidst the wealth and the great appear'd;
Have wisely from those envy'd heights declin'd,
Have sunk to that just level of mankind,
Where nor too little nor too much gives the true
peace of mind.

ON THE

LAST JUDGMENT,

AND THE

HAPPINESS OF THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

DONE FROM THE LATIN OF J. GERHARD.

In that blest day, from every part, the just,
Rais'd from the liquid deep, or mouldering dust,
The various products of time's fruitful womb,
All of past ages, present and to come,
In full assembly shall at once resort,
And meet within high heaven's capacious court:
There famous names rever'd in days of old,
Our great forefathers there we shall behold,

* A tavern in Long-Acre.

† In his *Meditationes Sacratæ*.

From whom old stocks and ancestry began,
And worthily in long succession ran;
The reverend fires with pleasure shall we greet,
Attentive hear, while faithful they repeat
Full many a virtuous deed, and many a noble
feat.

There all those tender ties, which here below,
Or kindred, or more sacred friendship know,
Firm, constant, and unchangeable shall grow.
Refin'd from passion, and the dregs of sense,
A better, truer, dearer love from thence,
Its everlasting being shall commence:
There, like their days, their joys shall ne'er be
done, [fun,
No night shall rise, to shade heaven's glorious
But one eternal holiday go on.

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

A SONG.

To the Tune of "Grim King of the Ghefts."

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas, silly swain that I was!

Thus sadly complaining, he cry'd,
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd.
She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear tongue;
When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great.
I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet?

How foolish was I to believe

She could doat on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
To forsake the fine folk of the town?
To think that a beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in grey,
Or live in a cottage on love?

What though I have skill to complain,

Though the muses my temples have crown'd;
What though, when they hear my soft strain,

The virgins sit weeping around.
Ah, Colin, thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy false one inclines to a swain,
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

And you, my companions so dear,

Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid,

Though through the wide world I should range,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
 'Twas hers to be false and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
 In her breast any pity is found,
 Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
 And see me laid low in the ground.
 The last humble boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
 And when she looks down on my grave,
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array,
 Be finest at every fine show,
 And frolic it all the long day;
 While Colin, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be talk'd of, or seen;
 Unless when beneath the pale moon,
 His ghost shall glide over the green.

REPLY, BY ANOTHER HAND.

i.
 Ye winds to whom Colin complains;
 In ditties so sad and so sweet,
 Believe me, the shepherd but feigns
 He's wretched, to show he has wit.
 No charmer like Colin can move,
 And this is some pretty new art;
 Ah! Colin's a juggler in love,
 And likes to play tricks with my heart:

ii.
 When he will, he can sigh and look pale;
 Seem doleful and alter his face;
 Can tremble, and alter his tale,
 Ah! Colin has every pace:
 The willow my rover prefers
 To the breast, where he once beg'd to lie,
 And the stream, that he swells with his tears,
 Are rivals belov'd more than I.

iii.
 His head my fond bosom would bear,
 And my heart would soon beat him to rest;
 Let the swain that is slighted despair;
 But Colin is only in jest:
 No death the deceiver designs,
 Let the maid that is ruin'd despair;
 For Colin but dies in his limes,
 And gives himself that modish air.

iv.
 Can shepherds, bred far from the court,
 So wittily talk of their flame?
 But Colin makes passion his sport,
 Beware of so fatal a game:
 My voice of no music can boast,
 Nor my person of ought that is fine,
 But Colin may find, to his cost,
 A face that is fairer than mine.

v.
 Ah! then I will break my lov'd crook,
 To thee I'll bequeath all my sheep,
 And die in the much-favour'd brook,
 Where Colin does now sit and weep:
 Then mourn the sad fate that you gave,
 In sonnets so smooth and divine;
 Perhaps, I may rise from my grave,
 To hear such soft music as thine.

vi.
 Of the violet, daisy, and rose,
 The heart's ease, the lily, and pink,
 Did thy fingers a garland compose,
 And crown'd by the rivulet's brink;
 How oft, my dear, swain, did I swear,
 How much my fond love did admire
 Thy verses, thy shape, and thy air,
 Though deck'd in thy rural attire!

vii.
 Your sheep-hook you rul'd with such art,
 That all your small subjects obey'd;
 And still you reign'd king of this heart,
 Whose passion you falsely upbraid
 How often, my swain, have I said,
 Thy arms are a palace to me,
 And how well I could live in a shade,
 Though adorn'd with nothing but thee!

viii.
 Oh! what are the sparks of the town,
 Though never so fine and so gay?
 I freely would leave the beds of down,
 For thy breast on a bed of new hay:
 Then, Colin, return once again,
 Again make me happy in love,
 Let me find thee a faithful true swain,
 And as constant a nymph I will prove.

EPIGRAM

On a Lady who shed her Water at seeing the Tragedy of Cato; occasioned by an Epigram on a Lady who wept at it.

WHILST maudlin Whigs deplore their Cato's fate,
 Still with dire eyes the Tory Celia's fate;
 But though the pride forbade her eyes to flow,
 The gushing waters found a vent below.
 Though secret yet with copious streams she
 mourns,
 Like twenty river-gods with all their urns.
 Let others screw an hypocritic face,
 She shows her grief in a sincerer place!
 Here nature reigns, and passion void of art;
 For this road leads directly to the heart.

IMITATED IN LATIN.

PLORAT fata sui dum cætera turba Catonis,
 Ecce! oculis siccis Cælia fixa sedet;
 At quanquam lacrymis fastus vetat ora rigari,
 Invenere viam quæ per opaca fluant:

Clam dolet illa quidem, manat tamen humor a-
Numinis ex urnâ, ceu fluvialis aqua. [bundè,
Disforquent alie vultus, simulantque dolorem :
Quæ magè sincera est Cælia parte dolet.
Quæ vera natura est, non personata per artem,
Quæque itur rectâ cordis ad ima viâ.

MÆCENAS.

Verses occasioned by the Honours conferred on the Right Honourable the Earl of Halifax, 1714; being that year installed Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.

PHŒBUS and Cæsar once conspir'd to grace
A noble knight of ancient Tuscan race,
The monarch, greatly conscious of his worth,
From books and his retirement call'd him forth;
Adorn'd the patriot with the civic crown,
The consul's fasces and patrician gown :
The world's whole wealth he gave him to bestow,
And teach the streams of treasure where to flow :
To him he bade the suppliant nations come,
And on his counsels fix'd the fate of Rome.

The god of wi, who taught him first to
sing,
And tune high numbers to the vocal string,
With jealous eyes beheld the bounteous king.
Forbear, he cry'd, to rob me of my share;
Our common favourite is our common care.
Honours and wealth thy grateful hand may give;
But Phœbus only bids the poet live.
The service of his faithful heart is thine;
There let thy Julian star an emblem shine;
His mind, and hec imperial seat are mine.
Then bind his brow, ye Thespian maids, he said :
The willing muses the command obey'd,
And wove the deathless laurel for his head.

EPIGRAM

ON THE PRINCE OF WALES'S, THEN REGENT,

Appearing at the Fire in Spring-Garden, 1726.

THY guardian, blest Britannia, scorns to sleep,
When the sad subjects of his father weep;
Weak princes by their fears increase distress;
He faces danger, and so makes it less.
Tyrants on blazing towns may smile with joy;
He knows, to save, is greater than destroy.

SONG

ON A FINE WOMAN WHO HAD A DULL HUSBAND.

WHEN on fair Celia's eyes I gaze,
And bless their light divine;
V.L. VII.

I stand confounded with amaze,
To think on what they shine.

On one vile clod of earth she seems

To fix their influence;
Which kindles not at those bright beams,
Nor wakens into sense.

Lost and bewilder'd with the thought,
I could not but complain,
That nature's lavish hand had wrought
This fairest work in vain.

Thus some, who have the stars survey'd,
Are ignorantly led,
To think those glorious lamps were made
To light Tom-Fool to bed.

OCCASIONED BY

HIS FIRST VISIT TO LADY WARWICK;

AT HOLLAND HOUSE.

HEARING that Chloe's bower crown'd
The summit of a neighbouring hill,
Where every rural joy was found,
Where health and wealth were plac'd around,
To wait like servants on her will.

I went, and found 'twas as they said,
That every thing look'd fresh and fair;
Her herds in flowery pastures stray'd,
Delightful was the green-wood shade,
And gently breath'd the balmy air.

But when I found my troubled heart
Uneasy grown within my breast,
My breath come short, and in each part
Some new disorder seem to start,
Which pain'd me fore and broke my rest.

Some noxious vapour sure, I said,
From this unwholesome soil must rise;
Some secret venom is convey'd
Or from this field, or from that shade,
That does the powers of life surprise.
Soon as the skilful Leach beheld
The change that in my health was grown;
Blame not, he cry'd, nor wood nor field;
Diseases which such symptoms yield,
Proceed from Chloe's eyes alone.

Alike the kills in every air;
The coldest breath her beauties warm;
And though the fever took you there,
If Chloe had not been so fair,
The place had never done you harm.

STANZAS TO LADY WARWICK,

ON MR. ADDISON'S GOING TO IRELAND.

I.

Ye gods and Nereid nymphs who rule the sea!
Who chain loud storms, and still the raging
main!

With care the gentle Lycidas convey,
And bring the faithful lover safe again.

II.

When Albion's shore with cheerless heart he left,
Pensive and sad upon the deck he stood,
Of every joy in Chloe's eyes bereft,
And wept his sorrows in the swelling flood.

III.

Ah, fairest maid! whom, as I well divine,
The righteous gods his just reward ordain;
For his return thy pious wishes join,
That thou at length may'st pay him for his pain.

IV.

And since his love does thine alone pursue,
In arts unpractis'd and unus'd to range;
I charge thee be by his example true,
And shun thy sex's inclination, change.

V.

When crowds of youthful lovers round thee wait,
And tender thoughts in sweetest words impart;
When thou art woo'd by titles, wealth, and state,
Then think on Lycidas, and guard thy heart.

VI.

When the gay theatre shall charm thy eyes,
When artful wit shall speak thy beauty's praise;
When harmony shall thy soft soul surprise,
Soothe all thy senses, and thy passions raise:

VII.

Amidst whatever various joys appear,
Yet breathe one sigh, for one sad minute mourn;
Nor let thy heart know one delight sincere,
Till thy own truest Lycidas return.

THE VISIT.

Wit and beauty t' other day,
Chanc'd to take me in their way;
And, to make the favour greater,
Brought the graces and good-nature,
Conversation care-beguiling,
Joy in dimples ever smiling,
All the pleasures here below,
Men can ask, or gods bestow.
A jolly train, believe me! No:
There were but two, Lepell * and How.

THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

TO MRS. A — D — †.

I.

As on a summer's day
In the greenwood shade I lay,

* Afterwards the celebrated Lady Harvey,
† Afterwards his wife.

The maid that I lov'd,
As her fancy mov'd,
Came walking forth that way.

II.

And as she pass'd by
With a scornful glance of her eye,
What a shame, quoth she,
For a swain must it be,
Like a lazy loon for to die!

III.

And dost thou nothing heed,
What Pan our god has decreed;
What a prize to-day
Shall be given away,
To the sweetest Shepherd's reed!

IV.

There's not a single swain
Of all this fruitful plain,
But with hopes and fears
Now busily prepares
The bonny boon to gain.

V.

Shall another maiden shine
In brighter array than thine?
Up, up, dull swain,
Tune thy pipe once again,
And make the garland mine.

VI.

Alas! my love, he cry'd,
What avails this courtly pride?
Since thy dear desert
Is written in my heart,
What is all the world beside?

VII.

To me thou art more gay,
In this homely russet gray,
Than the nymphs of our green,
So trim and so shewn;
Or the brightest queen of May.

VIII.

What though my fortune frown,
And deny thee a silken gown;
My own dear maid,
Be content with this shade,
And a shepherd all thy own.

SONG.

AH WILLOW.

TO THE SAME IN HER SICKNESS.

I.

To the brook and the willow that heard him
complain,
Ah willow, willow.
Poor Colin sat weeping, and told them his pain;
Ah willow, willow; ah willow, willow.

II.

Sweet stream, he cry'd sadly, I'll teach thee to flow.
Ah willow, &c.
And the waters shall rise to the brink with my woe.
Ah willow, &c.

III. All restless and painful poor Amoret lies,
 Ah willow, &c.
 And counts the sad moments of time as it flies.
 Ah willow, &c.

IV. To the nymph my heart loves, ye soft slumbers
 repair;
 Ah willow, &c.
 Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her
 your care.
 Ah willow, &c.

V. Dear brook, were thy chance near her pillow to
 creep,
 Ah willow, &c.
 Perhaps thy soft murmurs might lull her to sleep.
 Ah willow, &c.

VI. Let me be kept waking, my eyes never close,
 Ah willow, &c.
 So the sleep that I lose brings my fair one repose,
 Ah willow, &c.

VII. But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed;
 Ah willow, &c.
 If the loss of my dear one, my love is decreed;
 Ah willow, &c.

VIII. If no more my sad heart by those eyes shall be
 cheer'd;
 Ah willow, &c.
 If the voice of my warbler no more shall be heard;
 Ah willow, &c.

IX. Believe me, thou fair one; thou dear one, believe,
 Ah willow, &c.
 Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears will I give.
 Ah willow, &c.

X. One fate to thy Colin and thee shall be ty'd,
 Ah willow, &c.
 And soon lay thy shepherd close by thy cold side.
 Ah willow, &c.

XI. Then run, gentle brook; and to lose thyself, haste;
 Ah willow, willow.
 Fade thou too, my willow, this verse is my last;
 Ah willow, willow; ah willow, willow.

TO THE SAME, SINGING.

I. WHAT charms in melody are found
 To soften every pain!
 How do we catch the healing sound,
 And feel the soothing strain!

II. Still when I hear thee, O my fair,
 I bid my heart rejoice;
 I shake off every sullen care,
 For sorrow flies thy voice.

III. The seasons Philomel obey,
 Whene'er they hear her sing;
 She bids the winter fly away,
 And she recalls the spring.

SONG.

THE FAIR INCONSTANT.

HE. SINCE I have long lov'd you in vain,
 And doated on every feature;
 Give me at length but leave to complain
 Of so ungrateful a creature.
 Though I beheld in your wandering eyes
 The wanton symptoms of ranging;
 Still I resolv'd against being wise,
 And lov'd you in spite of your changing.

SHE. Why should you blame what heaven has made,
 Or find any fault in creation?
 'Tis not the crime of the faithless maid,
 But nature's inclination.
 'Tis not because I love you less,
 Or think you not a true one;
 But if the truth I must confess,
 I always lov'd a new one.

TO LORD WARWICK,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

WHEN, fraught with all that grateful minds can
 move,
 With friendship, tenderness, respect, and love;
 The muse had wish'd, on this returning day,
 Something most worthy of herself to say:
 To Jove she offer'd up an humble prayer,
 To take the noble Warwick to his care.
 Give him, she said, whate'er diviner grace
 Adorns the soul, or beautifies the face:
 Let manly constancy confirm his truth,
 And gentlest manners crown his blooming youth.
 Give him to fame, to virtue to aspire,
 Worthy our songs and thy informing fire:
 All various praise, all honours, let him prove,
 Let men admire, and sighing virgins love:
 With honest zeal inflame his generous mind,
 To love his country, and protect mankind.
 Attentive to her prayer, the god reply'd,
 Why dost thou ask what has not been deny'd?
 Jove's bounteous hand has lavish'd all his power.
 And making what he is, can add no more.
 Yet since I joy in what I did create,
 I will prolong the favourite Warwick's fate,
 And lengthen out his years to some uncommon
 date.

TO
LADY JANE WHARTON,

ON HER STUDYING THE GLOBE.

WHILE o'er the globe, fair nymph, your searches
run,
And trace its rolling circuit round the sun,
You seem'd the world beneath you to survey,
With eyes ordain'd to give its people day.
With two fair lamps methought your nations
shone,

While ours are poorly lighted up by one.
How did those rays your happier empire gild!
How clothe the flowery mead and fruitful field:
Your earth was in eternal spring array'd,
And laughing joy amidst its natives play'd.

Such is their day, but cheerless is their night,
No friendly moon reflects your absent light:
And, oh! when yet ere many years are past,
Those beams on other objects shall be plac'd,
When some young hero with restless art,
Shall draw those eyes, and warm that virgin
heart:

How shall your creatures then their loss deplore,
And want those suns that rise for them no more?
The bliss you give will be confin'd to one,
And for his sake your world must be undone.

TO
MRS. PULTENEY.

UPON HER GOING ABROAD.

TIR'D with the frequent mischiefs of her eyes,
To distant climes the fair Belinda flies.
She sees her spreading flames consume around,
And not another conquest to be found.
Secure in foreign realms at will to reign,
She leaves her vassals here with proud disdain.
One only joy which in her heart she wears,
The dear companion of her flight she bears.
Æneas thus a burning town forsook,
Thus into banishment his gods he took:
But, to retrieve his native Troy's disgrace,
Fix'd a new empire in a happier place.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1716.

I.

HAIL to thee, glorious rising year, [pear!
With what uncommon grace thy days ap-
Comely art thou in thy prime,
Lovely child of hoary time;
Where thy golden footsteps tread,
Pleasures all around thee spread;
Bliss and beauty grace thy train:
Muse, strike the lyre to some immortal strain.
But, oh! what skill, what master hand,
Shall govern or constrain the wanton band?
Loose like my verse they dance, and all without
command.

Images of fairest things
Crowd about the speaking strings;
Peace and sweet prosperity,
Faith and cheerful loyalty,
With smiling love and deathless poetry.

II.

Ye frowning shades who break away,
Well do ye fly and shun the purple day.
Every fiend and fiend-like form,
Black and fallen as a storm,
Jealous fear, and false surmise,
Danger with her dreadful eyes,
Faction, fury, all are fled,
And bold rebellion hides her daring head.
Behold, thou gracious year, behold,
To whom thy treasures all thou shalt un-
fold,
For whom thy whiter days were kept from times
of old!

See thy George, for this is he!
On his right hand waiting free,
Britain and fair liberty:
Every good is in his face,
Every open honest grace.

Thou great Plantagenet! immortal be thy race!

III.

See! the sacred scyon springs,
See the glad promise of a line of kings!
Royal youth! what bard divine,
Equal to a praise like thine,
Shall in some exalted measure
Sing thee, Britain's dearest treasure?
Who her joy in thee shall tell,
Who the sprightly note shall swell,
His voice attempering to the tuneful shell?
Thee Audenard's recorded field,
Bold in thy brave paternal band, beheld,
And saw with hopeless heart thy fainting rival
yield:

Troubled he, with fore dismay,
To thy stronger fate gave way,
Safe beneath thy noble corn,
Wingy-footed was he borne,
Swift as the fleeting shades upon the golden
corn.

IV.

What valour, what distinguish'd worth,
From thee shall lead the coming ages forth?
Crested helms and shining shields,
Warriors fam'd in foreign fields;
Hoary heads with olive bound,
Kings and lawgivers renown'd;
Crowding still they rise anew,
Beyond the reach of deep prophetic view.
Young Augustus! never cease!
Pledge of our present and our future peace,
Still pour the blessings forth, and give thy great in-
crease.

All the stock that fate ordains
To supply succeeding reigns,
Whether glory shall inspire
Gentler arts or martial fire,
Still the fair descent shall be
Dear to Albion all, like thee,
Patrons of righteous rules, and foes to tyranny,

Ye golden lights who shine on high,
Ye potent planets who ascend the sky,
On the opening year dispense
All your kindest influence;
Heavenly powers be all prepar'd
For our Carolina's guard;
Short and easy be the pains,
Which for a nation's weal the heroine sustains.
Britannia's angel be thou near;
The growing race is thy peculiar care,
Oh spread thy sacred wing above the royal fair.
George by thee was wafted o'er
To the long expected shore:
None presuming to withstand
Thy celestial armed hand,
While, his sacred head to shade,
The blended cross on high thy silver shield display'd.

But, oh! what other form divine
Propitious near the hero seems to shine!
Peace of mind, and joy serene,
In her sacred eyes are seen,
Honour binds her mitred brow,
Faith and truth beside her go,
With zeal and pure devotion bending low.
A thousand storms around her threat,
A thousand billows roar beneath her feet,
While, fix'd upon a rock, she keeps her stable seat.
Still in sign of sure defence,
Trust and mutual confidence,
On the monarch, standing by
Still she bends her gracious eye,
Nor fears her foes approach, while heaven and he
are nigh.

Hence then with every anxious care!
Be gone, pale envy, and thou cold despair!
Seek ye out a moody cell,
Where deceit and treason dwell;
There repining, raging, still
The idle air with curses fill;
There blast the pathless wild, and the bleak northern hill;
There your exile vainly moan;
There where, with murmurs horrid as your own,
Beneath the sweeping winds, the bending forests groan;
But thou, hope, with smiling cheer,
Do thou bring the ready year;
See the hours! a chosen band!
See with jocund looks they stand,
All in their trim array, and waiting for command.

The welcome train begins to move,
Hope leads increase and chaste connubial love:
Flora sweet her bounty spreads,
Smelling gardens, painted meads;
Ceres crowns the yellow plain;
Pan rewards the shepherd's pain;
All is plenty, all is wealth,
And on the balmy air sits rosy-colour'd health.

I hear the mirth, I hear the land rejoice,
Like many waters swells the pealing noise,
While to their monarch, thus, they raise the public voice.

Father of thy country, hail!
Always every where prevail;
Pious, valiant, just, and wise,
Better suns for thee arise,
Purer breezes fan the skies,
Earth in fruits and flowers is dress'd,
Joy abounds in every breast,
For thee thy people all, for thee the year is blest.

SONG

FOR

THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY, MAY 28. 1716.

Lay thy flowery garlands by,
Ever-blooming gentle May!
Other honours now are nigh;
Other honours see we pay.

Lay thy flowery garlands by, &c.

Majesty and great renown
Wait thy beamy brow to crown,
Parent of our hero, thou,
George on Britain didst bestow.
Thee the trumpet, thee the drum,
With the plumed helm, become:
Thee the spear and shining shield,
With every trophy of the warlike field.

Call thy better blessings forth,
For the honour of his birth:
Still the voice of loud commotion,
Bid complaining murmurs cease,
Lay the billows of the ocean;
And compose the land in peace.
Call thy better, &c.

Queen of odours, fragrant May,
For this boon, this happy day,
Janus with the double face
Shall to thee resign his place,
Thou shalt rule with better grace:
Time from thee shall wait his doom,
And thou shalt lead the year for every age to come.

Fairest month, in Caesar pride thee,
Nothing like him canst thou bring,
Though the graces smile beside thee:
Though thy bounty gives the spring.

Though like Flora thou array thee,
Finer than the painted bow;
Carolina shall repay thee
All thy sweetness, all thy show.

She herself a glory greater
Than thy golden sun discloses;
And her smiling offspring sweeter
Than the bloom of all thy roses.

K iij

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1717.

I.

WINTER! thou hoary venerable fire,
All richly in thy furry mantle clad;
What thoughts of mirth can feeble age inspire,
To make thy careful wrinkled brow so glad!

II.

Now I see the reason plain,
Now I see thy jolly train;
Snowy-headed winter leads,
Spring and summer next succeeds;
Yellow autumn brings the rear,
Thou art father of the year:

III.

While from the frosty mellow'd earth
Abounding plenty takes her birth,
The conscious fire exulting sees
The seasons spread their rich increase;
So dusky night and chaos smil'd
On beauteous form, their lovely child.

IV.

O fair variety!
What bliss thou dost supply!
The foul brings forth the fair
To deck the changing year.
When our old pleasures die,
Some new one still is nigh;
Oh! fair variety!

V.

Our passions, like the seasons, turn;
And now we laugh, and now we mourn,
Britannia late oppress'd with dread,
Hung her declining drooping head:
A better visage now she wears,
And now at once she quits her fears:
Strife and war no more she knows,
Rebel sons nor foreign foes.

VI.

Safe beneath her mighty master,
In security she sits;
Plants her loose foundations faster,
And her sorrows past forgets.

VII.

Happy isle! the care of heaven,
To the guardian hero given,
Unrepining still obey him,
Still with love and duty pay him.

VIII.

Though he parted from thy shore,
While contesting kings attend him;
Could he, Britain, give thee more
Than the pledge he left behind him?

ODE TO PEACE,

FOR THE YEAR 1718.

I.

Thou fairest, sweetest daughter of the skies,
Indulgent, gentle, life-restoring peace!
With what auspicious beauties dost thou rise,
And Britain's new-revolving Janus bless.

II.

Hoary winter smiles before thee,
Dances merrily along:
Hours and seasons all adore thee,
And for thee are ever young:
Ever, goddess, thus appear,
Ever lead the joyful year.

III.

In thee the night, in thee the day is blest;
In thee the dearest of the purple east:
'Tis thine immortal pleasures to impart,
Mirth to inspire, and raise the drooping heart:
To thee the pipe and tuneful string belong,
Thou theme eternal for the poet's song.

IV.

Awake the golden lyre,
Ye Heliconian choir;
Swell every note still higher,
And melody inspire
At heaven and earth's desire.

V.

Hark, how the sounds agree,
With due complacency!
Sweet peace, 'tis all by thee,
For thou art harmony.

VI.

Who, by nature's fairest creatures,
Can describe her heavenly features?
What comparison can fit her?
Sweet are roses, she is sweeter;
Light is good, but peace is better.
Would you see her such as Jove
Form'd for universal love,
Bless'd by men and gods above?
Would you every feature trace,
Every sweetly smiling grace?
Seek out Carolina's face.

VII.

Peace and she are Britain's treasures,
Fruitful in eternal pleasures:
Still their bounty shall increase us,
Still their smiling offspring bless us.
Happy day, when each was given
By Cæsar and indulging heaven.

CHORUS.

Hail, ye celestial pair!
Still let Britannia be your care,
And Peace and Carolina crown the year.

ODE

FOR THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY, 1718.

I.

On touch the string, celestial muse, and say
Why are peculiar times and seasons blest?
Is it in fate, that one distinguish'd day
Should with more hallow'd purple paint the east?

II.

Look on life and nature's race!
How the careless minutes pass,
How they wear a common face:
One is what another was!

Till the happy hero's worth
 Bid the festival stand forth;
 Till the golden light be crown'd,
 Till he mark it for his own.

III.

How had this glorious morning been forgot,
 Unthought-of as the things that never were;
 Had not our greatest Cæsar been its lot,
 And call'd it from amongst the vulgar year!

IV.

Now, nature, be gay

In the pride of thy May,

To court let thy graces repair:

Let Flora bestow

The crown from her brow,

For our brighter Britannia to wear.

V.

Through every language of thy peopled earth,
 Far as the sea's or Cæsar's influence goes,
 Let thankful nations celebrate his birth,
 And bless the author of the world's repose.

VI.

Let Volga tumbling in cascades,
 And Po that glides through poplar shades,
 And Tagus bright in sands of gold,
 And Arethusa, rivers old,
 Their great deliverer sing.
 Not, Danube, thou whose winding flood
 So long has blush'd with Turkish blood,
 To Cæsar shall refuse a strain,
 Since now thy streams without a stain
 Run crystal as their spring.

CHORUS.

To mighty George, that heals thy wounds,
 That names thy kings and marks thy bounds,
 The joyful voice, O Europe, raise:
 In the great Mediator's praise
 Let all thy various tongues combine,
 And Britain's festival be thine.

ODE TO THE THAMES*,

FOR THE YEAR 1719.

I.

KING of the floods, whom friendly stars ordain
 To fold alternate in thy winding train,
 The lofty palace and the fertile vale;
 King of the floods, Britannia's darling, hail!
 Hail with the year so well begun,
 And bid his each revolving sun,
 Taught by thy streams, in smooth succession run.

II.

From thy never-failing urn,
 Flowers, bloom and fair increase
 With the seasons take their turn;
 From thy tributary seas
 Tides of various wealth attend thee;
 Seas and seasons all befriend thee.

III.

Here on thy banks, to mate the skies,
 Augusta's hallow'd domes arise;

* This ode was written for Rowe by Mr. Jeffreys, and is claimed by him in his works, p. 57.

And there thy ample bosom pours
 Her numerous souls and floating towers;
 Whose terrors late to vanquish'd Spain were known,
 And Ætna shook with thunder not her own.

IV.

Fullest flags thou dost sustain,
 While thy banks confine thy course;
 Emblem of our Cæsar's reign,
 Mingling clemency and force.

V.

So may'st thou still, secur'd by distant wars,
 Ne'er stain thy crystal with domestic jars:
 As Cæsar's reign, to Britain ever dear,
 Shall join with thee to bless the coming year.

VI.

On thy shady margin,
 Care its load discharging,
 Is lull'd to gentle rest:
 Britain thus disarming,
 Nor no more alarming,
 Shall sleep on Cæsar's breast.

VII.

Sweet to distress is balmy sleep,
 To sleep auspicious dreams,
 Thy meadows, Thames, to feeding sleep,
 To thirst, thy silver streams:
 More sweet than all, the praise
 Of Cæsar's golden days:
 Cæsar's praise is sweeter;
 Britain's pleasure greater;
 Still may Cæsar's reign excel;
 Sweet the praise of reigning well.

CHORUS.

Gentle Janus, ever wait,
 As now, on Britain's kindest fate;
 Crown all our vows, and all thy gifts bestow;
 Till time no more renews his date,
 And Thames forgets to flow.

THE STORY OF GLAUCUS AND SCYLLA.

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK XIII.

HERE ceas'd the nymph; the fair assembly broke;
 The sea-green Nereids to the waves betook:
 While Scylla, fearful of the wide-spread main,
 Swift to the safer shore returns again.
 There o'er the sandy margin, unarray'd,
 With printless footsteps flies the bounding maid;
 Or in some winding creek's secure retreat
 She bathes her weary limbs, and shuns the noon-
 day's heat.

Her Glaucus saw, as o'er the deep he rode,
 New to the seas, and late receiv'd a god.
 He saw, and languish'd for the virgin's love,
 With many an artful blandishment he strove
 Her flight to hinder, and her fears remove.
 The more he sued, the more she wings her flight,
 And nimbly gains a neighbouring mountain's
 height,

Steep shelving to the margin of the flood,
 A neighbouring mountain bare and woodless stood;
 Here, by the place secur'd, her steps she stay'd,
 And, trembling still, her lover's form survey'd.

His shape, his hue, her troubled sense appall,
 And dropping locks that o'er his shoulders fall;
 She sees his face divine, and manly brow,
 And in a fish's wreathy tail below:
 She sees, and doubts within her anxious mind,
 Whether he comes of god, or monster kind:
 This Glaucus soon perceiv'd; and, Oh! forbear
 (His hand supporting on a rock lay near)
 Forbear, he cry'd, fond maid, this needless fear.
 Nor fish am I, nor monster of the main,
 But equal with the watery gods I reign;
 Nor Proteus nor Palæmon me excel,
 Nor he whose breath inspires the sounding shell.
 My birth, 'tis true, I owe to mortal race,
 And I myself but late a mortal was:
 Ev'n then in seas, and seas alone, I joy'd;
 The seas my hours, and all my cares, employ'd.
 In meshes now the twinkling prey I drew,
 Now skilfully the slender line I threw,
 And silent fate the moving float to view.
 Not far from shore, there lies a verdant mead,
 With herbage half, and half with water spread:
 There, nor the horned heifers' frowning stay,
 Nor shaggy kids nor wain on hombkins play;
 There, nor the sounding leas their net or cull,
 Nor rural swains their genial chaplets pull:
 Nor flocks; nor herds, nor mowers, haunt the
 place,

To crop the flowers, or cut the bushy grass:
 Thither, sure first of living race came I,
 And sat by chance, my dropping nets to dry.
 My scaly prize, in order all display'd,
 By number on the green-sward there I lay'd,
 My captives, whom or in my nets I took;
 Or hung unwary on my wily hook.
 Strange to behold! yet what avails a lie!
 I saw them bite the grass, as I sat by;
 Then sudden darting o'er the verdant plain,
 They spread their fins, as in their native main:
 I paus'd, with wonder struck, while all my prey
 Left their new master, and regain'd the sea.
 Amaz'd, within my secret self I fought,
 What god, what herb, the miracle had wrought:
 But sure no herbs have power like this, I cry'd;
 And straight I pluck'd some neighbouring herbs; and
 try'd.

Scarce had I bit, and prov'd the wondrous taste,
 When strong convulsions shook my troubled
 breast:

I felt my heart grow fond of something strange,
 And my whole nature labouring with a change.
 Restless I grew, and every place forsook,
 And still upon the seas I bent my look.
 Farewell, for ever! farewell, land! I said;
 And plung'd amidst the waves my sinking head.
 The gentle powers, who that low empire keep,
 Receiv'd me as a brother to the deep:
 To Tethys, and to Ocean old, they pray,
 To purge my mortal carthy parts away.
 The watery parents to their suit agreed,
 And thrice nine times a secret charm they read,
 Then with lustrations purify my limbs;
 And bid me bathe beneath a hundred streams:
 A hundred streams from various fountains run,
 And on my head at once come rushing down.

Thus far each passage I remember well,
 And faithfully thus far the tale I tell:
 But then oblivion dark on all my senses fell.
 Again at length my thought reviving came,
 When I no longer found myself the same;
 Then first this sea-green beard I felt to grow,
 And these large honours on my spreading brow;
 My long-defending locks the billows sweep,
 And my broad shoulders cleave the yielding deep.
 My fishy tail, my arms of azure hue,
 And every part divinely chang'd, I view.
 But what avail these useless honours now?
 What joys can immortality bestow?
 What, though our Nereids all my form approve?
 What boots it, while fair Scylla scorns my love?
 Thus far the god; and more he would have said;
 When from his presence flew the ruthless maid.
 Stung with repulse, in such disdainful sort,
 He seeks Titanian Circe's horrid court.

THE FIRST BOOK OF QUILLET'S CALLIPEDIA,

TRANSLATED.

The Argument.

The Proposition. An Invocation of the most beautiful Deities. The Poet deduces the cause of beauty, according as it is esteemed in different countries, by applying the Story of Pandora to his purpose. He sets down the conditions of choosing a fit pair to procreate a handsome offspring, and ends with the approaching nuptials. He likewise, by way of digression, inveighs against the covetousness of the age, which blindly seeks after a large portion rather than an agreeable temper and constitution. An Apostrophe to the present King of France, wherein he proposes what kind of lady he would wish him to choose for his royal consort, who might bring him a beautiful race of children.

WHAT crowns the fruitful marriage bed with
 What forms the lovely girl and manly boy, [Joy,
 What kindly stars the juster features trace,
 What happy influence bestows the grace,
 And breathes the bloom divine upon the beauti-
 ous face;
 What secret springs the forming fancy move,
 What force the mind exerts in genial love;
 How the fair soul is in the body seen,
 And outward beauty speaks the worth within,
 In flowing verse attempts the willing muse,
 And tunefully the pleasing theme pursues.
 Hear, Oh! ye fairest of the nymphs divine,
 Ye graces hear, and to the task incline:
 And thou great mother of almighty love,
 If once in Phrygian Ida's sacred grove

Thy form victorious did the prize obtain,
By the just judgment of the righteous swain,
Hear and inspire thy soft Italian strain.
So shall delight my happy labours bless,
And pleasing thoughts in pleasing numbers dress?
So shall my grateful verse thy laws impart,
And teach mankind with joy the genial art.

Whene'er in times to come it shall betide,
That the kind bridegroom would instruct his bride,
My verse shall by the skilful youth be read
To the dear partner of his nuptial bed;
The muse instructive shall their offspring grace,
And form the future honours of their race;
Beauty the long successive line shall crown,
And no deform'd unsightly birth be known;
In every face the Cyprian queen shall reign,
And mutually adorn the nymph and swain.
You who a parent's pleasing hopes conceive,
Who lovely patterns of yourselves would leave;
You to whose care the rites of love belong,
Attend, and listen to my useful song.
If soft the verse, if sweet the numbers flow,
A myrtle wreath my just reward bestow,
And bind with grateful hands your poet's learn-
ed brow.

But first, my muse, describe the doubtful fair,
Beauty's celestial essence first declare;
The sacred substance of the goddess tell,
And in what forms she most delights to dwell;
What honours on the noblest fronts are spread,
What roses paint the cheeks with brightest red;
What colours best become the flowing hair,
What locks most graceful wanton in the air;
What lips the sweetest breathe the fragrant bliss,
And swell the softest to the melting kiss;
What hands are fashion'd in the finest mold,
What circling arms do best the lover hold,
And press him with the closest, kindest fold.

But Oh! confus'd and dark the question lies,
Perplex'd the cause, and doubts on doubts arise.
Each as he loves, his diff'ring praise bestows,
This youth to snowy Amaryllis bows,
While that to brown Lycoris pays his vows:
Daphnis in Flavia's yellow ringlets bound,
Admires the nymphs with golden tresses crown'd;
While Thyrsis doating on the jetty black,
Starts at the burning gold, and flies with horror
back.

Some eyes all hearts with lively grey subdue,
Some with the languish of the lovely blue;
Some the fond rage with sparkling black inspire,
Quick shoot the flames, and kindle up the fire.
Some swains the slender wadded virgin prize,
And loathe the bulky fat's unwieldy size:
While some the thin, the shadowy form detest,
And choose to press the plump luxuriant breast,
On full delights their wishes to employ,
Grasp the substantial fair, and satiate themselves
with joy.

Such are the various springs our passions move,
And such the many heresies of Love,

Thus is the mind by blind desire betray'd,
Thus by fantastic fancy are we sway'd,
We like, we love, then deify the maid.

Nor only man to various thoughts inclin'd,
Finds differing beauties in the softer kind,
But ev'n his own majestic form surveys,
As partial nations differ in their praise.
Mark how the swarthy Ethiop fond of night,
Disdains the cheeks with blended roses bright,
And paints the fiends and Stygian furies white.
How did the servile flattering east commend
The nose high rising with an arched bend;
When first that semblant form was fam'd to grace
The mighty Median monarch's warlike face,
Cyrus, whose hand did Asia's sceptre sway,
And taught the wealthy Croesus to obey;
Wide o'er the Lydian realm he stretch'd his reign,
And bound the royal miser in his chain.
Here might my verse the fairest Gaul recount,
Here paint his flowing curls and spacious front.
Or here the tauny Spaniard might I trace,
His looks obscure describe, his gloomy grace,
And rusty blood diffus'd upon his dusky face.
Full of himself the pigmy form appears,
Swells to the clouds, and menaces the stars;
Ev'n he, though by unhappy lot he lies
Beneath unkindly funs, and western skies,
Disdains the German, manly made and strong,
And calls the fashion of his arms too long;
Prunes his hard visage up, and with a smile
Scorns the soft bloom of Britain's happy isle.

But say, my muse, whence things that seem
so clear,
So doubtful to discording man appear;
From happier times of old deduce thy verse,
And how it first beset, in order just rehearse.

When first this infant world its form put on,
When time and beauteous order first begun,
And rich with native grace the new creation
shone;

No wicked iron age as yet control'd
The lustre of the pure primeval gold;
Around heaven's azure arch serenely bright,
Unfurl'd shone the sparkling gems of light;
No fogs did then, no lazy vapours rise,
Nor with their dull pollution stain the skies;
Through heaven's wide plains the glorious God
of day,

Prince of the stars, unclouded held his way;
While in her turn the silver Queen of night,
Successive roll'd her limpid orb of light.
The mother earth, adorn'd by what the bred,
With rocks, hills, trees, with fruits and flowers
was spread.

And every living thing on her green bosom fed,
The well digested mass, untainted yet,
Did no rank streams nor pois'nous damps emit;
But healthy spirits breathing from the ground,
Diffus'd their wholesome fragrances around.
'Twas then, in those good times for ever blest,
That happy man his innocence possess'd:

When yet he had not learn'd, in reason's spight,
Perverse to turn, and wander from the right,
Forsaking heaven's reveal'd, and nature's in-
borne light.

Then holy arts and priestcraft were unknown,
Religion then was simple, plain, and one:
Lust had not kindled then her guilty flame,
Ambition had not cheated fools with fame,
Nor vex'd the world with honour's angry name,
Nor was the form of man beneath his soul,
But equal, proper beauties grac'd the whole.
Then temperance, just goddess, did prevail,
And rightly held creating nature's scale,
Dispos'd the several parts with prudent care,
And form'd with nicest symmetry the fair.
Then was the reign of beauty in mankind,
Then universal empress, well she join'd
The faultless body and the blameless mind.

Soon as great Jove, from high Olympus' brow,
Beheld the sacred harmony below,
Add we one masterpiece of art, he said,
Earth, heaven, and all ye gods afford your aid,
Your each perfection join, and form one lovely
maid.

He spoke, and strait obedient to his word,
Each willing species to the work concurr'd;
The crystal orbs of æther first prepare
The limbs and substance for the future fair,
While the sun curl'd his beams and hung 'em
for her hair.

Her front like marble smooth, like lilies white,
Fair Cynthia luster'd o'er with silver light;
Upon her cheeks Aurora roses spread,
And dy'd 'em in the morning's brightest red;
Venus the sweetly charming smile impress'd,
And her soft lips with balmy pleasures blest'd;
While love, the god himself o'er all the mads,
Dancing delightful shew'd his heavenly face,
Led on the laughing joys, and every sister grace.
Thus form'd, thus finish'd out the beauteous
whole.

Creating Jove infus'd the living soul;
And since from every god the graces came,
He bade Pandora be the fair one's name.
Then bending kindly down his gracious look,
Thus to the new made nymph th' Almighty Fa-
ther spoke.

Daughter of gods descend, thou work divine,
Vouchsafe on earth, celestial fair, to shine,
Diffuse the blessings of thy radiant face,
And cheer the labours of the mortal race:
For thus the gods, thus Jove's high will ordains,
While man his native innocence retains;
Be thou his bliss, his great reward be thou,
Thy full perfection, heaven's fair pattern show,
And teach him by thyself thy native skies to
know.

But oh! if pity touch thy tender breast,
If for mankind thy care wou'd be express'd,
Keep close this fatal casket I bestow,
Nor seek the secrets lodg'd within to know.
If thy frail hand too curious, should incline
To pry, and disobey the will divine,

Straight forth ten thousand winged plagues shall fly,
And scatter swift contagion through the sky.
Thee too, thou fairest, shall the ruin seize,
Pain shalt thou feel, and languish with disease;
Deformity thy lovely looks shall blast,
And foul pollution lay thy beauties waste.

He said: And downward swift she bent her
sight,
To spread around on earth the beams of beauty's
light.
Nor did she there with Epimetheus dwell,
Shut up and cloister'd in a lonely cell,
As old Greek tales of dreaming Hesiod tell.
But bounteous of delight and unconfin'd,
She made the blessing common to mankind,
Design'd a public good still passing on,
On undistinguish'd crowds alike she shone.

The stupid herd with pleasing dread amaz'd,
Dumb with attention, stood, and glad some gaz'd;
Some ravish'd with her mien so graceful were,
Some with the ringlets of her amber hair, [fair.
Some with her iv'ry front, and face so heavenly
From her each part ambrosial odours flow'd,
And breath'd a balmy blessing on the crowd;
While her bright eyes (which scarce the music had
told,

Unless by sacred inspiration bold)
With light effulgent, darted forth a ray, [gay.
That cheer'd mankind, and made the world look
So when Aurora in the rosy east,
Lifts her fair head, with radiant honours dress'd,
O'er nature's face a various smile she spreads,
And paints a-new the fields and flow'ry meads,
Ten thousand colour'd eyes her beams unfold,
The limpid stream in silver waves is roll'd,
And all the green-wood shade is burnish'd o'er
with gold.

Such beauty was in our first fathers time,
While yet the youthful world was in its prime;
The mingling graces of the sexes met,
And full perfection made the form complete;
While man yet free from avarice or pride,
The ways of wickedness had never try'd,
Nor warping from the right, perversely turn'd
aside.

But when pernicious change invading spread,
And error blind mistaken reason led,
The swift contagion reach'd the lovely maid.
Pandora tainted by an impious age,
Pursu'd each fond desire, and each fantastic rage:
Curious to know, the box disturb'd her rest,
Jove's hard commands sat heavy on her breast,
And woman, woman the frail nymph confess:
Resolv'd at length, whatever Jove forbid,
She eas'd her longing mind, and broke the lid:
When, steaming, strait a deadly vapour rose,
Long trains of waiting plagues it did disclose,
Diseases, miseries, and mortal woes.
First the fell poison seiz'd the curious maid,
First on her youth, her blooming roses prey'd;
Her eyes no more their starry fires could boast,
But dim and dull in cloudy mists were lost;

No part was left untainted in the whole, [soul.
But all that once was fair, was loathsome now and
Nor stop'd the ruin with the wretched maid,
But growing still, around diffusive stray'd;
Error, disease, and death, like victors dread,
Wide-wasting o'er the world their legions spread,
And vanquish'd minds and bodies captive led.
Hid in deep shades benighted reason lay,
Shut from the beams of truth's ethereal day.
From that sad era ignorance begun,
Thence a dull train of doubting ages run,
And beauty's sacred form remains unknown. }
Oh then, to guide the wand'ring muse aright,
To pierce the shades of this substantial night;
Phœbus be kind, to thee for aid we bow,
Thou joy of Gods above, and men below!
Patron of verse, and ruler of the day; }
Do thou shoot swift before thy golden ray,
At once inspire her flight, and point her out
the way.

Though all around the wide contagion spread,
Like streams far stretching from some fatal head;
Yet was it various in its baleful course,
And now renew'd, and now repress'd its force.
Where round the poles the frozen circles turn,
Or where near neighb'ring suns too fiercely burn,
There nature's shame, misshapen forms abound,
And monsters people the devoted ground.
Far in the north, where winter's hoary bed
Is with eternal snows and ice dispread;
Or where the fam'd Magellan's southern tide
Does barbarous Patagonian shores divide;
Nations deform'd, fierce savage tribes are seen,
Of bulk unwieldy and gigantic mien;
Each a huge heavy lazy mass of might,
Unfit for use, and loathsome to the sight;
While in the regions of the burning zone,
No visage but the sooty black is known;
Short woolly locks their horrid fronts embrace,
Thick lips grin fearful with a fiend-like grace,
And night, the beldam, broods on each barbarian
face.

Nor here unfitly to my verse belong,
Arts which were once the princely Arab's song.
Long since the bard in native numbers taught,
How the mid globe, with temperate regions
fraught,
Feels not the dire extremes of cold and hot;
Where in the midst the just æquator lies,
Sweet is the air, and undisturb'd the skies,
There, heav'n's bright scale well blended sea-
sons weighs,
Nature the poles at equal distance lays,
And righteously divides the nights and days:
There nor the sun's bright flames malignant burn,
Nor chilly moons with nipping frosts return;
Thence, with luxurious births each pregnant year,
Twin seasons does, and double plenties bear:
Thrice yellow Ceres crowns the summer fields,
And twice his rich increase ripe autumn yields.
Twice gentle winter comes with sober grace,
And twice the blooming spring renews her bliss-
ful face.

Here, if aught the poet's song divin'd,
The justest forms of beauty might we find:
From constitutions rightly temper'd, here
Fair harmony and order should appear,
And all mankind be lovely like the year;
But the known clime must o'er the verse prevail,
And truth refute the false Arabian tale:
Since black deformity usurps alone
The sultry regions of the torrid zone,
The fiery god too near 'em runs his race,
And leaves his sooty marks on every hideous face.

Then, Oh my muse, forsake the scorching line,
And to the cooler pole thy flight incline;
Seek in the midway space some balmy air,
A land delightful, and a people fair;
Where beauty long her residence has plac'd,
And reign'd in sovereign state for ages past.
Nor cease thy curious search, nor yet remain
Fix'd in warm Italy, or swarthy Spain:
Still spread thy wing, and reach that happy coast,
Where Europe does her fav'rite country boast,
Where sweetest airs, and kindest heav'n's the yield,
Where Gallia spreads her fair Elysian fields.
But thee, Turonia, chief I would select,
Thy pleasing soil with various prospect deck'd,
Where winding vales run rich with frequent rills,
And verdant plains are crown'd with rising hills,
Where gentle Liger slowly seeks the sea,
Scatt'ring full plenty in his peaceful way,
Where near proud Angier's walls his waves are
roll'd,
And through their crystal clear display the sandy
gold,
Here lovely maids of form divine abound,
With ev'ry grace and just perfection crown'd;
Here still the marks of heav'n's first work they
wear.

And, like the first Pandora, still are faultless fair.

Mark how their statures due proportion know,
Nor rise too high, nor sink too meanly low;
No meagre bony jaws deform the face,
Nor puffy sides the taper shape disgrace,
But ev'ry part alike becomes its place.
Behold how lovely smooth the forehead shines,
How milky white the soft descent inclines,
How fitly to the sparkling eyes it joins:
While gaily pleasing they, and sweetly bright,
Fill each beholder's heart with dear delight.
See on the blooming cheeks, so freshly spread,
So duly mixt, the native white and red;
Mark what full roses on the lips appear, [wear!
What sweets they breathe, what balmy dew they
But lost and endless were my pain, to trace
The vast infinity of beauty's grace:
Why should the muse in lavish numbers speak
The golden tresses, or the iv'ry neck?
Why should the bashful nymph attempt to tell,
What soft round globes on rising bosoms swell?
What secret charms—Since modesty denies,
And bars the bold access of wanton eyes;
Blushing, with decent grace her veil she draws,
And shields the fair from shame by custom's re-
v'rend laws.

Nor do we less our manly beauty boast;
 Prov'd often to the love-sick virgin's cost:
 In either sex, her skill, dame nature shows,
 And equally her fairest gifts bestows.
 Mark when the downy plumes at first begin
 To promise early manhood on his chin;
 How goodly grac'd the rising youth is seen,
 His form how noble, and how great his mien;
 From vital juices well and kindly mix'd,
 The constitution just and firmly fix'd;
 No meagre pale, upon his visage spread,
 Taints with unwholesome hue the native red;
 But healthy sanguine, of the Tyrian dye,
 Laughs in his looks, while from his front on high,
 In large descending locks his auburn tresses fly. }
 Nor boast his other parts less grace divine,
 Sweet loveliness with comely strength combine,
 Each limb on well compacted muscles turns,
 And just proportion the fair whole adorns.
 Such equal tempers happy Gallia knows,
 Such are the forms our kinder heaven bestows,
 Far from the clime where sultry suns arise,
 Far from the wintry north's inclement skies,
 In the mid-pace the queen of nations lies;
 With softest airs, with sweetest is the blast,
 And gentle heats brood on her balmy breast.

If then the genial arts thou seek to know,
 Attend to what the skilful muse can show,
 Sweet are her sacred rules, and tunefully they
 flow.

"Not every man or woman was design'd
 "To propagate and multiply their kind;
 "Forbid we rightly the deform'd and foul,
 "To clothe with ill-shap'd limbs the heav'nly soul."
 Has not the poet's song divinely told
 Of births detested in the days of old?
 How dreadful Phlegeton did night invade,
 Compress the beldam in her own dire shade?
 Hence sprung the sisters (horrible to sight)
 Whose hellish heads with hissing snakes affright.
 Who shudders not at Pluto's odious bed?
 What virgin would a one-ey'd Cyclops wed?
 Were I to judge, no Vulcan e'er should prove
 A horrid husband to the queen of love,
 Some sifter task his barren age should find,
 In hamm'ring bolts for Jove to plague mankind.
 Doom'd to old Ætna's forge he should remain,
 And drudge out dull immortal years in vain.

But he who judges right of what is fair,
 With healthy sons will healthy daughters pair:
 As unperforming useles drones, will drive
 The weak and sickly from the marriage hive;
 Whether a man, by frequent visits, feel
 The gnawing torments of the gouty ill;
 Or sudden epilepsies seize his mind,
 Or bilious cholic rack his breast with wind;
 Or on his wasted lungs an ulcer prey,
 Or a consumption lingeringly betray
 His pining life, and murder by delay.

For, man's new curious system to compose,
 An equal portion every limb bestows,
 From every nerve collected nature flows:

Whence by tradition from the father run
 Ill habitudes, entail'd upon the son;
 The latent poison in the bowels grows,
 And propagates a family of woes.
 How oft do men their ill-star'd birth bewail,
 Condemn'd to a diseaseful body's jail!
 How oft with vain complaints they load the skies,
 And guiltless gods accuse with fruitless cries!
 When the true cause of their repeated blame,
 From a distemper'd feeble marriage came.
 Let then a healthy bridegroom and a bride
 Be in connubial leagues of love ally'd;
 If they desire that future times should know
 To what a lovely origin they owe
 A race of men, for all that's generous born,
 Or to defend their country, or adorn
 The prudent farmers, who of heaven implore
 A pteuous harvest, and increasing store;
 The finest of their wheat for seed retain,
 Nor sow their acres with corrupted grain.
 Hence loaded fields their annual wealth unfold,
 And smiling Ceres waves in sheafy gold.
 Thus lab'ring hinds, for a rich crop of corn,
 Improve their ground, while you neglect with
 scorn

The grateful soil, from whence mankind is born:
 Unwilling, or unmindful, to produce
 From a hale body, pure and generous juice;
 Which in clear channels may unblended run,
 From the bright father to the brighter son.
 Is then the price of man no better known,
 Or God, who form'd thy image from his own?
 Cannot that soul which does with art survey
 The stars, and travels o'er the milky way,
 Erect thy spirits, and refine thy clay?
 Does sloth supine in such strong fetters bind
 Your abject sense, and make you less inclin'd
 To found a beauteous temple for th' ethereal
 mind?

Ye gods, who to a human birth repair,
 And watch the cradle with a guardians care,
 From nuptial banes exclude a weakly pair;
 Left excretions from their childrens throat,
 Their wretched parents to the fiends devote.
 And thou, great Father of all human race,
 Whose hand preserves this globe in strict embrace,
 No longer let the wicked custom reign,
 Nor the just beauty of thy labour stain.
 Let a new genius from the skies descend
 With better nature, and mankind befriend:
 Who may this theme with well wrote rules adorn,
 And give instruction to an age unborn.

Nor is't enough that marriages agree
 In mutual vigour, and from sickness free;
 If you desire an offspring, you must learn
 Another lesson of the first concern.
 The nuptial knot should be with equals ty'd,
 No sanguine bridegroom to a sapless bride;
 Nor should a bloomy nymph entomb her charms
 In an old husband's monumental arms.
 Hymen will such an ill yok'd couple blame,
 And Juno kindle an unhappy flame:
 Alecto, frowning on the luckless pair,
 Shakes her sulphureous torch, and snaky hair.

See how young Chloe, keen with strong desires,
 From her old wither'd spouse with scorn retires;
 His frigid kisses shuns, and languid fires;
 With frequent tears bedews her face, and quits
 Her idle drudge, and the detested sheets.
 Thee, happy Alys, Rhea from above
 Pursu'd with chaste desires, and honest love.
 Had th' antiquated goddess thee caref's d,
 And with cold kisses in her bosom press'd,
 Thy wasting youth had found its certain doom,
 Unfinew'd of his strength and springing bloom.
 For the dull dryness of old age desires
 More aliment to feed its dying fires,
 And lusty nature's whole vivific stock requires.
 So ever burning sands in Libyan plains,
 Suck in with greedy thirst the falling rains;
 And still unsated with the watery store,
 Their drought increasing, make demands for
 more.

Yet more from discord of unequal feed,
 When youth and age are coupled for the breed,
 Diseases in a sickly train proceed.
 And if at last a weakly offspring's born,
 How oft his wretched being will he mourn?
 How oft a life in misery extend,
 Unuseful to his country, or his friend?

Nor can we here forget the modish crime,
 Which slights the rules of our instructing rhyme:
 How ill-advising thirst of gold supplies
 The want of passion, and perverts our eyes;
 Which to a face superior and divine
 Prefers the monarch's image on the coin;
 How, fashionably vain, large portions prove
 Rebellious subjects to commanding love;
 For if the chests of a rich father hold;
 The sacred load of writings, or of gold;
 If he can jointure a consenting mate
 With the gay ruin of a vast estate;
 Blind with the shining hopes, each nymph will
 run
 With proffer'd beauty to the charming son,
 While the fond parents wish her wealthily un-
 done:
 Though the pale wretch with sure contagion
 kills,
 Infected with an hospital of ills,
 And every vile disease which crowds the weekly
 bills:

Though pining in the last decline of life,
 A fruitless burden to his longing wife.
 How hard her fate, who in her youthful pride,
 Finds a dry monster snoring by her side,
 A married virgin she, and widow'd bride!
 Of her lost bloom how oft will she complain,
 And wet the joyless sheets with nightly rain!
 How will the childless mourn! or what is worse,
 Lothe her detested race, a heavier curse!
 Besides, if prompted by her strong desires,
 She seeks new springs to cool her wanton fires;
 If wand'ring in the search of bliss she flies,
 To seek what her enervate drudge denies;
 (For who wou'd with a loathsome joy to prove,
 Or languish in the arms of sickly love?)

What rank adulteries thy house will stain,
 And crowd it with a long promiscuous train,
 Which thou, good-natur'd cuckold, must main-
 tain!

'Tis true, the boy, not thine, will bear thy name,
 Though twenty fathers have a better claim.
 Here shall his features, and his mien express
 A baronet, and there his groom confess:
 Here a young colonel's warlike look, or there
 A sneaking citizen's submissive air.
 Then shall the hoarded sums, and glittering heap,
 Which thou hast labour'd anxiously to keep;
 Then shall the acres of thy rented ground,
 The flocks and herds with which thy fields a-
 bound,
 All which to thee by long descent have run,
 Be spent in riot by a spurious son.

Nor does a private family alone
 Beneath the mischief of this poison groan;
 In palaces the growing evil spreads,
 And impudently climbs imperial beds:
 When kings, enfeebled by luxurious ease,
 Or latent seeds of some uncur'd disease,
 By the warm sides of youthful consorts freeze;
 No longer now at the soft anvil sweat,
 Too impotent to govern or beget.
 Hence infants sometimes may a kingdom guide,
 Though royal only by the mother's side:
 Hence the deluded sire's oblig'd to own
 The doubted offspring of a blood unknown,
 And willingly adopts the bastard to his throne.

Nor is our sex less faulty than the fair;
 Alike we fall within the golden snare:
 For if a matron's fortune can supply
 The want of each endearing quality;
 Though fitter for a tomb than bridal bed,
 Though time sits hoary on her shaking head;
 Though from her eyes the brackish humour
 breaks,
 And trickles down the furrows of her cheeks;
 Though here and there a straggling tooth is set,
 A thin plantation, and deform'd with jett;
 Though husky coughs make an ungrateful din,
 And phthyicks rattle from her lungs within:
 Yet if this complicated ill desire
 With Hymen's torch to light her dying fire;
 If for connubial joys enrag'd she thirst,
 To sate her greedy and impetuous lust;
 Some younger brother will perhaps incline
 To pay his homage at her golden shrine:
 Who with dissembled love will fondly run
 To kiss the wither'd wealthy skeleton;
 Will fold the beldam in his arms to rest, (breast)
 And with dissembled joy pant on her leathern
 But ah! this husband of a large estate
 Soon flags, and turns by quick degrees to hate;
 Quits the dull carcase of the nauseous dame,
 Slights her dry embers for a brisker flame,
 And seeks with eager heat a nobler game:
 Some tender yielding maids he longs to prove,
 Or some co-eval wife's unlawful love;
 While, single, his neglected consort lies,
 And wastes the joyless night in empty sighs.

Hence tears, prelude to destructive jars,
And sad complaints to unassisting stars!
Hence deep resentments rack her jealous head,
For her wrong'd honour, and deserted bed!
Hence study of revenge her love repels,
And all the woman rises and rebels!
In wicked arts and deadly drugs she deals,
And with dissembled duty rage conceals:
While careless he, and indolent of thought,
Drinks sure destruction in some fatal draught.

Did not the tenets of religion bind
To sacred counsels my obedient mind,
Love should be liking; nor the nuptial league
Be ty'd by compact, or design'd intrigue
Of selfish parents, who in wedlock join
Their sons, to raise their wealth, and not their line.
For should wise nature, for the Cyprian joys,
Direct a couple in their mutual choice,
They would by reason, not by custom led,
Ne'er tie a living body to a dead.
Be banish'd then, unfit for amorous sport,
The fribling dotard from the Paphian court:
Let youth their strength on youth alone employ,
And ~~bum~~ with equal love and healthy joy,
To propagate mankind and people earth
With a sound offspring and a generous birth.

Nor, while I dictate these important truths,
Grateful to maidens and unmarried youths,
Would I to an extreme as bad incline,
And beardless boys with unshedg'd virgins join,
New to a blush, and fond without design.
For prudent nature, who has then began
To knit the joints, and to confirm the man,
Has not as yet her genial power distill'd,
Nor with prolific juice the vessels fill'd.
If then a damsel, who designs to wed,
Would reap the pleasures of the nuptial bed;
Let her (for Themis these strict rules ordains,
To curb too forward nymphs, and eager swains)
Expect with patience, till the rolling sun
Has twice six times his annual journey run;
Till her maturing years begin to bloom,
And promise early offspring to the womb.
For when the swelling mafs is firmly knit,
And the ripe virgin glows with perfect heat;
Then rosy streams from secret springs abound,
Which kindly bathe the fruitful womb around;
By nature's prudent care provided well,
To feed the sleeping infant in his cell:
Then her soft breasts the lover's heart inspire
With tempting heavings, and provoke desire.
So should the youth attend, till time begin
With mossy down to clothe and sledge the chin;
Till the firm channels swell with vigorous blood,
And roll, impetuous, a prolific flood.
Then, if kind Juno his endeavours bless,
He safely may the wedded fair carefs,
And venture on love's soft and close recess.
If youths and virgins would these rules obey,
And wisely follow where I chalk the way,
What beauteous blossoms would their labours
bring?

What fruits would in the bridal chamber spring?

Would they with equal constitutions join,
Man would be all harmonious, all divine,
And angels heav'nly looks would in God's
image shine.

Mean time, while lab'ring in this pleasing art,
The sacred laws of nature I impart;
While to the married pair the willing muse
Gives sound instructions of important use:
Lo! a young hero of imperial race,
With early manhood and superior grace,
Mounts the paternal throne of France, and
brings

New glory to the blood from whence he springs,
The worthy successor of ancient kings.
Lewis! Heav'n's darling offspring, from above
Sent to command with equity and love;
By wholesome laws the factious world to bind,
And be a present succour to mankind.
What royal mien! what mingled graces rise
In every part, and lighten from his eyes!
What majesty of soul, aspiring to the skies!
A thousand goddesses admire his charms,
His princely air a thousand nymphs alarms,
A thousand sighs they send, to languish in his
arms,

Him the bright nymph of Austria's blood adores,
Who burns where Tagus gilds Iberian shores;
The gentle winds tell every secret groan,
And waft her wishes to the Gallic throne.
If, mighty prince, thou to the match incline,
Spain, and her Indian treasures shall be thine.
For thee the tender Lusitanian dame
Consumes, and rivals the Hesperian flame.
For thee she pines; for thee the beauties glow,
Which drink the German Rhine and Latian Po.
All stung alike, and emulous to tread
The bridal room, and mount thy lofty bed.

But thou! the hope of the Burbonian line,
A foreign Hymen's sacred torch decline.
Of those resplendent stars which crowd our sky,
And sparkle in the Celtic galaxy,
A hundred beauties in thy court are seen,
Deserving the high title of thy queen;
On whose fair birth, a planet, like thy own,
With friendly influence, propitious shone;
Whence kindly seeds arise, and kisses not un-
known.

Nor be to fond desires so blindly lost,
To choose a nymph, whom turbid Tyber's coast
Or whom Ausonia's petty princes boast.
Nor, mindless of the blood which swells each
vein,
Admit, as consort of thy glorious reign,
Such humble births, a mean degenerate strain.

Consult thy royalty with nicest care,
And fix with judgment on the chosen fair,
Worthy to languish by a monarch's side;
Nor sue by proxy to an absent bride.

Survey in person the delicious prize,
 And drink in love at thy own piercing eyes :
 Demand her person on a double score,
 Much for her beauty, for her virtue more.
 Mad custom ! where a queen is led to climb
 (Unseen before) the royal bed sublime :
 Where kings are guided by another's voice,
 And follow blindfold the deputed choice.
 Be this thy first and latest wish, to prove,
 In silken chains of matrimonial love,
 Some charming heroine of high descent,
 The partner of thy breast and government :
 From whose celestial loins may spring an heir,
 Great, like his father ; like his mother, fair :
 Whose native charms with an engaging art,
 Win the glad soul, and steal upon the heart.
 The conscious people willingly obey
 Whene'er designing destiny makes way
 By manly beauty to imperial sway ;
 When they behold a royal infant born,
 Whose starry temples shall the crown adorn.
 Where is the mighty gain, that from a stem
 Of kings, a Juno share thy diadem ?
 If you attempt th' embraces of a queen
 In body foul, with swarthy cheeks obscene ;
 How will she damp thy flames, thy pleasures
 cloy ?

What love can she inspire ? what real joy ?
 What just materials bring for thy succeeding boy ?
 Unfit for sceptres, his unprincely face,
 Abhorring from the brightness of thy race,
 Thy subjects shall pervert, thy throne disgrace.

Nor is the secret to the muse unknown,
 How courts, to frequent wantonness prone,
 By loose desires and high examples led,
 Stain the chaste honours of the royal bed.

How a young monarch, to his queen unjust,
 Oft licenses the fashionable lust,
 So in Olympus once, adulterous Jove
 Left his loth'd Juno for a human love :
 In earth and heaven his spurious offspring sow'd,
 Profusely scatter'd his immortal blood,
 And stock'd the sky with a promiscuous brood. }
 Great fire, abandon this opprobrious life,
 Contented with a lov'd, and loving wife.
 Let the pure issue of unspotted flames
 Thy sceptre wield, and shun lascivious dames.

But if my private muse, without offence,
 May freely utter her impartial sense ;
 There might be found a more adapted mate
 Of higher virtues, though of humbler state :
 Who with requiting fires thy fires meet,
 Of temper equal, and of form complete ;
 Whose looks might soften and unbend thy care,
 And ease the burden of the gold you wear.
 Others, who court alliance to thy throne,
 Seek but to strengthen, and secure their own :
 So the weak branches of the tender vine
 In circling folds the married elm entwine.
 But kings, who to themselves their grandeur owe,
 Self-balanc'd, on unmov'd foundations grow :
 Safe in their people's strength, from princes near
 They seek no succours, and no forces fear.

But while we wait, from what celestial worth,
 From what great prince of exalted birth,
 New Cæsars shall arise to rule the Gallic earth :
 Me, Phœbus, guide with thy informing light,
 While useful laws for husbands I indite ;
 Smile on my pleasing toil, and aid my daring
 flight.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.

Containing

CATO,
ROSAMOND,
THE CAMPAIGN,
LETTER FROM ITALY,

ODES,
HYMNS,
TRANSLATIONS,
IMITATIONS,

W. W. W.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemish'd Statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
I meet his soul which breath'd in CATO there;
If pensive, to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
'Twas there of good and just he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song;
There patient shew'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price of knowledge) taught us how to die.

TICKELL'S ELEGY ON ADDISON.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.
Ann 1793:

THE LIFE OF ADDISON.

JOSEPH ADDISON, one of the greatest names in English literature, was son of the Rev. Dr. Lancelot Addison, Rector of Milston in Wiltshire, where he was born May 1. 1672; and appearing weak, and unlikely to live, was baptised the same day.

After the usual domestic education, which, from the character of his father, a man of talents, virtue, and religion, may be reasonably supposed to have given him early and deep impressions of piety and morality, he was committed to the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Nash at Ambresbury near Milston, and afterwards of the Rev. Mr. Taylor at Salisbury.

In 1683, his father was made Dean of Litchfield, and it is supposed, carried his son with him to his Deary, and placed him with Mr. Shaw, master of the school in the city to which he removed.

Tradition has preserved a story of *harring out* the master at the approach of the holidays, which, at the early age of twelve, he is said to have planned and conducted with superior wisdom and courage.

From Litchfield he was removed to the Charter-House, where he pursued his studies under Dr. Ellis, and contracted an intimacy with Steele, which lasted as long as he lived, and which their joint literary exertions have so effectually transmitted to posterity.

In 1687, the fifteenth year of his age, he was entered into Queen's College Oxford, where his father had studied. Classical learning, being held in the highest estimation at Oxford, was the principal object of his attention. Latin poetry, there one of the chief roads to eminence, first procured him distinction. The accidental perusal of his Latin Verses *on the Inauguration of King William and Queen Mary*, 1689, gained him the patronage of Dr. Lancaster, then Fellow, afterwards Provost of Queen's College, by whose recommendation he was elected into Magdalene College, as a *Demy*, a term in that society of the same import with that of a scholar in other Colleges.

The knowledge most highly valued in the society of which he was a member, he continued to cultivate, and soon became eminent by his Latin compositions, and those exercises which led chiefly to fame.

In 1690, he contributed a copy of Latin Verses to the Oxford Congratulations, *on the return of KING WILLIAM from Ireland, after the Battle of the Boyne*.

In 1693, he took the degree of Master of Arts; and the same year submitted to the Public a copy of Verses addressed to Dryden, which was his first performance in English.

This was followed, soon after, by a translation of the fourth Georgic upon Bees; "after which," says Dryden, "my latter swarm is hardly worth the hiving."

About the same time he furnished Dryden with the arguments to the several books of his *Virgil*, and wrote an "*Essay on the Georgics*," which is prefixed as a preface to Dryden's translation, though his name is not mentioned, because he desired to have it concealed.

In 1694, he wrote "*An Account of the Greatest English Poets*," inscribed to Mr. H. S. generally understood to mean his Fellow-Collegian, Henry Sacheverell; who at that time professed Revolu-

tion principles, and whose trial for reviling the Revolution,¹ and other measures resulting from principles of freedom, is the most remarkable incident in his life.

If the information communicated in a letter found among Dr. Johnson's papers, dated January 1784, from a Lady in Wiltshire, may be credited, by the initials H. S. is not to be understood the famous Dr. Sacheverell, but a very ingenious gentleman of the same name, who died young, supposed to be a Mankman, for that he wrote the history "of the Isle of Man," had formed the plan of a Tragedy on the Death of Socrates, and left his papers to Addison.

But this important discovery in literary history, is unsupported by collateral evidence, which is more favourable to the received opinion; for it is known that a strict intimacy then subsisted between Sacheverell and Addison, though few characters could be more different: for Sacheverell, with talents hardly reaching mediocrity, was confident and assuming; Addison, with the richest fund of merit, was diffident and modest. The former was the violent bigotted votary of arbitrary power; the latter the moderate friend of rational liberty. Sacheverell was drawn into notice by party prejudice; Addison attained eminence by genius, learning, and virtue.

The strongest evidence of their early intimacy is to be found in the poem itself, which exhibits all the fondness of friendship; and it is very honourable for Addison, that when he afterwards differed with his friend, he did not differ from himself, but adhered to those principles which Sacheverell had deserted.

In the close of the poem, he insinuates a design he had formed of entering into holy orders, to which he had been strongly solicited both by his father and by members of the University; but the influence of Montague, Chancellor of the Exchequer, to whom about this time he was introduced by Congreve, concurring with his natural modesty, diverted him from his original design. Montague alleged the corruption of men who engaged in civil employments without liberal education, and declared that though he was represented as an enemy to the church, he would never do it any injury, but by withholding Addison from it.

In 1695, he published "*A Poem to his Majesty*," with a poetical introduction to Lord Keeper Somers, which procured him the patronage of that illustrious statesman.

In 1697, appeared his Latin Verses on the Peace of Ryfwick, which he dedicated to Montague, and which was afterwards called by Smith, "The best Latin Poem since the *Æneid*."

His Latin compositions seem to have had much of his fondness, for he now collected a second volume of the *Musa Anglicana*, in which all his Latin pieces are inserted, and where his Poem on Peace has the first place.

Having yet no public employment, through the liberal recommendation of Somers and Montague, the King, in 1699, bestowed on him a pension of 300*l.* to enable him to travel.

During his travels through Italy, he collected his Remarks on the Country, composed his Dialogues on Medals, and four Acts of Cato.

In 1701, he wrote from Italy the Letter to Montague, now become Lord Halifax, which is justly considered as the most elegant, if not the most sublime of his poetical productions.

When he returned to England in 1702, his friends were out of the Ministry, and his pension was discontinued.

Soon after his return, he published his *Travels*, with a dedication to Lord Somers, which form a large commentary on the *Letter to Halifax*.

For upwards of two years he remained at home, without any opportunity of exerting his genius, or of obtaining any reward for what he had done.

In 1704, when the victory at Blenheim spread triumph and confidence over the nation, Godolphin, the Treasurer, lamented to Halifax, that it had not been celebrated in a manner equal to the subject, and desired him to propose it to some poet more adequate to the theme. Halifax recommended Addison, but required that the Treasurer should apply to him in his own person. Godolphin sent a message by Mr. Boyle, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, afterwards Lord Carleton, in such terms as prevailed upon Addison to undertake the task.

Addison shewed the work to the Treasurer, when it was no farther advanced than the simile of the Angel, who was so well pleased with it, that he immediately appointed him to succeed Mr. Locke, as Commissioner of Appeals.

His poem, which he entitled *The Campaign*, was addressed to the Duke of Marlborough, and received with loud and general applause.

In 1705, he attended Halifax to Hanover, and the year after was made Under-Secretary of State to Sir Charles Hedges, then appointed Secretary of State. The Earl of Sunderland, a few months after, succeeded Sir Charles Hedges, and continued him in the same office.

At this time there prevailed a general taste for Italian Operas. The brilliant wit and energetic humour of a *Congreve*; and the pathos of an *Otway*, were abandoned for those trifling and ridiculous performances.

Halifax, and other persons of taste and distinction, importuned Addison to try, in our own language, a musical drama, which might combine intellect with harmony.

He accordingly undertook the task, and wrote the Opera of *Regamidis*, which was exhibited in 1707, but met with no success on the stage. Sir John Hawkins observes that the villainy of Clayton's music preponderated against the elegance and humour of the poetry.

Conscious that it merited a more favourable judgment, he published it, with a dedication to the Duchess of Marlborough; which has been censured by Dr. Johnson with unjustifiable severity.

Steele somewhat advanced his reputation by the "*Tender Husband*," a comedy, which he dedicated to him, with a confession, that he owed to him several of the most successful scenes. To this play Addison supplied a prologue.

In 1709, when the Marquis of Wharton was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Addison attended him as his Secretary, and was made Keeper of the Records in Bermingham's Tower, in the room of King, with a salary augmented by the Queen, for his accommodation, to 300*l.* a-year.

When he was in office, Swift has recorded, that he made a law to himself never to remit his regular fees in civility to his friends; "for, said he, 'I may have a hundred friends, and if my fee be two guineas, I shall, by relinquishing my right, lose two hundred guineas, and no friend gain more than two; there is, therefore, no proportion between the good imparted and the evil suffered.'" He also established a rule to himself never to take, on any pretence whatever, more than the stated and customary fees of his office. A remarkable instance of this integrity was his refusal of a bank note of 300*l.*; and afterwards of a diamond ring, of the same value, from a Major Dunbar, whom he had endeavoured to serve by his interest with Lord Sunderland, as appears in a letter from himself, preserved by Mr. Maty (Review 1783), for which the public were originally indebted to Curle.

He was in Ireland, when Steele, without any communication of his design, began to publish the *Tatler*, the first number of which appeared, April 12. 1709, and was continued to January 1. 1711. He discovered Steele to be the author, from an observation on Virgil, which he had communicated to him. This discovery led him to afford Steele occasional assistance.

On the change of the Ministry, he lost his employment, and found leisure to engage more frequently in the *Tatler*, which contributed considerably to advance its reputation.

Such was the superiority of Addison's writing, that Steele said he fared like a distressed prince, who called a powerful neighbour to his aid, and was undone by his auxiliary.

But the full display of his talents, learning and composition, was reserved for the *Spectator*. The plan of this celebrated work was concerted between Addison and Steele. The first number appeared March 1. 1711. The work was continued daily to December 8. 1712. Addison furnished by much the greater number of those papers, both gay and serious, which are most liked and admired. His papers are distinguished by one of the letters in the name of *CLIO*.

In 1713, the tragedy of *Cato*, which he had planned during his travels, was finished for the stage, and exhibited at Drury-lane, with unprecedented success. The Whigs, apprehensive that liberty was in danger from the machinations of the Tory Ministry, applauded every line in which liberty was mentioned, as a reprehension of the unconstitutional projects they imputed to the Tories. The Tories joined in the applause, to manifest their unconsciousness of any such intentions. Bolingbroke called into his box, the actor who personated Cato, and made him a present of fifty guineas, for so ably defending the cause of liberty against a perpetual dictator.

Through the emulation of contending factions, *Cato* was acted thirty-five nights without intermission. The prologue was written by Pope, and the epilogue came from the pen of Garth.

When it was printed, notice was given that the Queen would be pleased if it was dedicated to her; but as he had designed that compliment elsewhere, (it is believed to the Duchess of Marlborough) "he found himself obliged," says Tickell, "to send it into the world without any dedication."

It was recommended by eight copies of verses; among which those of Steele, Hughes, Young, Tickell, Jeffries, and Eusden, deserve to be distinguished.

Neighbouring nations bestowed no less applause on this play than our own. It was translated into the French language, and underwent both Italian and German versions.

A composition which faction, rank, and literature, concurred in praising, could not escape censure. A scholar of Oxford attacked it as a party play, in a pamphlet intitled, "Mr. Addison turned Tory." Dr. Sewell defended it, in a pamphlet intitled, "Observations on *Cato*."

The most strenuous and formidable impugner of its merits was Dennis. He wrote a pamphlet and seven letters, to shew that all the world were wrong in bestowing on it applause, or even approbation. Many of his remarks are frivolous, and more are captious. There are not, however, wanting in his strictures, remarks that have considerable weight. He displays a mind which, with more enlarged observation, and greater liberality of sentiment, might have succeeded in criticism.

Among those whom the ill-natured criticism of Dennis provoked, was Pope, who at this time professed great friendship for Addison. He wrote a very severe but humorous piece, intitled, "A Narrative of the Madness of John Dennis." This pamphlet tended much more to ridicule the critic, than to refute the criticism. Addison, who saw the selfishness of Pope's friendship, never answered the objections of Dennis.

Soon after the appearance of *Cato*, another daily paper, called the *Guardian*, was published by Steele. Addison gave considerable assistance, though not so regularly as in the *Spektator*. His papers in the *Guardian* are marked by a hand.

About this time, he wrote a few papers, entitled the *Whig Examiner*, in answer to some essays in the Tory paper of that name. On no occasion, Dr. Johnson observes, was the genius of Addison more vigorously exerted, and on none did the superiority of his powers more evidently appear.

The year after the *Guardian* was published, the *Spektator* was revived. No marks were added to distinguish the authors. To Addison twenty-three papers are ascribed. In this volume, as in the *Guardian*, there is a greater portion of the serious than in the former seven.

On the death of the queen, he was appointed secretary to the regency. On the arrival of the king, it was proposed to make him secretary of state. This he himself strenuously declined. He a second time accepted the place of secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, then Lord Sunderland. The Lord Lieutenant was soon removed, and Addison was appointed one of the Lords of trade.

His political employments diverted him from executing a design he had formed of composing an English Dictionary; a work which has since called forth the learning and intellect of Dr. Johnson.

During the rebellion 1715, he commenced a periodical work, in support of the established government, intitled *The Freeholder*. It consisted of fifty-five papers, and continued twice a week, from December 1715 to June 1716.

This year (1716) he married (Aug. 2.) the Countess Dowager of Warwick, whom he had solicited by a long and anxious courtship. It is said, that he derived little happiness from the accomplishment of his wishes. In her estimation, the native lustre of genius was not adequate to the adventitious glare of ancestry.

The following year he rose to his highest elevation, being made secretary of state. His health, which had been before impaired by an asthma, suffered greatly from the fatigue of his office. Finding at last, that public business was too much for him, he was permitted to resign his employment, and gratified with a pension of 1500*l.* a year.

From politics he returned to literature, and resumed a work he had begun, *On the Evidences of the Christian Religion*. He had also projected a new poetical version of the psalms, and a tragedy on the *Death of Socrates*.

About this time appeared the comedy of *The Drummer*, which is ascribed to him upon the testimony of Steele, and the internal evidence.

In 1718-19, he relapsed into politics, and wrote two pamphlets, intitled the *OM PHA*, in defence of the Peerage Bill, with remarks on the "Plebeian," a paper written by Steele, and intended to expose the aristocratic tendency of the bill. In the first *OM PHA*, it does not appear that Steele was then known to be the advocate for the Commons.

The bill was negatived 9th December 1719, by 209 against 177.

The end of this great man's life was now near at hand. In addition to his asthmatical complaint, he was at this time afflicted with a dropfy. After a long and manly struggle with his distemper, he abandoned all hopes of life. He gave directions to his friend Tickell concerning the publication of his works, and dedicated them, on his death-bed, to his friend and successor Mr. Secretary Cragg. Young relates, that, in his last moments, he directed his step-son, Lord Warwick, to be called; and when he desired to hear his last injunctions, forcibly grasping the young man's hand, he softly said, "See in what peace of mind a Christian can die." He spoke, and soon expired.

He taught us how to live; and 'oh! too high

The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

He died 17th June 1719, at Holland-House near Kennington, in the 47th year of his age, leaving no child, but a daughter, who was alive and unmarried in 1783, residing at Milton, near Rugby, in Warwickshire, and possessing an income of more than 1200 l. a-year.

His printed works and manuscripts, the most considerable of which were the *Sentiments of the Christian Religion*, and the *Dialogue on Medals*, were collected and published by Tickell, in 4 vols. 8vo, 1721, to which he prefixed an account of his life.

Considerable additions have since been made to Tickell's edition, upon good authority, and his Periodical Essays have been more fully ascertained in the edition of the Tatler, with notes, in 6 volumes, 8vo. 1786.

The character of Addison is to be learned from his writings, and from the general testimony of the age in which he lived. Tickell, Steele, Young, Pope, Swift, and all these who knew him best, declare he was the most communicative, entertaining, and delightful companion they ever knew.

Blest with each talent, and each art to please.

And born to write, converse and live with ease;

Party zeal, in his moral character, never fancied a stain; envy never imputed to him a crime. His merit was so generally acknowledged, that Swift, having observed that his election past without a contest, adds, that if he proposed himself for King, he would hardly have been refused.

High as he stood in the public estimation, he has been accused, since his death, of having, in his conduct to Pope, exercised a great deal of jealousy, envy, and malevolence.

The accusation is brought forward by Mr. Ruffhead, in his "Life of Pope;" but neither Mr. Ruffhead nor Dr. Warburton, who furnished his materials, could have any personal knowledge of the circumstances; which not only do not prove, but do not even render probable the charge of envy, jealousy, and malice alleged by Pope against Addison.

Characters long allowed to be eminently excellent, are not to be changed from slight circumstances, or vague reports. Nothing will overturn them but the force of direct, positive, unbiassed testimony. Pope might impute meanness and dissingenuity to Addison: his friends and partisans might repeat the charge. But now, that Addison and Pope are regarded not as Whig and Tory, as head of one party of literati or another, an estimate of their moral character is to be formed, not from the

exaggerations or invectives of their adherents or enemies, but from the history of their conduct, and the testimony of their impartial contemporaries.

Listening to the general voice in favour of his justice, beneficence, patriotism, moderation, economy, prudence, candour, and liberality, the writer of this slight narrative is not withheld by a few murmurs, from expressing his conviction that Addison was a man of moral excellence, no less exalted than his intellectual.

The writings of Addison are chiefly poetical, critical, and moral. Mr. Gilbert Cooper has styled him "an indifferent poet, and a worse critic;" and Dr. Hurd calls him "a very ordinary poet." The public opinion is more favourable.

His poetry claims a high praise, though not the highest. It has not often those felicities of diction which give lustre to sentiments, or that vigour of sentiment which animates diction: there is little of ardour, vehemence, or transport: there is very rarely the awfulness of grandeur, and not very often the splendor of elegance. It is, in general, rather sound philosophy and just morality verified, than animated description or interesting exhibition. But though it be not generally very picturesque, animated, or impassioned, yet there are many passages which evince real poetical genius.

The tragedy of *Cato* is unquestionably the noblest production of his genius. Considered as a representation of natural situations, characters, sentiments, and passions, in one action, it admits of just censure. The characters are far from being interesting; we do not often consider what they are doing, or what they are suffering. But they are made the vehicles of such expression, that, as Dr. Johnson observes, there is scarcely a scene in the play which the reader does not wish to impress upon his memory.

The Opera of *Rosamond* is one of the most pleasing of his poetical performances. The subject is chosen with judgment, the fable is agreeable and interesting, the thoughts are just and generally vigorous, the imagery beautiful, the sentiments natural and often tender, the versification easy and harmonious; the songs are good, but inferior to the thoughts, sentiments, and language. The whole drama is airy and elegant, engaging in its process, and pleasing in the conclusion, though somewhat debased by the comic characters of Sir Truilly and Grideline.

The weight of its character has forced its way into this collection, as a suitable companion to *Cato*, and his smaller poems.

The *Letter from Italy* has always been praised, but has never been praised beyond its merit. To exquisite beauty and harmony, it joins a large portion both of the descriptive and sentimental sublime. It is more correct, with less appearance of labour, and more elegant, with less ambition of ornament, than any other of his poems. Amidst its excellencies, the address to liberty stands eminently conspicuous. It is forcible without exaggeration, and animated without extravagance.

The *Campaign*, which Dr. Warton harshly calls, "A Gazette in Rhyme," combines historical accuracy with poetic animation and grandeur. The wisdom, foresight, vigour, activity, and courage of Marlborough, are exhibited with a sublimity adequate to the exalted theme. The moral of the poem is excellent. But the effect of the whole would have been more complete, had there been more compression and more unity.

His *Latin verses* display the elegance of his classical taste. The numbers are smooth and harmonious, the style is pure and even elegant, and the composition correct. The thoughts are generally just, but rarely new or vigorous; the imagery exact, but seldom animated. The verses on the *Peace*, however, are vigorous and elegant. The *War between the Pygmies and the Cranes* is replete with animated description. The *Puppetshow* is described with much humour; and the *Ode to Dr. T. Burnet* is in the true spirit of Horace. His *Translations* have little that can employ or require criticism; they are for the most part smooth and easy, and such as may be read with pleasure by those who do not know the originals.

In his Verses to Dryden, to Sacheverell, to Somers, and to the King, there is little that delights, and seldom any thing that offends. His *Ode on St. Cecilia* has been imitated by Pope, and has something in it of Dryden's vigour. His *Imitation of the Third Ode of the Third Book of Horace* is

performed with energy and vigour. His *Hymns* are easy, elegant, and harmonious. His *Verses to Kneller* are peculiarly happy. There is scarcely any instance where mythology has been applied with more delicacy and dexterity. Lord Orford calls them the most beautiful of Addison's poetical works.

"His poetry," says Dr. Johnson, "is polished and pure, the product of a mind too judicious to commit faults, but not sufficiently vigorous to attain excellence. He has sometimes a striking line, or a shining paragraph; but, on the whole, he is warm rather than fervid, and shews more dexterity than strength. He was, however, one of our earliest examples of correctness."

As a critic, Addison is entitled to great praise. His taste is truly elegant, and his judgment acute and discriminating. Defective as he has been thought, by Dr. Hurd, in the philosophy of his criticisms, he certainly contributed in an eminent degree, by his *Critique on Paradise Lost*, his *Remarks on Ovid*, and his *Essays on Wit*, and on the *Pleasures of the Imagination*, to diffuse good taste in the nation, and to promote the cause of polite literature. A still higher praise belongs to Addison: No writings are better fitted than his for serving the cause of virtue and religion.

"As a teacher of wisdom," says Dr. Johnson, "he may be confidently followed. All the enchantments of fancy, and all the cogency of argument are employed to recommend to the reader his real interest, the care of pleasing the Author of his being."

His prose is characterised by its inimitable elegance, perspicuity, simplicity, and sweetness.

"Addison," says the same judicious and classical critic, "never deviates from his track to snatch a grace; he seeks no ambitious ornaments, and tries no hazardous innovations. His page is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected splendor. His sentences have neither studied amplitude, nor affected brevity; his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy. Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar, but not coarse, and elegant, but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."

DEDICATION.

To the Right Honourable

JAMES CRAGGS, Esq.

HIS MAJESTY'S PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE.

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT wish that any of my writings should last longer than the memory of our friendship; and, therefore, I thus publicly bequeath them to you, in return for the many valuable instances of your affection.

That they may come to you with as little disadvantage as possible, I have left the care of them to one *, whom, by the experience of some years, I know well qualified to answer my intentions. He has already the honour and happiness of being under your protection; and, as he will very much stand in need of it, I cannot wish him better, than that he may continue to deserve the favour and countenance of such a patron.

I have no time to lay out in forming such compliments, as would but ill suit that familiarity between us, which was once my greatest pleasure, and will be my greatest honour hereafter. Instead of them, accept of my hearty wishes, that the

great reputation you have acquired so early, may increase more and more: and that you may long serve your country with those excellent talents, and unblemished integrity, which have so powerfully recommended you to the most gracious and amiable monarch that ever filled a throne. May the frankness and generosity of your spirit continue to soften and subdue your enemies, and gain you many friends, if possible, as sincere as yourself. When you have found such, they cannot wish you more true happiness than I, who am, with the greatest zeal,

Dear SIR,

Your most entirely affectionate Friend,

And faithful obedient Servant,

June 4. 1719.

J. ADDISON.

* Mr. Tickell.

P O E M S.

TO MR. DRYDEN.

How long, great Poet, shall thy sacred lays
Provoke our wonder, and transcend our praise?
Can neither injuries of time, or age,
Damp thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage?
Not so thy Ovid in his exile wrote,
Grief chill'd his breast, and check'd his rising
thought:

Pensive and sad, his drooping muse betrays
The Roman genius in its last decays.

Prevailing warmth has still thy mind possess'd,
And second youth is kindled in thy breast;
Thou mak'st the beauties of the Romans known,
And England boasts of riches not her own;
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majesty,
And Horace wonders at himself in thee.
Thou teachest Persius to inform our life
In smoother numbers, and a clearer style;
And Juvenal, instructed in thy page,
Edges his satire, and improves his rage.
Thy copy casts a fairer light on all,
And still out-shines the bright original.

Now Ovid boasts th' advantage of thy song,
And tells his story in the British tongue;
Thy charming verse, and fair translations, show
How thy own laural first began to grow:
How wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry gods,
And frightened at himself, ran howling through the
woods.

O may'st thou still the noble task prolong,
Nor age, nor sickness, interrupt thy song:
Then may we wondering read, how human
limbs

Have water'd kingdoms, and dissolv'd in streams
Of those rich fruits that on the fertile mold
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold;
How some in feathers, or a ragged hide,
Have liv'd a second life, and different natures
try'd.

Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal
A nobler change than he himself can tell.

Magd. College, Oxon. }
June 2. 1693.
The Author's age 22. }

A POEM TO HIS MAJESTY.

PRESENTED TO THE LORD KEEPER.

TO
THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN SOMERS,

LORD KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL,

1695.

Is yet your thoughts are loose from state affairs,
Nor feel the burden of a kingdom's cares;
If yet your time and actions are your own;
Receive the present of a muse unknown:
A muse that, in adventurous numbers, sings
The rout of armies, and the fall of kings,
Britain advanc'd, and Europe's peace restor'd,
By Somers' counsels, and by Nassau's sword.

To you, my Lord, these daring thoughts belong
Who help'd to raise the subject of my song;
To you the hero of my verse reveals
His great designs, to you in council tells
His inmost thoughts, determining the doom
Of towns unform'd, and battles yet to come.
And well could you, in your immortal strains,
Describe his conduct, and reward his pains;
But, since the state has all your cares engross'd,
And poetry in higher thoughts is lost,
Attend to what a lesser muse indites,
Pardon her faults, and countenance her flights.

On you, my Lord, with anxious fear I wait,
And from your judgment must expect my fate,
Who, free from vulgar passions, are above
Degrading envy, or misguided love;
If you, well pleas'd, shall smile upon my lays,
Secure of fame, my voice I'll boldly raise,
For next to what you write, is what you praise.

TO THE KING.

WHEN now the business of the field is o'er,
The trumpets sleep, and cannons cease to roar,

+ King William,

When every dismal echo is decay'd,
And all the thunder of the battle laid;
Attend, auspicious prince; and let the muse
In humble accents milder thoughts infuse.
Others, in bold prophetic numbers skill'd,
Set thee in arms, and led thee to the field;
My muse expecting on the British strand
Waits thy return, and welcomes thee to land:
She oft has seen thee pressing on the foe,
When Europe was concern'd in every blow;
But durst not in heroic strains rejoice;
The trumpets, drums, and cannons, drown'd her
voice:

She saw the Boyne run thick with human gore,
And floating corps lie heaving on the shore;
She saw thee climb the banks, but try'd in vain
To trace her hero through the dusty plain,
When through the thick embattled lines he broke,
Now plung'd amidst the foes, now lost in clouds of
smoke.

O that some muse, renew'd for lofty verse,
In daring numbers would thy toils rehearse:
Draw thee below'd in peace, and fear'd in wars,
Inur'd to noon-day sweats, and mid-night cares!
But still the God-like man, by some hard fate,
Receives the glory of his toils too late;
Too late the verse the mighty æt succeeds,
One age the hero, one the poet breeds.

A thousand years in full succession ran,
Ere Virgil rais'd his voice, and sung the man
Who, driven by stress of fate, such dangers bore
On stormy seas, and a disastrous shore,
Before he settled in the promis'd earth;
And gave the empire of the world its birth.
Troy long had found the Grecians bold and
fierce,

Ere Homer muster'd up their troops in verse;
Long had Achilles quell'd the Trojans' lust,
And laid the labour of the gods in dust,
Before the towering muse began her flight,
And drew the hero raging in the fight,
Engag'd in tented fields and rolling floods,
Or slaughtering mortals, or a match for gods.

And here, perhaps, by fate's unerring doom,
Some mighty bard lies hid in years to come,
That shall in William's godlike acts engage,
And with his battles warm a future age;
Hibernian fields shall here thy conquests show,
And Boyne be sung, when it has ceas'd to flow;
Here Gallic labours shall advance thy fame,
And here Senefc shall wear another name.
Our late posterity, with secret dread,
Shall view thy battles, and with pleasure read
How, in the bloody field too near advanc'd,
The guiltless bullet on thy shoulder glanc'd.

The race of Nassau was by heaven design'd
To curb the proud oppressors of mankind,
To bind the tyrants of the earth with laws,
And fight in every injur'd nation's cause;
The world's great patriots; they for justice call;
And, as they favour, kingdoms rise or fall.
Our British youth, unus'd to rough alarms,
Careless of fame, and negligent of arms,
Had long forgot to meditate the foe,
And heard unwarm'd the martial trumpet blow;

But now inspir'd by thee, with fresh delight,
Their swords they brandish, and require the fight,
Renew their ancient conquests on the main,
And æt their fathers' triumphs o'er again;
Fir'd, when they hear how Agincourt was strow'd
With Gallic corps, and Cresti swam in blood,
With eager warmth they fight, ambitious all
Who first shall storm the breach, or mount the
wall.

In vain the thronging enemy by force
Would clear the ramparts, and repel their course;
They break through all, for William leads the
way,

Where fires rage most, and loudest engines play.
Namur's late terrors and destruction show,
What William, warm'd with just revenge, can
do:

Where once a thousand turrets rais'd on high
Their gilded spires, and glitter'd in the sky,
An undistinguish'd heap of dust is found,
And all the pile lies smoking on the ground.

His toils, for no ignoble ends design'd,
Promote the common welfare of mankind;
No wild ambition moves, but Europe's fears,
The cries of orphans, and the widow's tears:
Opprest religion gives the first alarms,
And injur'd justice sets him in his arms;
His conquests freedom to the world afford,
And nations bless the labours of his sword.

Thus when the forming muse would copy forth
A perfect pattern of heroic worth,
She sets a man triumphant in the field,
O'er giants cloven down, and monsters kill'd,
Reeking in blood, and smear'd with dust and
sweat,

Whilst angry gods conspire to make him great.

Thy navy rides on seas before unprest,
And strikes a terror through the haughty east:
Algiers and Tunis from their sultry shore
With horror hear the British engines roar;
Fain from the neighbouring dangers would they
run,

And with themselves still nearer to the sun.
The Gallic ships are in their ports confin'd,
Deny'd the common use of sea and wind,
Nor dare again the British strength engage;
Still they remember that destructive rage
Which lately made their trembling host retire,
Stunn'd with the noise, and wrapt in smoke and
fire;

The waves with wide unnumber'd wrecks were
And planks, and arms, and men, promiscuous
flow'd.

Spain's numerous fleet, that perish'd on our coast,
Could scarce a longer line of battle boast;
The winds could hardly drive them to their fate,
And all the ocean labour'd with the weight.

Where'er the waves in restless errors roll,
The sea lies open now to either pole;
Now may we safely use the northern gales,
And in the polar circle spread our sails:
Or, deep in southern climes, secure from wars,
New lands explore, and sail by other stars:
Fetch uncontrol'd each labour of the sun,
And make the product of the world our own.

At length, proud prince, ambitious Lewis, cease
To plague mankind, and trouble Europe's peace;
Think on the structures which thy pride has
rais'd,

On towns unpeopled, and on fields laid waste;
Think on the heaps of corps and streams of blood,
On every guilty plain and purple flood,
Thy arms have made; and cease an impious war,
Nor waste the lives intrusted to thy care.
Or, if no milder thought can calm thy mind,
Behold the great avenger of mankind,
See mighty Nassau through the battle ride,
And see thy subjects gasping by his side;
Fain would the pious prince refuse th' alarm,
Fain would he check the fury of his arm;
But, when thy cruelties his thoughts engage,
The hero kindles with becoming rage,
Then countries stol'n, and captives unrestor'd,
Give strength to every blow, and edge his sword.
Behold with what resistless force he falls
On towns besieg'd, and thunders at thy walls!
Ask Villeroy, (for Villeroy beheld
The town surrender'd, and the treaty seal'd)
With what amazing strength the forts were won,
Whilst the whole power of France stood looking
on.

But stop not here; behold where Berkeley stands,
And executes his injur'd king's commands;
Around thy coast his bursting bombs he pours
On flaming citadels and falling towers;
With hissing streams of fire the air they streak,
And hurl destruction round them where they
break,

The skies with long ascending flames are bright,
And all the sea reflects a quivering light.

Thus Ætna, when in fierce eruptions broke,
Fills heaven with ashes, and the earth with smoke:
Here crags of broken rocks are twirl'd on high,
Here molten stones and scatter'd cinders fly:
Its fury reaches the remotest coast,
And strows the Asiatic shore with dust.

Now does the sailor from the neighbouring
main

Look after Gallic towns and forts in vain;
No more his wonted marks he can descry,
But sees a long unmeasur'd ruin lie;
Whilst, pointing to the naked coast, he shows
His wondering mates where towns and steeples
rose,

Where crowded citizens he lately view'd,
And singles out the place where once St. Maloes
stood.

Here Ruffel's actions should my muse require;
And, would my strength but second my desire,
I'd all his boundless bravery rehearse,
And draw his cannons thundering in my verse;
High on the deck should the great leader stand,
Wrath in his look, and lightning in his hand;
Like Homer's Hector when he sung his fire
Amidst a thousand ships, and made all Greece
retire.

But who can run the British triumphs o'er,
And count the flames dispers'd on every shore?
Who can describe the scatter'd victory,
And draw the reader on from sea to sea?

Else who could Ormond's god-like acts refuse,
Ormond the theme of every Oxford muse?
Fain would I here his mighty worth proclaim,
Attend him in the noble chace of fame,
Through all the noise and hurry of the fight,
Observe each blow, and keep him still in sight.
Oh, did our British peers thus court renown,
And grace the coats their great fore-fathers won!
Our arms would then triumphantly advance,
Nor Henry be the last that conquer'd France.
What might not England hope, if such abroad
Purchas'd their country's honour with their blood:
When such, detain'd at home, support our state
In William's stead, and bear a kingdom's weight,
The schemes of Gallic policy o'erthrow,
And blast the counsels of the common foe;
Direct our armies, and distribute right,
And render our Maria's loss more light.
But stop, my muse, th' ungrateful sound forbear;
Maria's name still wounds each British ear:
Each British heart Maria still does wound,
And tears burst out unbidden at the sound;
Maria still our rising mirth destroys,
Darkens our triumphs, and forbids our joys.

But see, at length, the British ships appear!
Our Nassau comes! and as his fleet draws near,
The rising masts advance, the sails grow white,
And all his pompous navy floats in sight.
Come, mighty prince, desir'd of Britain, come!
May heaven's propitious gales attend thee home!
Come, and let longing crowds behold that look,
Which such confusion and amazement struck
Through Gallic hosts: but, oh! let us descry
Mirth in thy brow, and pleasure in thine eye;
Let nothing dreadful in thy face be found,
But for a while forget the trumpet's sound:
Well-pleas'd, thy people's loyalty approve,
Accept their duty, and enjoy their love.
For as, when lately mov'd with fierce delight,
You plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight,
Whole heaps of death encompass'd you around,
And steeds o'er-turn'd lay foaming on the ground;
So crown'd with laurels now, where-e'er you go
Around you blooming joys and peaceful blessings
flow.

A TRANSLATION

OF ALL

VIRGIL'S FOURTH GEORGIC,

EXCEPT THE STORY OF ARISTEUS.

ETHEREAL sweets shall next my muse engage,
And this, Mæcenas, claims your patronage.
Of little creatures wondrous acts I treat,
The ranks and mighty leaders of their state,
Their laws, employments, and their wars re-
late.

A trifling theme provokes my humble lays:
Trifling the theme, not so the poet's praise,
If great Apollo and the tuneful Nine
Join in the piece, and make the work divine.

First, for your bees a proper station find,
That's fence'd about and shelter'd from the wind;
For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
The swarms, when laden homeward, from their
hive.

Nor sheep, nor goats, must pasture near their
stores,

To trample under foot the springing flowers;
Nor frisking heifers bound about the place, [graze :
To spurn the dew-drops off, and bruise the rising
Nor must the lizard's painted brood appear,
Nor wood-pecks, nor the swallow harbour near.
They waste the swarms, and as they fly along
Convey the tender morsels to their young.

Let purling streams, and fountains edg'd with
meads,

And shallow rills, run trickling through the grass;
Let branching alives o'er the fountain grow,
Or palms shoot up, and shade the streams below;
That when the youth, led by their princes, shun
The crowded hive, and sport it in the sun,
Refreshing springs may tempt them from the heat,
And shady coverts yield a cool retreat.

Whether the neighbouring water stands or runs,
Lay twigs across, and bridge it o'er with stones;
That if rough storms, or sudden blasts of wind,
Should dip, or scatter those that lag behind,
Here they may settle on the friendly stone,
And dry their reeking pinions at the sun.
Plant all the flowery banks with lavender,
With store of savory scent the fragrant air,
Let running betony the field o'er-spread,
And fountains sike the violet's dewy bed.

Though barks or plaited willows make your
hive,

A narrow inlet to their cells contrive;
For colds congeal and freeze the liquors up,
And, melted down with heat, the wazen buildings
drop :

The bees, of both extremes alike afraid,
Their wax around the whistling crannies spread,
And suck out clammy dews from herbs and flowers,
To smear the chinks, and plaister up the pores:
For this they hoard up glew, whose clinging drops,
Like pitch, or birdlime, hang in stringy ropes.
They oft, 'tis said, in dark retirements dwell,
And work in subterraneous caves their cell;
At other times th' industrious insects live
In hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.

Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,
And leaves must thinly on your work be strow'd;
But let no baleful yew-tree flourish near,
Nor rotten marshes send out steams of mire;
Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the
fire :

Nor neighbouring caves return the dying sound,
Nor echoing rocks the doubled voice rebound.
Things thus prepar'd—

When th' under-world is seiz'd with cold and
night,

And summer here descends in streams of light,
The bees through woods and forests take their
flight.

They rise every flower, and lightly skim
The crystal brook, and sip the running stream :

And thus they feed their young with strange de-
light,
And knead the yielding wax, and work the flimsy
sweet.

But when on high you see the bees repair,
Borne on the wind, through distant tracks of air,
And view the winged cloud all blackening from
afar;

While shady coverts and fresh steams they choose,
Milfoil and common honey-suckles bruise,
And sprinkle on their hives the fragrant juice.
On brazen vessels beat a tinkling sound,
And shake the cymbals of the goddess round;
Then all will hastily retreat, and fill
The warm resounding hollow of their cell.

If once two rival kings their right debate,
And factions and cabals embroil the state,
The people's actions will their thoughts declare;
All their hearts tremble, and beat thick with war;
Hoarse broken sounds, like trumpet's harsh alarms,
Run through the hive, and call them to their arms;
All in a hurry spread their shivering wings,
And fit their claws, and point their angry stings:
In crowds before the king's pavilion meet,
And boldly challenge out the foe to fight;
At last, when all the heavens are warm and fair,
They rush together out, and join; the air
Swarms thick, and echoes with the humming
war.

All in a firm round cluster mix, and strow
With heaps of little corpa the earth below;
As thick as hail-stones from the floor rebound,
Or shaken acorns rattle on the ground.
No sense of danger can their kings controul,
Their little bodies lodge a mighty soul:
Each obstinate in arms pursues his blow,
Till shameful flight secures the routed foe
This hot dispute and all this mighty fray
A little dust flung upward will allay.

But when both kings are settled in their hive,
Mark him who looks the worst, and lest he live
Idle at home in ease and luxury,
The lazy monarch must be doom'd to die;
So let the royal insect rule alone,
And reign without a rival in his throne.

The kings are different: one of better note,
All speck'd with gold, and many a shining spot,
Looks gay, and glistens in a gilded coat;
But love of ease, and sloth in one prevails,
That scarce his hanging paunch behind him trails:
The people's looks are different as their kings;
Some sparkle bright, and glitter in their wings;
Others look loathsome and diseas'd with sloth,
Like a faint traveller whose dusty mouth
Grows dry with heat, and spits a maukish froth.

The first are best—
From their o'erflowing combs, you'll often press
Pure luscious sweets that mingling in the glass
Correct the harshness of the racy juice,
And a rich flavour through the wine diffuse.
But when they sport abroad, and rove from home,
And leave the cooling hive, and quit th' unfinished
comb;

Their airy ramblings are with ease confin'd,
Clip their king's wings, and if they stay behind

No bold usurper dares invade their right,
Nor found a march, nor give the sign for flight.
Let flowery banks entice them to their cells,
And gardens all perfum'd with native smells;
Where carv'd Priapus has his fix'd abode,
The robber's terror, and the scare-crow god.
Wild thyme and pine-trees from their barren hill
Transplant, and nurse them in the neighbouring
soil.

Set fruit-trees round, nor e'er indulge thy sloth,
But water them, and urge their shady growth.
And here, perhaps, were not I giving o'er,
And striking fail, and making to the shore,
I'd shew what art the gardener's toils require,
Why rosy pæstum blushes twice a year:
What streams the verdant succory supply,
And how the thirsty plant drinks rivers dry;
What with a cheerful green does parsley grace,
And writhes the belying cucumber along the
twisted grass;

Nor would I pass the soft acanthus o'er,
Ivy nor myrtle-trees that love the shore;
Nor daffodils, that late from earth's slow womb
Unrumple their swollen buds, and show their yel-
low bloom.

For once I saw in the Tarentine vale,
Where slow Galeus drencht the washy soil,
An old Corycian yeoman, who had got
A few neglected acres to his lot,
Where neither corn nor pasture grac'd the field,
Nor would the vine her purple harvest yield;
But savory herbs among the thorns were found,
Vervain and poppy-flowers his garden crown'd,
And drooping lilies whiten'd all the ground.
Blest with these riches he could empires slight,
And when he rested from his toils at night,
The earth unpurchas'd dainties would afford,
And his own garden furnish out his board:
The spring did first his opening roses blow,
First ripening autumn bent his fruitful bough.
When piercing colds had burst the brittle stone,
And freezing rivers stiffen'd as they run,
He then would prune the tenderest of his trees,
Chide the late spring, and lingering western breeze:
His bees first swarm'd, and made his vessels foam
With the rich squeezing of the juicy comb.
Here lindons and the sappy pine increas'd;
Here, when gay flowers his smiling orchard dress'd,
As many blossoms as the spring could show,
So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough.
In rows his elms and knotty pear-trees bloom,
And thorns ennobled now to bear a plumb,
And spreading plane-trees, where supinely laid
He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the shade.
But these for want of room I must omit,
And leave for future poets to recite.

Now I'll proceed their natures to declare,
Which Jove himself did on the bees confer;
Because, invited by the timbrel's sound,
Lodg'd in a cave th' almighty babe they found,
And the young god nurs'd kindly under-ground.
Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air,
These only make their young the public care;
In well-dispos'd societies they live,
And laws and statutes regulate their hive;

Nor stray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,
But know set stations, and a fix'd abode.
Each provident of cold in summer flies
Through fields, and woods, to seek for new sup-
plies,

And in the common stock unloads his thighs
Some watch the food, some in the meadows ply,
Taste every bud, and suck each blossom dry;
Whilst others, labouring in their cells at home,
Temper Narcissus' clammy tears with gum,
For the first ground-work of the golden comb;
On this they found their waxen works, and raise
The yellow fabric on its glewy base.
Some educate the young, or hatch the seed
With vital warmth, and future nations breed;
Whilst others thicken all the slimy dew,
And into purest honey work the juice;
Then fill the hollows of the comb, and swell
With luscious nectar every flowing cell.

By turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes
Survey the heavens, and search the clouded skies
To find out breeding forms, and tell what tem-
pests rise.

By turns they ease the loaden swarms, or drive
The drone, a lazy insect, from their hive.
The work is warmly ply'd through all the cells,
And strong with thyme the new-made honey
smells.

So in their caves the brawny Cyclops sweat,
When with huge strokes the stubborn wedge
they beat,

And all th' unshapen thunder-bolt complete;
Alternately their hammers rise and fall;
Whilst gripping tongs turn round the glowing ball.
With puffing bellows some the flames increase,
And some in waters dip the hissing mass;
Their beaten anvils dreadfully resound, [ground,
And Ætna shakes all o'er, and thunders under

Thus, if great things we may with small com-
pare,

The busy swarms their different labours share.
Desire of profit urges all degrees;
The aged insects, by experience wise,
Attend the comb, and fashion every part,
And shape the waxen fret-work out with art:
The young at night, returning from their toils,
Bring home their thighs clog'd with the meadows
spoils.

On lavender and saffron-buds they feed,
On bending osiers, and the balmy reed:
From purple violets and the teile they bring
Their gather'd sweets, and rise all the spring.

All work together, all together rest.
The morning still renews their labours past;
Then all rush out, their different tasks pursue,
Sit on the bloom, and suck the ripening dew;
Again when evening warns them to their home,
With weary wings, and heavy thighs they come,
And crowd about the chink, and mix a drowsy
hum.

Into their cells at length they gently creep,
There all the night their peaceful station keep,
Wrapt up in silence, and dissolv'd in sleep.
None range abroad when winds and storms are
Nor trust their bodies to a faithless sky, [nigh,

But make small journeys, with a careful wing,
And fly to water at a neighbouring spring;
And, lest their airy bodies should be cast
In restless whirls, the sport of every blast,
They carry stones to poise them in their flight.
As ballast keeps th' unsteady vessel right.

But of all customs that the bees can boast,
'Tis this may challenge admiration most;
That none will Hymen's softer joys approve,
Nor waste their spirits in luxurious love,
But all a long virginity maintain,
And bring forth young without a mother's pain.
From herbs and flowers they pick each tender bee,
And cull from plants a buzzing progeny;
From these they choose out subjects, and create
A little monarch of the rising state;
Then build wax kingdoms for the infant prince,
And form a palace for his residence.

But often in their journeys, as they fly,
On flints they tear their silken wings, or lie
Groveling beneath their flowery load, and die. }
Thus love of honey can an insect fire,
And in a fly such generous thoughts inspire.
Yet by repopling their decaying state, [date,
Though seven short springs conclude their vital
Their ancient stocks eternally remain, [reign.
And in an endless race their children's children

No prostrate vassal of the east can more
With slavish fear his mighty prince adore;
His life unites them all; but when he dies,
All in loud tumults and distractions rise;
They waste their honey, and their combs deface,
And wild confusion reigns in every place.
Him all admire, all the great guardian own,
And crowd about his courts, and buzz about his
throne.

Of on their backs their weary prince they bear, }
Of in his cause embattled in the air,
Pursue a glorious death, in wounds and war. }

Some from such instances as these have taught,
"The bees extract is heavenly; for they thought
"The universe alive; and that a soul,
"Diffus'd throughout the matter of the whole,
"To all the vast unbounded frame was given,
"And ran through earth, and air, and sea, and all
"the deep of heaven;

"That this first kindled life in man and beast,
"Life that again flows into this at last.
"That no compounded animal could die,
"But when dissolv'd, the spirit mounted high, }
"Dwelt in a star, and settled in the sky."

Where'er their balmy sweets you mean to seize,
And take the liquid labours of the bees, [drive
Spurt draughts of water from your mouth; and
A loathsome cloud of smoke amidst their hive.

Twice in the year their flowery toils begin;
And twice they fetch their dewy harvest in;
Once when the lovely Pleiades arise,
And add fresh lustre to the summer skies:
And once when hastening from the watery sign
They quit their station, and forbear to shine.

The bees are prone to range, and often found
To perish for revenge, and die upon the wound;
Their venom'd sting produces aching pains,
And swells the flesh, and shoots among the veins.

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When first a cold hard winter's storms arrive,
And threaten death or famine to their hive,
If now their sinking state and low affairs
Can move your pity, and provoke your cares,
Fresh burning thyme before their cells convey;
And cut their dry and husky wax away;
For often lizards seize the luscious spoils,
Or drones that riot on another's toils:
Oft broods of moths infest the hungry swarms,
And oft the furious wasp their hive alarms, }
With louder hums, and with unequal arms;
Or else the spider at the entrance sets
Her snares, and spins her bowels into nets.

When sickness reigns (for they as well as we
Feel all th' effects of frail mortality)
By certain marks the new disease is seen,
Their colour changes, and their looks are thin,
Their funeral rites are form'd, and every bee
With grief attends the sad solemnity;
The few diseas'd survivors hang before
Their sickly cells, and droop about the door,
Or slowly in their hives their limbs unfold,
Shrunk up with hunger, and benumb'd with cold;
In drawling hums the feeble insects grieve,
And doleful buzzes echo through the hive,
Like winds that softly murmur through the trees,
Like flames pent up, or like retiring seas.
Now lay fresh honey near their empty rooms,
In troughs of hollow reeds, whilst frying gums
Cast round a fragrant mist of spicy fumes. }
Thus kindly tempt the famish'd swarm to eat,
And gently reconcile them to their meat.
Mix juice of galls, and wine, that grow in time
Condens'd by fire and thicken to a slime;
To these dry'd roses, thyme, and centaury join,
And raisins ripen'd on the Pfythian vine.

Besides there grows a flower in marshy ground;
Its name Amellus, easy to be found;
A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves
The sprouting stalk, and shews itself in leaves;
The flower itself is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue;
The leaves shoot thick about the flower, and grow
Into a bush, and shade the turf below:
The plant in holy garlands often twines
The altars' posts, and beautifies the shrines;
Its taste is sharp, in vales new-shorn it grows,
Where Mella's stream in watery mazes flows.
Take plenty of its roots, and boil them well
In wine, and heap them up before the cell.

But if the whole stock fail, and none survive,
To raise new people, and recruit the hive,
I'll here the great experiment declare,
That spread th' Arcadian shepherd's name so far.
How bees from blood of slaughter'd bulls have
fed;

And swarms amidst the red corruption bred.

For where th' Egyptians yearly see their bounds
Refresh'd with floods, and fall about their grounds,
Where Persia borders, and the falling Nile
Drives swiftly down the swarthy Indians' soil,
Till into seven it multiplies its stream,
And fattens Egypt with a fruitful slime:
In this last practice all their hope remains,
And long experience justifies their pains.

M

First then a close contracted space of ground,
With straiten'd walls and low-built roof they
found;

A narrow shelving light is next assign'd
To all the quarters, one to every wind;
Through these the glancing rays obliquely pierce:
Hither they lead a bull that's young and fierce,
When two-years growth of horn he proudly shows;
And shakes the comely terrors of his brows:
His nose and mouth, the avenues of breath,
They muzzle up, and beat his limbs to death.
With violence to life and stifling pain
He flings and spurns, and tries to snort in vain,
Loud heavy mows fall thick on every side,
'Till his bruised bowels burst within the hide.
When dead, they leave him rotting on the ground,
With branches, thyme, and cassia, strow'd around,
All this is done when first the western breeze
Becalm's the year, and smooths the troubled seas;
Before the chattering swallow builds her nest,
Or fields in spring's embroidery are drest.
Mean while the tainted juice ferments within,
And quickens as it works: and now're seen
A wondrous swarm, that o'er the carcass crawls,
Of shapeless, rude, unfinish'd animals:
No legs at first the insect's weight sustain,
At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain;
Now strikes the air with quivering wings, and tries
To lift its body up, and learns to rise;
Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears
Full grown, and all the bee at length appears;
From every side the fruitful carcass pours
Its swarming brood, as thick as summer showers,
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
When twanging strings first shoot them on the
focs.

Thus have I sung the nature of the bee;
While Cæsar, towering to divinity,
The frighted Indians with his thunder aw'd,
And claim'd their homage, and commenc'd a god;
I flourish'd all the while in arts of peace,
Retir'd and shelter'd in inglorious ease:
I who before the song of shepherds made,
When gay and young my rural lays I play'd,
And set my Tityrus beneath his shade.

A SONG

FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, AT OXFORD.

I.

CECILIA, whose exalted hymns
With joy and wonder fill the blest,
In choirs of warbling seraphims
Known and distinguish'd from the rest;
Attend, harmonious saint, and see
Thy vocal sons of harmony;
Attend, harmonious saint, and hear our prayers;
Enliven all our earthly airs, [thee:
And, as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing of
Tune every string and every tongue,
Be thou the muse and subject of our song.

II.

Let all Cecilia's praise proclaim,
Employ the echo in her name.
Hark how the flutes and trumpets raise,
At bright Cecilia's name, their lays;
The organ labours in her praise.
Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace,
From every voice the tuneful accents fly,
In soaring trebles now it rises high,
And now it sinks, and dwells upon the base.
Cecilia's name through all the notes we sing,
The work of every skilful tongue,
The sound of every trembling string,
The sound and triumph of our song.

III.

For ever consecrate the day,
To music and Cecilia;
Music, the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of heaven we have below.
Music can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love;
With unsuspected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with secret art.
When Orpheus strikes the trembling lyre,
The streams stand still, the stones admire;
The listening savages advance,
The wolf and lamb around him trip,
The bears in aukward measures leap,
And tigers mingle in the dance.
The moving woods attended as he play'd,
And Rhodope was left without a shade.

IV.

Music religious heats inspires,
It wakes the soul, and lifts it high,
And wings it with sublime desires,
And fits it to bespeak the Deity.
Th' Almighty listens to a tuneful tongue,
And seems well-pleas'd and courted with a song.
Soft moving sounds and heavenly airs
Give force to every word, and recommend our
prayers.
When time itself shall be no more,
And all things in confusion hurl'd,
Music shall then exert its power,
And sound survive the ruins of the world:
Then faints and angels shall agree
In one eternal jubilee:
All heaven shall echo with their hymns divine,
And God himself with pleasure see
The whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

Consecrate the place and day
To music and Cecilia,
Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallow'd bounds,
Nor rudely shake the tuneful air,
Nor spoil the fleeting sounds.
Nor mournful sigh nor groan be heard,
But gladness dwell on every tongue;
Whilst all, with voice and strings prepar'd,
Keep up the loud harmonious song,
And imitate the blest above,
In joy, and harmony, and love,

AN ACCOUNT OF THE GREATEST ENGLISH POETS.

TO MR. HENRY SACHEVERELL, APRIL 3. 1694.

SINCE, dearest Harry, you will needs request
A short account of all the muse possess,
That, down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's
times,

Have spent their noble rage in British rhymes:
Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To speak the undertaker's want of strength,
I'll try to make their several beauties known,
And show their verses worth, though not my own.

Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful nine;
Till Chaucer first, a merry bard, arose,
And many a story told in rhyme and prose.
But age has rusted what the poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obscur'd his wit:

In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.
Old Spenser next, warm'd with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barbarous age;
An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where'er the poet's fancy led, pursued
Through pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons, and enchanted woods.
But now the mystic tale, that pleas'd of yore,
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long-spun allegories fullsome grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.
We view well-pleas'd at distance all the fights,
Of arms and paltries, battles, fields, and fights,
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights.
But when we look too near, the shades decay,
And all the pleasing landscape fades away.

Great Cowley then (a mighty genius) wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought:
His turns too closely on the reader press:
He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us less.
One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise.
As in the milky-way a shining white
O'erflows the heavens with one continued light;
That not a single star can shew his rays,
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great poet, that I dare to name
Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blame;
Thy fault is only wit in its excess:

But wit like thine in any shape will please.
What muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre:
Pindar, whom others in a labour'd strain,
And forc'd expression, imitate in vain?
Well pleas'd in thee he soars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a
nobler flight.

[lays,
Blest man! whose spotless life and charming
Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praise;
Blest man: who now shall be for ever known,
In Sprat's successful labours and thy own.

But Milton next, with high and haughty stalks,
Unfetter'd in majestic numbers walks:
No vulgar hero can his muse engage;
Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage.
See! see! he upwards springs, and towering high
Spurns the dull province of mortality,
Shakes heaven's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And sets th' Almighty thunderer in arms.
Whate'er his pen describes I more than see,
Whilst every verse, array'd in majesty,
Bold and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critics nicer laws.
How are you struck with terror and delight,
When angel with archangel copes in fight!
When great Messiah's outspread banner shines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines!
What sound of brazen wheels, what thunder,
fear,

And stun the reader with the din of war!
With fear my spirits and my blood retire,
To see the seraphs sunk in clouds of fire;
But when, with eager steps, from hence I rise,
And view the first gay scenes of Paradise;
What tongue, what words of rapture can express
A vision so profuse of pleasantries!
O had the poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men;
His other works might have deserv'd applause!
But now the language can't support the cause;
While the clean current, though serene and bright,
Betrays a bottom odious to the sight.

But now, my muse, a sifter strain rehearse,
Turn every line with art, and smooth thy verse;
The courtly Waller next commands thy lays:
Muse, tune thy verse, with art, to Waller's praise.
While tender airs and lovely dames inspire
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire:
So long shall Waller's strains our passions move,
And Saccharissa's beauty kindle love.
Thy verse, harmonious bard, and flattering song,
Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward strong.
Thy verse can show ev'n Cromwell's innocence,
And compliment the storm that bore him hence.
Oh had thy muse not come an age too soon,
But seen great Nassau on the British throne!
How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
And warn'd thee to a more exalted rage!
What scenes of death and horror had we view'd,
And how had Boyne's wide current reck'd in
blood!

Or if Maria's charms thou wouldst rehearse,
In smother numbers and a softer verse;
Thy pen had well describ'd her graceful air,
And Gloriana would have seem'd more fair.
Nor must common pass neglected by,
That makes ev'n rules a noble poetry:
Rules whose deep sense and heavenly numbers show
The best of critics, and of poets too.
Nor, Denham, must we e'er forget thy strains,
While Cooper's Hill commands the neighbouring
plains.

But see where artful Dryden next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years.
Great Dryden next, whose tuneful muse affords
The sweetest numbers, and the fittest words.

Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs
 She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.
 If satire or heroic strains she writes,
 Her hero pleases, and here satire bites.
 From her no harsh unartful numbers fall,
 She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.
 How might we fear our English poetry,
 That long has flourish'd, should decay with thee;
 Did not the muses' other hope appear,
 Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear:
 Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
 Has given already much, and promis'd more.
 Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
 And Dryden's muse shall in his friend survive.

I'm tir'd with rhyming, and would fain give
 o'er.

But justice still demands one labour more:
 The noble Montague remains unnam'd,
 For wit, for humour, and for judgment fam'd;
 'To Dorset he directs his artful muse.
 In numbers such as Dorset's self might use.
 How negligently graceful he unreins
 His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains;
 How Nassau's godlike acts adorn his lines,
 And all the hero in full glory shines!
 We see his army set in just array,
 And Boyne's dy'd waves run purple to the sea.
 Nor Simois chok'd with men, and arms, and blood:
 Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood,
 Shall longer be the poet's highest themes,
 Though gods and heroes fought promiscuous in
 their streams,

But now, to Nassau's secret councils rais'd,
 He aids the hero, whom before he prais'd.

I've done at length; and now, dear friend, re-
 ceive

The last poor present that my muse can give.
 I leave the arts of poetry and verse
 To them that practise them with more success.
 Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell
 And so at once, dear friend and muse, farewell.

A LETTER FROM ITALY,

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX,

IN THE YEAR 1701.

"Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,

"Magna virum! tibi res antiquæ laudis et
 "artis

"Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes."

VIRG. Georg. ii.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
 And from Britannia's public posts retire,
 Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
 For their advantage sacrifice your ease:
 Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
 Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
 Where the soft season and inviting clime
 Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
 Gay gild'd scenes and shining prospects rise,
 Poetic fields encompass me around,
 And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
 For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,
 That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
 Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
 And every stream in heavenly numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
 For rising springs and celebrated floods!
 To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
 And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,
 To see the Mincio draw his watery store,
 Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
 And hoary Albulæ's infected tide
 O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures, I survey
 Eridanus through flowery meadows stray,
 The king of floods! that, rolling o'er the plains,
 The towering Alps of half their moisture drains,
 And proudly swollen with a whole winter's snows,
 Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuncful throng,
 I look for streams immortalis'd in song,
 That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
 (Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
 Yet run for ever by the muse's skill,
 And in the smooth description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
 And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
 That destitute of strength derives its course
 From stony urns, and an unfruitful source;
 Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
 With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;
 So high the deathless muse exalts her theme!
 Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream,
 That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
 And unobscerv'd in wild meanders play'd;
 Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
 Its rising billows through the world resound,
 Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce.
 Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh could the muse my ravish'd breast inspire
 With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
 Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
 And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!

See how the golden groves around me smile,
 That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
 Or, when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
 Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
 Here kindly warmth their mountain juice fer-
 ments

To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents:
 Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
 And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
 Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
 Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
 Where western gales eternally reside,
 And all the seasons lavish all their pride:
 Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
 And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
 And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
 When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
 Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.

An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
And held, uncrowded, nations in its womb :
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies,
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd,
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid :
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And wondering at their height through airy chan-
nels flow.

Still to new scenes my wandering muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires ;
Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls stand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown ;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly
fue'd, [dued.

Still show the charms that their proud hearts sub-
Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show th' immortal labours in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and
light

A new creation rises to my sight,
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost :
Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound ;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And opening palaces invite my muse.

How has kind heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand !
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains ?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The reddening orange and the swelling grain :
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines :
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

Oh liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight !
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train ;
Eas'd of her load subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight ;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores ;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought !
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil :

We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine :
'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak moun-
tains smile.

Others with towering piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight ;
A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live :
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state,
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbour's prayer.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms :
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite :
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Nassa's arms defend and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found
The distant climes and different tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more adventurous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream ;
Unfit for heroes : whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like yours, should praise.

MILTON'S STYLE IMITATED,

IN A TRANSLATION OF

A STORY OUT OF THE THIRD ÆNEID.

Lost in the gloomy horror of the night,
We struck upon the coast where Ætna lies,
Horrid and waste, its entrails fraught with fire,
That now casts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
Vast showers of ashes hovering in the smoke ;
Now belches molten stones and ruddy flame
Incest, or tears up mountains by the roots,
Or flings a broken rock aloft in air.
The bottom works with smother'd fire, involv'd
In pestilential vapours, stench and smoke.

'Tis said, that thunder-struck Encladus
Groveling beneath th' incumbent mountain's
weight,

Lies stretch'd supine, eternal prey of flames ;
And when he heaves against the burning load,
Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs,
A sudden earthquake shoots through all the isle,
And Ætna thunders dreadful under ground,
Then pours out smoke in wreathing curls convolv'd,
And shades the sun's bright orb, and blots out day.

Here in the shelter of the woods we lodg'd,
And frighted heard strange sounds and dismal yells,
Nor saw from whence they came; for all the night
A murky storm deep lowering o'er our heads
Hung imminent, that with impervious gloom
Oppos'd itself to Cynthia's silver ray,
And shaded all beneath. But now the sun
With orient beams had chac'd the dewy night
From earth and heaven; all nature stood disclos'd:
When looking on the neighbouring woods we

saw
The ghastly visage of a man unknown,
An uncouth feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
Affliction's foul and terrible dismay
Sat in his looks, his face impair'd and worn
With marks of famine, speaking fore distress;
His locks were tangled, and his shaggy beard
Matted with filth; in all things else a Greek.

He first advanc'd in haste; but when he saw
Trojans and Trojan arms, in mid career
Stopt short, he back recoil'd as one surpris'd:
But soon recovering speed, he ran, he flew
Precipitant, and thus with piteous cries
Our ears assail'd: "By heaven's eternal fires,
"By every god that sits enthron'd on high,
"By this good light, relieve a wretch forlorn,
"And bear me hence to any distant shore,
"So I may shun this savage race accurst.
"Tis true I fought among the Greeks that late
"With sword and fire o'erturn'd Neptunian Troy,
"And laid the labour of the gods in dust;
"For which, if so the sad offence deserves,
"Plung'd in the deep, for ever let me lie
"Whelm'd under seas; if death must be my doom,
"Let man inflict it, and I die well pleas'd."

He ended here, and now profuse of tears
In suppliant mood fell prostrate at our feet;
We bade him speak from whence, and what he was,
And how by strokes of fortune sunk thus low;
Anchises too with friendly aspect mild
Gave him his hand, sure pledge of amity,
When, thus encourag'd, he began his tale.

I'm one, says he, of poor descent, my name
Is Achæmenes, my country Greece,
Ulysses' sad compeer, who, whilst he fled
The raging Cyclops, left me here behind
Disconsolate, forlorn; within the cave
He left me, giant Polypheme's dark cave;
A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls
On all sides furr'd with mouldy damps, and hung
With clots of rosy gore, and human limbs,
His dire repast: himself of mighty size,
Hoarse in his voice, and in his visage grim,
Intractable, that riots on the flesh
Of mortal men, and swills the vital blood.
Him did I see snatch up with horrid grasp
Two sprawling Greeks, in either hand a man;
I saw him when with huge tempestuous sway
He dash'd and broke them on the grundfil edge;
The pavement swam in blood, the walls around
Were spatter'd o'er with brains. He lapt the

blood,
And chew'd the tender flesh still warm with life,
That swell'd and heav'd itself amidst his teeth
As sensible of pain. Not less mean while

Our chief incens'd, and studious of revenge,
Plots his destruction, which he thus effects:
The giant, gorg'd with flesh, and wine, and

blood,
Lay stretch'd at length and snoring in his den,
Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o'ercharg'd
With purple wine and cruddled gore confus'd.
We gather'd round, and to his single eye,
The single eye that in his forehead glar'd
Like a full moon, or a broad burnish'd shield,
A forky staff we dextrously apply'd,
Which, in the spacious socket turning round,
Scoop'd out the big round jelly from its orb.
But let me not thus interpose delays:
Fly, mortals, fly this curst detested race:
A hundred of the fame stupendous size,
A hundred Cyclops live among the hills,
Gigantic brotherhood, that stalk along
With horrid strides o'er the high mountains tops,
Enormous in their gait; I oft have heard
Their voice and tread; oft seen them as they pass,
Sculking and scouring down, half dead with fear.
Thrice has the moon wash'd all her orb in light,
Thrice travell'd o'er in her obscure sojourn,
The realms of night inglorious, since I've liv'd
Amidst these woods, gleaning from thorns and

shrubs
A wretched sustenance. As thus he spoke,
We saw descending from a neighbouring hill
Blind Polypheme; by weary steps and slow
The groping giant with a trunk of pine
Explor'd his way: around his woolly flocks
Attended grazing: to the well-known shore
He bent his course, and on the margin stood,
A hideous monster, terrible, deform'd;
Full in the midst of his high front there gap'd
The spacious hollow where his eye-ball roll'd,
A ghastly orifice; he rins'd the wound,
And wash'd away the strings and clotted blood
That cak'd within; then stalking through the deep
He fords the ocean; while the topmast wave
Scarce reaches up his middle side: we stood
Amaz'd, be sure; a sudden horror chill
Ran through each nerve, and thrill'd in every vein,
Till, using all the force of winds and oars,
We sped away; he heard us in our course,
And with his outstretch'd arms around him grop'd,
But, finding nought within his reach, he rais'd
Such hideous shouts that all the ocean shook.
Ev'n Italy, though many a league remote,
In distant echoes answer'd; Ætna roar'd,
Through all its inmost winding caverns roar'd.

Rous'd with the sound, the mighty family
Of one-eyed brothers hasten to the shore,
And gather round the bellowing Polypheme,
A dire assembly: we with eager haste
Work every one, and from afar behold
A host of giants covering all the shore.

So stands a forest tall of mountain oaks
Advanc'd to mighty growth: the traveller
Hears from the humble valley where he rides
The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
Amidst the boughs, and at the distance sees
The shady tops of trees unnumber'd rise,
A stately prospect, waving in the clouds,

THE CAMPAIGN, A POEM,

To His Grace the Duke of Marlborough, 1705.

"—Rheni pacator et Istri.
 "Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
 "Ordinibus; lætatur eques, plauditque senator,
 "Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori."

CLAUD. de Laud. Stilic.

"Esse aliquam in terris gentem quæ suâ impensâ,
 "suo labore ac periculo, bella gerat pro liber-
 "tate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propin-
 "quæ vicinatis hominibus, aut terris continenti
 "junctis præstat. Maria trajicit: ne quod
 "toto orbe terrarum injustum imperium sit, et
 "ubique jus, fas, lex, potentissima sint."

LIV. Hist. lib. 33.

WHILE crowds of princes your deserts proclaim,
 Proud in their number to enrol your name;
 While traperors to you commit their cause,
 And Anna's praises crown the vast applause;
 Accept, great leader, what the muse recites,
 That in ambitious verse attempts your fights.
 Fir'd and transported with a theme so new,
 Ten thousand wonders opening to my view
 Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,
 And wars and conquests fill th' important year:
 Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
 An Iliad rising out of one campaign.

The haughty Gaul beheld, with towering pride,
 His ancient bounds enlarg'd on every side;
 Pyrene's lofty barriers were subdued,
 And in the midst of his wide empire flood;
 Aufonia's states, the victor to restrain,
 Oppos'd their Alps and Apennines in vain,
 Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks im-
 mur'd,
 Behind their everlasting hills secur'd;
 The rising Danube its long race began,
 And half its course through the new conquests ran;
 Amaz'd and anxious for her sovereign's fates,
 Germania trembled through a hundred states;
 Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear;
 He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near;
 He gaz'd, and half-abandon'd to despair
 His hopes on heaven, and confidence in prayer.

To Britain's queen the nations turn their eyes,
 On her resolves the western world relies,
 Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
 In Anna's councils, and in Churchill's arms.
 Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms rent,
 To sit the guardian of the continent!
 That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,
 And flourishing so near her prince's eye;
 Thy favourites grow not up by fortune's sport,
 Or from the crimes or follies of a court;
 On the firm basis of desert they rise,
 From long-try'd faith, and friendship's holy ties:
 Their sovereign's well-distinguish'd smiles they
 share,
 Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war;

The nation thanks them with a public voice;
 By showers of blessings heaven approves their
 choice;

Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
 And factions strive who shall applaud them most.

Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,
 Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly;
 Her chief already has his march begun,
 Crossing the provinces himself had won,
 Till the Moselle, appearing from afar,
 Retards the progress of the moving war.
 Delightful stream, thy nature bid her fall
 In distant climes far from the perjur'd Gaul;
 But now a purchase to the sword she lies,
 Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,
 Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
 And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.
 The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts,
 That wander'd on her banks, her heroes' ghosts
 Hop'd, when they saw Britannia's arms appear,
 The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.

Our godlike leader, ere the stream he past,
 The mighty scheme of all his labours cast,
 Forming the wondrous year within his thought;
 His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
 The long laborious march he first surveys,
 And joins the distant Danube to the Mæse,
 Between whose floods such pathless forests grow;
 Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow:
 The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
 And danger serves but to enhance the prize.

Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
 His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues!
 Infected by the burning scorpion's heat,
 The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
 Till on the borders of the Maine he finds
 Defensive shadows, and refreshing winds.
 Our British youth, with in-born freedom bold,
 Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold,
 Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,
 (Their Maker's image more than half defac'd)
 Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
 To prize their queen, and love their native soil.

Still to the rising sun they take their way
 Through clouds of dust, and gain upon the day.
 When now the Neckar on its friendly coast
 With cooling streams revives the fainting host,
 That cheerfully his labours past forgets,
 The mid-night watches, and the noon-day heats.

O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass
 (Now cover'd o'er with woods, and hid in grass),
 Breathing revenge; whilst anger and disdain
 Fire every breast, and boil in every vein:
 Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far
 Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
 Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
 Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.

At length the fame of England's hero drew
 Eugenio to the glorious interview.
 Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
 Demand alliance, and in friendship burn;
 A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out rays
 They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
 Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
 Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,

Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting spirits, and fermenting blood;
Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle shown:
To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd,
Heaven dares intrust the cause of human-kind.
Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms,
Her harra's'd troops the hero's presence warms,
Whilst the high hills and rivers all around
With thundering peals of British shouts resound:
Doubling their speed, they march with fresh
delight,

Eager for glory, and require the fight.
So the stanch hound the trembling deer pursues,
And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,
The tedious track unravelling by degrees:
But when the scent comes warm in every breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach he shoots away
On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.

The march concludes, the various realms are
past;

Th' immortal Schellenberg appears at last:
Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,
Like valleys at their feet the trenches lie;
Batteries on batteries guard each fatal pass,
Threatening destruction; rows of hollow brass,
Tubed behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep:
Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious
fight,

His march o'er-paid by such a promis'd fight.

The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day:
Ev'ning approach'd; but oh what host of foes
Were never to behold that evening host!
Thickening their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The close-compacted Britons win their way;
In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battle waste;
Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke
Through flames of sulphur, and a night of smoke,
Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

High on the works the mingling hosts engage;
The battle, kindled into tenfold rage,
With showers of bullets and with storms of fire
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire,
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And lost in one promiscuous carnage lie.

How many generous Britons meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!

Th' illustrious youths, that left their native shore
To march where Britons never march'd before,
(O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat,
Only destructive to the brave and great!)

After such toils o'ercome; such dangers past,
Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts breathe their last.
But hold, my muse, may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear:
While Marlborough lives, Britannia's stars dispense
A friendly light, and shine in innocence.
Plunging through seas of blood his fiery steed
Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed;

Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight.

Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear
To brave the thickest terror of the war,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,
Britannia's safety, and the world's repose;
Let nations anxious for thy life abate
This scorn of danger, and contempt of fate:
Thou liv'st not for thyself; thy queen demands
Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands;
Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And Europe's destiny depends on thine.

At length the long disputed pass they gain,
By crowded armies fortify'd in vain;
The war breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yield,
And see their camp with British legions fill'd.
So Belgian mounds hear on their shatter'd sides
The sea's whole weight increas'd with swelling
tides;

But if the rushing wave a passage finds,
Enrag'd by watery moons, and warring winds,
The trembling peasant sees his country round
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.

The few surviving foes dispers'd in flight,
(Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight)
In every rustling wind the victor hear,
And Marlborough's form in every shadow fear,
Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.

To Donavert, with unresisted force,
The gay victorious army bends its course.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields
(The Danube's great increase), Britannia shares,
The food of armies and support of wars:
With magazines of death, destructive balls,
And cannon doom'd to batter Landau's walls,
The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty Lord.

Deluded prince! how is thy greatness cross'd,
And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,
That proudly set thee on a fancy'd throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own!
Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,
Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,
Nor find it there! Surrounded with alarms,
Thou hop'st the assistance of the Gallic arms;
The Gallic arms in safety shall advance,
Arid crowd thy standards with the power of France,
While, to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring Gaul
Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.

Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
Tempering each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.
Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain;
Till, fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to spare
His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
In vengeance rous'd, the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land,
A thousand villages to ashes turns,
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And mixt with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat;

Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants found in every brake:
The listening soldier fixt in sorrow stands,
Loth to obey his leader's just commands;
The leader grieves, by generous pity sway'd,
To see his just commands so well obey'd.

But now the trumpet terrible from far
In shriller clangors animates the war;
Confederate drums in fuller concert beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud standards, to Bavaria's join'd,
Unfurled their gilded lilies in the wind;
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And, while the thick embattled host he views
Stretch out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain;
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterness of soul prefer'd,
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd,
And Anna's ardent vows at length prevail'd;
The day was come when heaven design'd to
show

His care and conduct of the world below.
Behold in awful march and dread array
The long extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds control:
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,
O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host;
Though fens and floods possess the middle space,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass;
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders
stands.

But O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drums tumultuous sound
The victors shout and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was
prov'd,

That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war:
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But see the haughty household troops advance!
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France.

The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
And with a general's love of conquest glows;
Proudly he marches on, and void of fear
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear:
Vain insolence! with native freedom brave,
The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave;
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns;
Each fights, as in his arm th' important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay:
A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.
O Dormer, how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unfung!
In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.

The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,
Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun;
Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd,
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mixt,
'Midst heaps of spears and standards driven around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd.
Troops of bold youths, borne on the distant Soane,
Or founding borders of the rapid Rhône,
Or where the Seine her flowery fields divides,
Or where the Doire through winding vineyards
glides,

In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,
And into Scythian seas their bloated corps convey.
From Blenheim's towers the Gaul, with wild
affright,

Beholds the various havoc of the fight;
His waving banners, that so oft had stood
Planted in fields of death and streams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
The hardy veteran with tears resigns.

Unfortunate Tallard! Oh, who can name
The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
That with mixt tumult in thy bosom swell'd,
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops re-
pell'd,

Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
Chok'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground,
Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!
The chief, the father, and the captive, wept.
An English muse is touch'd with generous woe,
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe!
Greatly distress'd! they loud complaints forbear,
Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
The fatal field by such great leaders won,
The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
Only the second honours of the day.

With floods of gore that from the vanquish'd fell
The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell.
Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,
Or 'midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd;
Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage, and inglorious chains;

Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,
Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging king dishonours, to complete
Marlborough's great work, and finish the defeat.

From Memminghen's high domes, and Augs-
burg's walls,

The distant battle drives th' insulting Gauls;
Freed by the terror of the victor's name
The rescue'd states his great protection claim;
Whilst Ulme th' approach of her deliverer waits,
And longs to open her obsequious gates.

The hero's breast still swells with great designs,
In every thought the towering genius shines:
If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
O'er the wide continent his march extends;
If sieges in his labouring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;
If to the fight his active soul is bent,
The fate of Europe turns on its event.

What distant land, what region, can afford
An action worthy his victorious sword?
Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
To make the series of his toils complete? [force

Where the swollen Rhine rushing with all its
Divides the hostile nations in its course,
While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows,
On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark stands,
That all the wide extended plain commands;
Twice, since the war was kindled, has it try'd
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side;
As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects;
And though the dog-star had its course begun,
Carries his arms still nearer to the sun;
Fixt on the glorious action, he forgets
The change of seasons, and increase of heats;
No toils are painful that can danger show,
No climes unlovely, that contain a foe.

The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restrain'd,
Learns to incamp within his native land,
But soon as the victorious host he spies,
From hill to hill, from stream to stream he flies:
Such dire impressions in his heart remain [plain:
Of Marlborough's sword, and Hochstet's fatal
In vain Britannia's mighty chief besets
Their shady coverts, and obscure retreats;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.

Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey,
Whose boasted ancestry so high extends
That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,
Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great supporter of his father's throne:
What tides of glory to his bosom ran,
Clasp'd in th' embraces of the godlike man!
How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fixt
To see such fire with so much sweetness mixt,
Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court!

Achilles thus was form'd with every grace,
And Nireus shone but in the second place;

Thus the great father of almighty Rome
(Divinely flust with an immortal bloom,
That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.

The royal youth by Marlborough's presence
charm'd,

Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,
On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
Discharges all his thunder on its walls,
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the hero's fight.

The British chief, for mighty toils renew'd,
Increases'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,
To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,
Clearing its borders from usurping foes,
And blest by rescue'd nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms;
And Traerbach feels the terror of his arms:
Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,
While Marlborough presses to the bold attack.
Plants all his batteries, bids his cannon roar,
And shows how Landau might have fall'n before,
Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,
Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
And scarce can teach his subjects to obey;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,
The works of ages sunk in one campaign,
And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' effects of Anna's royal cares:
By her, Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges through nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of sea and wind.
By her th' unfetter'd sler's states are free,
And taste the sweets of English liberty:
And who can tell the joys of those that lie
Beneath the constant influence of her eye!
Whilst in diffusive showers her bounties fall
Like heaven's indulgence, and descend on all,
Secure the happy, succour the distressed,
Make every subject glad, and a whole people blest.

Thus would I sail Britannia's wars rehearse,
In the smooth records of a faithful verse;
That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell posterity the wondrous tale,
When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries must be taught to speak;
Gods may descend in fictions from the skies,
And rivers from their oozy beds arise;
Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze.
Marlborough's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own native light;
Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they
boast, [most

And those who paint them truest praise them

COWLEY'S EPITAPH ON HIMSELF.

TRANSLATED BY MR. ADDISON.

FROM life's superfluous cares enlarg'd,
His debt of human toil discharg'd,

Here Cowley lies! beneath this shed,
To every worldly interest dead;
With decent poverty content,
His hours of ease not idly spent;
To fortune's goods a foe profess'd,
And hating wealth by all carest.
'Tis true he's dead; for oh! how small
A spot of earth is now his all:
Oh! wish that earth may lightly lay,
And every care be far away;
Bring flowers; the short-liv'd roses bring,
To life deceas'd, fit offering:
And sweets around the poet strow,
Whilst yet with life his ashes glow.

POEMATA.

INAUGURATIO REGIS GULIELMI*, 1689.

Tityrus. Hic inter corylos, umbrosa cacumina,
densas,
Nos cantare pares quoniam convenimus ambo,
Dicamus laudes heroum (ut, Mopse, solemus)
Tempora transibunt sic læta canentibus, et nunc
Dic age, quos nostro celebrari carmine fumes.

Mopsus. Tityre, nunc reddantur eis pia munera
laudum,

Otia qui dederint nobis placidamque quietem;
Scilicet illorum resonent encomia sylvæ,
Qui dignabantur regni fulcire ruinas. [cicutæ;

T. Tanta haud conveniunt humili tenuique
Sed quoniam in magnis, dicunt, voluisse sat esse;
Ipse tuas, Gulielme, canam laudesque Mariæ;
Nam, quos junxit amor, nemo sejungere debet.

M. Tunc mihi Phœbe fave, Musæque favete
canenti,

Ne culpa ingenii illorum minuantur honores.

T. Ast ego nec Phœbum curo, Phœbive sorores,
Carmina namque mihi cedit nunc lemma canenti.

M. Sint licet illustri proavorum stemmate clari,
Sunt magis ornati propriis virtutibus ambo.

T. Si Rex est regit immanes qui pectoris æstus;
Tum quot Regna tenet Gulielmus! quotque Maria!

M. Inclytus hic Mavors, sapiens hæc altera
Pallas,

Vulnerat ille armis, forma sed vulnerat illa.

T. Quando vias Pelagi tentârunt, mole superbum
Sustulit ad nubes mare se, fastuque tumebat.

M. Quando tellurem tetigerunt, Arcades omnes
Fani Deo Arcadiæ tenerum mactavimus agnum.

T. Tunc iterum totus resonat modulamine
campus,

Miscet pastores iterum nymphæque choreas.

M. Lætus gramineis lussit tunc agnus in agris,
Floribus atque novis hædi insiluere petulci.

T. Quantus erat victor Gulielmus, quando popelli
Vicit corda, hostes vicit, vicitque seipsum!

M. Participat sponsi virtutem et regna Maria,
Digna tribus Regnis, et tanto digna Marito.

* These verses occasioned Mr. Addison's being elected
into Magdalen College.

T. Primus hic imperio, nulli est virtute secundus,
Sic sol, quam stellæ, majori luce resulget.

M. Sed qualis stellas micat inter luna minores,
Talis, cum cincta est fociis, Regina videtur.

T. At quæ nos illis nunc, Tityre, digna precemur,
Ludere qui pecori, pecorisque dedere magistris?

M. Æternam inveniam, quam donavere, qui-
etern!

T. Et sero cælos exornet sidus utrumque!

JOSEPHUS ADDISON, *Commenfalis è Coll. Reg.*

ON THE

RETURN OF KING WILLIAM FROM
IRELAND,

AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE*.

Cum Domini impatiens excussit Iernæ catenas,
Tota reuns in Martem, intestinosque labores,
Integri quicunque graves videre tumultus
(Constitit heu! tanti virtus) in vincula missi,
Exosam luctuque trahunt et carcere vitam.
Latè agri dumis horrescunt, aspera rura
Luxuriant segete spinarum, autumnus Iernæ
Nullus adest, cultorque deest quærentibus arvis,
Passim turba dolis inflat peregrina secundis,
Nativamque premit lasciva potentia plebem;
In lacrymas Gens omnis abijt, manifestat ubique
Communes luctus, vultuque laborat in uno.

Præceps in tardas sic crevit Hibernia pœnas,
Et sic venturæ maturuit illa ruinæ:
Facta esset tanto nequaquam vindice digna,
Si minor horrendas Gulielmi fenerat iras.

Anglia in ignavam dudum resoluta quietem,
Imperiis rediviva tuis, Nallove, veterum
Excudit, et longum sopitos suscitât ignes.
Te duce quas fecis strages! quæ prælia movit!
Dum fervet cædes, et campo sanguis inundat,
Assidue sudant peragendo pœna sorores,
Et stipata gemit sub pondere cymba Charontis.
Terga premens Cæsar fugientia corripit hostes
Vindex, atque trahit partem sua quamque ruina:
Plumbea tempestas hanc obruit, eminus illa
Glande cadit, frustra que evitat missile ferrum.
Altera dum pœnas differt fugiendo sequaces,
Insidæ sese credit moritura paludi.

His gradibus longo se solvit Hibernia luctu,
Imperium expulsi tandem indignata tyranni
Nobiliora petit vincla, optatasque catenas
Induit, atque jugo Gulielmi ornata superbit.

Gens numium dilecta Deo! nimiumque Bri-
tanni

Felices! hæc si exundantia gaudia nullus
Frænasset dolor, et Ducis† haud ignoble fatum
Lætiæ nimios non castigaverat æstus.
Ille triumphato toties securus ab hoste,
Exulibus Dīs ille, ille aris fidus avitis

* From the "Academiae Oxoniensis Gratulatio pro
exoptato serenissimi Regis Gulielmi ex Hibernia reditu.
Oxonie, & Theatro Sheldoniano, Ann. Dom. 1690."
† Duke Scomberg.

Ah! tandem occubuit pietate insignis et armis.
 Hei mihi! quale jaces veneranda mole cadaver!
 Qualis honor vultus! et frontis læta senectus!
 Heu pictas! heu prisca fides! et bellica virtus
 Quando habitura parem!

Musa, tamen taceas intempestiva dolores,
 Melpomene, taceas; non hoc sine numine Divum
 Evenisse puto: Senis aspera fata triumphi
 Famam auxere Tui, victor Gulielmi, nec ulla
 Amula divisos virtus partitur honores.

I, decus, i, nostrum! agnoscat fera Gallia dex-
 tram

Vigricem, et quæ Te vidit prima arma gerentem,
 Sentiat expletas maturæ in corpore vires.
 Sed caveas, dum Te in bellum rapit impetus ar-
 dens.

O caveas, nimio ne Marte impulsus in hostes
 Irrueres, latamque darent tria regna ruinam.

Insano tandem parce indulgere labori,
 Parce, Jacobe, ultra Lodici innitit armis.
 Discerptos frustra nunc luges frontis ho iores;
 Sera sibi veniunt tandem suspiriæ, serè
 Nunc quereris, quanquam, nisi metis tibi læva
 fuisset.

Et nisi credideras fallaci uxoriæ arti,
 Jam lætus poteras placidis dare jura Britannis,
 Et rexisse gregem, fato meliore, paternum;
 Sed nunc Parcæ obstant, et non revocabilis ordo.

JOH. ADDISON, à Coll. Magd.

HONORATISSIMO VIRO

CAROLO MONTAGUE, ARMIGERO,

*Secrarii Cancellario, Aerarii Praefecto, Regi à Se-
 cretioribus Conciliis, &c.*

Cum tanta auribus tuis obstrepat vatum nequissi-
 morum turba, nihil est cur queraris aliquid inu-
 sitatum tibi contigisse, ubi præclarum hoc argu-
 mentum meis etiam numeris violatum conspexeris.
 Quantum virtute bellica præstant Britanni, recens
 ex rebus gestis testatur gloria; quam verò in hu-
 manioribus pacis studiis non emineamus, indicio
 sunt quos nuper in lucem egnissimus versiculi. Quod
 si Congrevius ille tups divino, quo solet, furore
 correptus materiam hanc non exornasset, vix tanti
 esset ipse pax, ut illa læteremur tot perditissimis
 poetis tam misere decantata. At, dum alios insector,
 mei ipsius oblitus fuisse videor, qui hæc minores
 forsan ex Latinis tibi molestias allaturus sum, quam
 quas illi ex vernaculis suis carminibus attulerunt;
 nisi quod inter ipsos cruciatus lenimentum aliquod
 dolori tribuat tormenti varietas. Nec quidem un-
 quam adduci possem, ut poema patrio sermone
 conscriptum oculis tuis subicerem, qui ab istis co-
 natibus cæteros omnes scribendo non minus deter-
 res, quam savendo excitaveris.

HUMANITATIS TUX

CULTOR DEVOTISSIMUS,

JOSEPHUS ADDISON.

Magd. Coll.
 Oxon. 1697.

PAX GULIELMI AUSPICIS EUROPÆ
 REDDITA, 1697.

POSTQUAM ingens clamorque virum, strepitusque
 tubarum,

Atque omnis belli cecidit fragor; aspice Cæsar,
 Quæ tibi solliciti, turba importuna, poetæ
 Munera deducunt: generosæ a peiore flammæ,
 Diræque armorum effigies, simulachraque belli
 Tristitia diffugiant: O tandem abhiste triumphis
 Expletus, penitusque animo totum excute Martem,

Non ultra ante oculos numeroso milite campi
 Miscetur, solito nec fervent arva tumultu;
 Stat circum alter quies, curvoque innixus aratro
 Desertas fossas, et castra minantia castris
 Rusticus invertit, tacita formidine lustrans
 Horroremque loci, et funestos stragibus agros.
 Jamque super vallum et munimina longa viriscit
 Expectata seges, jam propugnacula rident
 Vere novo; insuetos mirabitur incolæ culmos,
 Luxuriemque soli, et turgentem a sanguine messem.

Aspici ut toto excitus venit advena mundo
 Bellorum invifens sedem, et confusa ruinis
 Oppida, et everfos flammiarum turbine muros!
 Ut trepidos rerum Annales, tristitemque laborum
 Inquirat seriem, attonitis ut spectat ocellis
 Semirutæ turrets, et adhuc polluta cruore
 Flumina, famosofque Ormondi volvere campos!

Hic, ubi faxa jacent disperso insecta cerebro,
 Atque interruptis hiscunt divortia muris,
 Vexillum intrepidus fixit, cui tempora dudum
 Budenses palmæ, peregrinaque laurus obumbrat.
 Ille ruens aciem in mediam, qua ferrea grando
 Sparsa fuerit circum, et plumbi densissimus imber,
 Sulphuream noctem, tetrasque bitumine nubes
 Ingreditur, crebroque rubentem fulgure fumum.
 Ut vario anfractu, et disjectis undique faxis
 Mœnia discedunt, scopulisque immane minantur
 Desuper horridificis, et formidabile pendent!

Hic pestem occultam, et secundas sulphure moles
 Cernere erat, magno quas inter mota tumultu
 Prælia fervebant; subito eum claustra fragore
 Horrendum disrupa tonant, semiustaque membra,
 Fumantesque artus, laniataque corpora lethum
 Corripit informe, et rotat ater in æthere turbo.

Sic, postquam Encladi dejecit fulmine fratres
 Cœlicolùm pater, et vetuit contemnere divos:
 Divulsam terræ faciem, ingentesque ruinas
 Mortales stupere; altum hinc mirantur abesse
 Pelion, invertique imis radicibus Ossam:
 Hic fluvium moles inter confusaque saxa
 Reptare, atque aliis discentem currere ripis.
 Stant dubii, et notos montes umbrasque requirunt,
 Errore ambiguo elusi, et novitate locorum.

Nempe hic Auriaci nuper vexilla secutæ
 Confluxere acies, hic, aspera corda, Britanni,
 Germanique feroces, et juncto fœdere Belga;
 Quique truci Boreæ, et cœlo damnatus iniquo
 Vitam agit in tenebris; et qui dudum ore perusto
 Decolor admoti prodit vestigia Phœbi:
 Undique conveniunt, totum conscipia per orbem

* Honoratissimus D. Dominus Cutte, Baro de Cowran,
 &c.

Agmina, Naffovique latus socialibus armis
Circumfusa tegunt, fremitusque et mœmura mis-
cent,

Tam vario dijuncta situ, tot diffona linguis.

Te tamen e mediis. * Ductor Fortissime, turmis
Exere. Tu vitam (si quid mea carmina possunt)
Accipies, populique encomia fera futuri,
Quem varias edoctum artes, studiisque Minervæ
Omnibus ornatum, Marti Rhedycina furenti
Credidit invita, et tanto se jactat alumno.
Hunc nempse ardorem, atque immensos pectoris
æstus

Non jubar Arctœum, aut nostri penuria cœli,
Sed plaga torridior, qua sol intentius omnes
Effudit radies, totique obnoxia Phœbo
India progenit, tenerisque incoxit ab annis
Virtutem immodicam, et generosæ incendia mentis.

Jam quoque torpentem qui infelix suspicit Arc-
ton,

Brumamque æternam frigusque perambulat, urfæ
Horridus exuviis, Gulielmi ingentia facta
Describit sociis, pugnatque in ordine bella
A tentus numerat, neque brumam aut frigora curat.
En! vastos nivium tractus et palida regna
Deserit, imperio extremum † qui subijcit orbem,
Indigenasque hyemes, Britonumque Heroa pe-
rerrat

Lominibus tacitis; fabeunt nunc fusa Namuræ
Mœnia, nunc tardo quæ sanguine plurima fluxit
Boisina, nunc dubii palma indiscreta Senefsi
Quæ facies, et quanta viri! quo vertice in auras
Assurgit! quali firmat vestigia gressu,
Majestate rudi, et torvo spectabilis ore!
Sic olim Alcides, immania membra Leonis
Instratus spoliis, vasta se mole ferebat,
Evandri amplexus dextramque adjungere dextræ
Cum peteret, testisque ingens succederet hospes.

Dum pugnas, Gulielmæ, tuas, camposque cruentos
Accipit, in venis ebullit vividus humor, [dor.
Cordo micant crebro, et mentem ferit æmulus ar-
Non jam Riphæos hostis populabit agros
Impune, aut agitant inultas Sarmata prædas.

Quis tamen ille procul fremitus! Quæ murmura
vulgi

Nassovium ingeminant! video cava littora circum
Fervere renigibus, subitisque albescere velis.
Anglia solve metus, et inanes mitte querelas,
Nassovi secuta tui, desiste tumentes
Prospicere in fluctus animo suspensa, trucesque
Objugare notos, tardamque requirere puppim:
Optatus tibi Cæsar adest, nec ut ante videbis
Solicitem belli studiis, fatali Gallo
Concilia et tacitas versantem in pectore pugnas.
Olli grata quies et pax tranquilla verendum
Composuit vultum, lætosque adflavit honores.
Ut densio circum se plurimus agmine miles
Agglomerat lateri: ut patriam veteresque penates
Respicit exultans! juvat ostentare recentes
Ore cicatrices, et vulnera cruda, notasque
Mucronum insignes, afflataque sulphure membra.
Chara stupet conjux, reduciisque incerta mariti

Vestigat faciem; trepida formidine proles
Stat procul, et patrios horrescit nescia vultus.
Ille graves casus, duri et discrimina belli
Enumerat, tumidique instaurat prælia verbis.
Sic, postquam in patriam secunda heroibus Argo
Phryxæam attulerat pellem, lanamque rigentem
Expofuit Graiis, et tortile velleris aurum,
Navita terrificis infamia littora mensuris
Describit, mixto spirantem incendia fumo
Serpentem, vigilesque feras, plaustrisque gementes
Infolito tauros, et anhelos igne juvencos.

Te tamen, O quantis Gulielmi crepte periculis,
Accipimus reducem: tibi Diva Britannia fundit
Plebemque et procures: medias quacunque per
urbes

Ingrederis, crebræ confurgunt undique pompæ,
Gaudiaque et plausus: mixto ordine vulgus eun-
tem

Circumstat fremitu densio: Tibi Jupiter annum
Serius inverit, lucces mirata serenas [pho.
Ridet Hyems, festoque vacat cœlum omne trium-
Jamque * Nepos tibi parvus adest, lætoque ju-
ventæ

Incessu, et blando testatur gaudia risu.
Ut patrius vigor atque elati gratia vultus
Cæsareum spirant, majestatemque verendam
Infundunt puero! ut mater formosa serenat
Augustam frontem, et sublimia temperat ora!
Agnosco faciem ambigam, mixtoque parentes,
Ille tuas, Gulielmæ, acies, et tristia bella,
Pugnasque innocua dudum sub imagine lufit.
Nunc indignanti similis fugitiva pusilla
Terga premit turmæ, et falsis terroribus implet,
Sternitque exiguum fido cognomine Gallum.
Nunc simulat turres, et propugnacula parva
Nominibus signat variis; subitoque tumultu
Sedulus infirmas arces, humilemque Namurcam
Diruit: interea generosæ in pectore flammæ
Assurgunt sensim juveni, notat ignis honestas
Purpureo fervore genas, et amabilis horror.

Quis tamen Augustæ immensas in carmine
pompas

Instruct, in luteos ubi vulgo effusa canales
Vina rubent, variatque infectas purpura sordes?
Quis lapsus referet stellarum, et fœdile cœlum,
Qua laceram ostendunt redolentia compita char-
tam,

Sulphuris exuvias, tubulosque bitumine cassos?

En procul attonitam video clarescere noctum:
Fulgore insolito! ruit undique lucides imber,
Flagrantæque hyemes; crepitantia sidera passim
Scintillant, totoque pluvant incendia cœlo.
Nec minus id terris Vulcanus mille figuras
Induit, ignivomasque feras, et fulgida monstra,
Terribiles visu formas! hic membra Leonis
Hispida mentitur, tortisque comantia flammis
Colla quatit, rutilatque jubas; hic lubricus An-
guem

Ludit, subsiliens, et multo sibilat igne. [vis
Lætitiam ingentem atque effusa hæc gaudia ci-
Jam tandem securus agit, p̄suroque timore
Exercet ventos, classemque per ultima mundi
Impune educit, pelagoque licentius errat:

* Infig. Dom. Christoph. Codrington, unus ex Regii Sa-
lætitii præfæctis.

† Moscovicæ Imperator.

* Celsissimus Princeps Dux Gloucestrensis.

Seu constricta gelu, mediisque horrentia Cancri
Mensibus arva videt; seu turgida malit olenti
Tendere vela noto, qua thurea flamina miscet
Æolus, et placidis perfundit odoribus auras.

Vos animæ illustres heroum, umbræque recentes,
Quarum trunca jacent et adhuc stillantia crudis
Corpora vulneribus, quibus hæc optabilis orbi
Parta quies, nondum Nassovo abducite vestro
Fida satellitia, at solitis stipate catervis
Ductorem, et tenues circum diffundite turmas.
Tuque Maria, tuos non unquam oblita Britannios,
O Diva, O patiens magni expectare maritum,
Ne teris Dominum invidas, quanquam amplius
illum

Detineant, longamque agitent sub vindice pacem.

BAROMETRI DESCRIPTIO.

QUA penetrat fissor terræ cæca antra, metallo
Fœcunda informi, rudibusque nitentia venis;
Dum stupet occultas gazas, nummosque futuros,
Erat argenti latices, nitidumque liquorem;
Qui nullo effusus prodit vestigia tractu,
Nec terram signo revolvibilis imprimit udo,
Sed fractus sparsim in globulos formam usque ro-
tundam

Servat, et in teretes lapsans se colligit orbes.

Incertum qua sit natura, an negligat ultra
Perficier, jubar et maturus inutile temnat;
An potius solis vis imperfecta relinquat
Argentum male coctum, divitiisque fluentes;
Quicquid erit, magno se jactat nobilis usu;
Nec Deus effulsit magis aspectabilis olim.
Cum Danaën flavo circum pretiosus anictu
Ambiit, et gratam suadente libidine formam,
Depluit irriguo liquefactum Numen in Auro.

Quin age, fume tubum fragilem, cui densior aër
Exclusus; fundo vitri subfidat in imo
Argenti stagnum; ut pluvia impendente metallum
Mobili descendat, vel contra, ubi postulat æstas,
Prodeat hinc liquor emergens, et rursus inane
Occupet ascensu, tubulumque excurrat in omnem.

Jam cœli faciem tempestatesque futuras
Conscia lymphæ monet, brumamque et frigora
narrat.

Nam quoties liquor insurgit, vitreoque canali
Sublatum nequeunt ripæ cohibere priores;
Tum lætos sperare dies licet, arva fatentur
Æstatem, et large diffuso lumine rident.
Sin sese immodicum attollens argenteus humor,
Et nimium oppressus, contendat ad ardua vitri,
Jam sicut herbæ, jam succos flamma feraces
Excoquit, et languent consumto prata virore.

Cum vero tenues nebulas spiracula terræ
Fudunt, et madidi fluitant super æquora sumi,
Pabula venturæ pluviz; tum fusile pondus
Inferiora petit; nec certior ardea celos
Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheris oras
Tranapo, crassa fruitur sublimis aura,
Discutit et madidis rorantia nubila pennis.
Nunc guttæ agglomerant, dispersas frigora stipant
Particulas, rarisque in nubem cogitur humor;

Prata virent, segetem sæcundis imbris æther
Irrigat, et bibulæ radici alimenta ministrat.
Quin ubi plus æquo descendens uda metalli
Fundum amat, impatiens pluviz, metuensque pro-
cellam,

Agricolæ caveant; non hoc impune colonus
Aspicit; ostendet mox facta vaporibus aura
Collectas hyemes, tempestatemque sonoram.
At licet argentum mole incumbente levatum
Subsidat, penitusque imo se condat in alveo,
Cætera quæque tument; everfis flumina ripis
Expatiat ruunt, spumantibus æstuat undis
Diluvium, rapidique effusa licentia ponti.

Nulla tacet secreta poli mirabile vitrum,
Quin varios cœli vultus et tempora prodit,
Ante refert, quando tenui velamine tutus
Incedes, quando sperabis frigidus ignem.

Augurio hoc fretus, quanquam atri nubila cœli
Dirumpunt obscura diem, pluviasque minantur;
Machina si neget, et sudum promittat apertum,
Audax carpat iter nimbo pendente viator;
Nec metuens imbrem, poscentes messor aristas
Prosternat: terræ jam bruma incumbit inermis,
Frigoraque haud nocitura cadunt, feriuntque pa-
ratos.

ITITMAIO-EPANOMAXIA.

SIVE

PRÆLIUM INTER PYGMÆOS ET GRUES COMMISSUM.

PENNATAS acies, et lamentabile bellum

Pygmæadum refero: parvas tu, musæ, cohortes
Intræ; tu gladios, mortemque minantia rostra,
Offensosque Grues, indignantesque pusillam
Militiam celebra; volucrumque hominumque tu-
multus.

Heroum ingentes animos et tristia bella
Pieridum labor exhaustit, versuque sonoro
Jussit et æterna numerorum assurgere pompa:
Quis lectos Graiûm juvenes, et torva tuentem
Thesea, quis pedibus velocem ignorat Achillem?
Quem dura Æneæ certamina, quem Gulielmi
Gesta latent? Fratres Thebani, et flebile fatum
Pompeii quem non desassavere legentem?
Primus ego intas acies, gracilemque tubarum
Carmine depingam sonitum; nova castra secutus;
Exiguosque canam pugiles, Gruibusque malignos
Heroes, nigrisque ruentem è nubibus hostem.
Qua solis tepet ortu, primitiisque diei
India læta rubet, medium inter inhospita saxa
(Per placidam vallem, et paucis accessu vireta)
Pygmæum quondam steterat, dum fata sinebant,
Imperium. Hinc varias vitam excolere per artes
Seduli, et assiduo fervebant arva popello.
Nunc si quis dura evadat per saxa viator,
Desertosque lares, et valles ossibus albas
Exiguus videt, et vestigia parva stupefcit.
Desolata tenet victrix impune volucris
Regna, et securo crepitat grus improba nido:
Non sic, dum multos stetit insuperabilis annos

Parvula progenies; tum, si quis cominus ales
Congredi, et immixtæ auderet se credere pugnae,
Miles atrox aderat, fumtisque feroculus armis
Sternit humi volucrum moribundam, humerisque
reportat

Ingentem prædam; caesoque epulatur in hoste.
Sepe improvisas mactabat, sepe juvabat
Diripere aut nidum, confusaque mortis imago.
Nempe larem quoties multa construxerat arte,
Aut uteri posuisset onus, volucrumque futuram;
Continuo vultu spirans immane minaci
Omnia vastaret miles, fortisque necaret
Immeritos, vitamque abrumperet imperfectam,
Cum tepido nondum maturuit hostis in ovo.

Hinc causæ irarum, bella hinc, fatalia bella,
Atque acies letho intentæ, volucrumque virumque
Commisissæ strages, confusaque mortis imago.
Non tantos motus, nec tam memorabile bellum,
Mædonius quondam sublimi carmine vates
Lusit; ubi totam strepitumque armisque paludem
Miscuit: hic (visu miserabile!) corpora murum
Sparsa jacent juncis transfixa, hic gutture rauco
Rana dolet, pedibusque abscisso poplite ternis
Reptat humi, solitis nec sese saltibus effert.

Jamque dies Pygmæo aderat, quo tempore cæsi
Pœnituit sætus, intactaque maluit ova.
Nam super his accensa graves exarsit in iras
Grus stomachans; omnesque simul, quas Strymonis
unda,

Aut stagnum Mareotidis, imi aut uda Cæstri
Prata tenent, adsunt; Scythicaque excita palude,
Et conjurato volucris descendit ab litro.

Stragesque immensas et vulnera cogitat absens,
Exacuitque ungues istum meditata futurum,
Et rostrum parat acre, fugæque accommodat alas.
Tantus amor belli, et vindictæ arrecta cupido.
Ergo ubi ver nactus proprium, suspensus in alto
Aëre concussis exercitus obstrepat, alas,
Terræque immensos tractus, semotaque longe
Æquora despicunt, Boreamque et nubila tranant.
Innumeri: crebro circum ingens fluctuat æther
Flamine, et assiduus miscet celum omne tumultus.

Nec minor in terris motus, dum bella facessit
Impiger, insituitque agmen, firmatque phalanges,
Et furit arreptis animosus homuncio telis:
Donec turma duas composita excurrat in alas,
Ordinibusque frequens, et Marte instructa perito.

Jamque acies inter medias sese arduus infert
Pygmædum ductor, qui majestate verendus
Incessuque gravis reliquos supereminet omnes
Mole gigantea, mediamque assurgit in ulnam.
Torrior aspectu (hostilis nam inculpserat unguis
Ore cicatrices) vultuque offendant honesta
Rostrorum signa, et crudos in pectore morsus.
Immortali odio, æternisque exercuit iris
Alituum gentem, non illum impune volucris
Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret confusus aduncis.
Fatalem quoties Gruibus distinxerat enseni,
Truncavitque alas, celerique fugam abstulit hosti:
Quot fecit strages! quæ nudis funera pullis
Intulit, heu! quoties implevit Strymona fletu!

Jamque procul sonus auditur, piecamque volan-
tum

Prospectant nubem bellumque hostesque serentem.
Crescens tandem, atque oculis se plurimus offert

Ordinibus structus variis exercitus ingens

Alituum, motisque eventilat aëra pennis.

Turba polum replet, specieque immanis obumbrat

Agmina Pygmæorum, et densa in nubibus hæret:

Nunc densa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris.

Belli ardent studio Pygmæi, et lumine sævo

Suspiciunt hostem; nec longum tempus, et ingens

Turba Gruum horresco sese super agmina lapsu

Præcipitat gravis, et bellum sperantibus infert:

Fit fragor; avulsæ volitant circum aëra plumæ.

Mox defessa iterum levibus sese eripit alis,

Et vires reparata iterum petit impete terras.

Armorum pendet fortuna: hic fixa volucris

Cuspide, sanguineo sese furibunda rotatu [tema

Torquet agens circum, rostrumque intendit in hos-

Inbelle, et curvos in morte recolligit ungues.

Pygmæi hic stillat lentus de vulnere sanguis,

Singultusque ciet crebros, pedibusque pusillis

Tundit humum, et moriens unguem execratur a-
cutum.

Æstuat omne solum strepitu, tepidoque rubescit

Sanguine, sparguntur gladii, sparguntur et alæ,

Unguesque et digiti, commistaque rostra lacertis.

Pygmæadum sævit, mediisque in millibus ardet

Ductor, quem late hinc atque hinc pereuntia cin-
gunt

Corpora fusa Gruum; mediaque in morte vagatur,

Nec plausu alarum, nec rostri concidit ictu.

Ille Gruum terror, illum densissima circum

Miscetur pugno, et bellum omne laborat in uno:

Cum, subito appulsus (sic Di voluere) tumultu

Ex inopino ingens et formidabilis ales

Comprendit pedibus pugnantem; et (triste relatu)

Sustulit in cælum; bellator ab unguibus hæret

Pendulus, agglomerat strepitu globus undique den-
sus

Alituum; frustra Pygmæi lumine mædo

Regem inter nubes lugent, solitoque minorem

Heroem aspiciunt gruibus plaudentibus escam.

Jamque recrudescit bellum, grus desuper urget

Pygmæum rostro, atque hostem petit ardua morsus;

Tum fugit alta volans; is sursum brachia iactat

Vulneris impatiens, et inanes sævit in auras.

Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens

Mitteret in cælum Briareus, folioque tonantem

Præcipitem excuteret; sparguntur in æthere toto

Fulminaque scopulique: flagrantia tela deorsum

Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vasta gigantum

Corpora fusa jacent, semiustaque sulphure fumant.

Viribus absumptis penitus Pygmæia tandem

Agmina languescunt; ergo pars vertere terga

Horribili perculsa metu, pars tollere vocem

Exiguam; late populus cubitalis oberrat.

Instant à tergo volucres, lacerantque trahuntque

Immites, certæ gentem extirpare nefandam.

Sic Pygmæa domus multos dominata per annos,

Tot bellis defuncta, gruum tot læta triumphis,

Funditus interiit: nempe exitus omnia tandem

Certus regna manet, sunt certi denique fines,

Quos ultra transire nefas: hic corruit olim

Assyriæ imperium, sic magnæ Persidis imis

Sedibus eversum est; et majus utroque Latinum.

Elysi valles nunc agmine lustrat inani,

Et veterum Heroum miscetur grandibus umbris

Plebs parva; aut, si quid fidei mereatur anilis

*Fabula, pastores per noctis opaca pusillas
Sæpe vident umbras, Pygmaeos corpore cassos.
Dum secura gruum, et veteres oblita labores,
Lætitiz penitus vacat, indulgetque choreis,
Angustosque terit calles, viridesque per orbis
Turba levis salit, et lemorum cognomine gaudet.*

RESURRECTIO

DELINEATA

AD ALTARE COL. MAGD. OXON.

*Æreos fuci tractus, calamique labores,
Surgentesque hominum formas, ardentiaque ora
Judicis, et simulachra modis pallentia miris,
Terribilem visu pompam, tu carmine Mûsa
Pande novo, vatique sacros accende furores.*

*Olim planitiem (quam nunc fecunda colorum
Insignit pictura) inhonesto et simplice cultu
Vestit albedo, sed ne rima ulla priorem
Agnoscat faciem, mox fundamenta futuræ
Substravit pictor tabulæ, humoremque sequacem
Per muros traxit; velamine mœnia crasso
Squalent obducta, et rudioribus illita fucis.*

*Utque (polo nondum stellis fulgentibus apto)
Ne spatium moles immensa dehiscat inani,
Per cava cœlorum, et convexa patientia late
Hinc atque hinc interfusus fluitaverat æther;
Mox radiante novum torreat lumine mundum
Titan, et pallens alienos mitius ignes
Cynthia vibrabat; crebris nunc confusus altris
Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor Læteus omne
Diffundere in cœlum, longoque albescere tractu.*

*Sic, operis postquam luit primordia pictor,
Dum sordet paries, nullumque fatetur Apellem,
Cautius exercet calamos, atque arte tenacem
Confundit viscum, succosque attemperat, omnes
Inducit tandem formas; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, et picturarum vulgus inane.*

*Aligeris muri-vacat ora suprema ministris,
Sparæque per totam cœlestis, turba tabellam
Raucos inspirat lituos, buccasque tumentes
Inflat, et attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
Defunctis sonus auditur, tabularumque per imam
Picta gravescit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, et plurima furgit imago.*

*Pro, dum secundis Cadmus dat semina sulcis,
Terra tumet prægnans, animataque gleba laborat,
Luxuriatur ager segete spirante, calefcit
Omne solum, crescitque virorum prodiga messis.*

*Jam pulvis varias terræ dispersa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Sensum dirigit, seu sese immiscuit herbis,
Explicita est; molem rursus coalescit in unam
Divisum funus, sparfos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque iterum cœcūta membra.
Hic nondum specie perfecta resurgit imago,
Vultum truncata, atque inhonesto vulnere nares
Manca, et adhuc deest informi de corpore mul-
tum.*

*Paulatim in rigidum hic vira insinuat cadaver
Motu ægro vix dum redivivos erigit artus.*

*Inscit his horror vultus, et imagine tota
Fusa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.*

*Detrahe quin oculos spectator, et, ora nitentem
Si poterit perferre diem, medium inspicere murum;
Qua sedet orta Deo proles, Deus ipse; sereno
Lumine perfusus, radiisque inspersus acutus.
Circum tranquillæ fundantur tempora flammæ,
Regius ore vigor spirat, nitet ignis ocellis,
Flurimaque effulget majestas numine toto.*

*Quantum dissimilis, quantam o! mutatus ab illa,
Qui peccata luit crucians non sua, vitam
Quando luctantem cunctata morte trahebat!
Sed frustra voluit defunctum Golgotha numen
Condere, dum victa factorum lege triumphans
Nativum petiit cœlum, et super æthera vectus
Despexit lunam exiguum, solemque minorem.*

*Jam latus effusum, et palmas ostendit utrasque;
Vulnuseque infixum pede, clavorumque recepta
Signa, et transacti quondam vestigia ferri.
Umbræ huc felices tendunt, numerosaque cœlos
Turba petunt, atque immortalia donâ capeffunt.
Matres, et longæ nunc reddita corpora vitæ
Infantum, juvenes, pueri, inuuptæque puellæ
Stant circum, atque avidos jubar immortale bi-
bentes*

*Affigunt oculos in numine: laudibus æther
Intonat, et læto ridet cœlum omne triumpho.
His amor impatiens conceptaque gaudia mentem
Funditus exagitant, imoque in pectore fervent.
Non æque exultat flagrantis corde Sibylla,
Hospite cum tumet incluso, et præcordia sentit
Mota Dei stimulis, nimioque calentia Phœbo.*

*Quis tamen ille novus perfringit lumina fulgor?
Quam Mitra effigiem distinxit pictor, inhonesto
Surgentem è tumulo, alatoque satellite fultam?
Agnoscat faciem, vultu latet alter in illo*

** Wainfietus, sic ille oculos, sic ora ferebat:
Eheu quando animi par invenietur imago!*

*Quando aliū similem virtus habitura! —
Irați innocuas securus numinis iras*

Aspicit, impavidosque in judice figit ocellos.

Quin age, et horrentem commixtis igne tenebris

*Jam videas scenam; multo hic stagnantia fuco
Mœnia flagrantem liquesfacto sulphure rivum.*

*Fingunt, et falsus tanta arte accenditur ignis,
Ut toti metuas tabulæ, ne flamma per omne*

Livida serpat opus, tenuesque absumpta recedat

Pictura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.

Huc turba infelix agitur, turpisque videri

Infrendit dentes, et rugis contrahit ora.

Vindex à tergo implacabile sævit, et enseni

Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante scelestos

Jam Paradiseis iterum depellit ab oris.

Hæu! quid agat tristis? Quo se cœlestibus iris

Subtrahat? O! quantum vellet nunc æthere in alto

Virtutem colere! at tandem suspiria ducit

Nequicquam, et sero in lacrymas effunditur; obstant

Sortes non revocandæ, et inexorable numen.

Quam varias aperit veneres pictura! periti

Quot calami legimus vestigia! quanta colorum

Gratia se profert! tales non discolor iris

Ostendat, vario cum lumine floridus imber

Rore nitet toto, et gutta scintillat in omni.

* Coll. Magd. Fundator.

O fuci nitor, O pulchri durate colores!
Nec, pictura, tuæ languescat gloria formæ,
Dum lucem videas, qualem exprimis ipsa, supremam.

SPHERISTERIUM.

Hic ubi graminea in latum sese explicat æquor
Planities, vacuoque ingens patet area campo,
Cum solem nondum fumantia prata fatentur
Exortum, et tumida pendent in gramine guttæ,
Improba falsæ noctis parva incrementa prioris
Defecat, exiguum radens æ celsipite messem:
Tum motu assiduo saxum versatile terram
Deprimat extantera, et surgentes atterit herbas.
Lignæ percurrunt vernantem turba palæstram
Unctæ, nitens oleo, formæ quibus esse rotundæ
Artificis ferrum dederat, facilisque moveri.
Ne tamen offendant incauti errore globorum,
Quæque suis incisa notis stat sphaera; sed unus
Hanc vult, quæ infuso multum inclinata metallo
Vertitur in gyros, et iniquo tramite currit;
Quin alii diversa placet, quam parcius urget
Plumbea vis, motuque sinit procedere recto. [quas

Postquam ideo in partes turbam distinxerat æ-
Confilium, aut fors; quisque suis accingitur armis.
Evolat orbiculus, qua cursum meta futurum
Designat; jactique legens vestigia, primam,
Qui certamen init, sphaeram demittit, at illa
Lenitur effusa, exiguum quod ducit in orbem,
Radit iter, donec sensim primo impete fesso
Subsistat: subito globus emicat alter et alter.

Mox ubi funduntur late agmina crebra minorem
Sparsa per obiculis, stipantque frequentia metam,
Atque negant faciles aditus; jam cautius exit,
Et leviter sese insinuat revolvibile lignum.
At si forte globum, qui misit, spectat inertem
Serpere, et impressum subito languescere motum,
Pone urget sphaeræ vestigia, et anxius instat,
Objurgatque moras, currentique imminet orbi.
Atque ut segnis honos dextræ servetur, iniquam
Incusat terram, ac surgentem in marmore nodum.

Nec risus tacuere, globus cum volvitur actus
Infami jactu, aut nimium vestigia plumbum
Allicit, et sphaeram à recto trahit insita virtus.
Tum qui projecit, strepitus effundit inanes,
Et, variam in speciem distorto corpore, falsos
Increpat errores, et dat convitia ligno.
Sphaera sed, irarum temens ludibria, cœptum
Pergit iter, nullisque movetur sarda querelis.

Illam tamen laudes summumque meretur honorem,

Quæ non dirumpit cursum, absistitque moveri,
Donec turbam inter crebram dilapsa supremum
Perfecit stadium, et metæ inclinata recumbit.
Hostis at hærentem orbiculo detrudere sphaeram
Cerrat, luminibusque viam signantibus omnes
Intendit vires, et missile fortiter urget:
Evolat adducto non segnis sphaera lacerto.
Haud ita profliciens illeto carcere pernix
Auriga invehitur, cum raptus ab axe citato
Currentesque domos videt, et fugientia tecta.

VOL. VII.

Si tamen in duris, obstrucla satellite multo,
Impingat socios, confundatque orbibus orbes;
Tum servet blis, fortunam daminat acerbum,
Atque deos atque astra vocat crudelia—

Si vero incurfus facilis, aditumque patentem
Inveniat, partoque hostis spoliatur honore:
Turba fremit confusa, sonisque frequentibus, euge,
Exclamant socii; plausu strepit omne viretum.

Interea fessos inimico Sirius astro
Corripit, et salas exudant corpora guttas;
Lenia jam Zephyri spirantes frigora, ut umbras
Captantur, vulnūque fluens abstergitur humor.

D. D. HANNES,

INSIGNISSIMUM MEDICUM ET POETAM.

O qui canoro blandius Orpheo
Vocale ducis carmen, et exitu
Felicior lucuosus.

Sæpe animam revocas ab umbris
Jam seu solutos in numerum pedes
Cogis, vel ægrum et vix animæ tenax
Corpus tuicis, seu cadaver

Luminibus penctras acutis;
Opus relinquens eripe te moræ,
Frontemque curis sollicitam explicæ,
Scyphumque jactu require
Purpureo gravidum Lyæo.

Nunc plena magni pocula postules
Memor Wilhelmii, nunc moveat sitim
Minister ingens, imperique

Præsidium habu leve, Montacutus,
Omitte tandem triste negotium
Gravesque curas, heu nimium pius!

Nec cæteros cæcus mederi
Ipse tuam minus salutem,
Frustra cruorem pulsibus incidis
Ebullientem pollice comprimis,
Attentus explorare venam

Quæ febris exagitet tumentem:
Frustra liquores quot chemica expedit
Fornax, et error sanguinis, et vigor
Innatus herbis te faciant:

Serius aut citius sepulchro
Debemur omnes, vitæque deseret
Expulsa morbis corpus inhospitum,
Lentumque descebut nepotes
(Reliquias animæ) cadaver.

Manes videbis tu quoque fabulas
Quos pauciores fecerit ars tua;
Suumque victorem vicissim

Subjicit libitina victrix,
Decurrit illi vita beator

Quicumque lucem non nimis anxius
Reddit molestam, urgetque curas

Sponte sua satis ingruentes;
Et quem diem lene fluentium

Delectat ordo, vitæque mutuis
Felix amicis, gaudiisque

Innocuis bene temperata,

N

MACHINE GESTICULANTES,

ANGLICE

A PUPPET-SHOW.

ADMIRANDA cano levium spectacula rerum,
Exiguam gentem, et vacuum sine mente popellum;
Quem, non surreptis cœli de fornice flammis,
Innocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus.

Compita qua risu fervent, glomeratque tumultum

Histrion, delectatque inhiantem scœmmate turbam;
Quotquot lætitiæ studio aut novitate tenentur,
Undique congressi permixta sedilia complent,
Nec confusus honos; nummo subsellia cedunt
Diverso, et varii ad pretium flat copia scæmni.
Tandem ubi subtrahitur velamen, lumina passim
Angustos penetrant aditus, qua plurima visum
Fila secant, ne, cum vacuo datur ore fenestra,
Pervia fraus pateat: mox stridula turba penates
Ingreditur pictos, et mœnia squallido fūco.
Hic humiles inter scenas, angustaque claustra,
Quicquid agunt homines, concursus, bella, triumphos,

Ludit in exiguo plebecula parva theatro.

Sed præter reliquos incidit Homuncio rauca
Voce strepens; major subnectit fibula vestem,
Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus;
In ventrem tumet immodicum; pone eminet ingens
A tergo gibbus; Pygmœum territat agmen
Major, et immanem miratur turba gigantem.
Hic magna fretus mole, imparibusque lacertis
Confusus, gracili jactat convivia vulgo,
Et crebro solvit, lepidum caput, ora cachinno.
Quamquam res agitur solenni serâ pompa,
Spernit sollicitum intractabilis ille tumultum,
Et risu importunus adest, atque omnia turbat.
Nec raro invadit molles, pictamque protervo
Ore petit nympham, invitoque dat oscula ligno.

Sed comitum vulgus diversis membra fatigant
Ludis, et vario lascivit mobile saltu.

Sæpe etiam gemmis rutila, et spectabilis auro,
Ligneæ gens prodit, nitidisque superbit in ostris.
Nam, quoties festam celebrat sub imagine lucem,
Ordine composito nympharum incedit honestum
Agmen, et exigui proceres, parvique quirites.
Pygmæos credas positos mitemere bellis,
Jamque, infensa gruum tementes prælia, tuto
Indulgere joci, tenerisque vacare choreis.

Tales, cum medio labuntur sidera cælo,
Parvi subsiliunt lemmures, populusque pusillus
Festivos, rediens sua per vestigia, gyros
Ducit, et angustum crebro pede pulsitat orbem.
Mane patent gressus; hic succos terra feraces
Concipit, in multam pubentia gramina surgunt
Luxuriam, tenerisque virefcit circulus herbis.

At non tranquillâ nulla abducent nubila luces,
Sæpe gravi surgunt bella, horrida bella tumultu.
Arma cient truculenta cohors, placidamque quietem

Dirumpunt pugna; usque adeo insincera voluptas
Omnibus, et mixtæ castigant gaudia curæ.
Jam gladii, tubusque ingesto sulphure fœti

Protensq̃ue hastæ, fulgentiaque arma, minæque
Telorum ingentes subeunt; dant claustra fragorem

Horrendum, ruptæ stridente bitumine chartæ
Confusos reddunt crepitus, et sibilâ miscent.
Sternitur omne solum percunctibus; undique cæsa
Apparent turmæ, civilis crimina belli.

Sed postquam insanus pugnae deserbuit æstus,
Exuerintque truces animos, jam Marte fugato,
Diversas repetunt artes, curasque priores.
Nec raro præsci heroes, quos pagina sacra
Suggerit, atque olim peperit felicior ætas,
Aic parva redeunt specie. Cano ordine cernas
Antiquos prodire, agmen venerabile, patres.
Rugis fulcantur vultus, proluxaque barbæ
Canities mento pendet: sic tarda senectus
Tithonum minuit, cum moles tota cicadam
Induit, in gracilem sensim collecta figuram.
Nunc tamen unde genus ducat, quæ dextra latentes

Suppeditet vires, quem poscat turba moventem,
Expediam. Truncos opifex et inutile lignum
Cogit in humanas species, et robore natam
Progeniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci
Crura ligat pedibus, humerisque accommodat artus,

Et membris membra aptat, et artubus insuit artus.
Tunc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte pusillum
Versat onus, molique manu famulatus inert
Sufficit occultos motus, vocemque ministrat.
His structa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos
Ostendit sulcos, duri et vestigia ferri:
Hinc salit, atque agili se sublevat incita motu,
Vocisque emittit tenues, et non sua verba.

AD INSIGNISSIMUM VIRUM

D. THO. BURNETTUM,

SACRÆ THEORIÆ TELLURIS AUCTOREM.

NON usitatum carminis alitem,
Burnette, poscis, non humiles modos:

Vulgare plectrum, languidaque

Respuis officium camenæ.

Tu mixta rerum semina conscius,

Molemq̃ue cernis dissociabilem,

Terramque concretam, et latentem

Oceanum gremio capaci:

Dum veritatem quærere pertinax

Ignota pandis, sollicitus parum

Ucunque stet commune vulgi

Arbitrium et popularis error.

Auditor ingens continuo fragor,

Illapsa tellus lubrica deserit

Fundamina, et compage fracta

Suppositas gravis urget undas.

Impulsus erumdit medius liquor,

Terras aquarum effusa licentia

Claudit vicissim; has inter orbæ

Reliquiæ fluitant priores.

Nunc et recluso carcere lucidam

Balæna spectat solis imaginem,

Et populus meditata bustum!
Nudus liquentes plorat Athos nives,
Et mox liquefens ipse adamantinum
Fundit cacumen, dum per imas
Saxa fluunt resoluta valles.
Jamque alta celi mœnia corruunt,
Et vestra tandem pagina (proh nefas!)
Burnette, vestra augebit ignes,
Heu socio periture mundo.
Mox æqua tellus, mox subitus viror
Ubique ridet: en teretem globum!
En læta vernantes Favoni
Flamina, perpetuoque flores!
O pectus ingens! O animum gravem
Mundi capacem! si bonus suguror,
Te, nostra quo tellus superbit,
Accipiet renovata civem.

N ii

TRANSLATIONS.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE III.

Augustus had a design to rebuild Troy, and make it the metropolis of the Roman empire, having closeted several senators on the project: Horace is supposed to have written the following ode on this occasion.

THE man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.

Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move;
Nor the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.

Should the whole frame of nature round him
break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.

Such were the godlike arts that led
Bright Pollux to the blest abodes;
Such did for great Alcides plead,
And gain'd a place among the gods;
Where now Augustus, mixt with heroes, lies,
And to his lips the nectar bowl applies:
His ruddy lips the purple tincture show,
And with immortal stains divinely glow.

By arts like these did young Lyæus rise:
His tigers drew him to the skies;
Wild from the desert and unbroke,
In vain they foam'd, in vain they star'd,
In vain their eyes with fury glar'd; [yoke.
He tam'd them to the lash, and bent them to the

Such were the paths that Rome's great founder trod,

When in a whirlwind snatch'd on high,
He shook of dull mortality,
And lo! the monarch in the god;

Bright Juno then her awful silence broke,
And thus th' assembled deities bespoke.

Troy, says the goddess, perjur'd Troy has felt
The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt;
The towering pile, and soft abodes,
Wall'd by the hand of servile gods,
Now spreads its ruins all around,
And lies inglorious on the ground.
An empire partial and unjust,
And a lewd woman's impious lust, [dust.
Lay heavy on her head, and sunk her to the

Since false Laomedon's tyrannic sway,
That durst defraud th' immortals of their pay,
Her guardian gods renounc'd their patronage,
Nor would the fierce invading foe repel;
To my resentment, and Minerva's rage,
The guilty king and the whole people fell.
And now the long-protracted wars are o'er,
The soft adulterer shines no more;
No more does Hector's force the Trojan shield,
That drove whole armies back, and singly clear'd
the field.

My vengeance fated, I at length resign
To Mars his offspring of the Trojan line:
Advanc'd to godhead let him rise,
And take his station in the skies;
There entertain his ravish'd sight
With scenes of glory, fields of light;
Quaff with the gods immortal wine,
And see adoring nations crowd his shrine.

The thin remains of Troy's afflicted host,
In distant realms may seats unenvy'd find,
And flourish on a foreign coast;
But far be Rome from Troy disjoin'd,
Remov'd by seas, from the disastrous shore,
May endless billows rise between, and storms un-

number'd roar.
Still let the curst detested place
Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithless race,
Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass;
There let the wanton flocks unguarded stray;
Or, while the lonely shepherd sings,
Amidst the mighty ruins play,
And frisk upon the tombs of kings.

May tigers there, and all the savage kind,
Sad solitary haunts and silent deserts find;

In gloomy vaults, and nooks of palaces,
May th' unmolested lioness
Her brindled whelps securely lay,
Or, coucht, in dreadful slumbers waste the day.

While Troy in heaps of ruins lies,
Rome and the Roman capitol shall rise;
Th' illustrious exiles unconfin'd
Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.

In vain the sea's intruding tide
Europe from Africa shall divide,
And part the sever'd world in two : [spread,
Through Afric's sands their triumphs they shall
And the long train of victories pursue
To Nile's yet undiscover'd head.

Riches the hardy soldiers shall despise,
And look on gold with undesiring eyes,
Nor the disbowel'd earth explore
In search of the forbidden ore;
Those glittering ill, conceal'd within the mine,
Shall lie untouch'd, and innocently shine.
To the last bounds that nature sets,
The piercing colds and sultry heats,
The godlike race shall spread their arms,
Now fill the polar circle with alarms,
Till storms and tempests their pursuits confine;
Now sweat for conquest underneath the line.

This only law the victor shall restrain,
On these conditions shall he reign;
If none his guilty hand employ
To build again a second Troy,
If none the rash design pursue,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew.

A curse there cleaves to the devoted place,
That shall the new foundations raze;
Greece shall in mutual leagues conspire
To form the rising town with fire,
And at their armies head myself will show
What Juno, urg'd to all her rage, can do.

Thrice should Apollo's self the city raise
And line it round with walls of brass,
Thrice should my favourite Greeks his works
confound,

And hew the shining fabric to the ground :
Thrice should her captive dames to Greece return,
And their dead sons and slaughter'd husbands
mourn.

But hold, my muse, forbear thy towering flight,
Nor bring the secrets of the gods to light :
In vain would thy presumptuous verse
Th' immortal rhetoric rehearse;
Th' mighty strains, in lyric numbers bound,
Forget their majesty, and lose their sound.

THE VESTAL,

FROM

OVID DE FASTIS, LIB. III. EL. I.

"Blanda quies victis sursum subrepat ocellis, &c."

As the fair vestal to the fountain came,
(Let none be startled at a vestal's name)
Tir'd with the walk, she laid her down to rest,
And to the winds expos'd her glowing breast,

To take the freshness of the morning air,
And gather'd in a knot her flowing hair;
While thus she rested, on her arm reclin'd,
The hoary willows waving with the wind,
And feather'd choirs that warbled in the shade,
And purling streams that through the meadow
stray'd,

In drowsy murmurs lull'd the gentle maid.
The god of war beheld the virgin lie,
The god beheld her with a lover's eye;
And, by so tempting an occasion press'd,
The beauteous maid, whom he beheld, possess'd :
Conceiving as she slept, her fruitful womb
Swell'd with the founder of immortal Rome.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK II.

THE STORY OF PHAETON.

THE sun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
With burnish'd gold, and flaming jewels blaz'd;
The folding gates diffus'd a silver light,
And with a milder gleam refresh'd the sight;
Of polish'd ivory was the covering wrought :
The matter vied not with the sculptor's thought,
For in the portal was display'd on high
(The work of Vulcan) a fictitious sky;
A waving sea th' inferior earth embrac'd,
And gods and goddesses the waters grac'd.
Ægeon here a mighty whale bestrode :
Triton, and Proteus (the deceiving god),
With Doris here were carv'd, and all her train,
Some loosely swimming in the figur'd main,
While some on rocks their drooping hair divide,
And some on fishes through the waters glide :
Though various features did the sisters grace,
A sister's likeness was in every face.
On earth a different landscape courts the eyes,
Men, towns, and beasts, in distant prospects rise,
And nymphs, and streams, and woods, and ru-
ral deities.

O'er all, the heaven's resplendent image shines;
On either gate were fix engraven signs.

Here Phaeton, still gaining on th' ascent,
To his suspected father's palace went,
Till pressing forward through the bright abode,
He saw at distance the illustrious god :
He saw at distance, or the dazzling light
Had flash'd too strongly on his aching sight.

The god sits high, exalted on a throne
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on;
The hours in order rang'd on either hand,
And days, and months, and years, and ages, stand.
Here spring appears with flowery chaplets bound;
Here summer in her wheaten garland crown'd;
Here autumn the rich trodden grapes besmear;
And hoary winter shivers in the rear.

Phœbus beheld the youth from off his throne;
That eye, which looks on all, was fix'd on one.

He saw the boy's confusion in his face,
Surpris'd at all the wonders of the place;
And cries aloud, "What wants my son? For
" know,

" My son thou art, and I must call thee so."

" Light of the world," the trembling youth
" replies,

" Illustrious parent! since you don't despise

" The parent's name, some certain token give, }

" That I may Clymené's proud boast believe,

" Nor longer under false reproaches grieve."

The tender fire was touch'd with what he said,

And flung the blaze of glories from his head,

And bid the youth advance: " My son (said he)

" Come to thy father's arms! for Clymené

" Has told thee true; a parent's name I own,

" And deem thee worthy to be call'd my son.

" As a sure proof, make some request, and I,

" Whate'er it be, with that request comply;

" By Styx I swear, whose waves are hid in night,

" And roll impervious to my piercing sight."

The youth, transported, asks without delay,

To guide the sun's bright chariot for a day.

The god repented of the oath he took,

For anguish thrice his radiant head he shook:

" My son (says he) some other proof require;

" Rash was my promise, rash is thy desire.

" I'd fain deny this wish which thou hast made,

" Or, what I can't deny, would fain dissuade.

" Too vast and hazardous the task appears,

" Nor suited to thy strength, nor to thy years.

" Thy lot is mortal, but thy wishes fly

" Beyond the province of mortality:

" There is not one of all the gods that dares

" (However skill'd in other great affairs)

" To mount the burning axle-tree, but I;

" Not Jove himself, the ruler of the sky,

" That hurls the three-fork'd thunder from above,

" Dares, try his strength; yet who so strong as

" Jove?

" The steeds climb up the first ascent with pain;

" And when the middle firmament they gain,

" If downwards from the heavens my head I bow,

" And set the earth and ocean hang below,

" Ev'n I am seiz'd with horror and affright.

" And my own heart misgives me at the sight.

" A mighty downfall sleeps the evening stage,

" And steady reins must curb the horses' rage.

" Tethys herself has fear'd to see me driven

" Down headlong from the precipice of heaven.

" Besides, consider what impetuous force

" Turns stars and planets in a different course:

" I steer against their motions; nor am I

" Borne back by all the current of the sky.

" But how could you resist the orbs that roll

" In adverse whirls, and stem the rapid pole?

" But you perhaps may hope for pleasing woods,

" And stately domes, and cities fill'd with gods;

" While through a thousand snares your progress

" lies,

" Where forms of starry monsters stock the skies.

" For, should you hit the doubtful way aright,

" The bull with flaming horns stands opposite;

" Next him the bright hæmonian bow is strung;

" And next, the lion's grinning visage hung:

" The scorpion's claws here clasp a wide extent,

" And here the crab's in lesser clasps are bent.

" Nor would you find it easy to compose

" The mettled steeds, when from their nostrils

" flows

" The scorching fire, that in their entrails glows.

" Ev'n I their headstrong fury scarce restrain,

" When they grow warm and resist to the rein.

" Let not my son a fatal gift require,

" But, O! in time, recal your rash desire;

" You ask a gift that may your parent tell,

" Let these my fears your parentage reveal;

" And learn a father from a father's care;

" Look on my face; or, if my heart lay bare,

" Could you but look, you'd read the father

" there.

" Choose out a gift from seas, or earth, or skies,

" For open to your wish all nature lies,

" Only decline this one unequal task,

" For 'tis a mischief, not a gift, you ask;

" You ask a real mischief, Phaeton:

" Nay hang not thus about my neck, my son:

" I grant your wish, and Styx has heard my voice,

" Choose what you will, but make a wiser choice."

Thus did the god th' unwary youth advise;

But he still longs to travel through the skies.

When the fond father (for in vain he pleads)

At length to the vulcanian chariot leads,

A golden axle did the work uphold, [gold.

Gold was the beam. the wheels were orb'd with

The spokes in rows of silver pleas'd the sight,

The seat with party-colour'd gems was bright; }

Apollo shin'd amid the glare of light.

The youth with secret joy the work surveys;

When now the morn disclos'd her purple rays;

The stars were fled; for Lucifer had chac'd

The flars away, and fled himself at last.

Soon as the father saw the rosy morn,

And the moon shining with a blunter horn,

He bid the nimble hours without delay

Bring forth the steeds; the nimble hours obey;

From their full racks the generous steeds retire,

Dropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire.

Still anxious for his son, the god of day,

To make him proof against the burning ray,

His temples with celestial ointment wet,

Of sovereign virtue to repel the heat,

Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,

And fetch'd a deep fore-boding sigh, and said,

" Take this at least, this last advice, my son;

" Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on:

" The couriers of themselves will run too fast,

" Your art must be to moderate their haste.

" Drive them not on directly through the skies,

" But where the Zodiac's winding circle lies,

" Along the midmost zone; but fallly forth

" Nor to the distant south, nor stormy north.

" The horses' hoofs a beaten track will show,

" But neither mount too high, nor sink too low,

" That no new fires or heaven or earth infect;

" Keep the mid-way, the middle way is best.

" Nor, where in radiant folds the serpent twines,

" Direct your course, nor where the altar shines,

" Shun both extremes; the rest let fortune guide,

" And better for thee than thyself provide."

" See, while I speak, the shades disperse away,
 " Aurora gives the promise of a day;
 " I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer stay.
 " Snatch up the reins; or still th' attempt forsake:
 " And not my chariot, but my counsel take,
 " While yet securely on the earth you stand;
 " Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand.
 " Let me alone to light the world, while you
 " Enjoy those beams which you may safely view."
 He spoke in vain; the youth with active heat
 And sprightly vigour vaults into the seat;
 And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives
 Those thanks his father with remorse receives.

Mean while the restless horses neigh'd aloud,
 Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood.
 Tethys, not knowing what had past, gave way,
 And all the waste of heaven before them lay.
 They spring together out, and swiftly bear
 The flying youth through clouds and yielding air;
 With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,
 And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
 The youth was light, nor could he fill the seat,
 Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight:
 But as at sea th' unballast vessel rides,
 Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides;
 So in the bounding chariot told on high,
 The youth is hurry'd headlong through the sky.
 Soon as the steeds perceive it, they forsake
 Their stated course, and leave the beaten track.
 The youth was in a maze, nor did he know
 Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
 Nor would the horses, had he known, obey.
 Then the seven stars first felt Apollo's ray,
 And wish'd to dip in the forbidden sea.
 The folded serpent next the frozen pole,
 Stiff and benumb'd before, began to roll.
 And rag'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
 And shot a redder light from every star;
 Nay, and 'tis said, Boötes too, that fain
 Thou wouldst have fled, though cumber'd with
 thy wain.

Th' unhappy youth then, bending down his head,
 Saw earth and ocean far beneath him spread:
 His colour chang'd, he startled at the sight,
 And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.
 Now could he wish the fiery steeds untr'y'd,
 His birth obscure, and his request deny'd:
 Now would he Merops for his father own,
 And quit his boasted kindred to the sun.

So fares the pilot, when his ship is tost
 In troubled seas, and all its steerage lost;
 He gives her to the winds, and in despair
 Seeks his last refuge in the gods and prayer.

What could he do? His eyes, if backward cast,
 Find a long path he had already past;
 If forward, still a longer path they find:
 Both he compares, and measures in his mind;
 And sometimes casts an eye upon the east,
 And sometimes looks on the forbidden west.
 The horses' names he knew not in the fright:
 Nor would he loose the reins, nor could he hold
 them tight.

Now all the horrors of the heavens he spies,
 And monstrous shadows of prodigious size,
 That, deck'd with stars, lie scatter'd o'er the skies.

There is a place above, where Scorpio bent
 In tail and arms furrounds a vast extent;
 In a wide circuit of the heavens he shines,
 And fills the space of two celestial signs.
 Soon as the youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,
 Brandish his sling, and in his poison sweat,
 Half dead with sudden fear he dropt the reins;
 The horses felt them loose upon their manes,
 And, flying out through all the plains above,
 Ran uncontrol'd where'er their fury drove;
 Rush'd on the stars, and through a pathless way
 Of unknown regions hurry'd on the day.
 And now above, and now below they flew,
 And near the earth the burning chariot drew.

The clouds disperse in fumes, the wondering
 moon

Beholds her brother's steeds beneath her own;
 The highlands smoke, cleft by the piercing rays,
 Or, clad with woods, in their own fuel blaze.
 Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harvests grow,
 The running conflagration spreads below.
 But these are trivial ills: whole cities burn,
 And peopled kingdoms into ashes turn.

The mountains kindle as the car draws near,
 Athos and Tmolus red with fires appear;
 Oegrian Hæmus (then a single name)
 And virgin Helicon increase the flame;
 Taurus and Oete glare amid the sky,
 And Ida, spite of all her fountains, dry.
 Eryx, and Othrys, and Cithæron, glow;
 And Rhodope, no longer cloth'd in snow;
 High Pindus, Mimas, and Parnassus, sweat,
 And Ætna rages with redoubled heat.
 Ev'n Scythia, through her hoary regions warm'd,
 In vain with all her native frost was arm'd.
 Cover'd with flames, the towering Appennine,
 And Caucasus, and proud Olympus, shine;
 And, where the long-extended Alps aspire,
 Now stands a huge continued range of fire.

Th' astonish'd youth, where'er his eyes could
 turn,

Beheld the universe around him burn:
 The world was in a blaze; nor could he bear
 The sultry vapours and the scorching air,
 Which from below, as from a furnace, flew'd;
 And now the axle-tree beneath him glow'd:
 Lost in the whirling clouds, that round him
 broke,

And white with ashes, hovering in the smoke,
 He flew where'er the horses drove, nor knew
 Whither the horses drove, or where he flew.

'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor begun
 To change his hue, and blacken in the sun.
 Then Libya first, of all her moisture drain'd,
 Became a barren waste, a wild of sand.
 The water-nymphs lament their empty urns;
 Bœotia, robb'd of silver Dirce, mourns;
 Corinth Pyrene's wasted spring bewails;
 And Argos grieves whilst Amymonè fails.

The floods are drain'd from every distant coast:
 Ev'n Tanais, though fix'd in ice, was lost;
 Enrag'd Caicus and Lycormas roar,
 And Xanthus, fated to be burnt once more.
 The fam'd Mæander, that unwearied strays
 Through mazy windings, smokes in every maze.

From his lov'd Babylon Euphrates flies;
 The big-swoln Ganges and the Danube rise
 In thickening fumes, and darken half the skies. }
 In flames Ismenos and the Phælis roll'd,
 And Tagus floating in his melted gold.
 The swans, that on Cäyfter often try'd
 Their tuneful songs, now sung their last, and dy'd.
 The frighted Nile ran off, and under ground
 Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found:
 His seven divided currents are all dry,
 And where they roll'd, seven gaping trenches lie.
 No more the Rhine or Rhone their course maintain,
 Nor Tiber, of his promis'd empire vain.

The ground, deep cleft, admits the dazzling ray,
 And startles Pluto with the flash of day.
 The seas shrink in, and to the sight disclose
 Wide naked plains, where once their billows rose;
 Their rocks are all discover'd, and increase
 The number'd of the scatter'd Cyclades.
 The fish in shoals about the bottom creep,
 Nor longer dares the crooked dolphin leap:
 Gasping for breath, th' unshapen Phocæ die,
 And on the boiling wave extended lie.
 Nereus, and Doris with her virgin train,
 Seek out the last recesses of the main;
 Beneath unfathomable depths they faint,
 And secret in their gloomy caverns pant.
 Stern Neptune thrice above the waves upheld
 His face, and thrice was by the flames repell'd.

The earth at length, on every side embrac'd
 With scalding seas, that floated round her waste,
 When now she felt the springs and rivers come,
 And crowd within the hollow of her womb,
 Uplifted to the heavens her blasted head,
 And clapt her hands upon her brows, and said;
 (But first, impatient of the sultry heat,
 Sunk deeper down, and fought a cooler seat:)

"If you, great King of Gods, my death approve,
 "And I deserve it, let me die by Jove;
 "If I must perish by the force of fire,
 "Let me transfix'd with thunderbolts expire.
 "See, whilst I speak, my breath the vapours choke,
 "(For now her face lay wrapt in clouds of smoke)
 "See my sing'd hair, behold my faded eye,
 "And wither'd face, where heaps of cinders lie!
 "And does the plough for this my body tear?
 "This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
 "Tortur'd with rakes, and haras'd all the year?
 "That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
 "And food for man, and frankincense for you?
 "But grant me guilty; what has Neptune done?
 "Why are his waters boiling in the sun?
 "The wavy empire, which by lot was given,
 "Why does it waste, and further shrink from
 "heaven?"

"If I nor he your pity can provoke, [smoke!
 "See your own heavens, the heavens begin to
 "Should once the sparkles catch those bright abodes,
 "Destruction seizes on the heavens and gods;
 "Atlas becomes unequal to his freight,
 "And almost faints beneath the glowing weight.
 "If heaven, and earth, and sea, together burn,
 "All must again into their chaos turn.
 "Apply some speedy cure, prevent our fate,
 "And succour nature, ere it be too late."

She ceas'd; for, chok'd with vapours round her
 spread,

Down to the deepest shades she sunk her head.
 Jove call'd to witness every power above,
 And ev'n the god, whose son the chariot drove,
 That what he acts he is compell'd to do,
 Or universal ruin must ensue.
 Straight he ascends the high ethereal throne,
 From whence he us'd to dart his thunder down,
 From whence his showers and storms he us'd to
 pour,

But now could meet with neither storm nor shower.
 Then, aiming at the youth, with lifted hand,
 Full at his head he hurl'd the forked brand,
 In dreadful thunders. Thus th' Almighty fire
 Suppress'd the raging of the fires with fire.

At once from life and from the chariot driven,
 Th' ambitious boy fell thunder-struck from heaven.
 The horses started with a sudden bound,
 And flung the reins and chariot to the ground:
 The studded harness from their necks they broke;
 Here fell a wheel, and here a silver spoke,
 Here were the beam and axle torn away; [lay.
 And, scatter'd o'er the earth, the shining fragments
 The breathless Phaeton, with flaming hair,
 Shot from the chariot, like a falling star,
 That in a summer's evening from the top
 Of heaven drops down, or seems at least to drop;
 Till on the Po his blasted corpse was hurl'd,
 Far from his country, in the western world.

PHAETON'S SISTERS TRANSFORMED INTO TREES.

THE Latian nymphs came round him, and amaz'd
 On the dead youth, transfix'd with thunder, gaz'd;
 And, whilst yet smoking from the bolt he lay,
 His shatter'd body to a tomb convey,
 And o'er the tomb an epitaph devise:

"Here he who drove the sun's bright chariot lies;
 "His father's fiery steeds he could not guide,
 "But in the glorious enterprize he dy'd."

Apollo hid his face, and pin'd for grief,
 And, if the story may deserve belief,
 The space of one whole day is said to run,
 From morn to wonted eve, without a sun:
 The burning ruins, with a fainter ray,
 Supply the sun, and counterfeit a day,
 A day, that still did nature's face disclose:
 This comfort from the mighty mischief rose.

But Clymene, enrag'd with grief, laments,
 And, as her grief inspires, her passion vents:
 Wild for her son, and frantic in her woes,
 With hair dishevel'd, round the world she goes,
 To seek where'er his body might be cast;
 Till, on the borders of the Po, at last
 The name inscrib'd on the new tomb appears,
 The dear dear name she bathes in flowing tears;
 Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart,
 And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.

Her daughters too lament, and sigh, and mourn,
 (A fruitless tribute to their brother's urn.)

And beat their naked bosoms, and complain,
And call aloud for Phaeton in vain :
All the long night their mournful watch they keep,
And all the day stand round the tomb and weep.

Four times, revolving, the full moon return'd ;
So long the mother and the daughters mourn'd ;
When now the eldest, Phaethusa, strove
To rest her weary limbs, but could not move ;
Lampetia would have help'd her, but she found
Herself withheld, and rooted to the ground :
A third in wild affliction, as the grieves,
Would rend her hair, but fills her hand with
leaves ;

One sees her thighs transform'd, another views
Her arms shot out, and branching into boughs.
And now their legs, and breasts, and bodies, stood
Crusted with bark, and hardening into wood ;
But still above were female heads display'd,
And mouths, that call'd the mother to their aid.
What could, alas ! the weeping mother do ?
From this to that with eager haste she flew,
And kiss'd her sprouting daughters as they grew. }
She tears the bark that to each body cleaves,
And from the verdant fingers strips the leaves :
The blood came trickling, where she tore away
The leaves and bark : the maids were heard to say,
" Forbear, mistaken parent, oh ! forbear ;
" A wounded daughter in each tree you tear ;
" Farewell for ever." Here the bark increas'd,
Clos'd on their faces, and their words suppress'd.

The new-made trees in tears of amber run,
Which, harden'd into value by the sun,
Diffil for ever on the streams below :
The limpid streams their radiant treasure show,
Mix'd in the sand ; whence the rich drops convey'd
Shine in the dress of the bright Latian maid.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF CYCNUS INTO A SWAN.

Cycnus beheld the nymphs transform'd, ally'd
To their dead brother, on the mortal side,
In friendship and affection nearer bound ;
He left the cities and the realms he own'd,
Through pathless fields and lonely shores to range,
And woods, made thicker by the sisters' change.
Whilst here, within the dismal gloom, alone,
The melancholy monarch made his moan,
His voice was lessen'd, as he try'd to speak,
And issued through a long-extended neck ;
His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
In skinny films, and shape his oary feet ;
From both his sides the wings and feathers break ;
And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak :
All Cycnus now into a swan was turn'd,
Who, still remembering how his kinsman burn'd,
To solitary pools and lakes retires,
And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires.

Mean-while Apollo in a gloomy shade
(The native lustre of his brows decay'd)
Indulging sorrow, sickens at the sight
Of his own sun-shine, and abhors the light :

The hidden griefs, that in his bosom rise,
Sadden his looks, and overcast his eyes,
As when some dusky orb obstructs his ray,
And fullies, in a dim eclipse, the day.

Now secretly with inward griefs he pin'd,
Now warm resentments to his griefs he join'd,
And now renounc'd his office to mankind.
" E'er since the birth of time," said he, " I've
borne

" A long ungrateful toil without return ;
" Let now some other manage, if he dare,
" The fiery steeds, and mount the burning car,
" Or, if none else, let Jove his fortune try,
" And learn to lay his murdering thunder by ;
" Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
" My son deserv'd not so severe a fate."
The gods stand round him, as he mourns, and
pray

He would resume the conduct of the day,
Nor let the world be lost in endless night :
Jove too himself, descending from his height,
Excuses what had happen'd, and entreats,
Majestically mixing prayers and threats.
Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
The harness'd steeds, that still with horror shook,
And plies them with the lash, and whips them on,
And, as he whips, upbraids them with his son.

THE STORY OF CALISTO.

THE day was settled in its course ; and Jove
Walk'd the wide circuit of the heavens above ;
To search if any cracks or flaws were made ;
But all was safe : the earth he then survey'd,
And cast an eye on every different coast,
And every land ; but on Arcadia most.
Here fields he cloth'd, and cheer'd her blasted
face

With running fountains, and with springing grass,
No tracts of heaven's destructive fire remain ;
The fields and woods revive, and nature smiles
again.

But, as the god walk'd to and fro the earth,
And rais'd the plants, and gave the spring its birth,
By chance a fair Arcadian nymph he view'd,
And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.
The nymph nor spun, nor dress'd with artful pride ;
Her vest was gather'd up, her hair was ty'd ;
Now in her hand a slender spear she bore,
Now a light quiver on her shoulders wore ;
To chaste Diana from her youth inclin'd,
The sprightly warrior of the wood she join'd.
Diana too the gentle huntress lov'd,
Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd
O'er Mænalus, amid the maiden throng,
More favour'd once ; but favour lasts not long.

The sun now shone in all its strength, and drove
The heated virgin panting to a grove ;
The grove around a grateful shadow cast ;
She dropt her arrows, and her bow unbrac'd ;
She flung herself on the cool grassy bed ;
And on the painted quiver rais'd her head.

Jove saw the charming huntress unprepar'd,
Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guard.
"Here I am safe," he cries, "from Juno's eye;
"Or should my jealous queen the theft descry,
"Yet would I venture on a theft like this,
"And stand her rage for such, for such a bliss."
Diana's shape and habit straight he took,
Soft'n'd his brows, and smooch'd his awful look,
And mildly in a female accent spoke.
"How fares my girl? How went the morning
"chace?"

To whom the virgin, starting from the grafs,
"All hail, bright deity, whom I prefer
"To Jove himself, though Jove himself were
"here."

The god was nearer than she thought, and heard
Well-pleas'd himself before himself prefer'd.

He then salutes her with a warm embrace;
And, ere she half had told the morning chace,
With love inflam'd, and eager on his bliss,
Smother'd her words, and stop'd her with a kiss;
His kisses with unwonted ardour glow'd,
Nor could Diana's shape conceal the god.
The virgin did whate'er a virgin cou'd
(Sure Juno must have pardon'd, had she view'd);
With all her might against his force she strove:
But how can mortal maids contend with Jove!

Possess'd at length of what his heart desir'd,
Back to his heavens th' insulting god retir'd.
The lovely huntress, rising from the grafs,
With down-cast eyes, and with a blushing face,
By shame confounded, and by fear dismay'd,
Flew from the covert of the guilty shade,
And almost, in the tumult of her mind,
Left her forgotten bow and shafts behind.

But now Diana, with a sprightly train
Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o'er the plain,
Call'd to the nymph: The nymph began to fear
A second fraud, a Jove disguis'd in her;
But, when she saw the sister nymphs, suppress'd
Her rising fears, and mingled with the rest.

How in the look does conscious guilt appear!
Slowly she mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear;
Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the goddess ran,
As once she us'd, the foremost of the train.
Her looks were flush'd, and fullen was her mien,
That sure the virgin goddess (had she been
Aught but a virgin) must the guilt have seen.
"Tis said the nymphs saw all, and guess'd aright:
And now the moon had nine times lost her light,
When Dian fainting, in the mid-day beams,
Found a cool covert, and refreshing streams,
That in soft murmurs through the forest flow'd,
And a smooth bed of shining gravel show'd.

A covert so obscure, and streams so clear,
The goddess prais'd: "And now no spies are near,
"Let's strip, my gentle maids, and wash," she
cries.

Pleas'd with the motion, every maid complies;
Only the blushing huntress stood confus'd,
And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd:
In vain excus'd; her fellows round her press'd,
And the reluctant nymph by force undress'd.
The naked huntress all her shame reveal'd,
In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd;

"Begone!" the goddess cries with stern dis-
dain;

"Begone! nor dare the hallow'd stream to
She fled, for ever banish'd from the train.

This Juno heard, who long had watch'd her time
To punish the detested rival's crime;
The time was come: for, to enrage her more,
A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.

The goddess cast a furious look, and cry'd,
"It is enough! I'm fully satisfy'd!"

"This boy shall stand a living mark, to prove
"My husband's baseness, and the strumpet's love;
"But vengeance shall awake those guilty charms,
"That drew the thunder from Juno's arms,
"No longer shall their wonted force retain,
"Nor please the god, nor make the mortal vain."

This said, her hand within her hair she wound,
Swung her to earth, and dragg'd her on the
ground;

The prostrate wretch lifts up her arms in prayer;
Her arms grow shaggy, and deform'd with hair,
Her nails are sharpen'd into pointed claws,
Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws;
Her lips, that once could tempt a god, begin
To grow distorted in an ugly grin.
And, lest the supplicating brute might reach
The ears of Jove, she was depriv'd of speech:
Her surly voice through a hoarse passage came
In savage sounds: her mind was still the same.
The furry monster fix'd her eyes above,
And heav'd her new unweildy paws to Jove,
And begg'd his aid with inward groans, and though
She could not call him false, she thought him so.

How did she fear to lodge in woods alone,
And haunt the fields and meadows once her own!
How often would the deep-mouth'd dogs pursue,
Whilst from her hounds the frighted huntress flew!
How did she fear her fellow brutes, and shun
The shaggy bear, though now herself was one!
How from the sight of rugged wolves retire,
Although the grim Lycaon was her fire!

But now her son had fifteen summers told,
Fierce at the chace, and in the forest bold;
When, as he beat the woods in quest of prey,
He chanc'd to rouse his mother where she lay.
She knew her son, and kept him in her sight,
And fondly gaz'd: the boy was in a fright,
And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breast;
And would have slain his mother in the beast;
But Jove forbade, and snatch'd them through the air
In whirlwinds up to heaven, and fix'd them there:
Where the new constellations nightly rise,
And add a lustre to the northern skies.

When Juno saw the rival in her height,
Spangled with stars, and circled round with light,
She sought old Ocean in his deep abodes,
And Tethys; both rever'd among the gods. [She,
They ask what brings her there, "Ne'er ask," says
"What brings me here; heaven is no place for me.
"You'll see, when night has cover'd all things
"o'er,

"Jove's starry bastard and triumphant whore
"Usurp the heavens; you'll see them proudly
"roll

"In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.

" And who shall now on Juno's altar wait,
 " When those she hates grow greater by her hate?
 " I on the nymph a brutal form impress'd.
 " Jove to a goddess has transform'd the beast :
 " This, this was all my weak revenge could do :
 " But let the god his chaste amours pursue,
 " And, as he acted after Io's rape,
 " Restore th' adulterers to her former shape ;
 " Then may he cast his Juno off, and lead
 " The great Lycaon's offspring to his bed.
 " But you, ye venerable powers, be kind ;
 " And, if my wrongs a due resentment find,
 " Receive not in your waves their setting beams,
 " Nor let the glaring flumpet taint your streams."
 The goddesses ended, and her wish was given.
 Back she return'd in triumph up to heaven ;
 Her gaudy peacocks drew her through the skies,
 Their tails were spotted with a thousand eyes ;
 The eyes of Argus on their tails were rang'd,
 At the same time the raven's colour chang'd.

THE STORY OF CORONIS, AND BIRTH OF ÆSCULAPIUS.

The raven once in snowy plumes was dress'd,
 White as the whitest dove's unfully'd breast,
 Fair as the guardian of the capitol,
 Soft as the swan ; a large and lovely fowl ;
 His tongue, his prating tongue, had chang'd him
 quite

To sooty blackness from the purest white.
 The story of his change shall here be told ;
 In Thessaly there liv'd a nymph of old,
 Coronis nam'd ; a peerless maid she shin'd,
 Confront the fairest of the fairer kind.
 Apollo lov'd her, till her guilt he knew ;
 While true she was, or whilst he thought her true.
 But his own bird the raven chanc'd to find
 The false-one with a secret rival join'd.
 Coronis begg'd him to suppress the tale,
 But could not with repeated prayers prevail.
 His milk-white pinions to the god he ply'd ;
 The busy daw flew with him side by side,
 And by a thousand teasing questions drew
 Th' important secret from him as they flew.
 The daw gave honest counsel, though despis'd,
 And, tedious in her tattle, thus advis'd.
 " Stay, silly bird, th' ill-natur'd talk refuse,
 " Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news.
 " Be warn'd by my example : you discern
 " What now I am, and what I was shall learn.
 " My foolish honesty was all my crime ;
 " Then hear my story. Once upon a time,
 " The two-shap'd Erichonius had his birth
 " (Without a mother) from the teeming earth ;
 " Minerva nurs'd him, and the infant laid
 " Within a chest, of twining ossers made.
 " The daughters of king Cecrops undertook
 " To guard the chest, commanded not to look
 " On what was hid within. I stood to see
 " The charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighbouring
 tree.

" The sisters Pandrosos and Hecate keep
 " The strict command ; Aglauros needs would
 " peep,
 " And saw the monstrous infant in a fright,
 " And call'd her sisters to the hideous sight :
 " A boy's soft shape did to the waist prevail,
 " But the boy ended in a dragon's tail.
 " I told the stern Minerva all that pass'd,
 " But, for my pains, discarded and disgrac'd,
 " The frowning goddess drove me from her sight,
 " And for her favourite chose the bird of night.
 " Be then no tell-tale ; for I think my wrong
 " Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.
 " But you, perhaps, may think I was remov'd,
 " As never by the heavenly maid belov'd ;
 " But I was lov'd ; ask Pallas if I lie ;
 " Though Pallas hate me now, she won't deny ;
 " For I, whom in a feather'd shape you view,
 " Was once a maid (by heaven the story's true),
 " A blooming maid, and a king's daughter too,
 " A croud of lovers own'd my beauty's charms ;
 " My beauty was the cause of all my harms ;
 " Neptune, as on his shores I went to rove,
 " Observ'd me in my walks, and fell in love.
 " He made his courtship, he confess'd his pain,
 " And offer'd force when all his arts were vain ;
 " Swift he pursued : I ran along the strand,
 " Till, spent and weary'd on the sinking sand,
 " I shriek'd aloud, with cries I fill'd the air.
 " To gods and men ; nor god nor man was
 " there :
 " A virgin goddess heard a virgin's prayer.
 " For, as my arms I lifted to the skies,
 " I saw black feathers from my fingers rise ;
 " I strove to fling my garment on the ground ;
 " My garment turn'd to plumes, and girt me
 " round.
 " My hands to beat my naked bosom try ;
 " Nor naked bosom now nor hands had I.
 " Lightly I tript, nor weary as before
 " Sunk in the sand, but skimm'd along the shore ;
 " Till, rising on my wings, I was prefer'd
 " To be the chaste Minerva's virgin bird :
 " Prefer'd in vain ! I now am in disgrace :
 " Nyctimene the owl enjoys my place.
 " On her incestuous life I need not dwell
 " (In Lesbos still the horrid tale they tell) ;
 " And of her dire amours you must have heard,
 " For which she now does penance in a bird,
 " That, conscious of her shame, avoids the light,
 " And loves the gloomy covering of the night ;
 " The birds, where'er she flutters, scare away
 " The hooting wretch, and drive her from the
 " day."
 The raven, urg'd by such impertinence,
 Grew passionate, it seems, and took offence,
 And curst the harmless daw ; the daw withdrew :
 The raven to her injur'd patron flew,
 And found him out, and told the fatal truth
 Of false Coronis and the favour'd youth.
 The god was wroth ; the colour left his look ;
 The wreath his head, the harp his hand forsook ;
 His silver bow and feather'd shafts he took,
 And lodg'd an arrow in the tender breast,
 That had so often to his own been prest.

Down fell the wounded nymph, and sadly groan'd,
And pull'd his arrow reeking from the wound;
And, weltering in her blood, thus faintly cry'd,
" Ah cruel god! though I have justly dy'd,
" What has, alas! my unborn infant done,
" That he should fall, and two expire in one?"
This said, in agonies she fetch'd her breath.

The god dissolves in pity at her death;
He hates the bird that made her falsehood known,
And hates himself for what himself had done;
The feather'd shaft, that sent her to the fates,
And his own hand, that sent the shaft, he hates.
Fain would he heal the wound, and ease her pain,
And tries the compass of his art in vain.
Soon as he saw the lovely nymph expire,
The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,
With sighs and groans her obsequies he kept,
And, if a god could weep, the god had wept.
Her corpse he kiss'd, and heavenly incense brought,
And solemniz'd the death himself had wrought.

But, lest his offspring should her fate partake,
Spite of th' immortal mixture in his make,
He ript her womb, and set the child at large,
And gave him to the centaur Chiron's charge:
Then in his fury black'd the raven o'er,
And bid him prate in his white plumes no more.

OCYRRHŌE TRANSFORMED TO A MARE.

OLD Chiron took the babe with secret joy,
Proud of the charge of the celestial boy.
His daughter too, whom on the sandy shore,
The nymph Chariclo to the centaur bore,
With hair dishevel'd on her shoulders, came
To see the child, Ocyrrhœ was her name;
She knew her father's art, and could rehearse
The depths of prophecy in sounding verse.
Once, as the sacred infant she survey'd,
The god was kindled in the raving maid,
And thus she utter'd her prophetic tale;
" Hail, great physician of the world, all hail;
" Hail, mighty infant, who in years to come
" Shall heal the nations, and defraud the tomb;
" Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs uncon-
" fin'd!
" Make kingdoms thicker, and increase mankind.
" Thy daring art shall animate the dead,
" And draw the thunder on thy guilty head:
" Then shalt thou die; but from the dark abode
" Rise up victorious, and be twice a god.
" And thou, my fire, not destin'd by thy birth
" To turn to dust, and mix with common earth,
" How wilt thou toils, and rave, and long to die,
" And quit thy claim to immortality;
" When thou shalt feel, enrag'd with inward
" pains,
" The Hydra's venom rankling in thy veins?
" The gods in pity shall contract thy date;
" And give thee over to the power of fate."
Thus, entering into destiny, the maid
The secrets of offended Jove betray'd:

More had she still to say; but now appears
Oppress'd with sobs and sighs, and drown'd in
tears.

" My voice," says she, " is gone, my language
" fails;

" Through every limb my kindred shape prevails;
" Why did the god this fatal gift impart,
" And, with prophetic raptures swell my heart?
" What new desires are these? I long to pace
" O'er flowery meadows, and to feed on grass;
" I hasten to a brute, a maid no more;
" But why, alas! am I transform'd all o'er?
" My fire does half a human shape retain,
" And in his upper parts preserves the man."

Her tongue no more distinct complaints affords,
But in shrill accents and mis-shapen words
Pours forth such hideous wailings, as declare
The human form confounded in the mare:
Till by degrees, accomplish'd in the beast,
She neigh'd outright, and all the steed express'd.
Her stooping body on her hands is borne,
Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and shod in horn;
Her yellow tresses ruffle in a mane,
And in her flowing tail she frisks her train.
The mare was finish'd in her voice and look,
And a new name from the new figure took.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF BATTUS TO A TOUCHSTONE.

SORE wept the centaur, and to Phœbus pray'd;
But how could Phœbus give the centaur aid?
Degraded of his power by angry Jove,
In Elis then a herd of bees he drove;
And wielded in his hand a staff of oak,
And o'er his shoulders threw the shepherd's cloak;
On seven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
And on his rural pipe to waste the day.

As once, attentive to his pipe, he play'd,
The crafty Hermes from the god convey'd
A dove that separate from their fellows stray'd.
The theft an old insidious peasant view'd
(They call'd him Battus in the neighbourhood);
Hir'd by a wealthy Pylian prince to feed
His favourite mares, and watch the generous breed.
The thievish god suspected him, and took
The hind aside, and thus in whispers spoke:
" Discover not the theft, who'er thou be,
" And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee.
" Go, stranger," cries the clown, " securely on,
" That stone shall sooner tell; and show'd a stone,
" The god withdrew, but straight return'd again,
In speech and habit like a country swain;
And cried out, " Neighbour, hast thou seen a stray
" Of bullocks and of heifers pass this way?
" In the recovery of my cattle join,
" A bullock and a heifer shall be thine."

The peasant quick replies, " You'll find them
" there
" In yon dark vale;" and in the vale they were.
The double bribe had his false heart beguil'd:
The god, successful in the trial, smil'd;

"And dost thou thus betray myself to me:
 "Me to myself dost thou betray?" says he:
 Then to a *Touch-stone* turns the faithless spy,
 And in his name records his infamy.

THE STORY OF AGLAUROS, TRANS- FORMED INTO A STATUE.

THIS done, the god flew up on high, and pass'd
 O'er lofty Athens, by Minerva grac'd,
 And wide Munichia, whilst his eyes survey
 All the vast region that beneath him lay.

'Twas now the feast, when each Athenian maid
 Her yearly homage to Minerva paid;
 In canisters, with garlands cover'd o'er,
 High on their heads their mystic gifts they bore;
 And now, returning in a solemn train,
 The troop of shining virgins fill'd the plain.

The god well-pleas'd beheld the pompous show,
 And saw the bright procession pass below;
 Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
 And hover'd o'er them; as the spreading kite,
 That smells the slaughter'd victims from on
 high,

Flies at a distance, if the priests are nigh,
 And sails around, and keeps it in her eye:
 So kept the god the virgin choir in view,
 And in slow winding circles round them flew.

As Lucifer excels the meanest star,
 Or, as the full-orb'd Phœbe Lucifer;
 So much did Hērē all the rest outvie,
 And gave a grace to the solemnity.
 Hermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung:
 So the cold bullet, that with fury flung
 From Balearic engines mounts on high,
 Glows in the whirl, and burns along the sky.
 At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and shew'd
 The form divine, the features of a god.
 He knew the virtue o'er a female heart,
 And yet he strives to better them by art.
 He hangs his mantle loose, and sets to show
 The golden edging on the seam below;
 Adjusts his flowing curls, and in his hand
 Waves with an air the sleep-procuring wand:
 The glittering sandals to his feet applies,
 And to each heel the well-trim'd pinion ties.

His ornaments with nicest art display'd,
 He seeks th' apartment of the royal maid,
 The roof was all with polish'd ivory lin'd,
 That, richly mix'd, in clouds of tortoise shin'd.
 Three rooms contiguous in a range were plac'd;
 The midmost by the beauteous Hērē grac'd;
 Her virgin sisters lodg'd on either side.
 Aglauros first th' approaching god descri'd,
 And, as he cross'd her chamber, ask'd his name,
 And what his business was, and whence he came.
 "I come," reply'd the god, "from heaven to woo
 "Your sister, and to make an aunt of you;
 "I am the son and messenger of Jove,
 "My name is Mercury, my business love;
 "Do you, kind damsel, take a lover's part,
 "And gain admittance to your sister's heart."

She star'd him in the face with looks amaz'd,
 As when she on Minerva's secret gaz'd,
 And asks a mighty treasure for her hire,
 And till he brings it, makes the gods retire.
 Minerva griev'd to see the nymph succeed;
 And now remembering the late impious deed,
 When, disobedient to her strict command,
 So touch'd the chest with an unhallow'd hand;
 In big swollen sighs her inward sighs express'd,
 That heav'd the rising Ægis on her breast;
 Then fought out envy in her dark abode,
 Defil'd with ropy gore and clots of blood:
 Shut from the winds, and from the wholesome skies,
 In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,
 Dismal and cold, where not a beam of light
 Invades the winter, or disturbs the night.

Directly to the cave her course she steer'd;
 Against the gates her martial lance she rear'd;
 The gates flew open, and the fiend appear'd;
 A poisonous morsel in her teeth she chew'd,
 And gorg'd the flesh of vipers for her food.
 Minerva, loathing, turn'd away her eye;
 The hideous monster, rising heavily,
 Came stalking forward with a fullen pace,
 And left her mangled offals on the place.
 Soon as she saw the goddess gay and bright,
 She fetch'd a groan at such a cheerful sight.
 Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
 In foul distorted glances turn'd awry;
 A hoard of gall her inward parts possess'd,
 And spread a greenness o'er her canker'd breast;
 Her teeth were brown with rust; and from her
 tongue,

In dangling drops, the stringy poison hung.
 She never smiles but when the wretched weep,
 Nor lulls her malice with a moment's sleep.
 Restless in spite: while, watchful to destroy,
 She pines with sickness at another's joy;
 Foe to herself, distressing and distressed,
 She bears her own tormentor in her breast.
 The goddess gave (for she abhor'd her sight)
 A short command: "To Athens speed thy flight;
 "On curst Aglauros try thy utmost art,
 "And fix thy rankest venoms in her heart."
 This said, her spear she push'd against the ground,
 And, mounting from it with an active bound,
 Flew off to heaven: The hag with eyes askew
 Look'd up, and mutter'd curses as she flew:
 For sore she fretted, and began to grieve
 At the success which she herself must give.
 Then takes her staff, hung round with wreaths of
 thorn,

And sails along, in a black whirlwind born,
 O'er fields and flowery meadows: where she
 steers

Her baneful course, a mighty blast appears,
 Mildews and blights; the meadows are desic'd,
 The fields, the flowers, and the whole year, laid
 waste:

On mortals next, and peopled towns she falls,
 And breathes a burning plague among their walls.

When Athens she beheld, for arts renown'd,
 With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
 Scarce could the hideous fiend from tears forbear,
 To find out nothing that deserv'd a tear.

Th' apartment now she enter'd, where at rest
 Aglauros lay, with gentle sleep oppress'd.
 To execute Minerva's dire command,
 She strok'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,
 Then prickly thorns into her breast convey'd,
 That stung to madness the devoted maid:
 Her subtle venom still improves the smart,
 Frets in the blood, and festers in the heart.

To make the work more sure, a scene she drew,
 And plac'd before the dreaming virgin's view
 Her sister's marriage, and her glorious fate;
 Th' imaginary bride appears in state;
 The bridegroom with unwonted beauty glows;
 For envy magnifies what'er she shows.

Full of the dream, Aglauros pin'd away
 In tears all night, in darkness all the day;
 Consum'd like ice, that just begins to run,
 When feebly smitten by the distant sun;
 Or like unwholesome weeds, that set on fire
 Are slowly wasted, and in smoke expire.
 Given up to envy (for in every thought
 The thorns, the venom, and the vision wrought)
 Oft did she call on death, as oft decreed,
 Rather than see her sister's wish succeed,
 To tell her awful father what had pass'd:
 At length before the door herself she cast;
 And, sitting on the ground with sullen pride,
 A passage to the love-sick god deny'd.
 The god carefs'd, and for admision pray'd,
 And sooth'd in softest words th' envenom'd maid.

In vain he sooth'd; "Be gone!" the maid replies,

"Or here I keep my seat, and never rise."

"Then keep thy seat for ever," cries the god,
 And touch'd the door, wide opening to his rod.
 Fain would he rise, and stop him, but she found
 Her trunk too heavy to forsake the ground;
 Her joints are all benumb'd, her hands are pale,
 And marble now appears in every nail.
 As when a cancer in the body feeds,
 And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds;
 So does the chillness to each vital part
 Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart;
 Till hardening every where, and speechless grown,
 She sits unmov'd, and freezes to a stone.
 But still her envious hue and sullen mien
 Are in the sedentary figure seen.

EUROPA'S RAPE.

WHEN now the god his fury had allay'd,
 And taken vengeance of the stubborn maid,
 From where the bright Athenian turrets rise
 He mounts aloft, and reascends the skies.
 Jove saw him enter the sublime abodes,
 And, as he mix'd among the crowd of gods,
 Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the rest,
 And in soft whispers thus his will express'd:

"My trusty Hermes, by whose ready aid
 Thy Sire's commands are through the world
 "convey'd,

"Resume thy wings, exert their utmost force,
 "And to the walls of Sidon speed thy course;

"There find a herd of heifers wandering o'er
 "The neighbouring hill, and drive them to the
 "shore."

Thus spoke the god, concealing his intent.
 The trusty Hermes on his message went,
 And found the herd of heifers wandering o'er
 A neighbouring hill, and drove them to the
 shore;

Where the king's daughter with a lovely train
 Of fellow-nymphs, was sporting on the plain.

The dignity of empire laid aside
 (For love but ill agrees with kingly pride);
 The ruler of the skies, the thundering god,
 Who shakes the world's foundations with a nod,
 Among a herd of lowing heifers ran,
 Frisk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
 Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,
 And from his neck the double dewlap hung.
 His skin was whiter than the snow that lies
 Unfurl'd by the breath of southern skies;
 Small shining horns on his curl'd forehead stand,
 As turn'd and polish'd by the workman's hand;
 His eye-balls roll'd, not formidably bright,
 But gaz'd and languish'd with a gentle light.
 His every look was peaceful, and express'd
 The softness of the lover in the beast.

Agenor's royal daughter, as she play'd
 Among the fields the milk-white bull survey'd,
 And view'd his spotless body with delight,
 And at a distance kept him in her sight.
 At length she pluck'd the rising flowers, and fed
 The gentle beast, and fondly strok'd his head.
 He stood well pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
 But hardly could confine his pleasure there.
 And now he waltzes o'er the neighbouring strand,
 Now rolls his body on the yellow sand;
 And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,
 Comes tossing forward to the royal maid;
 Gives her his breast to stroke, and downward
 turns

His grisly brow, and gently stoops his horns.
 In flowery wreaths the royal virgin drest
 His bending horns, and kindly clapt his breast.
 Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
 Not knowing that he prest the thunderer,
 She plac'd herself upon his back, and rode
 O'er fields and meadows, seated on the god.

He gently march'd along, and by degrees
 Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the seas;
 Where now he drest his hoofs, and wets his thighs,
 Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.
 The frighted nymph looks backward on the shore,
 And hears the tumbling billows round her roar;
 But still he holds him fast: one hand is borne
 Upon his back; the other grasps a horn:
 Her train of rustling garment flies behind,
 Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.

Through storms and tempests he the virgin bore,
 And lands her safe on the Dictæan shore;
 Where now, in his divinest form array'd,
 In his true shape he captivates the maid:
 Who gazes on him, and with wondering eyes
 Beholds the new majestic figure rise,
 His glowing features, and celestial light,
 And all the God discover'd to her sight,

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES,

BOOK III.

THE STORY OF CADMUS.

WHEN NOW Agenor had his daughter lost,
He sent his son to search on every coast;
And sternly bid him to his arms restore
The darling maid, or see his face no more.
But live an exile in a foreign clime;
Thus was the father pious to a crime.

The restless youth search'd all the world around:
But how can Jove in his amours be found?
When, tir'd at length with unsuccessful toil,
To shun his angry fire and native soil,
He goes a suppliant to the Delphic dome;
There asks the god what new-appointed home
Should end his wanderings, and his toils relieve.
The Delphic oracles this answer give:

"Behold among the fields a lonely cow,
"Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plough;
"Mark well the place where first she lays her
"down, [town,
"There measure out thy walls, and build thy
"And from thy guide Beotia call the land,
"In which the destin'd walls and town shall
"stand."

No sooner had he left the dark abode,
Big with the promise of the Delphic god,
When in the fields the fatal cow he view'd,
Nor gall'd with yokes, nor worn with servi-
tude;

Her gently at a distance he pursu'd;
And, as he walk'd aloof, in silence pray'd
To the great power whose counsels he obey'd.
Her way through flowery Panopæ she took,
And now, Cephissus, cross the silver brook;
When to the heavens her spacious front he rais'd,
And bellow'd thrice, then backward turning gaz'd
On those behind, till on the destin'd place
She stoop'd, and couch'd amid the rising grass.

Cadmus salutes the soil, and gladly hails
The new-found mountains, and the nameless vales,
And thanks the gods, and turns about his eye
To see his new dominions round him lie:
Then sends his servants to a neighbouring grove
For living streams, a sacrifice to Jove.
O'er the wide plain there rose a shady wood
Of aged trees; in its dark bosom stood
A bushy thicket, pathless and unworn,
O'er-run with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn.
Amidst the brake a hollow den was found
With rocks and shelving arches vaulted round.

Deep in the dreary den, conceal'd from day,
Sacred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay,
Bleated with poison to a monstrous size;
Fire broke in flashes when he glanc'd his eyes:
His towering crest was glorious to behold,
His shoulders and his sides were scal'd with gold;
Three tongues he brandish'd when he charg'd
his foes:
His teeth stood jaggy in three dreadful rows.

The Tyrians in the den for water fought,
And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault;
From side to side their empty urns rebound,
And rouse the sleepy serpent with the sound.
Straight he bestirs him, and is seen to rise;
And now with dreadful hissings fills the skies,
And darts his forked tongue, and rolls his glar-
ing eyes.

The Tyrians drop their vessels in the fright,
All pale and trembling at the hideous sight.
Spire above spire uprear'd in air he stood,
And, gazing round him, overlook'd the wood:
Then floating on the ground, in circles roll'd;
Then leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.
Of such a bulk, and such a monstrous size,
The serpent in the polar circle lies.
That stretches over half the northern skies.
In vain the Tyrians on their arms rely,
In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly:
All their endeavours and their hopes are vain;
Some die entangled in the winding train;
Some are devour'd; or feel a loathsome death,
Swoln up with blasts of pestilential breath.

And now the scorching fun was mounted high
In all its lustre to the noon-day sky;
When, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with
cares,

To search the woods th' impatient chief prepares,
A lion's hide around his loins he wore,
The well-pois'd javelin to the field he bore
Inur'd to blood; the far-destroying dart,
And, the best weapon, an undaunted heart.
Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
He saw his servants breathless on the grass;
The scaly foe amid their corpse he view'd,
Basking at ease, and feasting in their blood.

"Such friends," he cries, "deserv'd a longer
date:

"But Cadmus will revenge, or share their fate."
Then heav'd a stone, and rising to the throw,
He sent it in a whirlwind at the foe:
A tower, assaulted by so rude a stroke,
With all its lofty battlements had shook;
But nothing here th' unwieldy rock avails,
Rebounded harmless from the plaited scales,
That, firmly join'd, preserv'd him from a wound,
With native armour cruell'd all around.
With more success the dart unerring flew,
Which at his back the raging warrior threw;
Amid the plaited scales it took its course,
And in the spinal marrow spent its force.
The monster hiss'd aloud, and rag'd in vain,
And writh'd his body to and fro with pain;
And bit the spear, and wrench'd the wood away:
The point still buried in the marrow lay.
And now his rage, increasing with his pain,
Reddens his eyes, and beats in every vein;
Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom rose,
Whilst from his mouth a blast of vapours flows,
Such as th' infernal Stygian waters cast:
The plants around him wither in the blast.
Now in a maze of rings he lies enroll'd,
Now all unravel'd, and without a fold;
Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force
Bears down the forest in his boisterous course.

Cadmus gave back, and on the lion's spoil
Sustain'd the shock, then forc'd him to recoil;
The pointed javelin ward'd off his rage:
Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
The serpent champs the steel, and bites the spear,
Till blood and venom all the point besmear.
But still the hurt he yet receiv'd was slight;
For, whilst the champion with redoubled might
Strikes home the javelin, his retiring foe
Shrinks from the wound, and disappoints the blow.

The dauntless hero still pursues his stroke,
And presses forward, till a knotty oak
Retards his foe, and stops him in the rear;
Full in his throat he plung'd the fatal spear,
That in th' extended neck a passage found,
And pierc'd the solid timber through the wound.
Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a stroke
Of his huge tail, he lash'd the sturdy oak;
Till, spent with toil, and labouring hard for
breath,

He now lay twisting in the pangs of death.

Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
Of swimming poison, intermix'd with blood;
When suddenly a speech was heard from high,
(The speech was heard, nor was the speaker nigh)
"Why dost thou thus with secret pleasure see,
"Insulting man! what thou thyself shalt be?"
Astonish'd at the voice, he stood amaz'd,
And all around with inward horror gaz'd:
When Pallas swift descending from the skies,
Pallas, the guardian of the bold and wise,
Bids him plow up the field, and scatter round
The dragon's teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground;
Then tells the youth how to his wondering eyes
Embattled armies from the field should rise.

He sows the teeth at Pallas's command,
And flings the future people from his hand.
The clouds grow warm, and tremble where he sows:
And now the pointed spears advance in rows;
Now nodding plumes appear, and shining crests,
Now the broad shoulders and the rising breasts:
O'er all the field the breathing harvest swarms,
A growing host, a crop of men and arms.

So through the parting stage a figure rears
Its body up, and limb by limb appears
By just degrees; till all the man arise,
And in his full proportion strikes the eyes.

Cadmus, surpris'd, and startled at the sight
Of his new foes, prepar'd himself for fight:
When one cry'd out, "Forbear, fond man, forbear
"To mingle in a blind promiscuous war."
This said, he struck his brother to the ground,
Himself expiring by another's wound;
Nor did the third his conquest long survive,
Dying ere scarce he had begun to live.

The dire example ran through all the field,
Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd;
The furrows swam in blood; and only five
Of all the vast increase were left alive.
Echion one, at Pallas's command,
Let fall the guiltless weapon from his hand;
And with the rest a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom Cadmus as his friends and partners takes;
So founds a city on the promis'd earth,
And gives his new Boeotian empire birth.

Here Cadmus reign'd; and now one would have
guess'd

The royal founder in his exile blest!
Long did he live within his new abodes,
Ally'd by marriage to the deathless gods;
And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
A long increase of children's children told:
But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded blest before he die.

Actæon was the first of all his race,
Who griev'd his grandfire in his borrow'd face;
Condemn'd by stern Diana to bemoan
The branching horns, and visage not his own;
To shun his once-lov'd dogs, to bound away,
And from their huntman to become their prey.
And yet consider why the change was wrought;
You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault;
Or if a fault, it was the fault of chance:
For how can guilt proceed from ignorance?

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ACTÆON INTO A STAG.

In a fair chace a shady mountain stood,
Well stor'd with game, and mark'd with trails of
blood.

Here did the huntmen till the heat of day
Pursue the stag, and load themselves with prey;
When thus Actæon calling to the rest:
"My friends," says he, "our sport is at the best.
"The sun is high advanc'd, and downward sheds,
"His burning beams directly on our heads;
"Then by consent abstain from further spoils,
"Call off the dogs, and gather up the toils;
"And ere to-morrow's sun begins his race,
"Take the cool morning to renew the chace."
They all consent, and in a cheerful train
The jolly huntmen, loaden with the slain,
Return in triumph from the sultry plain.

Down in a vale with wine and cypress clad,
Refresh'd with gentle winds, and brown with shade,
The chaste Diana's private haunt, there stood
Full in the centre of the darksome wood
A spacious grotto, all around o'er-grown
With hoary moss, and arch'd with pumice stone:
From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
And trickling swell into a lake below.
Nature had every where so play'd her part,
That every where she seem'd to vie with art.
Here the bright goddess, toil'd and chaf'd with
heat,

Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.

Here did she now with all her train resort,
Panting with heat, and breathless from the sport;
Her armour-bearer laid her bow aside,
Some loos'd her sandals, some her veil untied;
Each busy nymph her proper part undrest;
While Crocale, more handy than the rest,
Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a noose
Bound it together, whilst her own hung loose.
Five of the more ignoble sort by turns
Fetch up the water, and unlade their urns.

Now all undrest the shining goddesses stood,
 When young Actæon, wilder'd in the wood,
 To the cool grot by his hard fate betray'd,
 The fountains fill'd with naked nymphs survey'd,
 The frighted virgins shriek'd at the surprise
 (The forest echo'd with their piercing cries).
 Then in a huddle round their goddesses prest:
 She, proudly eminent above the rest,
 With blushes glow'd; such blushes as adorn
 The ruddy welkin, or the purple morn:
 And though the crowding nymphs her body hide,
 Half backward shrunk, and view'd him from aside.
 Surpris'd, at first she would have snatch'd her bow,
 But sees the circling waters round her flow;
 These in the hollow of her hand she took,
 And dash'd them in his face, while thus she spoke:
 "Tell, if thou canst, the wondrous sight disclos'd;
 "A goddess naked to thy view expos'd."

This said, the man begun to disappear
 By slow degrees, and ended in a deer.
 A rising horn on either brow he wears,
 And stretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;
 Rough is his skin, with sudden hairs o'er-grown,
 His bottom pants with fears before unknown.
 Transform'd at length, he flies away in haste,
 And wonders why he flies away so fast
 But as by chance, within a neighbouring brook,
 He saw his branching horns and alter'd look,
 Wretched Actæon! in a doleful tone
 He try'd to speak, but only gave a groan;
 And as he wept, within the watery glass
 He saw the big round drops, with silent pace,
 Run trickling down a savage hairy face.
 What should he do? Or seek his old abodes,
 Or herd among the deer, and skulk in woods?
 Here shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails,
 And each by turns his aching heart assails.

As he thus ponders, he behind him spies
 His opening hounds, and now he hears their cries:
 A generous pack, or to maintain the chase,
 Or snuff the vapour from the scented grass.

He bounded off with fear, and swiftly ran
 O'er craggy mountains, and the flowery plain;
 Through brakes and thickets forc'd his way and flew

Through many a ring, where once he did pursue.
 In vain he oft endavour'd to proclaim
 His new misfortune, and to tell his name;
 Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue supplies;
 From shouting men, and horns, and dogs, he flies,
 Deafen'd and stunn'd with their promiscuous cries.

When now the fleetest of the pack, that prest
 Close at his heels, and sprung before the rest,
 Had fasten'd on him, straight another pair
 Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there,
 Till all the pack came up, and every hound
 Tore the sad huntsman grovelling on the ground.
 Who now appear'd but one continued wound.
 With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
 And fills the mountain with his dying groans.
 His servants with a piteous look he spies,
 And turns about his supplicating eyes.
 His servants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
 With eager haste and joyful shouts advanc'd,

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And call'd their lord Actæon to the game;
 He shook his head in answer to the name;
 He heard, but with'd he had indeed been gone,
 Or only to have stood a looker-on.
 But, to his grief, he finds himself too near,
 And feels his ravenous dogs with fury tear
 Their wretched master panting in a deer.

THE BIRTH OF BACCHUS.

Actæon's sufferings, and Diana's rage,
 Did all the thoughts of men and gods engage;
 Some call'd the evils, which Diana wrought,
 Too great, and disproportion'd to the fault;
 Others again esteem'd Actæon's woes
 Fit for a virgin goddess to impose.
 The hearers into different parts divide,
 And reasons are produc'd on either side.

Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
 Nor would condemn the goddess, nor excuse:
 She heeded not the justice of the deed,
 But joy'd to see the race of Cadmus bleed;
 For still she kept Europa in her mind,
 And, for her sake, detested all her kind.
 Besides, to aggravate her hate, she heard
 How Semele, to Jove's embrace prefer'd,
 Was now grown big with an immortal load,
 And carry'd in her womb a future god.
 Thus terribly incens'd, the goddess broke
 To sudden fury, and abruptly spoke:

"Are my reproaches of so small a force?
 "'Tis time I then pursue another course:
 "It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die,
 "If I'm indeed the mistress of the sky;
 "If rightly styl'd among the powers above
 "The wife and sister of the thundering Jove
 "(And none can sure a sister's right deny);
 "It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die.
 "She boasts an honour I can hardly claim;
 "Pregnant she rises to a mother's name;
 "While proud and vain she triumphs in her Jove,
 "And shows the glorious tokens of his love:
 "But if I'm still the mistress of the skies,
 "By her own lover the fond beauty dies."

This said, descending in a yellow cloud,
 Before the gates of Semele she stood.

Old Beroë's decrepit shape she wears,
 Her wrinkled visage, and her hoary hairs;
 Whilst in her trembling gait she totters on,
 And learns to tattle in the nurse's tone.
 The goddess, thus disguis'd in age, beguil'd
 With pleasing stories her false foster-child.
 Much did she talk of love, and when she came
 To mention to the nymph her lover's name,
 Fetching a sigh, and holding down her head,
 "'Tis well," says she, "if all be true that's said.
 "But trust me, child, I'm much inclin'd to fear
 "Some counterfeits in this your Jupiter.
 "Many an honest well designing maid
 "Has been by these pretended gods betray'd.
 "But if he be indeed the thundering Jove,
 "Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,

"Descend triumphant from th' ethereal sky,
 "In all the pomp of his divinity;
 "Encamp'st round by those celestial charms,
 "With which he fills th' immortal Juno's arms."

"Th' unwary nymph, casin'd with what she said,

Desir'd of Jove, when next he sought her bed,
 To grant a certain gift which she would choose;

"Fear not," replied the god, "that I'll refuse

"Whate'er you ask: may Stryx confirm my voice,

"Choose what you will, and you shall have your
 "choice." [my arms

"Then," says the nymph, "when next you seek

"May you defend in those celestial charms.

"With which your Juno's bosom you inflame,

"And fill with transport heaven's immortal
 "dame." [voice:

The god surpris'd would fain have stopp'd her
 But he had sworn, and she had made her choice.

To keep his promise, he ascends, and shrouds

His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds;

Whilst all around, in terrible array,

His thunders rattle, and his lightning's play.

And yet, the dazzling lustre to abate,

He set not out in all his pomp and state,

Clad in the mildest lightning of the skies,

And arm'd with thunder of the smallest size:

Not those huge bolts, by which the giants slain

Lay overthrown on the Phlegrean plain.

'Twas of a lesser mold, and lighter weight;

They call it thunder of a second rate,

For the rough Cyclops, who by Jove's command

Temper'd the bolt, and turn'd it to his hand,

Work'd up less flame and fury in its make,

And quench'd it sooner in the standing lake.

Thus dreadfully adorn'd, with horror bright,

Th' illustrious god, descending from his height,

Came rushing on her in a storm of light.

The mortal dame, too feeble to engage

The lightning's flashes and the thunder's rage,

Consum'd amidst the glories she desir'd,

And in the terrible embrace expir'd.

But, to preserve his offspring from the tomb,

Jove took him smoking from the blasted womb;

And, if on ancient tales we may rely,

Inclos'd th' abortive infant in his thigh.

Here, when the babe had all his time fulfill'd,

Ino first took him for her foster-child;

Then the Niseans, in their dark abode,

Nurs'd secretly, with milk, the thriving god.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF TIRESIAS.

'Twas now, while these transactions pass on earth,
 And Bacchus thus procur'd a second birth,

When Jove, dispos'd to lay aside the weight

Of public empire, and the cares of state;

As to his queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd,

"In troth," says he, (and as he spoke he laugh'd),

"The sense of pleasure in the male is far

"More dull and dead, than what you females

"share."

Juno the truth of what was said deny'd;

Tiresias therefore must the cause decide;

For he the pleasure of each sex had try'd.

It happen'd once, within a shady wood,

Two twined snakes he in conjunction view'd;

When with his staff their slimy folds he broke,

And lost his manhood at the fatal stroke.

But, after seven revolving years, he view'd

The self-same serpents in the self-same wood;

"And if," says he, "such virtue in you lie,

"That he who dares your slimy folds untie

"Must change his kind, a second stroke I'll

"try."

Again he struck the snakes, and stood again

New-sex'd, and straight recover'd into man.

Him therefore both the Deities create

The sovereign umpire in their grand debate:

And he declar'd for Jove: when Juno, fir'd,

More than so trivial an affair requir'd,

Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his sight,

And left him groping round in sudden night.

But Jove (for so it is in heaven decreed,

That no one god repeal another's deed)

Irradiates all his soul with inward light,

And with the prophet's art relieves the want of

sight.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ECHO.

FAM'd far and near for knowing things to come,
 From him th' inquiring nations sought their
 doom;

The fair Liriope his answers try'd,

And first th' unerring prophet justify'd;

This nymph the god Cephalus had abus'd,

With all his winding waters circumfus'd,

And on the Nereid got a lovely boy,

Whom the soft maids ev'n then beheld with joy.

The tender dame, solicitous to know

Whether her child should reach old age or no,

Consults the sage Tiresias, who replies,

"If e'er he knows himself, he surely dies."

Long-liv'd the dubious mother in suspense,

Till time unriddled all the prophet's sense,

Narcissus now his sixteenth year began,

Just turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man;

Many a friend the blooming youth caref's'd,

Many a lovesick maid her flame confess'd.

Such was his pride, in vain the friend caref's'd,

The lovesick maid in vain her flame confess'd.

Once, in the woods, as he pursu'd the chase,

The babbling Echo had deserv'd his face;

She, who in others' words her silence breaks,

Nor speaks herself but when another speaks.

Echo was then a maid, of speech bereft,

Of wonted speech; for though her voice was left,

Juno a curse did on her tongue impose,

To sport with every sentence in the close.

Full often, when the goddess might have caught

Jove and her rivals in the very fault,

This nymph with subtle stories would delay.

Her coming, till the lovers slipp'd away.

The goddess found out the deceit in time,
And then she cry'd, "That tongue, for this thy
"crime,

"Which could so many subtle tales produce,
"Shall be hereafter but of little use."
Hence 'tis she prattles in a fainter tone,
With mimic sounds, and accents not her own.

This lovesick virgin, over-joy'd to find
The boy alone, still follow'd him behind;
When glowing warmly at her near approach,
As sulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
She long'd her hidden passion to reveal,
And tell her pains, but had not words to tell:
She can't begin, but waits for the rebound,
To catch his voice, and to return the sound.

The nymph, when nothing could Narcissus move,
Still dash'd with blushes for her slighted love,
Liv'd in the shady covert of the woods,
In solitary caves and dark abodes;
Where pining wander'd the rejected fair,
Till, harass'd out, and worn away with care,
The founding skeleton, of blood bereft,
Beside her bones and voice had nothing left.
Her bones are petrify'd, her voice is found
In vaults, where still it doubles every sound.

THE STORY OF NARCISSUS.

Thus did the nymph in vain care for the boy,
He still was lovely, but he still was coy:
When one fair virgin of the slighted train
Thus pray'd the gods, provok'd by his disdain,
"Oh may he love like me, and love like me in
"vain!"

Rhamnusia pity'd the neglected fair,
And with just vengeance answer'd to her prayer.

There stands a fountain in a darksome wood,
Nor stain'd with falling leaves nor rising mud;
Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests,
Unfalsify'd by the touch of men or beasts;
High bowers of shady trees above it grow,
And rising grafs and cheerful greens below.
Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place,
And over-heated by the morning chase,
Narcissus on the grassy verdure lies:
But whilst within the crystal fount he tries
To quench his heat, he feels new heats arise.
For, as his own bright image he survey'd,
He fell in love with the fantastic shade;
And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he lov'd.
The well-turn'd neck and shoulders he describes,
The spacious forehead, and the sparkling eyes;
The hands that Bacchus might not scorn to show,
And hair that round Apollo's head might flow,
With all the purple youthfulness of face,
That gently blushes in the watery glass.
By his own flames consum'd, the lover lies,
And gives himself the wound by which he dies.
To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
Oft catching at the beauteous shade he dips
His arms, as often from himself he slips.
Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue
With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.

What could, fond youth, this helpless passion
move?

What kindle in thee this un pity'd love?

Thy own warm blush within the water glows,
With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes,
Its empty being on thyself relies;

Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.

Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he
stood,

Mindless of sleep, and negligent of food;

Still view'd his face, and languish'd as he
view'd.

At length he rais'd his head, and thus began

To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain:

"You trees," says he, "and thou surrounding
"grove,

"Who oft have been the kindly scenes of love,

"Tell me, if e'er within your shades did lie

"A youth so tortur'd, so perplex'd as I!

"I who before me see the charming fair,

"Whilst there he stands, and yet he stands not
"there:

"In such a maze of love my thoughts are lost;

"And yet no bulwark town, nor distant coast,

"Preserves the beauteous youth from being seen,

"No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between.

"A shallow water hinders my embrace;

"And yet the lovely mimic wears a face

"That kindly smiles, and when I bend to join

"My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.

"Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint,

"Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.

"My charms an easy conquest have obtained

"O'er other hearts, by thee alone disdain'd.

"But why should I despair? I'm sure he burns

"With equal flames, and languishes by turns.

"Whene'er I stoop, he offers at a kiss:

"And when my arms I stretch, he stretches his.

"His eyes with pleasure on my face he keeps,

"He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he
weeps.

"Whene'er I speak, his moving lips appear

"To utter something which I cannot hear.

"Ah wretched me! I now begin too late

"To find out all the long perplex'd deceit;

"It is myself I love, myself I see;

"The gay delusion is a part of me.

"I kindle up the fires by which I burn,

"And my own beauties from the well return.

"Whom should I court? How utter my com-
plaint?

"Enjoyment but produces my restraint,

"And too much plenty makes me die for want.

"How gladly would I from myself remove!

"And at a distance set the thing I love.

"My breast is warm'd with such unusual fire,

"I with him absent whom I most desire. [sigh;

"And now I faint with grief; my fate draws

"In all the pride of blooming youth I die.

"Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve,

"O might the visionary youth survive,

"I should with joy my latest breath resign!

"But, oh! I see his fate involv'd in mine."

This said, the weeping youth again return'd

To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd;

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His tears defac'd the surface of the well,
 With circle after circle, as they fell:
 And now the lovely face but half appears,
 O'er-run with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears.
 "Ah whither," cries Narcissus, "dost thou fly?
 "Let me still feed the flame by which I die;
 "Let me still see, though I'm no further blest."
 Then rends his garment off, and beats his breast:
 His naked bosom redd'n'd with the blow,
 In such a blush as purple clusters show,
 Ere yet the sun's autumnal heats refine
 The sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.
 The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,
 And with a new redoubled passion dies.
 As wax dissolves, as ice begins to run,
 And trickle into drops before the sun,
 So melts the youth, and languishes away:
 His beauty withers, and his limbs decay,
 And none of those attractive charms remain,
 To which the flighted Echo sued in vain.
 She saw him in his present misery,
 Whom, spite of all her wrongs, she griev'd to see.
 She answer'd sadly to the lover's moan,
 Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to every groan;
 "A youth! below'd in vain," Narcissus cries;
 "Ah youth! below'd in vain," the nymph replies.
 "Farewell," says he: the parting sound scarce fell
 From his faint lips, but the reply'd, "Farewell."
 Then on th' unwholesome earth he gasping lies,
 Till death shuts up those self-adorning eyes.
 To the cold shades his sitting ghost retires,
 And in the Stygian waves itself admires.
 For him the Naiads and the Dryads mourn,
 Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn:
 And now the sister-nymphs prepare his urn;
 When, looking for his corpse, they only found
 A rising stalk with yellow blossoms crown'd.

THE STORY OF PENTHEUS.

THIS sad event gave blind Tiresias fame,
 Through Greece establish'd in a prophet's name.
 Th' unhallow'd Pentheus only durst deride
 The cheated people, and their eyeless guide.
 To whom the prophet in his fury said,
 Shaking the hoary honours of his head;
 "Twere well, presumptuous man, 'twere well
 "for thee
 "If thou wert eyeless too, and blind, like me:
 "For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here,
 "When the young god's solemnities appear;
 "Which if thou dost not with just rites adorn,
 "Thy impious carcase into pieces torn,
 "Shall flew the woods, and hang on every
 "thorn.
 "Then, then, remember what I now foretel,
 "And own the blind Tiresias saw too well."
 Still Pentheus scorns him, and derides his skill;
 But time did all the prophet's threats fulfil.
 For now through prostrate Greece young Bac-
 chus rode,
 Whilst howling matrons celebrate the god.

All ranks and sexes to his orgies ran,
 To mingle in the pomps, and fill the train.
 When Pentheus thus his wicked rage express'd:
 "What madness, Thebans, has your soul possess'd?
 "Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken shout,
 "And the lewd clamours of a beastly rout,
 "Thus quell your courage? Can the weak alarm
 "Of women's yell those stubborn souls disarm,
 "Whom nor the sword nor trumpet e'er could
 "fright,
 "Nor the loud din and horror of a fight?
 "And you, our fires, who left your old abodes,
 "And fix'd in foreign earth your country gods;
 "Will you without a stroke your city yield,
 "And poorly quit an undisputed field?
 "But you, whose youth and vigour should inspire
 "Heroic warmth, and kindle martial fire,
 "Whom burnish'd arms and crested helmets grace,
 "Not flowery garlands and a painted face;
 "Remember him to whom you stand ally'd:
 "The serpent for his well of waters dy'd.
 "He fought the strong; do you his courage show,
 "And gain a conquest o'er a feeble foe.
 "If Thebes must fall, oh might the fates afford
 "A nobler doom, from famine, fire, or sword!
 "Then might the Thebans perish with renown:
 "But now a beardless victor sacks the town;
 "Whom nor the prancing steed, nor ponderous
 "shield,
 "Nor the hack'd helmet, nor the dusty field,
 "But the soft joys of luxury and ease,
 "The purple vests, and flowery garland please.
 "Stand then aside, I'll make the counterfeit
 "Renounce his godhead, and confess the cheat,
 "Acrisius from the Grecian walls repell'd
 "This boasted power; why then should Pen-
 "theus yield?
 "Go quickly, drag th' audacious boy to me;
 "I'll try the force of his divinity."
 Thus did th' audacious wretch those rites profane;
 His friends dissuade th' audacious wretch in vain;
 In vain his grandfire urg'd him to give o'er
 His impious threats; the wretch but raves the
 So have I seen a river gently glide, [more.
 In a smooth course, and inoffensive tide;
 But if with dams its current we restrain,
 It bears down all, and foams along the plain.
 But now his servants came besmear'd with
 blood,
 Sent by their haughty prince to seize the god;
 The god they found not in the frantic throng,
 But dragg'd a zealous votary along.

THE MARINERS TRANSFORMED TO DOLPHINS.

HIM Pentheus view'd with fury in his look,
 And scarce with-held his hands, while thus he
 spoke:
 "Vile slave, whom speedy vengeance shall pursue
 "And terrify thy base seditious crew:
 "Thy country and thy parentage reveal,
 "And, why thou join'st in these mad orgies, tell."

The captive views him with undaunted eyes,
And, arm'd with inward innocence, replies :

" From high Meonia's rocky shores I came,
Of poor descent, Acetes is my name :
" My sire was meanly born ; no oxen plough'd
His fruitful fields ; nor in his pastures low'd.
" His whole estate within the waters lay ;
" With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey ;
" His art was all his livelihood ; which he
" Thus with his dying lips bequeath'd to me :
" In streams, my boy, and rivers, take thy chance ;
" There swims, said he, thy whole inheritance.

" Long did I live on this poor legacy,
" Till, tir'd with rocks, and my own native sky,
" To arts of navigation I inclin'd ;
" Observ'd the turns and changes of the wind :
" Learn'd the fit havens, and began to note
" The stormy Hyades, the rainy Goat,
" The bright Taygete, and the shining Bears,
" With all the sailors catalogue of stars.

" Once, as by chance for Delos I design'd,
" My vessel, driv'n by a strong gust of wind,
" Moor'd in a Chian creek : ashore I went,
" And all the following night in Chios spent.
" When morning rose, I sent my mates to bring
" Supplies of water from a neighbouring spring,
" Whilst I the motion of the winds explor'd ;
" Then summon'd in my crew, and went aboard.
" Opheltas heard my summons, and with joy
" Brought to the shore a soft and lovely boy,
" With more than female sweetness in his look,
" Whom straggling in the neighbouring fields he
" took.

" With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
" And nods with sleep, and staggers as he goes.
" I view'd him nicely, and began to trace
" Each heavenly feature, each immortal grace,
" And saw divinity in all his face.
" I know not who, said I, this god should be ;
" But that he is a god I plainly see :
" And thou, whoe'er thou art, excuse the force
" These men have us'd, and oh befriend our
" course !

" Pray not for us, the nimble Dictys cry'd ;
" Dictys, that could the main-top-mast bestride,
" And down the ropes with active vigour slide.
" To the same purpose old Epopeus spoke,
" Who overlook'd the oars, and tim'd the stroke ;
" The same the pilot, and the same the rest ;
" Such impious avarice their souls possess.
" Nay, heaven forbid that I should bear away
" Within my vessel so divine a prey,
" Said I ; and stood to hinder their intent :
" When Lycabas, a wretch for murder sent
" From Tuscany, to suffer banishment,
" With his clench'd fist had struck me over-
" board,

" Had not my hands in falling grasp'd a cord.
" His base confederates the fact approve ;
" When Bacchus (for 'twas he) began to move,
" Wak'd by the noise and clamours which they
" rais'd ;
" And shook his drowsy limbs, and round him
" What means this noise ? he cries ; am I betray'd ?
" Ah ! whither, whither must I be convey'd ?

" Fear not, said Proteus, child, but tell us where
" You wish to land, and trust our friendly care :
" To Naxos then direct your course, says he ;
" Naxos a hospitable port shall be
" To each of you, a joyful home to me.
" By every god that rules the sea or sky,
" The perjurd villains promise to comply,
" And bid me hasten to unmoor the ship.
" With eager joy I launch into the deep ;
" And, heedless of the fraud, for Naxos stand :
" They whisper oft, and beckon with the hand.
" And give me signs all anxious for their prey,
" To tack about, and steer another way.
" Then let some other to my post succeed,
" Said I, I'm guiltless of so foul a deed.
" What, says Eubalion, must the ship's whole
" crew

" Follow your humour, and depend on you ?
" And straight himself he seated at the prow,
" And tack'd about, and sought another shore.
" The beauteous youth now found himself
" betray'd.

" And from the deck the rising waves survey'd,
" And seem'd to weep, and as he wept he said ;
" And do you thus my easy faith beguile ?
" Thus do you bear me to my native ill ?
" Will such a multitude of men employ
" Their strength against a weak defenceless boy ?
" In vain did I the godlike youth deplore,
" The more I begg'd, they thwarted me the more,
" And now, by all the gods in heaven that hear
" This solemn oath, by Bacchus' self, I swear,
" The mighty miracle that did ensue,
" Although it seems beyond belief, is true.
" The vessel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,
" Unmov'd by all the heaving billows stood.
" In vain the mariners would plough the main
" With sails unfurl'd, and strike their oars in vain ;
" Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves,
" And climbs the mast, and hides the cords in
" leaves :

" The sails are cover'd with a cheerful green,
" And berries in the fruitful canvas seen.
" Amidst the waves a sudden forest rears
" Its verdant head, and a new spring appears :
" The god we now behold with open eyes ;
" A herd of spotted panthers round him lies
" In glaring forms ; the grapy clusters spread
" On his fair brows, and dangle on his head.
" And whilst he frowns, and brandishes his spear,
" My mates, surpriz'd with madness or with fear,
" Leap'd over-board : first perjurd Madon found
" Rough scales and fins his stiffening sides sur-
" round :

" Ah what, cries one, has thus transform'd thy
" look ?
" Straight his own mouth grew wider as he spoke :
" And now himself he views with like surprise.
" Still at his oar th' industrious Libys plies ;
" But, as he plies, each busy arm shrinks in,
" And by degrees is fashion'd to a fin.
" Another, as he catches at a cord,
" Misses his arms, and, tumbling over-board,
" With his broad fins and forked tail he laves
" The rising surge, and flounders in he waves :

" Thus all my crew transform'd, around the
 " Ship,
 " Or dive below, or on the surface leap,
 " And spout the waves, and wanton in the deep.
 " Full nineteen sailors did the ship convey,
 " A shoal of nineteen dolphins round her play.
 " I only in my proper shape appear, [fear,
 " Speechless with wonder, and half dead with
 " Till Bacchus kindly bid me fear no more.
 " With him I landed on the Chian shore, }
 " And him shall ever gratefully adore."
 " This forging slave," says Pentheus, " would
 " prevail
 " O'er our just fury by a far-fetch'd tale;
 " Go, let him feel the whips, the swords, the fire
 " And in the tortures of the rack expire."
 Th' officious servants hurry him away,
 And the poor captive in a dungeon lay.
 But, whilst the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
 The gates fly open, of themselves unbar'd;
 At liberty th' unfetter'd captive stands,
 And flings the loosen'd shackles from his hands.

THE DEATH OF PENTHEUS.

BUT Pentheus, grown more furious than before,
 Resolv'd to send his messengers no more,
 But went himself to the distracted throng,
 Where high Cithæron echo'd with their song.
 And as the fiery war-horse paws the ground,
 And snorts and trembles at the trumpet's sound;
 Transported thus he heard the frantic rout,
 And rav'd and madden'd at the distant shout.
 A spacious circuit on the hill there stood,
 Level and wide, and skirted round with wood;
 Here the rash Pentheus, with unhallow'd eyes,
 The howling dames and mystic orgies spies.
 His mother sternly view'd him where he stood,
 And kindled into madness as she view'd:
 Her leafy javelin at her son she cast;
 And cries, " The boar that lays our country waste!
 " The boar, my sisters! aim the fatal dart,
 " And strike the brindled monster to the heart."
 Pentheus astonish'd heard the dismal sound,
 And sees the yelling matrons gathering round;
 He sees, and weeps at his approaching fate,
 And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
 " Help, help! my aunt Autonoe," he cry'd;
 " Remember how your own Aëgeon dy'd."
 Deaf to his cries, the frantic matron crops
 One stretch'd-out arm, the other Ino lops.
 In vain does Pentheus to his mother sue,
 And the raw bleeding stumps presents to view:
 His mother howl'd; and, and heedless of his
 prayer,
 Her trembling hand she twisted in his hair,
 " And this," she cried, " shall be Agave's
 " share."
 When from the neck his struggling head she tore,
 And in her hands the ghastly visage bore,
 With pleasure all the hideous trunk survey;
 Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
 As starting in the pangs of death it lay.

Soon as the wood its leafy honours casts,
 Blown off and scatter'd by autumnal blasts,
 With such a sudden death lay Pentheus slain,
 And in a thousand pieces strow'd the plain.
 By so distinguishing a judgment aw'd,
 The Thebans tremble, and confess the god.

THE STORY OF

SALMACIS AND HERMAPHRODITUS.

From the Fourth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.

How Salmacis, with weak enfeebling streams,
 Softens the body, and unnerves the limbs,
 And what the secret cause, shall here be shewn;
 The cause is secret, but th' effect is known.
 The Naiads nurs'd an infant heretofore,
 That Cytherea once to Hermes bore:
 From both th' illustrious authors of his race
 The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace }
 Both the bright parents through the infant's
 face,
 When fifteen years, in Ida's cool retreat,
 The boy had told, he left his native seat,
 And sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil:
 The pleasure lessen'd the attending toil.
 With eager steps the Lycian fields he crost,
 And fields that border on the Lycian coast;
 A river here he view'd so lovely bright, }
 It shew'd the bottom in a fairer light,
 Nor kept a sand conceal'd from human sight:
 The stream produc'd nor slimy ooze, nor weeds,
 Nor miry rushes, nor the spiky reeds;
 But dealt enriching moisture all around,
 The fruitful banks with cheerful verdure }
 crown'd,
 And kept the spring eternal on the ground.
 A nymph presides, nor practis'd in the chase,
 Nor skilful at the bow, nor at the race;
 Of all the blue-eyed daughters of the main,
 The only stranger to Diana's train:
 Her sisters often, as 'tis said, wou'd cry,
 " Fy, Salmacis, what always idle! fy;
 " Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows seize,
 " And mix the toils of hunting with thy ease."
 Nor quiver she nor arrows e'er would seize,
 Nor mix the toils of hunting with her ease.
 But oft would bathe her in the chrysal tide,
 Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide;
 Now in the limpid streams she view'd her face,
 And dress'd her image in the floating glass:
 On beds of leaves she now repos'd her limbs,
 Now gather'd flowers that grew about her streams;
 And then by chance was gathering, as she stood
 To view the boy, and long for what she view'd.
 Fain would she meet the youth with hasty feet,
 She fain would meet him, but refus'd to meet
 Before her looks were set with nicest care,
 And well deserv'd to be reputed fair.
 " Bright youth," she cries, " whom all thy sea-
 " tures prove
 " A god, and, if a god, the god of love;
 " But if a mortal, blest thy nurse's breast:
 " Blest are thy parents, and thy sisters blest;

* But oh how blest! how more than blest thy
"bride,

"Ally'd in bliss, if any yet ally'd.

"If so, let mine the stol'n enjoyments be;

"If not, behold a willing bride in me."

The boy knew nought of love, and touch'd with
shame,

He strove, and blush'd, but still the blush became;

In rising blushes still fresh beauties rose;

The sunny side of fruit such blushes shows,

And such the moon, when all her silver white

Turns in eclipses to a ruddy light.

The nymph still begs, if not a nobler bliss,

A cold salute at least, a sister's kiss:

And now prepares to take the lovely boy

Between her arms. He, innocently coy,

Replies, "Or leave me to myself alone,

"You rude uncivil nymph, or I'll be gone."

"Fair stranger then," says she, "it shall be so;"

And, for the fear'd his threat, she feign'd to go;

But, hid within a covert's neighbouring green,

She kept him still in sight, herself unseen.

The boy now fancies all the danger o'er,

And innocently sports about the shore;

Playful and wanton to the stream he trips,

And dips his foot, and shivers as he dips

The coolness pleas'd him, and with eager haste

His airy garments on the banks he cast;

His godlike features, and his heavenly hue,

And all his beauties, were expos'd to view.

His naked limbs the nymph with rapture spies,

While hotter passions in her bosom rise,

Flush in her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes.

She long, she burns to clasp him in her arms,

And looks and sighs, and kindles at his charms.

Now all undrest upon the banks he stood,

And clapt his sides, and leapt into the flood:

His lovely limbs the silver waves divide,

His limbs appear more lovely through the tide;

As lilies shut within a crystal case,

Receive a glossy lustre from the glass.

"He's mine, he's all my own," the Naid cries;

And flings off all, and after him she flies.

And now she fastens on him as he swims,

And holds him close, and wraps about his limb.

The more the boy resisted, and was coy,

The more she clapt, and kiss'd the struggling boy.

So when the wriggling snake is snatch'd on high

In eagles claws, and hisses in the sky,

Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,

And twists her legs, and writhes about her wings.

The restless boy still obstinately strove

To free himself, and still refus'd her love.

Amidst his limbs she kept her limbs intwin'd,

"And why, coy youth," she cries, "why thus

"unkind?"

"Oh may the gods thus keep us ever join'd!

"Oh may we never, never part again!"

So pray'd the nymph, nor did she pray in vain:

For now she finds him, as his limbs she prest,

Grow nearer still, and nearer to her breast;

Till, piercing each the other's flesh, they run

Together, and incorporate in one:

Last in one face are both their faces join'd,

As when the stock and grafted twig combin'd

Shoot up the same, and wear a common mind:

Both bodies in a single body mix,

A single body with a double sex.

The boy, thus lost in woman, now survey'd

The river's guilty stream, and thus he pray'd;

(He pray'd, but wonder'd at his softer tone,

Surpris'd to hear a voice but half his own)

You parent gods, whose heavenly names I bear,

Hear your Hermaphrodite, and grant my prayer;

Oh grant, that whomsoever these streams con-

tain,

If man he enter'd, he may rise again

Supple, unfinew'd, and but half a man!

The heavenly parents answer'd, from on high,

Their two-shap'd son, the double votary;

Then gave a secret virtue to the flood,

And ting'd its source to make his wishes good.

NOTES

ON

SOME OF THE FOREGOING STORIES IN OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

ON THE STORY OF PHAETON.

THE story of Phaeton is told with a greater air of majesty and grandeur than any other in all Ovid. It is indeed the most important subject he treats of, except the deluge; and I cannot but believe that this is the conflagration he hints at in the first book;

"Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur assere tempus

"Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cæli

"Ardeat, et mundi moles operosa laboret;"

(though the learned apply those verses to the future burning of the world) for it fully answers that description, &c. the

"—Cæli miserere tui; circumspice utrumque;
"Fumat uterque polus—"

"Fumat uterque polus"—comes up to "correpta-
"que regia cæli"—Besides it is Ovid's custom to
prepare the reader for a following story, by giv-
ing some intimations of it in a foregoing one,
which was more particularly necessary to be done
before he led us into so strange a story as this he is
now upon.

P. 197. col. 2 l. 23. For in the portal, &c.]
We have here the picture of the universe drawn in
little.

"—Balænarumque prementem
"Ægeon suis inmania terga lacertis."

Ægeon makes a diverting figure in it.

"—Facies non omnibus una,
"Neq' diversa tamen: qualem cecet esse sororem."

The thought is very pretty, of giving Doris and
her daughters such a difference in their looks as is
natural to different persons, and yet such a likeness
as shewed their affinity.

"Terra viros, urbisque gerit, sylvasque, ferasque,
"Fluminaque, et nymphas, et cætera numina
"ruris."

The less important figures are well huddled to-
gether in the promiscuous description at the end,
which very well represents what the painters call
a group.

"—Circum caput omne micantes
"Deposuit radios; propiusque accedere jussit."

P 198. c. 1. l. 11. And flung the blaze, &c.] It
gives us a great image of Phæbus, that the youth
was forced to look on him at a distance, and not
able to approach him until he had lain aside the
circle of rays that cast such a glory about his head.
And indeed we may every where observe in Ovid,
that he never fails of a due loftiness in his ideas,
though he wants it in his words. And this I think
infinitely better than to have sublime expressions
and mean thoughts, which is generally the true
character of Claudian and Statius. But this is not
considered by them who run down Ovid in the
gross, for a low middle way of writing. What
can be more simple and unadorned, than his de-
scription of Enceladus in the sixth book?

"Nititur ille quidem, pugnatque resurgere sæpe,
"Dextra fedit Ausonio manus est subiecta Peloro,
"Læva, Pachyne, tibi, Lilibæo crura premuntur,
"Degravat Ætna caput, sub quâ resupinus are-
"nas
"Ejecit, flammamque fero vomit ore Typhæus."

But the image we have here is truly great and
sublime, of a giant vomiting out a tempest of fire,
and heaving up all Sicily, with the body of an

island upon his breast, and a vast promontory on
either arm.

There are few books that have had worse com-
mentators on them than Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.
Those of the graver sort have been wholly taken
up in the Mythologies; and think they have ap-
peared very judicious, if they have shewn us out
of an old author that Ovid is mistaken in a pedi-
gree, or has turned such a person into a wolf that
ought to have been made a tiger. Others have
employed themselves on what never entered into
the poet's thoughts, in adapting a dull moral to
every story, and making the persons of his poems
to be only nicknames for such virtues or vices;
particularly the pious commentator, Alexander
Ross, has dived deeper into our author's design
than any of the rest; for he discovers in him the
greatest mysteries of the Christian religion, and
finds almost in every page some typical representa-
tion of the world, the flesh, and the devil. But if
these writers have gone too deep, others have been
wholly employed in the surface, most of them serv-
ing only to help out a school-boy in the construing
part; or if they go out of their way, it is only to
mark out the *gnoma* of the author, as they call
them, which are generally the heaviest pieces of
a poet, distinguished from the rest by Italian cha-
racters. The best of Ovid's expositors is he that
wrote for the Dauphin's use, who has very well
shewn the meaning of the author, but seldom re-
flects on his beauties or imperfections; for in most
places he rather acts the geographer than the crit-
ic, and, instead of pointing out the fineness of a
description, only tells you in what part of the
world the place is situated. I shall therefore only
consider Ovid under the character of a poet, and
endeavour to shew him impartially, without the
usual prejudice of a translator: which I am the
more willing to do, because I believe such a com-
ment would give the reader a truer taste of poetry
than a comment on any other poet would do; for,
in reflecting on the ancient poets, men think they
may venture to praise all they meet with in some,
and scarce any thing in others; but Ovid is confess-
ed to have a mixture of both kinds, to have something
of the best and worst poets, and by consequence to
be the fairest subject for criticism.

Ibid. c. 1. l. 24. My son, says he, &c.] Phæ-
bus's speech is very nobly usher'd in, with the
"Terque quaterque concutens illustre caput"—
and well represents the danger and difficulty of
the undertaking; but that which is its peculiar
beauty, and makes it truly Ovid's, is the represent-
ing them just as a father would to his young son;

"Per tamen adversi gradieris cornua tauri,
"Hæmonioque arcus, violentique ora leonis,
"Sævaque circuitu curvantem brachia longo
"Scorpion, atque aliter curvantem brachia can-
"crum."

for one while he scares him with bugbears in the
way,

"—Vasti quoque rector Olympi,
"Qui fera terribili jaculetur fulmina dextrâ,

"Non agat hos currus; et quid Jove majus ha-
"betur?"

"Deprecor hoc unum quod vero nomine pœna,
"Non honor est. Pœnam, Phaeton, pro munere
"poscis."

And in other places perfectly rattles like a father, which by the way makes the length of the speech very natural, and concludes with all the fondness and concern of a tender parent.

"—Patrio pater esse metu probor; aspice vul-
"tus

"Ecce meos: utinamque oculos in pectore posses
"Inferere, & patrias intus deprendere curas: &c."

P. 198. c. 2. l. 27. A golden axle, &c.] Ovid has more turns and repetitions in his words than any of the Latin poets, which are always wonderfully easy and natural in him. The repetition of *Aureus*, and the transition to *Argenteus*, in the description of the chariot, give these verses a great sweetness and majesty:

"Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea summæ
"Curvatura rotæ; radiorum argenteus ordo."

Ibid. c. 2. l. 52. Drive them not on directly, &c.] Several have endeavoured to vindicate Ovid against the old objection, that he mistakes the annual for the diurnal motion of the sun. The Dauphin's notes tell us that Ovid knew very well the sun did not pass through all the signs he names in one day, but that he makes Phœbus mention them only to frighten Phaeton from the undertaking. But though this may answer for what Phœbus says in his first speech, it cannot from what is said in this, where he is actually giving directions for his journey, and plainly

"Sectus in obliquum est lato curvamine limes,
"Zonarumque trium contentus sine plomumque
"Effugit australem, junctamque aquionibus Arc-
"ton,"

describes the motion through all the zodiac.

P. 199. c. 1. l. 5. And not my chariot, &c.] Ovid's verse is, "Consilis non curribus utere nos-
"tris." This way of joining two such different ideas as chariot and counsel to the same verb, is mightily used by Ovid; but is a very low kind of wit, and has always in it a mixture of pun, because the verb must be taken in a different sense when it is joined with one of the things, from what it has in conjunction with the other. Thus in the end of this story he tells you that Jupiter flung a thunderbolt at Phaeton—"Pariterque, animæque, ro-
"tisque expulit aurigam," where he makes a forced piece of Latin ("animæ expulit aurigam") that he may couple the soul and the wheels to the same verb.

Ibid. c. 1. l. 30. The youth was in a maze, &c.] It is impossible for a man to be drawn in a greater confusion than Phaeton is; but the antithesis of light and darkness a little flattens the de-

scription. "Suntque oculis tenebræ per tantum
"lumen obortæ."

P. 199. c. 1. l. 33. Then the seven stars, &c.] I wonder none of Ovid's commentators have taken notice of the oversight he has committed in this verse, where he makes the Triones grow warm before there was ever such a sign in the heavens; for he tells us in this very book, that Jupiter turned Calisto into this constellation, after he had repaired the ruins that Phaeton had made in the world.

Ibid. c. 2. l. 24. Athos and Tmolus, &c.] Ovid has here, after the way of the old poets, given us a catalogue of the mountains and rivers which were burnt. But, that I might not tire the English reader I have left out some of them that make no figure in the description, and inverted the order of the rest according as the smoothness of my verse required.

P. 199. c. 2. l. 49. 'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor, &c.] This is the only metamorphosis in all this long story, which, contrary to custom, is inserted in the middle of it. The critics may determine whether what follows it be not too great an excursion in him who proposes it as his whole design to let us know the changes of things. I dare say that, if Ovid had not religiously observed the reports of the ancient mythologists, we should have seen Phaeton turned into some creature or other that hates the light of the sun; or perhaps into an eagle, that still takes pleasure to gaze on it.

P. 200. c. 1. l. 8. The frightened Nile, &c.] Ovid has made a great many pleasant images towards The latter end of his story. His verses on the

"Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem,
"Occulitque caput, quod adhuc latet: ostia sep-
"tem

"Pulverulenta vacant, septem sine flumine valles."

are as noble as Virgil could have written; but then he ought not to have mentioned the channel of the sea afterwards,

"Mare contrahitur, siccaque est campus arenæ,"

because the thought is too near the other. The image of the Cyclades is a very pretty one;

"—Quos altum texerat æquor
"Exitunt montes, et sparsas Cycladas ægent."

But to tell us that the swans grew warm in Cäy-ster,

"—Medio volucres caluere Cäystro,"

and that the dolphins durst not leap,

"Ne se super æquora curvi
"Tollere conlectas audent Delphines in auras,"

is intolerably trivial on so great a subject as the burning of the world.

P. 206. c. 2. l. 30. The earth at length, &c.] We have here a speech of the earth, which will doubtless seem very unnatural to an English reader. It is, I believe, the boldest prosopopœia of any in the old poets; or, if it were never so natural, I cannot but think she speaks too much in any reason for one in her condition.

ON EUROPA'S RAPE.

P. 206. c. 2. l. 9. The dignity of empire, &c.] This story is prettily told, and very well brought in by those two serious lines,

"Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ sede morantur,
"Majestas et Amor. Sceptri gravitate relictâ,
" &c."

without which the whole fable would have appeared very profane.

Ibid. c. 2. l. 49. The frightened nymph looks, &c.] This consternation and behaviour of Europa,

"—Elusam designat imagine tauri
"Europen: verum taurum, freta vera putaras.
"Ipsa videbatur terras spectare relictas,
"Et comites clamare suos, tacitumque vereri
"Assilientis aquæ, timidæque reducere plantas,"

is better described in Arachne's picture in the sixth book, than it is here; and in the beginning of Tatiüs's Clitophon and Leucippe, than in either place. It is indeed usual among the Latin poets (who had more art and reflection than the Grecian) to take hold of all opportunities to describe the picture of any place or action, which they generally do better than they could the place or action itself; because in the description of a picture you have a double subject before you, either to describe the picture itself, or what is represented in it.

ON THE STORIES IN THE THIRD BOOK.

F A B I.

There is so great a variety in the arguments of the Metamorphoses, that he who would treat of them rightly, ought to be a master of all styles, and every different way of writing. Ovid indeed shows himself most in a familiar story, where the chief grace is to be easy and natural; but wants neither strength of thought nor expression, when he endeavours after it, in the more sublime and manly subjects of his poem. In the present fable, the serpent is terribly described, and his behaviour very well imagined; the actions of both parties in the encounter are natural, and the language that represents them more strong and masculine than what we usually meet with in this

poet: if there be any faults in the narration, they are these, perhaps, which follow:

P. 207. c. 2. l. 10. Spire above spire, &c.] Ovid, to make his serpent more terrible, and to raise the character of his champion, has given too great a loose to his imagination, and exceeded all the bounds of probability. He tells us, that when he raised up but half his body, he overlooked a tall forest of oaks, and that his whole body was as large as that of the serpent in the skies. None but a madman would have attacked such a monster as this is described to be; nor can we have any notion of a mortal's standing against him. Virgil is not ashamed of making Æneas fly and tremble at the sight of a far less formidable foe, where he gives us the description of Polyphemus, in the third book; he knew very well that a monster was not a proper enemy for his hero to encounter: but we should certainly have seen Cadmus hewing down the Cyclops had he fallen in Ovid's way; or if Statius's little Tydeus had been thrown on Sicily, it is probable he would not have spared one of the whole brotherhood.

"—Phœnicas, five illi tela parabant,
"Sive fugam, sive ipse timor prohibebat utrumque,
"Occupat:—"

P. 207. c. 2. l. 17. In vain the Tyrians, &c.] The poet could not keep up his narration all along, in the grandeur and magnificence of an heroic style: he has here sunk into the flatness of prose, where he tells us the behaviour of the Tyrians at the sight of the serpent:

"—Tegimen direpta leoni
"Pellis erat; telum splendenti lancea ferro,
"Et jaculum; teloque animus præstantior omni
"ni;—"

and in a few lines after lets drop the majesty of his verse, for the sake of one of his little turns. How does he languish in that which seems a laboured line: "Tristia sanguineâ lambentem vul-
"nera linguâ." And what pains does he take to express the serpent's breaking the force of the stroke, by shrinking back from it!

"Sed leve vulnus erat, quia se retrahebat ab ictu,
"Læsqûe colla dabat retrò, plagamque sedere
"Credendo fecit, nec longius ire sinebat."

P. 208. c. 1. l. 36. And flings the future, &c.] The description of the men rising out of the ground is as beautiful a passage as any in Ovid. It strikes the imagination very strongly; we see their motion in the first part of it, and their multitude in the "Messis virorum" at last.

Ibid. c. 1. l. 41. The breathing harvest, &c. "Messis clypeata virorum." The beauty in these words would have been greater, had only "Messis virorum" been expressed without "clypeata;" for the reader's mind would have been delighted with two such different ideas com-

pounded together, but can scarce attend to such a complete image as is made out of all three.

This way of mixing two different ideas together in one image, as it is a great surprise to the reader, is a great beauty in poetry, if there be sufficient ground for it in the nature of the thing that is described. The Latin poets are very full of it, especially the worst of them; for the more correct use it but sparingly, as indeed the nature of things will seldom afford a just occasion for it. When any thing we describe has accidentally in it some quality that seems repugnant to its nature, or is very extraordinary and uncommon in things of that species, such a compound image as we are now speaking of is made, by turning this quality into an epithet of what we describe. Thus Claudian, having got a hollow ball of crystal, with water in the midst of it, for his subject, takes the advantage of considering the crystal as hard, stony, precious water, and the water as soft, fluid, imperfect crystal; and thus sports off above a dozen epigrams, in setting his words and ideas at variance among one another. He has a great many beauties of this nature in him; but he gives himself up so much to this way of writing, that a man may easily know where to meet with them when he fees his subject, and often strains so hard for them, that he many times makes his descriptions bombastic and unnatural. What work would he have made with Virgil's golden bough, had he been to describe it? We should certainly have seen the yellow bark, golden sprouts, radiant leaves, blooming metal, branching gold, and all the quarrels that could have been raised between words of such different natures: when we see Virgil contented with his "*Auri frondentis*;" and what is the same, though much finer expressed—"*Frondecit virga metallo*." This composition of different ideas is often met with in a whole sentence, where circumstances are happily reconciled that seem wholly foreign to each other; and is often found among the Latin poets (for the Greeks wanted art for it), in their descriptions of pictures, images, dreams, apparitions, metamorphoses, and the like; where they bring together two such thwarting ideas, by making one part of their descriptions relate to the representation, and the other to the thing that is represented. Of this nature is that verse, which, perhaps, is the wittiest in Virgil; "*Attollens humeris famamque et fata nepotum*," *Æn.* viii., where he describes *Æneas* carrying on his shoulders the reputation and fortunes of his posterity; which, though very odd and surprising, is plainly made out, when we consider how these disagreeing ideas are reconciled, and his posterity's fame and fate made portable by being engraven on the shield. Thus, when Ovid tells us that *Pallas* tore in pieces *Arachne's* work, where she had embroidered all the rapes that the gods had committed, he says—"Rupit celestia crimina." I shall conclude this tedious reflection with an excellent stroke of this nature out of Mr. Montague's * Poem to the King: where he

tells us how the King of France would have been celebrated by his subjects, if he had ever gained such an honourable wound as King William's at the fight of the Boyne:

"His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,
"And run for ever purple in the looms."

F A B. II.

P. 208. c. 2. l. 1. Here *Cadmus* reign'd.] This is a pretty solemn transition to the story of *Actæon*, which is all naturally told. The goddess and her maids undressing her, are described with diverting circumstances. *Actæon's* flight, confusion, and griefs, are passionately represented; but it is pity the whole narration should be so carelessly closed up.

"—Ut abesse queruntur,
"Nec capere oblata: segnem spectacula prædæ.
"Vellet abesse quidem, sed adest, velletque videre,
"Non etiam sentire, canum fera facta fuorum."

P. 209. c. 1. l. 40. A generous pack, &c.] I have not here troubled myself to call over *Actæon's* pack of dog's in rhyme: Spot and White-foot make but a mean figure in heroic verse; and the Greek names Ovid uses would sound a great deal worse. He closes up his own catalogue with a kind of a jest on it: "*Quosque referre mora est*"—which, by the way, is too light and full of humour for the other serious parts of this story.

This way of inserting catalogues of proper names in their poems, the Latins took from the Greeks; but have made them more pleasing than those they imitate, by adapting so many delightful characters to their persons names; in which part Ovid's copiousness of invention, and great insight into nature, has given him the precedence to all the poets that ever came before or after him. The smoothness of our English verse is too much lost by the repetition of proper names, which is otherwise very natural, and absolutely necessary in some cases; as before a battle to raise in our minds an answerable expectation of the events, and a lively idea of the numbers that are engaged. For, had Homer or Virgil only told us in two or three lines before their fights, that there were forty thousand of each side, our imagination could not possibly have been so affected, as when we see every leader singled out, and every regiment in a manner drawn up before our eyes.

F A B. III.

P. 209. c. 2. l. 24. How *Semele*, &c.] This is one of Ovid's finished stories. The transition to it is proper and unforced: *Juno*, in her two speeches, acts incomparably well the parts of a resenting goddess and a tattling nurse: *Jupiter* makes a very majestic figure with his thunder and lightning, but

* Afterwards Earl of Halifax.

it is still such a one as shews who drew it; for who does not plainly discover Ovid's hand in the

"Quâ tamen usque potest, vires sibi demere tentat.
"Nec, quo centimanum dejecerit igne Typhœa,
"Nunc, armatur eo: nimium feritatis in illo.
"Est aliud levius fulmen, cui dextra Cyclopum;
"Sævitiæ flammæque minus, minus addidit iræ;
"Tela secunda vocant superi."

P. 209. c. 2. l. 54. 'Tis well, says she, &c.] Virgil has made a Beroë of one of his goddesses in the fifth *Æneid*; but if we compare the speech she there makes with that of her name-sake in this story, we may find the genius of each poet discovering itself in the language of the nurse: Virgil's Iris could not have spoken more majestically in her own shape; but Juno is so much altered from herself in Ovid, that the goddess is quite lost in the old woman.

F A B. V.

P. 211. c. 1. l. 13. She can't begin, &c.] If playing on words be excusable in any poem, it is in this, where Echo is a speaker; but it is so mean a kind of wit, that if it deserves excuse, it can claim no more.

Mr. Locke, in his *Essay of Human Understanding*, has given us the best account of wit, in short, that can any where be met with. "Wit," says he, "lies in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy." Thus does true wit, as this incomparable author observes, generally consist in the likeness of ideas, and is more or less wit, as this likeness in ideas is more surprising and unexpected. But as true wit is nothing else but a similitude in ideas, so is false wit the similitude in words, whether it lies in the likeness of letters only, as in anagram and acrostic; or of syllables, as in doggerel rhymes; or in whole words, as puns, echoes, and the like. Besides these two kinds of false and true wit, there is another of a middle nature, that has something of both in it.—when in two ideas that have some resemblance with each other, and are both expressed by the same word, we make use of the ambiguity of the word to speak that of one idea included under it, which is proper to the other. Thus, for example, most languages have hit on the word, which properly signifies fire, to express love by (and therefore we may be sure there is some resemblance in the ideas mankind have of them); from hence the witty poets of all languages, when they once have called love a fire, consider it no longer as the passion, but speak of it under the notion of a real fire; and, as the turn of wit requires, make the same word in the same sentence stand for either of the ideas that is annexed to it. When Ovid's Apollo falls in love, he burns with a new flame; when the sea-nymphs languish with this passion, they kindle in the water;

the Greek epigrammatist fell in love with one that flung a snow-ball at him, and therefore takes occasion to admire how fire could be thus concealed in snow. In short, whenever the poet feels any thing in this love that resembles something in fire, he carries on this agreement into a kind of allegory; but if, as in the preceding instances, he finds any circumstances in his love contrary to the nature of fire, he calls his love a fire, and by joining this circumstance to it, surprises his reader with a seeming contradiction. I should not have dwelt so long on this instance, had it not been so frequent in Ovid, who is the greatest admirer of this mixed wit of all the ancients, as our Cowley is among the moderns. Homer, Virgil, Horace, and the greatest poets scorned it; as indeed it is only fit for epigram, and little copies of verses: one would wonder therefore how so sublime a genius as Milton could sometimes fall into it, in such a work as an epic poem. But we must attribute it to his humouring the vicious taste of the age he lived in, and the false judgment of our unlearned English readers in general, who have few of them a relish of the more masculine and noble beauties of poetry.

F A B. VI.

Ovid seems particularly pleased with the subject of this story, but has notoriously fallen into a fault he is often taxed with, of not knowing when he has said enough, by his endeavouring to excel. How has he turned and twisted that one thought of Narcissus's being the person beloved, and the lover too?

"Cunctaque miratur quibus est mirabilis ipse.
"—Qui probat, ipse probatur.
"Dumque petit petitor, pariterque incendit et
"ardet;
"Atque oculos idem qui decipit incitat error.
"Perque oculos perit ipse furo—
"Uror amore mei, flammæ moveoque fero-
"que," &c.

But we cannot meet with a better instance of the extravagance and wantonness of Ovid's fancy, than in that particular circumstance at the end of the story, of Narcissus's gazing on his face after death in the Stygian waters. The design was very bold; of making a boy fall in love with himself here on earth; but to torture him with the same passion after death, and not to let his ghost rest in quiet, was intolerably cruel and uncharitable.

P. 211. c. 1. l. 42. But whilst within, &c.] "Dumque sitim fedare cupit sitis altera crevit." We have here a touch of that mixed wit I have before spoken of; but I think the measure of pun in it out-weighs the true wit; for if we express the thought in other words the turn is almost lost. This passage of Narcissus probably gave Milton the hint of applying it to Eve, though I think her surprise, at the sight of her own face in the water, far more just and natural than this of Narcissus. She was

a raw inexperienced being, just created, and therefore might easily be subject to the delusion; but Narcissus had been in the world sixteen years, was brother and son to the water nymphs, and therefore to be supposed conversant with fountains long before this fatal mistake.

P. 211. c. 2. l. 12. You trees, says he, &c.] Ovid is very justly celebrated for the passionate speeches of his poem. They have generally abundance of nature in them, but I leave it to better judgments to consider whether they are not often too witty and too tedious. The poet never cates for smothering a good thought that comes in his way, and never thinks he can draw tears enough from his reader: by which means our grief is either diverted or spent before we come to his conclusion; for we cannot at the same time be delighted with the wit of the poet, and concerned for the person that speaks it; and a great critic has admirably well observed, "Lamentationes debent esse breves et concisæ, nam lacryma subito excrescit, et difficile et Auditorem vel Lectorem in summo animi affectu diu tenere." Would any one in Narcissus's condition have cried out—"Inopem me copia fecit?" Or can any thing be more unnatural than to turn off from his sorrows for the sake of a pretty reflection?

"O utinam nostro fecedere corpore possem!"

"Votum in amante novum; vellem, quod amamus, abesse."

None, I suppose, can be much grieved for one that is so witty on his own afflictions. But I think we may every where observe in Ovid, that he employs his invention more than his judgment; and speaks all the ingenious things that can be said on the subject, rather than those which are particularly proper to the person and circumstances of the speaker.

F A B. VII.

P. 212. c. 2. l. 3. When Pentheus thus, &c.] There is a great deal of spirit and fire in this speech of Pentheus, but I believe none beside Ovid would have thought of the transformation of the serpent's teeth for an incitement to the Thebans courage, when he desires them not to degenerate from their great forefather the Dragon, and draws a parallel between the behaviour of them both.

"Este, precor, memores, quâ fitis stirpe creati,
" Illiusque animos, qui multos perdidit unus,
" Sumite serpentis: pro fontibus ille, lacuque
" Interiit, at vos pro famâ vincite vestrâ.
" Ille dedit letho fortes, vos pellite molles,
" Et patrium revocate decus."

F A B. VIII.

The story of Accetes has abundance of nature in all the parts of it, as well in the description of his own parentage and employment, as in that of the sailors characters and maxims. But the short speeches scattered up and down in it, which make the Latin very natural, cannot appear so well in our language, which is much more stubborn and unpliant; and therefore are but as so many rubs in the story, that are still turning the narration out of its proper course. The transformation at the latter end is wonderfully beautiful.

F A B. IX.

Ovid has two very good similes on Pentheus, where he compares him to a river in a former story, and to a war-horse in the present.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON HIS PICTURE OF THE KING.

KNELLER, with silence and surprise
We see Britannia's monarch rise,
A godlike form, by thee display'd
In all the force of light and shade;
And, aw'd by thy delusive hand,
As in the presence chamber stand.

The magic of thy art calls forth
His secret soul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildness shows,
His care of friends, and scorn of foes:
In every stroke, in every line,
Does some exalted virtue shine,
And Albion's happiness we trace
Through all the features of his face.

O may I live to hail the day,
When the glad nation shall survey
Their sovereign, through his wide command,
Passing in progress o'er the land!
Each heart shall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding shouts rejoice,
Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.

The image on the medal plac'd,
With its bright round of titles grac'd,
And stamp'd on British coins shall live,
To richest ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mold,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form, the genial sun
Has daily since his course begun
Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.

Thou, Kneller, long with noble pride,
The foremost of thy art, hast vy'd
With nature in a generous strife,
And touch'd the canvas into life.

Thy pencil has, by monarchs sought,
From reign to reign in crime wrought,

And, in the robes of state array'd,
The kings of half an age display'd.

Here swarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air:

Triumphant Nassau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd;
There Anna, great as when she sent
Her armies through the continent,
Ere yet her Hero was disgrac'd:
O may fam'd Brunswick be the last,
(Though heaven should with my wish agree,
And long preserve thy art in thee)
The last, the happiest British king,
Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing!

Wife Phidias thus, his skill to prove,
Through many a god advanc'd to Jove,
And taught the polish'd rocks to shine
With airs and lineaments divine;
Till Greece, amaz'd, and half-afraid,
Th' assembled deities survey'd.

Great Pan, who wont to chase the fair,
And lov'd the spreading oak, was there;
Old Saturn too with upcast eyes
Beheld his abdicated skies;
And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,
In adamantine armour frown'd;
By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
Her twisted threads; the web she strung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen,
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her short-liv'd darling son to mourn.
The last was he, whose thunder slew
The Titan-race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills ally'd
In impious leagues their king defy'd.

This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produc'd, his art was at a stand:
For who would hope new fame to raise,
Or risk his well-establish'd praise,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a George, or carv'd a Jove?

PROLOGUE

TO

SMITH'S PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

Spoken by Mr. Wilks.

LONG has a race of heroes fill'd the stage,
That rant by note, and through the gamut rage;
In songs and airs express their martial fire,
Combat in trills, and in a fugue expire:
While, lull'd by sound, and undisturb'd by wit,
Calm and serene you indolently sit,
And, from the dull fatigue of thinking free,
Hear the facetious fiddles repartee:
Our home-spun authors must forsake the field,
And Shakspeare to the soft Scarleth yield.

To your new taste the poet of this day
Was by a friend advis'd to form his play;
Had Valentini, musically coy, [Joy:
Shunn'd Phædra's arms, and scorn'd the proffer'd
It had not mov'd your wonder to have seen
An eunuch fly from an enamour'd queen:
How would it please, should she in English speak,
And could Hippolitus reply in Greek!
But he, a stranger to your modish way,
By your old rules must stand or fall to-day,
And hopes you will your foreign taste command,
To bear, for once, with what you understand.

PROLOGUE

TO

STEELE'S TENDER HUSBAND.

IN the first rise and infancy of farce,
When fools were many, and when plays were
scarce,
The raw unpractis'd authors could, with ease,
A young and unexperienc'd audience please:
No single character had e'er been shown,
But the whole herd of fops was all their own;
Rich in originals, they set to view,
In every piece, a coxcomb that was new.

But now our British theatre can boast
Drolls of all kinds, a vast unthinking host!
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it shows [beaux;
Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and
Rough country knights are found of every shire;
Of every fashion gentle fops appear;
And punks of different characters we meet,
As frequent on the stage as in the pit.
Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there, by chance glean up a fool:
Long ere they find the necessary spark,
They search the town, and beat about the park,
To all his most frequented haunts resort,
Oft dog him to the ring, and oft to court;
As love of pleasure or of place invites;
And sometimes catch him taking snuff at White's.

Howe'er, to do you right, the present age
Breeds very hopeful monsters for the stage;

That scorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
And won't be blockheads in the common road.
Do but survey this crowded house to-night:
—Here's still encouragement for those that write.
Our author, to divert his friends to-day,
Stocks with variety of fools his play;
And that there may be something gay and new,
Two ladies errant has expos'd to view;
The first a damsel, travell'd in romance;
The t' other more refin'd, she comes from France:
Rescue, like courteous knights, the nymph from
danger,
And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the stranger.

EPILOGUE

TO

LANSDOWNE'S BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

WHEN Orpheus tun'd his lyre: with pleasing woe,
Rivers forgot to run, and winds to blow,
While listening forests cover'd, as he play'd,
The soft musician in a moving shade.
That this night's strains the same success may find,
The force of music is to music join'd:
Where sounding strings and artful voices fail,
The charming rod and mutter'd spells prevail.
Let sage Urganda wave the circling wand
On barren mountains, or a waste of land;
The desert smiles; the woods begin to grow,
The birds to warble, and the springs to flow.

The same dull sights in the same landscape mix,
Scenes of still life, and points for ever fix'd,
A tedious pleasure on the mind bestow,
And pall the sense with one continued show.
But, as our two magicians try their skill,
The vision varies, though the place stands still;
While the same spot its gaudy form renews,
Shifting the prospect to a thousand views.
Thus (without unity of place transgress)
Th' enchanter turns the critic to a jest.

But howe'er, to please your wandering eyes,
Bright objects disappear and brighter rise:
There's none can make amends for lost delight,
While from that circle we divert your sight.

AN ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. DANIEL PURCELL.

Performed at Oxford, 1699.

I.

PREPARE the hallow'd strain, my muse,
Thy softest sounds and sweetest numbers choose;
The bright Cecilia's praise rehearse,
In warbling words, and gliding verse,
That smoothly run into a song,
And gently die away, and melt upon the tongue.

II.

First let the sprightly violin
The joyful melody begin,

And none of all her strings be mute,
While the sharp sound and shriller lay
In sweet harmonious notes decay,
Soft'n'd and mellow'd by the flute.

- "The flute that sweetly can complain,
"Dissolve the frozen nymph's disdain;
"Panting sympathy impart,
"Till she partake her lover's smart."

CHORUS.

III.

Next, let the solemn organ join
Religious airs, and strains divine,
Such as may lift us to the skies,
And set all heaven before our eyes:

- "Such as may lift us to the skies;
"So far at least till they
"Descend with kind surprise,
"And meet our pious harmony half-way."

IV.

Let then the trumpet's piercing sound
Our ravish'd ears with pleasure wound:
The foul o'erpowering with delight,
As, with a quick uncommon ray,
A streak of lightning clears the day,
And flashes on the fight.
Let echo too perform her part,
Prolonging every note with art,
And in a low expiring strain
Play all the concert o'er again.

V.

Such were the tuneful notes that hung
On bright Cecilia's charming tongue:
Notes that sacred heats inspir'd,
And with religious ardour fir'd:
The love-sick youth, that long suppress'd
His smother'd passion in his breast,
No sooner heard the warbling dame,
But, by the secret influence turn'd,
He felt a new diviner flame,
And with devotion burn'd.
With ravish'd soul, and looks amaz'd,
Upon her beauteous face he gaz'd;
Nor made his amorous complaint:
In vain her eyes his heart had charm'd,
Her heavenly voice her eyes disarm'd,
And chang'd the lover to a faint.

GRAND CHORUS.

VI.

And now the choir complete rejoices,
With trembling strings and melting voices,
The tuneful ferment rises high,
And works with mingled melody:
Quick divisions run their rounds,
A thousand trills and quivering sounds
In airy circles o'er us fly,
Till, wafted by a gentle breeze,
They faint and languish by degrees,
And at a distance die.

* The four last lines of the second and third stanzas were added by Mr. Tate.

A N O D E.

I.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes, to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

II.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though, no real voice, nor sound:
Amidst their radiant orbs be found:
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

A N H Y M N.

I.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

II.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But thou canst read it there.

III.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest;
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear.
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence these comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
I thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

VII.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It greatly clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
Mere to be fear'd than they.

VIII.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

X.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

XI.

Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

XII.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord!
Thy mercy shall adore.

XIII.

Through all eternity to thee,
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, oh! eternity's too short,
To utter all thy praise.

AN ODE.

I.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

II.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

III.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

IV.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep,
In all its horrors rise.

V.

Confusion dwelt on every face,
And fear in every heart;
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

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VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord!
Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold on thee.

VII.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung,
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

VIII.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

IX.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

X.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

AN HYMN.

I.

When rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face;
O how shall I appear!

II.

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror thrinks,
And trembles at the thought:

III.

When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul;
O how shall I appear!

IV.

But thou hast told the troubled soul,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

V.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And add my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

VI.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has dy'd
To make that pardon sure.

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XXIII.

I.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;

P

His presence shall my wants supply;
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

II.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads:
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

III.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

IV.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

THE PLAY-HOUSE *.

WHERE gentle Thames through stately channels
glides,

And England's proud metropolis divides;
A lofty fabric does the sight invade,
And stretches o'er the waves a pompous shade;
Whence sudden shouts the neighbourhood sur-
prise,

And thundering claps and dreadful hissings rise.

Here thrifty R— hires monarchs by the day,
And keeps his mercenary kings in pay;
With deep-mouth'd actors fills the vacant scenes,
And rakes the stews for goddeffes and queens:
Here the lewd punk, with crowns and sceptres
grac'd,

Teaches her eyes a more majestic cast;
And hungry monarchs, with a numerous train
Of suppliant slaves, like Sancho, starve and reign.

But enter in, my Muse; the stage survey,
And all its pomp and pageantry display;
Trap-doors and pit-falls, from th' unfaithful ground,
And magic walls encompass it around:

On either side main'd temples fill our eyes.

And intermixt with brothel-houses rise;

Disjointed palaces in order stand,

And groves obedient to the mover's hand

O'er shade the stage, and flourish at command.

A stamp makes broken towns and trees entire:

So when Amphion struck the vocal lyre,

He saw the spacious circuit all around,

With crowding woods and rising cities crown'd.

But next the tiring-room survey, and see

False titles, and promiscuous quality,

Confus'dly swarms, from heroes and from queens,
To those that swing in clouds and fill machines.
Their various characters they choofe with art,
The frowning bully fits the tyrant's part:
Swoln cheeks and swaggering belly make an host,
Pale meagre looks and hollow voice a ghost;
From careful brows and heavy downcast eyes,
Dull cits and thick scull'd aldermen arise;
The comic tone, inspir'd by Congreve, draws
At every word, loud laughter and applause:
The whining dame continues as before,
Her character unchang'd, and acts a whore.

Above the rest, the prince with haughty stalks
Magnificent in purple buskins walks:

The royal robes his awful shoulders grace,

Profuse of spangles and of copper-lace:

Officious rascals to his mighty thigh,

Guiltless of blood, th' unpainted weapon tie:

Then the gay glittering diadem put on, [stone.

Ponderous with brass, and starr'd with Bristol

His royal consort next consults her glass,

And out of twenty boxes culls a face;

The whiteuing first her ghastly looks besmears,

All pale and wan th' unfinish'd form appears;

Till on her cheeks the blushing purple glows,

And a false virgin-moderesty bestows.

Her ruddy lips the deep vermilion dyes;

Length to her brows the pencil's art supplies,

And with black bending arches shades her eyes.

Well pleas'd at length the picture she beholds,

And spots it o'er with artificial molds;

Her countenance complete, the beaux she warms

With looks not her's; and spite of nature, charms.

Thus artfully their persons they disguise,

Till the last flourish bids the curtain rise.

The prince then enters on the stage in state:

Behind, a guard of candle-snuffers wait:

There, swoln with empire, terrible and fierce,

He shakes the dome, and tears his lungs with

verse:

His subjects tremble; the submissive pit,

Wrapt up in silence and attention, sit;

Till, freed at length, he lays aside the weight

Of public business and affairs of state:

Forgets his pomp, dead to ambitious fires,

And to some peaceful brandy-shop retires;

Where in full gills his anxious thoughts he drowns,

And quaffs away the care that waits on crowns.

The princess next her painted charms displays,

Where every look the pencil's art betrays:

The callow 'squire at distance feeds his eyes,

And silently for paint and washes dies.

But if the youth behind the scenes retreat,

He sees the blended colours melt with heat,

And all the trickling beauty run in sweat.

The borrow'd visage he admires no more,

And nauseates every charm he lov'd before:

So the fam'd spear for double force renown'd,

Apply'd the remedy that gave the wound.

In tedious lists 'twere endless to engage,

And draw at length the rabble of the stage,

Where one for twenty years has given alarms,

And call'd contending monarchs to their arms;

Another fills a more important post,

And rises every other night a ghost;

* See Sedley's Miscellanies, 8vo. p. 102.

Through the cleft stage, his mealy face he rears;
Then stalks along, groans thrice, and disappears;
Others, with swords and shields, the soldier's
pride, }
More than a thousand times have chang'd their
And in a thousand fatal battles dy'd.

Thus several persons several parts perform;
Soft lovers whine, and blustering heroes storm.
The stern exasperated tyrants rage,
Till the kind bowl of poison clears the stage.
Then honours vanish, and distinctions cease;
Then, with reluctance, haughty queens undress,
Heroes no more their fading laurels boast,
And mighty kings in private men are lost.
He, whom such titles swell'd, such power made
proud,
To whom whole realms and vanquish'd nations
bow'd,

Throws off the gaudy plume, the purple train,
And in his own vile tatters stinks again.

ON THE
LADY MANCHESTER,

*Written on the Toasting-Glasses of the Kit-Kat
Club.*

WHILE haughty Gallia's dames, that spread
O'er their pale cheeks an artful red,
Beheld this beauteous stranger there
In native charms, divinely fair;
Confusion in their looks they shew'd;
And with unborrow'd blushes glow'd.

P ij

C A T O.
A T R A G E D Y.

" Ecce spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus operi suo, Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum,
" vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compositus! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter
" pulchrius, si convertere animum velit, quàm ut spectet Catonem, jam partibus non semel
" fractis, nihilominus inter ruinas publicas erectum." SEN. de Divin. Prov.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS OF WALES,
WITH THE TRAGEDY OF CATO,
NOVEMBER 1714.

THE muse, that oft, with sacred raptures fir'd,
Has generous thoughts of liberty inspir'd,
And, boldly rising for Britannia's laws,
Engag'd great Cato in her country's cause,
On you submissive waits, with hopes assur'd,
By whom the mighty blessing stands secur'd,
And all the glories that our age adorn,
Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.

No longer shall the widow'd land bemoan
A broken lineage, and a doubtful throne;
But boast her royal progeny's increase,
And count the pledges of her future peace.
O born to strengthen and to grace our isle!
While you, fair princefs, in your offspring smile,
Supplying charms to the succeeding age,
Each heavenly daughter's triumphs we preface;
Already see th' illustrious youths complain,
And pity monarchs doom'd to fight in vain.

Thou too, the darling of our fond desires,
Whom Albion, opening wide her arms, requires,

With manly valour and attractive air
Shalt quell the fierce, and captivate the fair.
O England's younger hope! in whom conspire
The mother's sweetness, and the father's fire &
For thee perhaps, ev'n now, if kingly race
Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace,
Some Carolina, to heaven's dictates true,
Who, while the scepter'd rivals vainly sue,
Thy inborn worth with conscious eyes shall see,
And slight th' imperial diadem for thee.

Pleas'd with the prospect of successive reigns,
The tuneful tribe no more in daring strains
Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppress'd,
Endanger'd rights, and liberty distressed:
To milder sounds each muse shall tune the lyre,
And gratitude, and faith to kings inspire,
And filial love; bid impious discord cease,
And sooth the madding factions into peace;
Or rise ambitious in more lofty lays,
And teach the nation their new monarch's praise,
Describe his awful look, and godlike mind,
And Caesar's power with Cato's virtue join'd.

Meanwhile, bright princefs, who, with gract-
ful ease,
And native majesty, are form'd to please,
Behold those arts with a propitious eye,
That suppliant to their great protectress fly!

Then shall they triumph, and the British stage
Improve her manners, and refine her age,
More noble characters expose to view,
And draw her finish'd heroines from you.

Nor you the kind indulgence will refuse,
Skill'd in the labours of the deathless muse:
The deathless muse, with undiminish'd rays,
Through distant times the lovely dame conveys;
To Gloriana Waller's harp was strung;
The queen still shines, because the poet sung.
Ev'n all those graces, in your frame combin'd,
The common fate of mortal charms may find
(Content our short-liv'd praises to engage,
The joy and wonder of a single age),
Unless some poet, in a lasting song,
To late posterity their fame prolong,
Instruct our sons the radiant form to prize,
And see your beauty with their fathers' eyes.

V E R S E S

TO THE

AUTHOR OF THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

While you the fierce divided Britons awe,
And Cato with an equal virtue draw;
While envy is itself in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud you most;
Forgive the fond ambition of a friend,
Who hopes himself, not you, to recommend;
And joins th' applause which all the learn'd be-
flow

On one, to whom a perfect work they owe.
To my * light scenes I once inscrib'd your name,
And impotently strove to borrow fame;
Soon will that die, which adds thy name to mine;
Let me, then, live, join'd to a work of thine.

RICHARD STEELE.

'Tis nobly done thus to enrich the stage,
And raise the thoughts of a degenerate age;
To shew how endless joys from freedom spring,
How life in bondage is a worthless thing.
The inborn greatness of your soul we view,
You tread the paths frequented by the few;
With so much strength you write, and so much
ease,

Virtue and sense! how durst you hope to please?
Yet crowds the sentiments of every line
Impartial clapt, and own'd the work divine.
Ev'n the four critics, who malicious came,
Eager to censure, and resolv'd to blame,
Finding the hero regularly rise,
Great while he lives, but greater when he dies,
Sullen approv'd, too obstinate to melt,
And sicken'd with the pleasures which they felt.
Not so the fair their passion secret kept,
Silent they heard, but, as they heard, they wept;

* Tender Husband, dedicated to Mr. Addison.

When gloriously the blooming Marcus dy'd,
And Cato told the gods, *I'm satisfy'd*.

See! how your lays the British youth inflame!
They long to shoot and ripen into fame;
Applauding theatres disturb their rest,
And unborn Cato's heave in every breast;
Their nightly dreams, their daily thoughts repeat,
And pulses high with fancied glories beat.
So, griev'd to view the Marathonian spoils,
The young Themistocles vow'd equal toils;
Did then his schemes of future honours draw
From the long triumphs which with tears he
saw.

How shall I your unrival'd worth proclaim,
Lost in the spreading circle of your fame!
We saw you the great William's praise rehearse,
And paint Britannia's joys in Roman verse.
We heard at distance soft enchanting strains,
From blooming mountains, and Italian plains.
Virgil began in English drefs to shine,
His voice, his looks, his grandeur, still divine:
From him too soon unfriendly you withdrew,
But brought the tuneful Ovid to our view.
Then the delightful theme of every tongue,
Th' immortal Marlborough, was your darling
song.

From clime to clime the mighty victor flew,
From clime to clime as swiftly you pursue.
Still with the hero's glow'd the poet's flame,
Still with his conquests you enlarg'd your fame.
With boundless raptures here the muse could swell,
And on your Rosamond for ever dwell:
There opening sweets and every fragrant flower
Luxuriant smile, a never-fading bower!
Next, human follies kindly to expose,
You change from numbers, but not sink in prose:
Whether in visionary scenes you play,
Refine our tastes, or laugh our crimes away.
Now, by the buskin'd muse you shine confess'd,
The patriot kindles in the poet's breast.
Such energy of sense might pleasure raise,
Though unembellish'd with the charms of phrase:
Such charms of phrase would with success be
crown'd,

Though nonsense flow'd in the melodious sound.
The chastest virgin needs no blushes fear,
The learn'd themselves not uninstructed hear.
The libertine, in pleasures us'd to roll,
And idly sport with an immortal soul,
Here comes, and, by the virtuous heathen taught,
Turns pale, and trembles at the dreadful thought.
Whene'er you traverse vast Numidia's plains,
What sluggish Briton in his isle remains!
When Juba seeks the tiger with delight,
We beat the thicket, and provoke the fight;
By the description warm'd, we fondly sweat,
And in the chilling east wind pant with heat.
What eyes behold not, how the stream refines,
Till by degrees the floating mirror shines?
While hurricanes in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away,
We shrink with horror, and confess our fear,
And all the sudden sounding ruin hear.
When royal robes, disdain'd with blood, deceive,
And make poor Marcia beautifully grieve;

When she her secret thoughts no more conceals,
Forgets the woman, and her flame reveals;
Well may the prince exult with noble pride,
Not for his Libyan crown, but Roman bride.

But I in vain on single features dwell,
Where all the parts of the fair piece excel.
So rich the store, so dubious is the feast,
We know not which to pass, or which to taste.
The shining incidents so justly fall,
We may the whole new scenes of transport call.
Thus jewellers confound our wandering eyes,
And with variety of gems surprise.
Here sapphires, here the Sardinian stone is seen,
The topaz yellow, and the jasper green.
The costly brilliant there, confus'dly bright,
From numerous surfaces darts trembling light;
The different colours mingle in a blaze,
Silent we stand, unable where to praise,
In pleasure sweetly lost ten thousand ways.

Trinity College, Cambridge.

L. EUSDEN.

SIR,

WHEN your generous labour first I view'd,
And Cato's hands in his own blood imbrued,
That scene of death so terrible appears,
My soul could only thank you with her tears.
Yet with such wondrous art your skilful hand
Does all the passions of the soul command,
That ev'n my grief to praise and wonder turn'd,
And envy'd the great death which first I mourn'd.

What pen, but your's, could draw the doubtful
strife

Of honour struggling with the love of life?
Describe the patriot, obstinately good,
As hovering o'er eternity he stood:
The wide, th' unbounded ocean lay before
His piercing sight, and heaven the distant shore.
Secure of endless bliss, with fearful eyes,
He grasps the dagger, and its point desires,
And rushes out of life to snatch the glorious prize.

How would old Rome rejoice, to hear you tell
How just her patriot liv'd, how great he fell!
Recount his wondrous probity and truth,
And form new Juba's in the British youth.
Their generous souls, when he resigns his breath,
Are pleas'd with ruin, and in love with death:
And when her conquering sword Britannia draws,
Resolves to perish, or defend her cause.
Now first on Albion's theatre we see
A perfect image of what man should be;
The glorious character is now express'd,
Of virtue dwelling in a human breast:
Drawn at full length by your immortal lines,
In Cato's soul, as in her heaven she shines.

All Souls College, Oxon.

DIGBY COTES.

LEFT WITH THE PRINTER BY AN UNKNOWN HAND*.

Now we may speak, since Cato speaks no more
'Tis praise at length, 'twas rapture all before:

* These verses were by George Jeffreys, Esq.

When crowded theatres with Io's rung
Sent to the skies, from whence thy genius sprung;
Ev'n civil rage a while in thine was lost,
And factions strove but to applaud thee most;
Nor could enjoyment pall our longing taste,
But every night was dearer than the last.

As when old Rome, in a malignant hour
Depriv'd of some returning conqueror,
Her debt of triumph to the dead discharg'd,
For fame, for treasure, and her bounds enlarg'd;
And while his godlike figure mov'd along,
Alternate passions fir'd th' adoring throng;
Tears flow'd from every eye, and shouts from
every tongue;

So in the pompous lines has Cato far'd,
Grac'd with an ample, though a late reward:
A greater victor we in him revere;
A nobler triumph crowns his image here.

With wonder, as with pleasure, we survey
A theme so scanty wrought into a play;
So vast a pile on such foundations plac'd;
Like Ammon's temple rear'd on Libya's waste:
Behold its glowing paint! its easy weight!
Its nice proportions! and stupendous height!
How chaste the conduct! How divine the rage!
A Roman worthy, on a Grecian stage!

But where shall Cato's praise begin or end;
Inclin'd to melt, and yet untaught to bend,
The firmest patriot, and the gentlest friend?
How great his genius, when the traitor crowd
Ready to strike the blow their fury vow'd;
Quell'd by his look, and listening to his lore,
Learn, like his passions, to rebel no more!
When, lavish of his boiling blood, to prove
The cure of slavish life, and slighted love,
Brave Marcus new in early death appears,
While Cato counts his wounds, and not his years;
Who, checking private grief, the public mourns,
Commands the pity he so greatly scorns;
But when he strikes (to crown his generous part)
That honest, staunch, impracticable heart;
No tears, no sobs, pursue his panting breath;
The dying Roman shames the pomp of death.

O sacred freedom! which the powers bestow
To season blessings, and to soften woe;
Plant of our growth, and aim of all our cares,
The toil of ages, and the crown of wars;
If, taught by thee, the poet's wit has flow'd
In strains as precious as his hero's blood;
Preserve those strains, an everlasting charm
To keep that blood and thy remembrance warm:
Be this thy guardian image still secure,
In vain shall force invade, or fraud allure;
Our great Palladium shall perform its part,
Fix'd and ensurin'd in every British heart.

UPON MR. ADDISON'S CATO.

LONG had the tragic muse forgot to weep,
By modern operas quite lull'd asleep:
No matter what the lines, the voice was clear;
Thus sense was sacrific'd to please the ear.

Is
And

At last, * one wit stood up in our defence,
And dar'd (O impudence!) to publish—sense.
Soon then as next the just tragedian spoke,
The ladies sigh'd again, the beaux awoke.
Those heads that us'd most indolent to move
To sing-song, ballad, and sonatà love,
Began their buried senses to explore,
And found they now had passions as before:
The power of nature in their bosoms felt,
In spite of prejudice, compell'd to melt.

When Cato's firm, all hope of succour past,
Holding his stubborn virtue to the last;
I view, with joy and conscious transport fir'd,
The soul of Rome in one great man retir'd:
In him, as if the by confinement gain'd,
Her powers and energy are higher strain'd
Than when in crowds of senators the reign'd:
Cato well scorn'd the life that Cæsar gave,
When fear and weakness only bid him save;
But when a virtue like his own revives
The hero's constancy—with joy he lives.

Observe the justness of the poet's thoughts,
Whose smallest excellence is want of faults:
Without affected pomp and noise he warms;
Without the gaudy drefs of beauty charms.
Love, the old subject of the bukin'd muse,
Returns, but such as Roman virgins use.
A virtuous love, chastis'd by purest thought,
Not from the fancy, but from nature wrought.

Britons, with lessen'd wonder, now behold
Your former wits, and all your bards of old;
Jonson out-vy'd in his own way confess;
And own that Shakspeare's self now pleases less.
While Phœbus binds the laurel on his brow,
Rise up, ye muses; and ye poets, bow:
Superior worth with admiration greet,
And place him nearest to his Phœbus' feat.

ON CATO.

Occasioned by Mr. Addison's Tragedy of that name.

BY MR. COPPING.

His ancient Rome by party-factions rent,
Long since the generous Cato did lament;
Himself united with his country's cause,
Bravely refus'd to live, 'midst dying laws,
Pleas'd with returning liberty to come,
With joy the hero rises from his tomb;
And in Britannia finds a second Rome.
Till by repeated rage, and civil fires,
Th' unhappy patriot again expires;
Weeps o'er her fate, and to the gods retires.

TO MR. ADDISON, ON HIS CATO.

(FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.)

Is Britain rescued from th' Italian chain,
And the dear song neglected for thy strain?

* The Spectator.

Are ev'n the fair reclaim'd? and dare they sit
Intent on virtue, and be pleas'd with wit?
What muse, but thine, could thus redeem our
taste,

With show deluded, and with sound debas'd?
Hard was the task, and worthy of your rage,
You seem the great Alcides of the age:
How gloriously you rise in our defence!
Your cause is liberty; your armour, sense;
The brood of tuneful monsters you control,
Which sink the genius, and degrade the soul:
Those foes to verse you chase with manly arts,
And kindle Roman fires in British hearts.
Oh! fix, as well as raise, that noble flame:
Confirm your glory, and prevent our shame.
The routed opera may return again,
Seduce our hearts, and o'er our spirits reign:
Ev'n Cato is a doubtful match for all,
And right, oppress'd with odds, again may fall;
Let our just fears your second aid implore,
Repeat the stroke, this Hydra spring no more.

VERSES SENT TO A LADY, WITH THE
TRAGEDY OF CATO.

(FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.)

In vain, O heavenly maid, do I peruse
Th' instructive labours of the tragic muse,
If Cato's virtue cannot cure my soul,
And all the jarring passions there control
In vain—but ah! what arguments can prove
Sufficient to resist the force of love?
I burn like Marcus in th' impetuous fire;
Like him I languish with the fond desire;
Like him I groan beneath th' uneasy weight,
And ev'n, like him despairing, wish my fate.
Could you with Lucia's eyes behold my pain,
Then would you strive to soften your disdain:
My anxious griefs your tender breast would
move,

And raise compassion, where they could not love.
But lo, bright Marcia! see, relentless fair,
In Cato's daughter thy whole self appear.
In thee, alas! her lovely virtues shine,
Her charms, her heavenly beauties, all are thine;
And whilst in moving numbers is display'd
Juba's soft passion for the glorious maid,
Think you behold your lover prostrate lie,
In tenderest accents think you hear me sigh:
Then, then be kind—and on my sufferings smile,
As generous Marcia pitied Juba's toil.
Thou, in whom all the Roman virtues dwell,
Let not the Roman mercy thine excel;
Since love like that of Juba fills my breast,
Let me at length with equal joys be blest.

*** The verses of Dr. Young, Mr. Tickell, and Mr. Hughes, on this tragedy, are among the poems of their respective authors.

C A T O,

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.


Cato,	-	-	-	Mr. Booth.
Lucius, a Senator,	-	-	-	Mr. Keen.
Sempronius, a Senator,	-	-	-	Mr. Mills.
Juba, Prince of Numidia,	-	-	-	Mr. Wilks.
Syphax, General of the Numidians,	-	-	-	Mr. Cibber.
Portius, } Sons of Cato,	-	-	-	Mr. Powel.
Marcus, }	-	-	-	Mr. Ryan.
Decius, Ambassador from Cæsar,	-	-	-	Mr. Bowman.

MUTINEERS, GUARDS, &c.

W O M E N.

Mercia, Daughter of Cato,	-	Mrs. Oldfields.
Lucia, Daughter of Lucius,	-	Mrs. Porter.

Scene, a large Hall in the Governor's Palace of Utica.

 See the Prologue and Epilogus to Cato among the Poems of Garth and Pope.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Portius, Marcus.

Portius.

THE dawn is over-cast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day; big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome.—Our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood. . Already Cæsar
Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and fees

Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:
Should he go further, numbers would be wanting,
To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye gods, what havoc does ambition make
Among your works!

Marcus.

Thy steady temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy;
I'm tortur'd, ev'n to madness, when I think
On the proud victor: every time he's nam'd
Pharfalla rises to my view—I see

Th' insulting tyrant prancing o'er the field
Strow'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in
slaughter,
His horse's hoofs wet with Patrician blood.
Oh Portius, is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

Portius.

Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatness,
And mixt with too much horror to be envy'd:
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant bright-
ness!

His sufferings shine, and spread a glory round him;
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.
His sword ne'er fell but on the guilty head;
Oppression, tyranny, and power usurp'd,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon them.

Marcus.

Who knows not this? But what can Cato do
Against a world, a base degenerate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæsar?
Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms
A poor epitome of Roman greatness,
And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty senate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By heavens, such virtues, join'd with such suc-
cess,

Disfract my very soul: our father's fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

Portius.

Remember what our father oft has told us:
The ways of heaven are dark and intricate;
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors,
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewild'rd in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

Marcus.

These are suggestions of a mind at ease:
Oh Portius, didst thou taste but half the griefs
That wring my soul, thou could'st not talk thus
coldly.

Passion unquy'd and successless love
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs. Were but my Lucia kind!—

Portius.

Thou see'st not that thy brother is thy rival:
But I must hide it, for I know thy temper. [*Aside.*]

Now, Marcus, now, thy virtue's on the proof:
Put forth thy utmost strength, work every nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy soul:
To quell the tyrant love, and guard thy heart.
On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son.

Marcus.

Portius, the counsel which I cannot take,
Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness.
Bid me for honour plunge into a war
Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death,
Then shalt thou see that Marcus is not slow

To follow glory, and confess his father.
Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high ambition, and a thirst of greatness;
'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse.
I feel it here: my resolution melts—

Portius.

Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince!
With how much care he forms himself to glory,
And breaks the fierceness of his native temper
To copy out our father's bright example.
He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves her;
His eyes, his looks, his actions, all betray it:
But still the smother'd fondness burns within him;
When most it swells and labours for a vent,
The sense of honour and desire of fame
Drive the big passion back into his heart.
What! shall an African, shall Juba's heir,
Reproach great Cato's son, and shew the world
A virtue wanting in a Roman soul?

Marcus.

Portius, no more! your words leave stings be-
hind them.

Whene'er did Juba, or did Portius, shew
A virtue that has cast me at a distance,
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour?

Portius.

Marcus, I know thy generous temper well;
Fling but th' appearance of dishonour on it,
It straight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

Marcus.

A brother's sufferings claim a brother's pity.

Portius.

Heaven knows I pity thee: behold my eyes
Ev'n whilst I speak.—Do they not swim in tears?
Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.

Marcus.

Why then dost treat me with rebukes, instead
Of kind condoling cares and friendly sorrow?

Portius.

O Marcus, did I know the way to ease
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

Marcus.

Thou best of brothers, and thou best of friends;
Pardon a weak distemper'd soul, that swells
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
The sport of passions—But Sempronius comes:
He must not find this softness hanging on me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Sempronius.

Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd
Than executed. What means Portius here?
I like not that cold youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a language foreign to my heart.

Sempronius, Portius.

Sempronius.

Good morrow, Portius! let us once embrace,
Once more embrace; whilst yet we both are
free.

To-morrow should we thus express our friendship,

Each might receive a slave into his arms.
This sun perhaps, this morning sun's the last
That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty.

Portius.

My father has this morning call'd together
To this poor hall his little Roman senate
(The leavings of Pharsalia), to consult
If yet he can oppose the mighty torrent
That bears down Rome, and all her gods, before it,
Or must at length give up the world to Cæsar.

Sempronius.

Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome
Can raise her senate more than Cato's presence.
His virtues render our assembly awful,
They strike with something like religious fear,
And make ev'n Cæsar tremble at the head
Of armies flush'd with conquest: O my Portius,
Could I but call that wondrous man my father,
Would but thy sister Marcia be propitious
To thy friend's vows; I might be blest indeed!

Portius.

Alas! Sempronius, would'st thou talk of love
To Marcia, whilst her father's life's in danger?
Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling
vestal,
When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

Sempronius.

The more I see the wonders of thy race,
The more I'm charm'd, Thou must take heed,
my Portius!

The world has all its eyes on Cato's son.
Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And shews thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues or thy faults conspicuous.

Portius.

Well dost thou seem to check my lingering
here

On this important hour—I'll strait away;
And while the fathers of the senate meet
In close debate, to weigh th' events of war,
I'll animate the soldier's drooping courage,
With love of freedom, and contempt of life.
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,
And try to rouse up all that's Roman in them.
'Tis not in mortals to command success:
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it.

Exit.

Sempronius.

Curse on the stripling! How he apes his fire!
Ambitiously fententious!—But I wonder
Old Syphax comes not; his Numidian genius
Is well dispos'd to mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spur'd,
And every moment quicken'd to the course.
Cato has us'd me ill: he has refus'd,
His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
Besides, his baffled arms and ruin'd cause
Are bars to my ambition. Cæsar's favour,
That showers down greatness on his friends, will
raise me

To Rome's first honours. If I give up Cato,
I claim in my reward his captive daughter.
But Syphax comes!—

SCENE III.

Syphax, Sempronius.

Syphax.

—Sempronius, all is ready.

I've sound'd my Numidians, man by man,
And find them ripe for a revolt: they all
Complain aloud of Cato's discipline,
And wait but the command to change their master.

Sempronius.

Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to waste;
Ev'n whilst we speak, our conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us every moment.
Alas! thou know'st not Cæsar's active soul,
With what a dreadful course he rushes on
From war to war: in vain has nature form'd
Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;
He bounds o'er all, victorious in his march;
The Alps and Pyreneans sink before him;
Through winds, and waves, and storms, he works
his way,

Impatient for the battle: one day more
Will set the victor thundering at our gates.
But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young
Juba?

That still would recommend thee more to Cæsar,
And challenge better terms—

Syphax.

—Alas! he's lost,
He's lost, Sempronius; all his thoughts are full
Of Cato's virtues—But I'll try once more
(For every instant I expect him here)
If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
Of faith, of honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his Numidian temper,
And struck th' infection into all his soul.

Sempronius.

Be sure to press upon him every motive.
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
Would give up Afric into Cæsar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning Zone.

Syphax.

But is it true, Sempronius, that your senate
Is call'd together? Gods! thou must be cautious!
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
Our frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with art.

Sempronius.

Let me alone, good Syphax, I'll conceal
My thoughts in passion ('tis the surest way);
I'll bellow out for Rome and for my country,
And mouth at Cæsar till I shake the senate.
Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device,
A worn-out trick: wouldst thou be thought in
earnest,
Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!

Syphax.

In troth, thou'rt able to instruct grey-hairs,
And teach the wily African deceit!

Sempronius.

Once more, be sure to try thy skill on Juba;
Mean-while I'll hasten to my Roman soldiers,
Inflame th' mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their discontents, till they break out
Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on Cato.

Remember, Syphax, we must work in haste :
O think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.
Oh ! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death !
Destruction hangs on every word we speak,
On every thought, till the concluding stroke
Determines all, and closes our design. [Exit.

Syphax.

I'll try if yet I can reduce to reason
This head-strong youth, and make him spurn at
Cato.

The time is short, Cæsar comes rushing on us—
But hold ! young Juba sees me, and approaches.

SCENE IV.

Juba, Syphax.

Juba.

Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have observ'd of late thy looks are fallen,
O'ercast with gloomy cares, and discontent ;
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in
frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince ?

Syphax.

'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Nor carry smiles and sun-shine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart.
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

Juba.

Why dost thou cast out such ungenerous terms
Against the lords and sovereigns of the world ?
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their superior virtue ?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
Amidst our barren rocks and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name ?

Syphax.

Gods ! where's the worth that sets this people
up

Above your own Numidia's tawny sons ?
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow ?
Or flies the javelin swifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm ?
Who like our active African instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand ?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,
Loaden with war ? These, these are arts, my
Prince,

In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

Juba.

These all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.
A Roman soul is bent on higher views :
To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,
And lay it under the restraint of laws ;
To make man mild and sociable to man ;
To cultivate the wild licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and liberal arts ;
Th' embellishments of life : virtues like these
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

Syphax.

Patience, kind heavens !—Excuse an old man's
warmth.

What are these wondrous civilizing arts,
This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame ?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue ;
In short, to change us into other creatures
Than what our nature and the gods design'd us ?

Juba.

To strike thee dumb : turn up thine eyes to
Cato !

There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man.
While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
He's still severely bent against himself ;
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat ;
And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

Syphax.

Believe me, Prince, there's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boasted virtues.
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase,
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,
Toils all the day, and at the approach of night
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn :
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

Juba.

Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleasures and the baits of sense,
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato ?
Heavens, with what strength, what steadiness of
mind,

He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings !
How does he rise against a load of woes, [him !
And thank the gods that throw the weight upon

Syphax.

'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul :
I think the Romans call it Stoicism.
Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
He had not fall'n by a slave's hand inglorious :
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain
On Afric's sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

Juba.

Why do'st thou call my sorrows up afresh ?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

Syphax.

Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills !

Juba.

What wouldst thou have me do?

Syphax.

Abandon Cato.

*Juba.**Syphax.* I should be more than twice an orphan
By such a loss.*Syphax.*Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.*Juba.**Syphax.* Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.*Syphax.*Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows, and the rangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last farewell?
Still must I cherish the dear sad remembrance,
At once to torture and to please my soul.
The good old king, at parting, wrung my hand,
(His eyes brim full of tears) then sighing cry'd,
Pr'ythee be careful of my son!—his grief
Swell'd up so high, he could not utter more.*Juba.*Alas, thy story melts away my soul.
That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him!*Syphax.*

By laying up his counsels in your heart.

*Juba.*His counsels bade me yield to thy directions:
Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms,
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer-sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.*Syphax.*

Alas, my prince, I'd guide you to your safety.

Juba.

I do believe thou wouldst; but tell me how?

Syphax.

Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's foes.

Juba.

My father scorn'd to do't.

Syphax.

And therefore dy'd.

*Juba.*Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,
Than wound my honour.*Syphax.*

Rather say your love.

*Juba.**Syphax.* Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my temper.
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?*Syphax.*Believe me, Prince, 'tis hard to conquer love,
But easy to divert and break its force:
Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
Light up another flame, and put out this,The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flusht with more exalted charms.
The sun, that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
Were you with these, my Prince, you'd soon for-
get

The pale unripen'd beauties of the north.

Juba.'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire.
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex:
True, she is fair, (oh, how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners. Cato's soul
Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
While winning mildness and attractive smiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Softens the rigour of her father's virtues.*Syphax.*How does your tongue grow wanton in her
praise!

But on my knees I beg you would consider—

Enter Marcia and Lucia.

*Juba.*Hah! Syphax, is't not she!—She moves this
way:And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair daughter.
My heart beats thick—I pr'ythee, Syphax, leave
me.*Syphax.*Ten thousand curses fasten on them both!
Now will this woman with a single glance
Undo what I've been labouring all this while.

[Exit.]

*Juba, Marcia, Lucia.**Juba.*Hail charming maid, how does thy beauty smooth
The face of war, and make ev'n horror smile!
At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th' approach of Cæsar.*Marcia.*I should be griev'd, young prince, to think my
presence
Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd them to arms,
While, warm with slaughter, our victorious foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.*Juba.*O Marcia, let me hope thy kind concerns
And gentle wishes follow me to battle!
The thought will give new vigour to my arm,
Add strength and weight to my descending sword,
And drive it in a tempest on the foe.*Marcia.*My prayers and wishes always shall attend
The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of virtue,
And men approv'd of by the gods and Cato.*Juba.*That Juba may deserve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,

Transplanting, one by one, into my life
His bright perfections, till I shine like him.

Marcia.

My father never at a time like this
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.

Juba.

Thy reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous maid; I'll hasten to my troops,
And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue;
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war shall stand rang'd in its just array,
And dreadful pomp: then will I think on thee!
O lovely maid, then will I think on thee!
And, in the shock of charging hosts, remember
What glorious deeds shou'd grace the man, who
hopes
For Marcia's love. [Exit.

Lucia.

Marcia, you're too severe:
How could you chide the young good-natur'd
prince,
And drive him from you with so stern an air,
A prince that loves and dotes on you to death?

Marcia.

'Tis therefore, Lucia, that I chide him from me.
His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul,
Speak all so movingly in his behalf,
I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

Lucia.

Why will you fight against so sweet a passion,
And feel your heart to such a world of charms?

Marcia.

How, Lucia! would'st thou have me sink away
In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,
When every moment Cato's life's at stake?
Cæsar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,
And aims his thunder at my father's head:
Should not the sad occasion swallow up
My other cares, and draw them all into it?

Lucia.

Why have not I this constancy of mind,
Who have so many griefs to try its force?
Sure, nature form'd me of her softest mould,
Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
And sunk me ev'n below my own weak sex:
Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.

Marcia.

Lucia, disburthen all thy cares on me,
And let me share thy most retir'd distress;
Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee.

Lucia.

I need not blush to name them, when I tell
thee
They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.

Marcia.

They both behold thee with their sister's eyes;
And often have reveal'd their passion to me.
But tell me, whose address thou favour'st most?
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

Lucia.

Which is it Marcia wishes for?

Marcia.

For neither——
And yet for both—The youths have equal share

In Marcia's wishes, and divide their sister:
But tell me which of them is Lucia's choice?

Lucia.

Marcia, they both are high in my esteem,
But in my love—Why wilt thou make me name
him?

Thou know'st, it is a blind and foolish passion,
Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not what.

Marcia.

O Lucia, I'm perplex'd: O tell me which
I must hereafter call my happy brother?

Lucia.

Suppose 'twere Portius, could you blame my
choice?

O Portius, thou hast stol'n away my soul!
With what a graceful tenderness he loves!
And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows!
Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness,
Dwell ever on his tongue, and smooth his thoughts;
Marcus is over-warm, his fond complaints
Have so much earnestness and passion in them,
I hear him with a secret kind of dread,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

Marcia.

Alas, poor youth! how can'st thou throw him
from thee?

Lucia, thou know'st not half the love he bears thee;
Whene'er he speaks of thee, his heart's in flames,
He sends out all his soul in every word, [ported,
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one transf-
Unhappy youth! how will thy coldness raise
Tempests and storms in thy afflicted bosom!
I dread the consequence—

Lucia.

You seem to plead

Against your brother Portius——

Marcia.

Heaven forbid!

Had Portius been the unsuccessful lover,
The same compassion would have fall'n on him.

Lucia.

Was ever virgin love distress'd like mine!
Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success,
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor shew which way it turns. So much he fears
The sad effects that it would have on Marcus,

Marcia.

He knows too well how easily he's fir'd,
And would not plunge his brother in despair,
But waits for happier times, and kinder moments.

Lucia.

Alas! too late I find myself involv'd
In endless griefs and labyrinths of woe,
Born to afflict my Marcia's family,
And sow dissension in the hearts of brothers.
Tormenting thought! it cuts into my soul.

Marcia.

Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows,
But to the gods permit th' event of things.
Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,
May still grow bright, and smile with happier
hours.

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,

Works itself clear, and, as it runs, refines;
Till, by degrees the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flower that on the border grows,
And a new heaven in its fair bosom shows.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

THE SENATE.

Sempronius.

Rome still survives in this assembled senate!
Let us remember we are Cato's friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.

Lucius.

Cato will soon be here, and open to us
Th' occasion of our meeting. Hark! he comes!

[A sound of trumpets.]

May all the guardian gods of Rome direct him!

Enter Cato.

Cato.

Fathers, we once again are met in council.
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves:
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes:
Pharsalia gave him Rome; Egypt has since
Received his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should de-
cree

What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us ev'n Libea's sultry deserts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts; are they still fixt
To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdued at length, and wrought
By time and ill success to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.

Sempronius.

My voice is still for war.

Gods, can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death?
No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon
him;

Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bon-
dage.

Rise, fathers, rise; 'tis Rome demands your help;
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
Or share their fate: the corps of half her senate
Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
Sit here, deliberating in cold debates,
If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
Rouse up for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—to battle!
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us.

Cato.

Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:
True fortitude is seen in great exploits,
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides;
All else is towering phrensy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those, who draw the sword
In Rome's defence, intrusted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reason say,
We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

Lucius.

My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows and with orphans: Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
'Tis time to sheath the sword, and spare mankind.
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,
The gods declare against us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)
Were to refuse th' awards of providence,
And not to rest in heaven's determination.
Already have we shewn our love to Rome:
Now let us shew submission to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
Arms have no further use; our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests them from our
hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood,
Unprofitably shed; what men could do
Is done already: heaven and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

Sempronius.

This smooth discourse and mild behaviour oft
Conceal a traitor—Something whispers me
All is not right—Cato, beware of Lucius.

Aside to Cato.

Cato.

Let us appear not rash nor dissident:
Immoderate valour swells into a fault,
And fear, admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treason. Let us shun them both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
Are grown thus desperate. We have bulwarks
round us;

Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
In Afric's heats, and season'd to the sun;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
Whilst there is hope, do not distrust the gods;
But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last.
So shall we gain still one day's liberty;
And let me perish, but in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter *Marcus*.

Marcus.

Fathers, this moment as I watch'd the gates,
Lodg'd on my post, a herald is arriv'd
From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old
Decius,

The Roman knight; he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

Cato.

By your permission, fathers, bid him enter.

[*Exit Marcus*.]

Decius was once my friend; but other prospects
Have loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to Cæsar.
His message may determine our resolves.

Enter *Decius*.

Decius.

Cæsar sends health to Cato—

Cato.

Could he send it
To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the senate?

Decius.

My business is with Cato: Cæsar sees [knows]
The streights to which you're driven; and, as he
Cato's high worth, is anxious for his life.

Cato.

My life is grafted on the fate of Rome:
Would he save Cato? bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this; and tell him Cato
Disdains a life, which he has power to offer.

Decius.

Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar;
Her generals and her consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests, and deny'd his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

Cato.

Those very reasons, thou hast urg'd, forbid it.

Decius.

Cato, I've orders to expostulate,
And reason with you as from friend to friend:
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens every hour to burst upon it;
Still may you stand high in your country's honours.

Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar.
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.

Cato.

No more!

I must not think of life on such conditions.

Decius.

Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.

Cato.

Bid him disband his legions,

Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Decius.

Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—

Cato.

Nay more, though Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd

To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Decius.

A style like this becomes a conqueror.

Cato.

Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

Decius.

What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe?

Cato.

Greater than Cæsar, he's a friend to virtue.

Decius.

Consider, Cato, you're in Utica;
And at the head of your own little senate;
You don't now thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

Cato.

Let him consider that who drives us hither:
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;
Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him
black

With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes,
That strike my soul with horror but to name them.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

Decius.

Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his generous cares, and proffer'd friendship?

Cato.

His cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
Would Cæsar shew the greatness of his soul,
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten power
By sheltering men much better than himself.

Decius.

Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
That you're a man. You rush on your destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears. [*Exit*.

Sempronius.

Cato, we thank thee.

The mighty genius of immortal Rome
Speaks in thy voice, thy soul breathes liberty:
Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st,
And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.

Lucius.

The senate owns its gratitude to Cato,
Who with so great a soul consults its safety,
And guards our lives while he neglects his own.

Sempronius.

Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.
Lucius seems fond of life; but what is life?
'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun;
'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,

Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.
O could my dying hand but lodge a sword
In Cæsar's bosom, and revenge my country,
By heavens I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And smile in agony.

Lucius.

Others perhaps
May serve their country with as warm a zeal,
Though 'tis not kindled into so much rage.

Sempronius.

This sober conduct is a mighty virtue
In luke-warm patriots.

Cato.

Come! no more, Sempronius:
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other.
Let us not weaken still the weaker side,
By our divisions.

Sempronius.

Cato, my resentments
Are sacrific'd to Rome—I stand reprov'd.

Cato.

Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve.

Lucius.

Cato, we all go into your opinion.
Cæsar's behaviour has convinc'd the senate
We ought to hold it out till terms arriv'd.

Sempronius.

We ought to hold it out till death; but, Cato,
My private voice is drown'd amid the senate's.

Cato.

Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill
This little interval, this pause of life,
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it;
That heaven may say, it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewell!—The young Numidian prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our councils.

Ex. Sen.

Enter Juba.

Cato.

Juba, the Roman senate has resolv'd,
Till time give better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on Cæsar.

Juba.

The resolution fits a Roman senate.

But, Cato, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condescend to hear a young man speak.

My father, when some days before his death

He order'd me to march for Utica

(Alas! I thought not then his death so near!)

Wept o'er me, press'd me in his aged arms,

And as his griefs gave way, My son, said he,

Whatever fortune shall befall thy father,

Be Cato's friend; he'll train thee up to great

And virtuous deeds: do but observe him well,

I thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear
them.

Cato.

Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But heaven thought otherwise.

Juba.

My father's fate,
In spite of all the fortitude that shines

Before my face, in Cato's great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.

Cato.

It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.

Juba.

My father drew respect from foreign climes:
The kings of Afric fought him for their friend,
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden sources of the Nile,
In distant worlds, on t'other side the sun:
Oft have their black ambassadors appear'd,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of Zama.

Cato.

I am no stranger to thy father's greatness.

Juba.

I would not boast the greatness of my father,
But point out new alliances to Cato.
Had we not better leave this Utica,
To arm Numidia in our cause, and court
Th' assistance of my father's powerful friends?
Did they know Cato, our remotest kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him;
Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horror of the war,
And making death more grim.

Cato.

And canst thou think
Cato will fly before the sword of Cæsar?
Reduc'd, like Hannibal, to seek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down,
A vagabond in Afric!

Juba.

Cato, perhaps
I'm too officious; but my forward cares
Would fain preserve a life of so much value.
My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.

Cato.

Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.
But know, young prince, that valour soars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
These are not ills; else would they never fall
On heaven's first favourites, and the best of
men:

The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into prac-
tice

Virtues, that shun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth seasons, and the calms of life.

Juba.

I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st! I pant for
virtue!

And all my soul endeavours at perfection.

Cato.

Dost thou love watchings, abstinence, and toil,
Laborious virtues all? learn them from Cato:
Success and fortune must thou learn from Cæsar.

Juba.

The best good-fortune that can fall on Juba,
The whole success at which my heart aspires,
Depends on Cato.

Cato.

What does Juba say?
The words confound me.

Juba.

I would fain retract them,
Give them me back again. They aim'd at no-
thing.

Cato.

Tell me thy wish, young prince; make not my
ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Juba.

Oh, they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.

Cato.

What can Juba ask
That Cato will refuse!

Juba.

I fear to name it.
Marcia—inherits all her father's virtues.

Cato.

What would'st thou say?

Juba.

Cato, thou hast a daughter.

Cato.

Adieu, young prince: I would not hear a word
Should lessen thee in my esteem: remember
The hand of fate is over us, and heaven
Exacts severity from all our thoughts:
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains, or conquest; liberty, or death. [*Exit.*]

Enter *Syphax.*

Syphax.

How's this, my prince! what, cover'd with
confusion?
You look as if yon stern philosopher
Had just now chid you.

Juba.

Syphax, I'm undone!

Syphax.

I know it well.

Juba.

Cato thinks meanly of me.

Syphax.

And so will all mankind.

Juba.

I've open'd to him

The weakness of my soul—my love for Marcia.

Syphax.

Cato's a proper person to intrust
A love-tale with.

Juba.

Oh, I could pierce my heart,
My foolish heart! Was ever wretch like Juba?

Syphax.

Alas! my prince, how are you chang'd of late!
I've known young Juba rise before the sun,
To beat the thicket where the tiger slept,
Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts:
How did the colour mount into your cheeks, [you
When first you rous'd him to the chase! I've seen
Ev'n in the Libyan dog-days hunt him down,
Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and stooping from your horse
Rivet the panting savage to the ground.

Juba.

Pr'ythee, no more!

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Syphax.

How would the old king smile,
To see you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,
And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders!

Juba.

Syphax, this old man's talk (though honey flow'd
In every word) would now lose all its sweetness.
Cato's displeas'd, and Marcia lost for ever!

Syphax.

Young prince, I yet could give you good advice,
Marcia might still be yours.

Juba.

What say'st thou, Syphax?
By heavens, thou turn'st me all into attention.

Syphax.

Marcia might still be yours.

Juba.

As how, dear Syphax?

Syphax.

Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,
Mounted on steeds, unus'd to the restraint
Of curbs or bits, and fleetlier than the winds:
Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel up,
And bear her off.

Juba.

Can such dishonest thoughts
Rise up in man! would'st thou seduce my youth
To do an act that would destroy my honour?

Syphax.

Gods, I could tear my beard to hear you talk!
Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienced men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

Juba.

Would'st thou degrade thy prince into a ruffian?

Syphax.

The boasted ancestors of these great men,
Whose virtues you admire, were all such ruffians.
This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under heaven, was founded on a rape.
Your Scipio's, Cæsar's, Pompey's, and your Cato's
(These gods on earth), are all the spurious brood
Of violated maids, of ravish'd Sabines.

Juba.

Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.

Syphax.

Indeed, my prince; you want to know the world,
You have not read mankind: your youth admires
The throes and swellings of a Roman soul,
Cato's bold flights, th' extravagance of virtue.

Juba.

If knowledge of the world makes man perfidious,
May Juba ever live in ignorance!

Syphax.

Go, go, you're young.

Juba.

Gods, must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswer'd! thou'rt a traitor,
A false old traitor.

Syphax.

I have gone too far. [*Exit.*]

Juba.

Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.

Q

Syphax.

I must appease this storm, or perish in it. [*Aside.*
Young prince, behold these locks, that are grown
white

Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.

Juba.

Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.

Syphax.

Must one rash word, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of service!
Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me! [*Aside.*

Juba.

Is it because the throne of my forefathers
Still stands unfill'd, and that Numidia's crown
Hangs doubtful yet, whose head it shall enclose,
Thou thus presum'st to treat thy prince with scorn?

Syphax.

Why will you rive my heart with such expressions?
Does not old Syphax follow you to war?
What are his arms? why does he load with darts
His trembling hand, and crush beneath a casque
His wrinkled brow? what is it he aspires to?
Is it not this? to shed the flow remains,
His last poor ebb of blood, in your defence?

Juba.

Syphax, no more! I would not hear you talk.

Syphax.

Not hear me talk! what, when my faith to Juba,
My royal master's son, is call'd in question?
My prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb:
But, whilst I live, I must not hold my tongue,
And languish out old age in his displeasure.

Juba.

Thou know'st the way too well into my heart;
I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.

Syphax.

What greater instance can I give? I've offer'd
To do an action which my soul abhors,
And gain you whom you love at any price.

Juba.

Was this thy motive? I have been too hasty.

Syphax.

And 'tis for this my prince has call'd me traitor.

Juba.

Sure thou mistak'st; I did not call thee so.

Syphax.

You did indeed, my prince; you call'd me traitor:
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to Cato.
Of what, my prince, would you complain to Cato?
That Syphax loves you, and would sacrifice
His life, nay more, his honour, in your service?

Juba.

Syphax, I know thou lov'st me, but indeed
Thy zeal for Juba carried thee too far.
Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection, [her,
That aids and strengthens virtue, where it meets
And imitates her actions, where she is not:
It ought not to be sported with.

Syphax.

By heavens [me.

I'm ravish'd when you talk thus, though you chide
Alas, I've hitherto been us'd to think
A blind officious zeal to serve my king

The ruling principle, that ought to burn
And quench all others in a subject's heart.
Happy the people who preserve their honour
By the same duties that oblige their prince!

Juba.

Syphax, thou now beginn'st to speak thyself.
Numidia's grown a scorn among the nations
For breach of public vows. Our Punic faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.
Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.

Syphax.

Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax weep
To hear you talk—but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be blest by Cato's lectures.

Juba.

Syphax, thy hand! we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and frowardness of age:
Thy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person.
If e'er the sceptre comes into my hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.

Syphax.

Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness?
My joy grows burthenome, I sha'n't support it.

Juba.

Syphax, farewell. I'll hence, and try to find
Some blest occasion that may set me right
In Cato's thoughts. I'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers. [*Exit.*

Syphax.

Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts;
Old age is slow in both—a false old traitor: [dear:
Those words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee
My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee:
But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the winds:—
Cæsar, I'm wholly thine—

Enter *Sempronius.**Syphax.*

All hail, Sempronius!
Well, Cato's senate is resolv'd to wait
The fury of a siege, before it yields.

Sempronius.

Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate:
Lucius declar'd for peace, and terms were offer'd
To Cato by a messenger from Cæsar.
Should they submit, ere our designs are ripe,
We both must perish in the common wreck,
Lost in a general undistinguish'd ruin.

Syphax.

But how stands Cato?

Sempronius.

Thou hast seen Mount Atlas:
While storms and tempests thunder on its brows,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It stands unmov'd, and glories in its height.
Such is that haughty man; his towering soul,
'Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on Cæsar.

Syphax.

But what's this messenger?

Sempronius.

I've practis'd with him,
And found a means to let the victor know
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends.
But let me now examine in my turn :
Is Juba fix'd ?

Syphax.

Yes, but it is to Cato.

I've try'd the force of every reason on him,
Sooth'd and carcs'd, been angry, sooth'd again,
Laid safety, life, and interest, in his sight ;
But all are vain, he scorns them all for Cato.

Sempronius.

Come, 'tis no matter, we shall do without him.
He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.
Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy Juba's cause, and wishest Marcia mine.

Syphax.

May she be thine as fast as thou wouldst have her !

Sempronius.

Syphax, I love that woman ; though I curse
Her and myself, yet, spite of me, I love her.

Syphax.

Make Cato sure, and give up Utica :
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.
But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt ?
Does the sedition catch from man to man.
And run among their ranks ?

Sempronius.

All, all is ready.

The factious leaders are our friends, that spread
Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers.
They count their toilsome marches, long fatigues,
Unusual fastings ; and will bear no more
This medley of philosophy and war.
Within an hour they'll storm the senate-house.

Syphax.

Mean-while I'll draw up my Numidian troops
Within the square, to exercise their arms,
And, as I see occasion, favour thee.
I laugh to think how your unshaken Cato
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
Pours in upon him thus from every side.
So, where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And, smother'd in the dusty whirlwind, dies.

2.5

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Marcus and Portius.**Marcus.*

THANKS to my stars, I have not rang'd about
The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend ;
Nature first pointed out my Portius to me,
And early taught me, by her secret force,

To love thy person, ere I knew thy merit ;
Till, what was instinct, grew up into friendship.

Portius.

Marcus, the friendships of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure ;
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.

Marcus.

Portius, thou know'st my soul in all its weakness ;
Then pr'ythee spare me on its tender side,
Indulge me but in love, my other passions
Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.

Portius.

When love's well-tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love.
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.
I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion,
(I know 'twere vain) but to suppress its force,
Till better times may make it look more graceful.

Marcus.

Alas ! thou talk'st like one who never felt
Th' impatient throbs and longings of a soul,
That pants and reaches after distant good.
A lover does not live by vulgar time :
Believe me, Portius, in my Lucia's absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden ;
And yet when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten times more undone ; while hope, and fear,
And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me.

Portius.

What can thy Portius do to give thee help ?

Marcus.

Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair one's presence :
Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her
With all the strength and heat of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.
Tell her thy brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom ;
That he forgets his sleep, and lothes his food,
That youth, and health, and war, are joyless to him ;
Describe his anxious days and restless nights,
And all the torments that thou seest me suffer.

Portius.

Marcus, I beg thee, give me not an office
That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my temper.

Marcus.

Wilt thou behold me sinking in my woes ?
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows ?

Portius.

Marcus, thou canst not ask what I'd refuse.
But here, believe me, I've a thousand reasons—

Marcus.

I know thou'lt say, my passion's out of season,
That Cato's great example and misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my thoughts.
But what's all this to one who loves like me ?
Oh Portius, Portius, from my soul I wish
Thou didst but know thyself what 'tis to love !
Then would'st thou pity and assist thy brother.

Portius.

What should I do ! If I disclose my passion,
Our friendship's at an end : if I conceal it,
The world will call me false to a friend and brother.

Q.ij

[Aside.]

Marcus.

But see where Lucia, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,
Enjoys the noon day breeze! observe her, Portius!
That face, that shape, those eyes, that heaven of
beauty!

Observe her well, and blame me if thou canst.

Portius.

She sees us, and advances—

Marcus.

I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, Portius,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue. [*Exit.*]

Enter Lucia.

Lucia.

Did not I see your brother Marcus here?
Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence?

Portius.

Oh, Lucia, language is too faint to show
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies;
His passions and his virtues lie confus'd,
And mix'd together in so wild a tumult,
That the whole man is quite disfigur'd in him.
Heavens! would one think 'twere possible for love
To make such ravage in a noble soul!
Oh, Lucia, I'm distress'd! my heart bleeds for him;
Ev'n now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,
A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, though thou smilest upon me.

Lucia.

How wilt thou guard thy honour, in the shock
Of love and friendship? Think betimes, my Portius,
Think how the nuptial tie, that might ensure
Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height
Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps destroy him.

Portius.

Alas, poor youth! what dost thou think, my
Lucia?

His generous, open, undesigning heart
Has begg'd his rival to solicit for him.
Then do not strike him dead with a denial,
But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul
With the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope:
Perhaps, when we have pass'd these gloomy hours,
And weather'd out the storm that beats upon us—

Lucia.

No, Portius, no! I see thy sister's tears,
Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves.
And, Portius, here I swear, to heaven I swear,
To heaven, and all the powers that judge mankind,
Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
While such a cloud of mischiefs hangs about us:
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
From all my thoughts, as far—as I am able.

Portius.

What hast thou said! I'm thunderstruck!—Recall
Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.

Lucia.

Has not the vow already pass'd my lips?
The gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in heaven.
May all the vengeance, that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd heads, o'erwhelm me, if I break it!

Portius.

[*After a pause.*]

Fix'd in astonishment, I gaze upon thee;
Like one just blasted by a stroke from heaven,
Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful looks: a monument of wrath!

Lucia.

At length I've acted my severest part;
I feel the woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my heart! my tears will flow.
But oh, I'll think no more! the hand of fate
Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.

Portius.

Hard-hearted, cruel maid!

Lucia.

Oh, stop those sounds, [me]
Those killing sounds! Why dost thou frown upon
My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
And life itself goes out at thy displeasure.
The gods forbid us to indulge our loves,
But, oh! I cannot bear thy hate, and live!

Portius.

Talk not of love, thou never knew'st its force.
I've been deluded, led into a dream
Of fancied bliss. O Lucia, cruel maid!
Thy dreadful vow, loaden with death, still sounds
In my stunn'd ears. What shall I say or do?
Quick, let us part! perdition's in thy presence,
And horror dwells about thee!—Ah, the faints!
Wretch that I am! what has my rashness done!
Lucia, thou injur'd innocence! thou best
And loveliest of thy sex! awake, my Lucia,
Or Portius rushes on his sword to join thee.
—Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
They shut not out society in death.—
But, ah! she moves! life wanders up and down
Through all her face, and lights up every charm.

Lucia.

O Portius, was this well!—to frown on her
That lives upon thy smiles! to call in doubt
The faith of one expiring at thy feet,
That loves thee more than ever woman lov'd!
—What do I say? My half-recover'd sense
Forgets the vow in which my soul is bound.
Destruction stands between us! we must part.

Portius.

Name not the word, my frightened thoughts run
And startle into madness at the sound. [back,

Lucia.

What would'st thou have me do? Consider well
The train of ills our love would draw behind it.
Think, Portius, think, thou seest thy dying brother
Stabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with blood,
Storming at heaven and thee: thy awful sire
Sternly demands the cause, th' accursed cause,
That robs him of his son! poor Marcia trembles,
Then tears her hair, and, frantic in her griefs,
Calls out on Lucia! What could Lucia answer!
Or how stand up in such a scene of sorrow?

Portius.

To my confusion and eternal grief,
I must approve the sentence that destroys me.
The mist that hung about my mind clears up;
And now, athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,
More amiable, and risest in thy charms.
Loveliest of women! heaven is in thy soul,

Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
Brightening each other! thou art all divine!

Lucia.

Portius, no more! thy words shoot through my heart,

Melt my resolves, and turn me all to love.
Why are those tears of fondness in thy eyes?
Why heaves thy heart? Why swells thy soul with sorrow?
It softens me too much—Farewell, my Portius;
Farewell, though death is in the word, for ever!

Portius.

Stay, Lucia, stay! What dost thou say? For ever!

Lucia.

Have I not sworn? If, Portius, thy success
Must throw thy brother on his fate, farewell,
Oh, how shall I repeat the word! for ever!

Portius.

Thus o'er the dying lamp th' unsteady flame
Hangs quivering on a point, leaps off by fits,
And falls again, as loth to quit its hold.
—Thou must not go, my soul still hovers o'er thee,
And can't get loose.

Lucia.

If the firm Portius shake

To hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers!

Portius.

'Tis true; unruffled and serene I've met
The common accidents of life: but here
Such an unlook'd-for storm of ills falls on me,
It beats down all my strength. I cannot bear it.
We must not part.

Lucia.

What dost thou say? Not part?

Hast thou forgot the vow that I have made? [us?
Are there not heavens and gods and thunder o'er
—But see, thy brother Marcus bends this way!
I sicken at the sight. Once more, farewell;
Farewell, and know thou wrong'st me, if thou
think'st

Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine. [Exit.

Enter Marcus.

Marcus.

Portius, what hopes? How stands she? Am I
doom'd
To life, or death?

Portius.

What would'st thou have me say?

Marcus.

What means this pensive posture? Thou appear'st
Like one amaz'd and terrify'd.

Portius.

I've reason.

Marcus.

Thy down-cast looks, and thy disorder'd thoughts,
Tell me my fate. I ask not the success
My cause has found.

Portius.

I'm griev'd I undertook it.

Marcus.

What? Does the barbarous maid insult my heart,
My aching heart! and triumph in my pains?
That I could cast her from my thoughts for ever!

Portius.

Away! you're too suspicious in your griefs;
Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,
Compassionates your pains, and pities you.

Marcus.

Compassionates my pains, and pities me!
What is compassion when 'tis void of love!
Fool that I was to choose so cold a friend
To urge my cause! compassionates my pains!
Pr'ythee, what art, what rhetoric, didst thou use
To gain this mighty boon? She pities me!
To one that asks the warm returns of love,
Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death—

Portius.

Marcus, no more! have I deserv'd this treatment?

Marcus.

What have I said! O Portius, O forgive me!
A soul exasperated in ills falls out
With every thing, its friend, itself—But ha!
What means that shout, big with the sounds of war?
What new alarm?

Portius.

A second, louder yet,
Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.

Marcus.

Oh, for some glorious cause to fall in battle!
Lucia, thou hast undone me! thy disdain
Has broke my heart: 'tis death must give me ease.

Portius.

Quick, let us hence; who knows if Cato's life
Stand sure? O Marcus, I am warm'd, my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.

[Exit.

Enter Sempronius, with the Leaders of the Mutiny.

Sempronius.

At length the winds are rais'd, the storm blows
high.

Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In its full fury, and direct it right,
Till it has spent itself on Cato's head.
Mean-while I'll herd among his friends, and seem
One of the number, that, whate'er arrive,
My friends and fellow-foldiers may be safe.

First Leader.

We all are safe, Sempronius is our friend.
Sempronius is as brave a man as Cato.
But hark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him;
Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast:
This day will end our toils, and give us rest;
Fear nothing, for Sempronius is our friend.

Enter Cato, Sempronius, Lucius, Portius, and Marcus.
Cato.

Where are these bold intrepid sons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
And to their general send a brave defiance?

Sempronius.

Curse on their dastard souls, they stand astonish'd!
[Aside.

Cato.

Perfidious men! and will you thus dishonour
Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?

Q ij

Do you confess 'twas not a zeal for Rome,
Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,
Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the spoil
Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?
Fir'd with such motives you do well to join
With Cato's foes, and follow Cæsar's banners.
Why did I 'scape th' invenom'd asp's rage,
And all the fiery monsters of the desert,
To see this day? Why could not Cato fall
Without your guilt? Behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my bosom naked to your swords,
And let the man that's injur'd strike the blow.
Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he suffers greater ills than Cato?
Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares!
Painful pre-eminence!

Sempronius.

By heavens, they droop!
Confusion to the villains! all is lost. *Aside.*

Cato.

Have you forgotten Libya's burning waste,
Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of sand,
Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison?
Who was the first t' explore th' untrodden path,
When life was hazarded in every step?
Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
When on the banks of an unlook'd-for stream
You sunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the last in all your host that thirsted?

Sempronius.

If some penurious source by chance appear'd
Scanty of waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full helmet up to Cato,
Did not he dash th' untasted moisture from him?
Did not he lead you through the mid-day sun,
And clouds of dust? Did not his temples glow
In the same sultry winds, and scorching heats?

Cato.

Hence, worthless men! hence! and complain to
You could not undergo the toils of war, [Cæsar
Nor bear the hardships that your leader bore

Lucius.

See, Cato, see th' unhappy men! they weep!
Fear and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,
Appear in every look, and plead for mercy.

Cato.

Learn to be honest men; give up your leaders,
And pardon shall descend on all the rest.

Sempronius.

Cato, commit these wretches to my care.
First let them each be broken on the rack,
Then, with what life remains, impal'd, and left
To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake.
There let them hang, and taint the southern wind.
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up and see their fellow-traitors
Stuck on a fork, and blackening in the sun.

Lucius.

Sempronius, why, wilt thou urge the fate
Of wretched men?

Sempronius.

How! would'st thou clear rebellion!
Lucius (good man) pities the poor offenders
That would imbrue their hands in Cato's blood.

Cato.

Forbear, Sempronius!—See they suffer death;
But in their deaths remember they are men.
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
Lucius, the base degenerate age requires
Severity and justice in its rigour;
This awes an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
And lay th' uplifted thunder-bolt aside.

Sempronius.

Cato, I execute thy will with pleasure.

Cato.

Meanwhile we'll sacrifice to liberty.
Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The generous plan of power deliver'd down,
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood)
O let it never perish in your hands!
But piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great liberty, inspire our souls
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

*[Exeunt Cato, &c.]**Sempronius and the Leaders of the Mutiny.**First Leader.*

Sempronius, you have acted like yourself, [nest.
One would have thought you had been half in ear.

Sempronius.

Villain, stand off! base grovelling worthless
wretches,

Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!

Second Leader.

Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius:
Throw off the mask, there are none here but friends.

Sempronius.

Know, villains, when such paltry slaves presume
To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
They're thrown neglected by: but if it fails,
They're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.
Here, take these factious monsters, drag them forth
To sudden death.

*Enter Guards.**First Leader.*

Nay, since it comes to this—

Sempronius.

Dispatch them quick; but first pluck out their
tongues,

Left with their dying breath they sow sedition.

*[Exeunt Guards with the Leaders]**Enter Syphax.**Syphax.*

Our first design, my friend, has prov'd abortive;
Still there remains an after-game to play:
My troops are mounted; their Numidian steeds
Snuff up the wind, and long to scour the desert:
Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,
We'll force the gate where Marcus keeps his guard,
And hew down all that would oppose our passage.
A day will bring us into Cæsar's camp.

Sempronius.

Confusion! I have fail'd of half my purpose.
Marcia, the charming Marcia, 's left behind!

Syphax.

How! will Sempronius turn a woman's slave?

*Sempronius.*Think not thy friend can ever feel the soft
Unmanly warmth, and tenderness of love.*Syphax.* I long to clasp that haughty maid,
And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion;
When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.*Syphax.*Well said! that's spoken like thyself, Sempronius.
What hinders then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force?*Sempronius.*But how to gain admission? For access
Is given to none but Juba, and her brothers.*Syphax.*Thou shalt have Juba's dress, and Juba's guards:
The doors will open, when Numidia's prince
Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.*Sempronius.*Heavens, what a thought is there! Marcia's my
own!How will my bosom swell with anxious joy;
When I behold her struggling in my arms,
With glowing beauty, and disorder'd charms,
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
Pant in her breast, and vary in her face!
So Pluto, seiz'd of Proserpine, convey'd
To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid,
There grimly sunil'd, pleas'd with the beautiful
prize,
Nor envy'd Jove his sun-shine and his skies.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Lucia and Marcia.**Lucia.*Now tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy soul;
If thou believ'st it possible for woman
To suffer greater ills than Lucia suffers?*Marcia.*O Lucia, Lucia, might my big swollen heart
Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow:
Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.*Lucia.*I know thou'rt doom'd alike to be below'd
By Juba, and thy father's friend Sempronius;
But which of these has power to charm like Portius*Marcia.*Still must I beg thee not to name Sempronius?
Lucia, I like not that loud boisterous man:
Juba to all the bravery of a hero,
Adds softest love, and more than female sweetness;
Juba might make the proudest of our sex,
Any of woman-kind, but Marcia, happy.*Lucia.*And why not Marcia? come, you strive in vain
To hide your thoughts from one, who knows too
The inward glowings of a heart in love. [well*Marcia.*While Cato lives, his daughter has no right
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.*Lucia.*But should this father give you to Sempronius?
*Marcia.*I dare not think he will: but if he should—
Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer
Imaginary ills, and fancy'd tortures?
I hear the sound of feet! they march this way!
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each softer thought in sense of present danger.
When love once pleads admission to our hearts
(In spite of all the virtue we can boast)
The woman that deliberates is lost. [Exit.Enter *Sempronius*, dress'd like *Juba*, with Numidian
Guards.*Sempronius.*The deer is lodg'd. I've track'd her to her covert.
Be sure you mind the word; and when I give it,
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.
Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.
—How will the young Numidian rave, to see
His mistress lost? If aught could glad my soul
Beyond th' enjoyment of so bright a prize,
'T would be to torture that young, gay, barbarian.
—But hark, what noise! death to my hopes! 'tis he;
'Tis Juba's self! there is but one way left—
He must be murder'd, and a passage cut
Through those his guards. —Ha, dastards, do you
tremble!
Or act like men, or by yon azure heaven—Enter *Juba*.*Juba.*What do I see? who's this that dares usurp
The guards and habits of Numidia's prince?*Sempronius.*One that was born to scourge thy arrogance,
Presumptuous youth!*Juba.*

What can this mean? Sempronius!

Sempronius.

My sword shall answer thee. Have at thy heart.

*Juba.*Nay, then beware thy own, proud, barbarous
man! [*Semp. falls. His Guards surrender.**Sempronius.*Curse on my stars! am I then doom'd to fall
By a boy's hand? disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian dress, and for a worthless woman?
Gods, I'm distracted! this my close of life!
O for a peal of thunder, that would make
Earth, sea, and air, and heaven, and Cato tremble!

[Dies.

*Juba.*With what a spring his furious soul broke loose,
And left the limbs still quivering on the ground!
Hence let us carry off those slaves to Cato,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark design, this mystery of fate.[Exit *Juba*, with prisoners, &c.Enter *Lucia* and *Marcia*.*Lucia.*Sure 'twas the clash of swords; my troubled
heart

Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,

Q.iii]

It throbs with fear, and aches at every sound.
O Marcia, should thy brothers for my sake!—
I die away with horror at the thought.

Marcia.

See, Lucia, see! here's blood! here's blood and murder!

Ha! a Numidian! heavens preserve the prince!
The face lies muffled up within the garment.
But ha! death to my sight! a diadem,
And purple robes! O gods! 'tis he, 'tis he,
Juba, the loveliest youth that ever warm'd
A virgin's heart, Juba lies dead before us!

Lucia.

Now, Marcia, now call up to thy assistance
Thy wonted strength, and constancy of mind;
Thou canst not put it to a greater trial.

Marcia.

Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience.
Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted!

Lucia.

What can I think or say, to give thee comfort?

Marcia.

Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills:
Behold a sight, that strikes all comfort dead.

Enter *Juba* listening.

I will indulge my sorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair;
That man, that best of men, deserv'd it from me.

Juba.

What do I hear? and was the false Sempronius
That best of men? O, had I fall'n like him,
And could have thus been mourn'd, I had been
happy!

Lucia.

Here will I stand, companion in thy woes,
And help thee with my tears; when I behold
A loss like thine, I half forget my own.

Marcia.

'Tis not in fate to ease my tortur'd breast.
This empty world, to me a joyless desert,
Has nothing left to make poor Marcia happy.

Juba.

I'm on the rack! was he so near her heart?

Marcia.

Oh, he was all made up of love and charms,
Whatever maid could wish, or man admire:
Delight of every eye! when he appear'd,
A secret pleasure gladden'd all that saw him;
But when he talk'd, the proudest Roman blush'd
To hear his virtues, and old age grew wise.

Juba.

I shall run mad—

Marcia.

O Juba! Juba! Juba!

Juba.

What means that voice? did she not call on
Juba?

Marcia.

Why do I think on what he was! he's dead!
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart
Amidst its agonies, remember'd Marcia,
And the last words he utter'd call'd me cruel!

Alas! he knew not, hapless youth! he knew not
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and Juba!

Juba.

Where am I! do I live! or am indeed
What Marcia thinks! All is Elysium round me!

Marcia.

Ye dear remains of the most lov'd of men,
Nor modesty nor virtue here forbid
A last embrace, while thus—

Juba.

See, Marcia, see,
The happy Juba lives! he lives to catch
That dear embrace, and to return it too
With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.

Marcia.

With pleasure and amaze, I stand transported!
Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!
If thou art Juba, who lies there?

Juba.

A wretch,
Disguis'd like Juba on a curs'd design.
The tale is long, nor have I heard it out.
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee.
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,
Am wrapt with joy to see my Marcia's tears.

Marcia.

I've been surpris'd in an unguarded hour,
But must not now go back: the love, that lay
Half-smother'd in my breast, has broke through all
Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre;
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

Juba.

I'm lost in ecstacy! and dost thou love,
Thou charming maid?

Marcia.

And dost thou live to ask it?

Juba.

This, this is life indeed! life worth preserving!
Such life as Juba never felt till now!

Marcia.

Believe me, prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know myself how much I lov'd thee.

Juba.

O fortunate mistake!

Marcia.

O happy Marcia!

Juba.

My joy! my best lov'd! my only wish!
How shall I speak the transport of my soul!

Marcia.

Lucia, thy arm! oh let me rest upon it!—
The vital blood, that had forsook my heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment.
O prince! I blush to think what I have said,
But fate has wrested the confession from me:
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour,
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.

[*Ex. Marc. and Luc.*]

Juba.

I am so blest'd, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all

Thy past unkindness. I absolve my stars.
What though Numidia add her conquer'd towns
And provinces to swell the victor's triumph?
Juba will never at his fate repine,
Let Cæsar have the world, if Marcia's mine.

[Exit.

A march at a distance.

Enter Cato and Lucius.

Lucius.

I stand astonish'd! what, the bold Sempronius!
That still broke foremost through the crowd of
patriots,
As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
And virtuous ev'n to madness—

Cato.

Trust me, Lucius,
Our civil discords have produced such crimes,
Such monstrous crimes, I am surpris'd at nothing.
—O Lucius, I am sick of this bad world!
The day-light and the sun grow painful to me.

Enter Portius.

But see where Portius comes! what means this
haste?

Why are thy looks thus chang'd?

Portius.

My heart is griev'd.
I bring such news as will afflict my father.

Cato.

Has Cæsar shed more Roman blood?

Portius.

Not so.

The traitor Syphax, as within the square
He exercis'd his troops, the signal given,
Flew off at once with his Numidian horse
To the fourth gate, where Marcus holds the watch.
I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain;
He toss'd his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not stay and perish like Sempronius.

Cato.

Perfidious men! but haste, my son, and see
Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part.

[Exit Portius.

—Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice gives way to force: the conquer'd world
Is Cæsar's: Cato has no business in it.

Lucius.

While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,
The world will still demand her Cato's presence,
In pity to mankind, submit to Cæsar,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.

Cato.

Would Lucius have me live to swell the number
Of Cæsar's slaves, or by a base submission
Give up the cause of Rome, and own a tyrant?

Lucius.

The victor never will impose on Cato
Ungenerous terms. His enemies confess
The virtues of humanity are Cæsar's.

Cato.

Curse on his virtues! they've undone his coun-
Such popular humanity is treason—

[try.

But see young Juba; the good youth appears
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects.

Lucius.

Alas, poor prince! his fate deserves compassion.

Enter Juba.

Juba.

I blush, and am confounded to appear
Before thy presence, Cato.

Cato.

What's thy crime?

Juba.

I'm a Numidian.

Cato.

And a brave one too,
Thou hast a Roman soul.

Juba.

Hast thou not heard
Of my false countrymen?

Cato.

Alas! young prince,
Falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil,
The product of all climes—Rome has its Cæsars,

Juba.

'Tis generous thus to comfort the distress'd.

Cato.

'Tis just to give applause where 'tis desert'd;
Thy virtue, prince, has flood the test of fortune,
Like purest gold, that, tortur'd in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its
weight.

Juba.

What shall I answer thee? my ravish'd heart
O'erflows with secret joy: I'd rather gain
Thy praise, O Cato, than Numidia's empire,
Enter Portius hastily.

Portius.

Misfortune on Misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother Marcus—

Cato.

Ha! what has he done?

Has he forsook his post? has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let them pass?

Portius.

Scarce had I left my father, but I met him
Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds;
Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes,
Till, obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Opprest with multitudes, he greatly fell.

Cato.

I'm satisfy'd.

Portius.

Nor did he fall before
His sword had pierc'd through the false heart of Sy-
phax:

Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

Cato.

Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty.—
Portius, when I am dead, be sure thou place
His urn near mine.

Portius.

Long may they keep asunder!

Lucius.

O Cato, arm thy soul with all its patience;
See where the corpse of thy dead son approaches!
The citizens and senators, alarm'd,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

Cato meeting the corpse.

Cato.

Welcome, my son! here lay him down my friends.

Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corpse, and count those glorious wounds.
How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? what pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!
Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?
I should have blush'd if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war.—
Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.

Juba.

Was ever man like this!

Cato.

Alas, my friends!

Why mourn you thus? let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears.
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free, Rome is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

Juba.

Behold that upright man! Rome fills his eyes
With tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead son.

Cato.

Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdued,
The sun's whole course, the day and year, are
For him the self-devoted Decii dy'd, [Cæsar's.
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipio's conquer'd:
Ev'n Pompey fought for Cæsar. Oh, my friends!
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The Roman empire fall'n! O curs'd ambition!
Fall'n into Cæsar's hands! Our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

Juba.

While Cato lives, Cæsar will blush to see
Mankind enslav'd, and be ashamed of empire.

Cato.

Cæsar ashamed! has not he seen Pharsalia!

Lucius.

Cato, 'tis time thou save thyself and us.

Cato.

I lose not a thought on me. I'm out of danger.
Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Cæsar shall never say, I've conquer'd Cato.
But oh! my friends, your safety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts: a thousand secret terrors
Rise in my soul: how shall I save my friends?
'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee.

Lucius.

Cæsar has mercy, if we ask it of him.

Cato.

Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know
Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it.

Add, if you please, that I request it of him,
That I myself, with tears, request it of him,
The virtue of my friends may pass unpunish'd.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.
Should I advise thee to regain Numidia,
Or seek the conqueror?

Juba.

If I forsake thee

Whilst I have life, may heaven abandon Juba!

Cato.

Thy virtues, prince, if I foresee aright,
Will one day make thee great; at Rome hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.

Portius, draw near! my son, thou oft hast seen
Thy fire engag'd in a corrupted state,
Wrestling with vice and faction: now thou seest me
Spent, overpower'd, despairing of success;
Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,
Where the great Censor toil'd with his own hands,
And all our frugal ancestors were bless'd
In humble virtues, and a rural life.

There live retir'd; pray for the peace of Rome;
Content thyself to be obscurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.

Portius.

I hope, my father does not recommend
A life to Portius, that he scorns himself.

Cato.

Farewell, my friends! if there be any of you
That dares not trust the victor's clemency,
Know there are ships prepar'd by my command,
(Their sails already opening to the winds)
That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell!

If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.
There the brave youth, with love of virtue fir'd,
[Pointing to the body of his dead son.

Who greatly in his country's cause expir'd,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there
(Who made the welfare of mankind his care)
Though still, by faction, vice, and fortune, cross'd,
Shall find the generous labour was not lost.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Cato solus.

Sitting in a thoughtful posture: In his hand Plato's book on the immortality of the soul. A drawn sword on the table by him.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;

'Tis heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man,
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we
pass!

The wide, th' unbounded prospect, lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) He must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when! or where!—This world was made for
Cæsar.

I'm weary of conjectures—This must end them.

[Laying his hand upon his sword.]

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end,
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest; Cato knows neither of them,
Indifferent in his choice, to sleep or die.

Enter Portius.

But ha! how's this, my son? why this intrusion?
Were not my orders that I would be private?
Why am I disobey'd?

Portius.

Alas, my father!

What means this sword? this instrument of death?
Let me convey it hence!

Cato.

Rash youth, forbear!

Portius.

O let the prayers, th' entreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from
you.

Cato.

Wouldst thou betray me? wouldst thou give me
up

A slave, a captive, into Cæsar's hands?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man!—

Portius.

Look not thus sternly on me;

You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

Cato.

'Tis well! again I'm master of myself,
Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,
And bar each avenue, thy gathering fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up every port;

Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes—

Portius.

O Sir, forgive your son,

Whose grief hangs heavy on him! O my father!
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so! Be not displeas'd,
O be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul.

Cato.

Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.

[Embracing him.]

Weep not my son. All will be well again.
The righteous gods, whom I have fought to please,
Will succour Cato, and preserve his children.

Portius.

Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

Cato.

Portius, thou may'st rely upon my conduct.
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends: see them embark'd;
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.
My soul is quite weigh'd down with care, and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep. *[Exit.]*

Portius.

My thoughts are more at ease, my heart revives.

Enter Marcia.

O Marcia, O my sister, still there's hope!
Our father will not cast away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.
He is retir'd to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. He has dispatch'd me hence
With orders, that bespeak a mind compos'd,
And studious for the safety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers.

[Exit.]

Marcia.

O ye immortal powers, that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues;
And show mankind that goodness is your care.

Enter Lucia.

Lucia.

Where is your father, Marcia, where is Cato?

Marcia.

Lucia, speak low; he is retir'd to rest.
Lucia, I feel a gently-dawning hope
Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.

Lucia.

Alas, I tremble when I think on Cato.
In every view, in every thought, I tremble
Cato is stern, and awful as a god;
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakness, that he never felt.

Marcia.

Though stern and awful to the foes of Rome,
He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild,
Compassionate, and gentle to his friends.
Fill'd with domestic tenderness, the best,

The kindest father ! I have ever found him
Easy and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

Lucia.

'Tis his consent alone can make us blest'd.
Marcia, we both are equally involv'd
In the same intricate, perplex'd, distress.
The cruel hand of fate, that has destroy'd
Thy brother Marcus, whom we both lament—

Marcia.

And ever shall lament, unhappy youth !

Lucia.

Has set my soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my vow. But who knows Cato's thoughts ?
Who knows but yet he may dispose of Portius,
Or how he has determin'd of thyself ?

Marcia.

Let him but live ! commit the rest to heaven.

Enter Lucius.

Lucius.

Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man !
O Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father :
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep is fall'n upon him :
I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams ; as I drew near his couch,
He smil'd, and cry'd—Cæsar, thou can'st not
hurt me !

Marcia.

His mind still labours with some dreadful
thought.

Lucius.

Lucia, why all this grief, these floods of sor-
row ?

Dry up thy tears, my child ; we all are safe
While Cato lives—his presence will protect us.

Enter Juba.

Juba.

Lucius, the horsemen are return'd from viewing
The number, strength, and posture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a short hour's march.
On the high point of yon bright western tower
We ken them from afar ; the setting sun [sets
Plays on their shining arms and burnish'd hel-
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

Lucius.

Marcia, 'tis time we should awake thy father.
Cæsar is still dispos'd to give us terms,
And waits at distance till he hears from Cato.

Enter Portius.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance.
What tidings dost thou bring ? Methinks I see
Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.

Portius.

As I was hasting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the lingering winds, a sail arriv'd
From Pompey's son, who through the realms of
Spain

Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,

And rouses the whole nation up to arms.

Were Cato at their head, once more might
Rome

Affert her rights, and claim her liberty.

But hark ! what means that groan ? O give me
way,

And let me fly into my father's presence.

Lucius.

Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on Rome,
And in the wild disorder of his soul
Mourns o'er his country ; ha ! a second groan !—
Heaven guard us all !—

Marcia.

Alas ! 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps ! 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that sound—

Re-enter Portius.

Portius.

O sight of woe !
O Marcia, what we fear'd is come to pass !
Cato is fall'n upon his sword—

Lucius.

O Portius,
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us grieve the rest.

Portius.

I've rais'd him up,
And plac'd him in his chair, where, pale and
faint,
He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from
him,
Demands to see his friends. His weeping servants,
Obsequious to his orders, bear him hither.

[The back scene opens, and discovers Cato.

Marcia.

O heaven, assist me in this dreadful hour
To pay the last sad duties to my father !

Juba.

These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Cæsar !

Lucius.

Now is Rome fall'n indeed !

[Cato brought forward in his chair.

Cato.

Here set me down—

Portius, come near me—are my friends embark'd ?
Can any thing be thought of for their service ?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.

—O Lucius, art thou here ?—Thou art too good !—
Let this our friendship live between our children ;
Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia.

Alas poor man, he weeps !—Marcia, my daugh-
ter—

—O bend me forward !—Juba loves thee, Marcia.
A senator of Rome, while Rome surviv'd,
Would not have match'd his daughter with a
king,

But Cæsar's arms have thrown down all distinc-
tion ;

Whoe'er is brave and virtuous, is a Roman—
I'm sick to death—O when shall I get loose
From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and
forrow !—

—And yet methinks a beam of light breaks in

On my departing soul. Alas, I fear
I've been too hasty. O ye powers, that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not!
The best may err, but you are good, and—oh!

Lucius.

There fled the greatest soul that ever warm'd
A Roman breast. O Cato! O my friend!
Thy will shall be religiously observ'd.
But let us bear this awful corpse to Caesar,

And lay it in his fight, that he may stand
A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;
Cato, though dead, shall still protect his friends.

From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow.
'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,
And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms,
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,
And robs the guilty world of Cato's life.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Included in Her Grace

THE DUTCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

The Dutchess of Marlborough
The Dutchess of Marlborough
The Dutchess of Marlborough

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

M. R. N.

King Henry

The Dutchess of Marlborough

Page

Michelson

W. O. M. R. N.

Queen Elizabeth

Robinson

Christine, Wife to the Dutchess

GERARDUS ANDREAS, &c.

Stuart, Woodstock Park.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Forest of Woodstock Park, containing
the Dutchess's Lodge.

Enter Queen and Page.

Queen.

What place is this?

What looks appear?

Where's I mean my eyes?

All around

Enamored eyes

and for Elysium life!

ROSAMOND.

AN OPERA.

Inscribed to Her Grace

THE DUTCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

Hic quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit
Secreti celant calles, et myrtea circum
Sylvæ tegit.

Virg. *Æn.* 6.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

King Henry.
Sir Trusty, Keeper of the Bower.
Page.
Messenger.

W O M E N.

Queen Elinor.
Rosamond.
Grideline, Wife to Sir Trusty.

GUARDIAN ANGELS, &c.

Scene, Woodstock-Park.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Prospect of Woodstock-Park, terminating in the Bower.

Enter *Queen and Page.*

Queen.

WHAT place is here!
What scenes appear;
Where'er I turn my eyes,
All around
Enchanted ground
And soft Elysiums rise;

Flow'ry mountains,
Mossy fountains,
Shady woods,
Crystal floods,

With wild variety surprize.

† As o'er the hollow vaults we walk,
A hundred echoes round us talk:
From hill to hill the voice is tost,
Rocks rebounding,
Caves resounding,
Not a single word is lost.

Page.

There gentle Rosamond immured,
Lives from the world and you secured.

† Alluding to the famous echo in Woodstock-park.

Queen.
Curse on the name! I faint, I die,
With secret pangs of jealousy. *[Aside.]*
Page.

There does the pensive beauty mourn,
And languish for her lord's return.

Queen.
Death and confusion! I'm too slow *[Aside.]*
Show me the happy mansion, show—
Page.

Great Henry there—

Queen.
Trifler, no more!—
Page.

—Great Henry there
Will soon forget the toils of war.

Queen.
No more! the happy mansion show
That holds this lovely guilty foe.
My wrath, like that of heaven, shall rise,
And blast her in her paradise.

Page.
Behold on yonder rising ground
The bower, that wanders
In meanders,
Ever bending,
Never ending,
Glades on glades,
Shades on shades,
Running an eternal round.

Queen.
In such an endless maze I rove,
Lost in the labyrinths of love.
My breast with hoarded vengeance burns.
While fear and rage
With hope engage,
And rule my wavering soul by turns.

Page.
The path yon verdant field divides,
Which to the soft confinement guides.

Queen.
Eleonora, think betimes,
What are thy hated rival's crimes!
Whither, ah whither dost thou go!
What has she done to move thee so!
—Does she not warm with guilty fire
The faithless lord of my desire?
Have not her fatal arts remov'd
My Henry from my arms?

'Tis her crime to be lov'd,
'Tis her crime to have charms.
Let us fly, let us fly,
She shall die, she shall die.
I feel, I feel, my heart relent:
How could the fair be innocent!
To a monarch like mine,
Who would not resign!
One so great and so brave
All hearts must enslave.

Page.
Hark! hark! what sound invades my ear?
The conqueror's approach I hear.
He comes, victorious Henry comes,
Hautboys, trumpets, fifes, and drums,
In dreadful concert join'd,

Send from afar
A sound of war,
And fill with horror ev'ry wind.

Queen.
Henry returns from danger free!
Henry returns!—but not to me.
He comes his Rosamond to greet,
And lay his laurels at her feet,
His vows impatient to renew;
His vows, to Eleonora due.
Here shall the happy nymph detain,
(While of his absence I complain)
Hid in her mazy, wanton bower,
My lord, my life, my conqueror.

No, no, 'tis decreed
The traitress shall bleed;
No fear shall alarm,
No pity disarm;
In my rage shall be seen
The revenge of a queen.

SCENE II.

The Entry of the Bower.

Sir Truffy, Knight of the Bower, *solus.*
How unhappy is he,
That is ty'd to a she,
And fam'd for his wit and his beauty!
For of us pretty fellows
Our wives are so jealous,
They ne'er have enough of our duty.
But hah! my limbs begin to quiver,
I glow, I burn, I freeze, I shiver;
Whence rises this convulsive strife?
I smell a shrew;
My fears are true,
I see my wife.

SCENE III.

Grideline and Sir Truffy.

Grideline.
Faithless varlet, art thou there?
Sir Truffy.
My love, my dove, my charming fair!
Grideline.
Monster, thy wheedling tricks I know.
Sir Truffy.
Why wilt thou call thy turtle so?
Grideline.
Cheat not me with false caresses.
Sir Truffy.
Let me stop thy mouth with kisses.
Grideline.
Those to fair Rosamond are due.
Sir Truffy.
She is not half so fair as you.
Grideline.
She views thee with a lover's eye.
Sir Truffy.
I'll still be thine, and let her die.

Grideline.
No, no, 'tis plain. Thy frauds I see.
Traitor to the king and me!

Sir Trusty.
O Grideline! consult thy glass,
Behold that sweet bewitching face,
Those blooming cheeks, that lovely hue!

Every feature
(Charming creature)
Will convince you I am true.

Grideline.
O how blest were Grideline,
Could I call Sir Trusty mine!
Did he not covet amorous wiles
With soft, but ah! deceiving smiles:
How should I revel in delight,
The spouse of such a peerless knight!

Sir Trusty.
At length the storm begins to cease,
I've sooth'd and flatter'd her to peace.
'Tis now my turn to tyrannize:
I feel, I feel my fury rise!
Tigrels, be gone,

Grideline.
——I love thee so
I cannot go.

Sir Trusty.
Fly from my passion, Beldame, fly!

Grideline.
Why so unkind, Sir Trusty, why?

Sir Trusty.
Thou'rt the plague of my life.

Grideline.
I'm a foolish, fond wife.

Sir Trusty.

Let us part,
Let us part.

Grideline.
Will you break my poor heart?
Will you break my poor heart?

Sir Trusty.
I will if I can.

Grideline.
O barbarous man!
From whence doth all this passion flow!

Sir Trusty.
Thou art ugly and old,
And a villanous scold,

Grideline.
Thou art a rustic to call me so,
I'm not ugly nor old,
Nor a villanous scold,
But thou art a rustic to call me so.
Thou, traitor, adieu!

Sir Trusty.
Farewell, thou shrew.

Grideline.
Thou traitor.

Sir Trusty.
Thou shrew!

Beth.
Adieu! Adieu!

Sir Trusty, solus.
How hard is our fate,
Who serve in the state,

And should lay out our cares
On public affairs;
When conjugal toils,
And family broils
Make all our great labours miscarry!

Yet this is the lot
Of him that has got
Fair Rosamond's bower,
With the clew in his power,
And is courted by all,
Both the great and the small,
As principal pimp to the mighty King Harry.
But see, the pensive fair draws near:
I'll at a distance stand and hear.

SCENE IV.

Rosamond and Sir Trusty.

Rosamond.
From walk to walk, from shade to shade,
From stream to purling stream convey'd,
Through all the mazes of the grove,
Through all the mingling tracts I rove,

Turning,
Burning,
Changing,
Ranging

Full of grief and full of love,
Impatient for my Lord's return
I sigh, I pine, I rave, I mourn,
Was ever passion cross'd like mine?

To rend my breast,
And break my rest,
A thousand thousand ills combine,
Absence wounds me,
Fear surrounds me,
Guilt confounds me,

Was ever passion cross'd like mine?

Sir Trusty.
What heart of stone
Can hear her moan,

And not in dumps so doleful join!

Rosamond.
How does my constant grief deface
The pleasures of this happy place!
In vain the spring my senses greets,
In all her colours, all her sweets;

To me the rose
No longer glows,
Every plant
Has lost his scent;

The vernal blooms of various hue,
The blossoms fresh with morning dew,
The breeze, that sweeps these fragrant bowers
Fill'd with the breath of op'ning flow'rs,

Purple scenes,
Winding greens,
Glooms inviting,
Birds delighting,

(Nature's softest, sweetest store)
Charm my tortur'd soul no more.
Ye powers, I rave, I faint, I die:
Why so slow! great Henry, why

From death and alarms
Fly, fly to my arms,
Fly to my arms, my monarch, fly.

Sir Truffy.

How much more bleis'd would lovers be,
Did all the whining fools agree
To live like Grideline and me!

Rosamond.

O Rosamond, behold too late,
And tremble at thy future fate!
Cuse this unhappy, guilty face,
Every charm, and every grace,
That to thy ruin made their way
And led thine innocence astray:
At home thou feest the Queen enraged;
Abroad thy absent Lord engaged
In wars that may our loves disjoin,
And end at once his life and mine.

Sir Truffy

Such cold complaints besit a nun:
If the turns honest, I'm undone!

Rosamond.

Beneath some hoary mountain
I'll lay me down and weep,
Or near some warbling fountain
Bewail myself asleep;
Where feather'd choirs combining
With gentle murmuring streams,
And winds in consort joining,
Raise sadly pleasing dreams.

Sir Truffy, solus.

What savage tiger would not pity
A damsel so distress'd and pretty!
But hah! a found my bower invades,

Trumpets flourish.

And echoes through the winding shades;
'Tis Henry's march! the tune I know:
A messenger! it must be so.

SCENE V.

A Messenger and Sir Truffy.

Messenger.

Great Henry comes! with love oppress;
Prepare to lodge the royal guest.
From purple fields with slaughter spread,
From rivers chok'd with heaps of dead,
From glorious and immortal toils,
Loaden with honour, rich with spoils,
Great Henry comes! prepare thy bower
To lodge the mighty conqueror.

Sir Truffy.

The bower and lady both are dress'd,
And ready to receive their guest.

Messenger.

Hither the victor flies, (his queen
And royal progeny unseen;)
Soon as the British shores he reached,
Hither his foaming courser stretched;
And see! his eager step prevet
The message that himself hath sent!

Sir Truffy.

Here will I stand
With ha in hand,

VOL. VII.

Obsequiously to meet him;
And must endeavour
At behaviour,
That's suitable to greet him.

SCENE VI.

Enter King Henry, after a flourish of Trumpets.

King.

Where is my love! My Rosamond!

Sir Truffy.

First, as in strictest duty bound,
I kiss y. ur royal hand.

King.

Where is my life! my Rosamond!

Sir Truffy.

Next with submission most profound,
I welcome you to land.

King.

Where is the tender, charming fair!

Sir Truffy.

Let me appear, great Sir, I pray,
Methodical in what I say.

King.

Where is my love, O tell me where!

Sir Truffy.

For when we have a prince's ear,
We should have wit,
To know what's fit
For us to speak, and him to hear.

King.

These dull delays, I cannot bear.
Where is my love, O tell me where!

Sir Truffy.

I speak, great Sir, with weeping eyes,
She raves, alas! she faints, she dies.

King.

What dost thou say? I shake with fear.

Sir Truffy.

Nay, good my liege, with patience hear.
She raves and faints, and dies, 'tis true;
But raves, and faints, and dies for you.

King.

Was ever nymph like Rosamond,
So fair, so faithful, and so fond.
Adorn'd with every charm and grace
I'm all desire!

My heart's on fire,
And leaps and springs to her embrace.

Sir Truffy.

At the sight of her lover
She'll quickly recover.
What place will you choose
For first interviews?

King.

Full in the centre of the grove,
In yon pavilion made for love,
Where woodbines, roses, jessamines,
Amaranthus, and eglantines,
With intermingling sweets have wove
The particolour'd gay alcove.

R

Sir Truffy.

Your Highness, Sir, as I presume,
Has chose the most convenient gloom;
There is not a spot in all the park
Has trees so thick, and shades so dark.

King.

Meanwhile with due attention wait
To guard the bower, and watch the gate:
Let neither envy, grief nor fear,
Nor lovesick jealousy appear;
Nor senseless pomp, nor noise intrude
On this delicious solitude;
But pleasure reign through all the grove,
And all be peace, and all be love.
Oh the pleasing pleasing anguish
When we love, and when we languish!

Wishes rising!

Thoughts surprising!

Pleasure courting!

Charms transporting!

Fancy viewing

Joys ensuing!

O the pleasing, pleasing anguish!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Pavilion in the middle of the Bower.

King and Rosamond.

King.

Thus let my weary soul forget
Restless glory, martial strife,
Anxious pleasures of the great,
And gilded cares of life.

Rosamond.

Thus let me lose, in rising joys,
Fierce impatience, fond desires,
Absence that flatter'ing hopes destroys,
And life-consuming fires.

King.

Not the loud British shout that warms
The warrior's heart, nor clashing arms,
Nor fields with hostile banners strow'd,
Nor life on prostrate Gauls bestow'd,
Give half the joys that fill my breast,
While with my Rosamond I'm blest.

Rosamond.

My Henry is my soul's delight,
My wish by day, my dream by night.
'Tis not in language to impart
The secret meltings of my heart,
While I my conqueror survey,
And look my very soul away.

King.

O may the present bliss endure,
From fortune, time, and death secure!

Beth.

O may the present bliss endure!

King.

My eye cou'd ever gaze, my ear
Those gentle sounds cou'd ever hear:

But oh! with noon-day heats oppress,
My aching temples call for rest!
In yon cool grotto's artful night
Refreshing slumbers I'll invire,
Then seek again my absent fair,
With all the love a heart can bear.

[*Exit King.*]

Rosamond, sola.

From whence this sad presaging fear,
This sudden sigh, this falling tear?
Oft in my silent dreams by night

With such a look I've seen him fly,

Wasted by angels to the sky,

And lost in endless tracks of light;

While I, abandon'd and forlorn,

To dark and dismal deserts born,

Thro' lonely wilds have seem'd to stray,

A long, uncomfortable way.

They're phantoms all; I'll think no more:

My life has endless joys in store.

Farewell sorrow, farewell fear;

They're phantoms all! my Henry's here.

SCENE II.

A Postern Gate of the Bower.

Grideline and Page.

Grideline.

My stomach swells with secret spite,
To see my fickle, faithless knight;
With upright gesture, goodly mien,
Face of olive, coat of green,
That charm'd the ladies long ago,
So little his own worth to know,
On a mere girl his thoughts to place,
With dimpled cheeks, and baby face;
A child! a chit! that was not born,
When I did town and court adorn.

Page.

Can any man prefer fifteen
To venerable Grideline?

Grideline.

He does, my child; or tell me why
With weeping eyes so oft I spy
His whiskers curl'd, and shoe-strings ty'd,
A new Toledo by his side,
In shoulder-belt so trimly plac'd,
With band so nicely smooth'd and lac'd.

Page.

If Rosamond his garb has view'd,
The knight is false, the nymph subdu'd.

Grideline.

My anxious boding heart divines
His falsehood by a thousand signs;
Oft o'er the lonely rocks he walks,
And to the foolish echo talks:
Oft in the glass he rolls his eye,
But turns and frowns if I am by;
Then my fond easy heart beguiles,
And thinks of Rosamond, and smiles.

Page.
Well may you feel these soft alarms,
She has a heart—
Grideline.
—And he has charms.
Page.
Your fears are too just—
Grideline.
—Too plainly I've prov'd.

Both.
He loves and is lov'd.
Grideline.
O merciless fate!
Page.
Deplorable state!
Grideline.
To die—
Page.
—To be slain

Grideline.
By a barbarous 'twain,
Both.
That laughs at your pain.
Grideline.
How should I act? canst thou advise?

Page.
Open the gate, if you are wise;
I, in an unsuspected hour,
May catch 'em dallying in the bower,
Perhaps their loose amours prevent,
And keep Sir Trusty innocent.

Grideline.
Thou art in truth
A forward youth,
Of wit and parts above thy age:
Thou know'st our sex; thou art a page.

Page.
I'll do what I can
To surprise the false man.

Grideline.
Of such a faithful spy I've need †:
Go in, and if thy plot succeed,
Fair youth, thou may'st depend on this,
I'll pay thy service with a kiss.

Grideline, sola.
Pry'thee, Cupid, no more
Hurl thy darts at threefold core;
To thy girls and thy boys
Give thy pains and thy joys;
Let Sir Trusty and me
From thy frolics be free.

Exit Page.

Exit Grid.

SCENE III.

Page, solus.
O the soft delicious view,
Ever charming, ever new!
Greens of various shades arise,
Deck'd with flow'rs of various dyes;
Paths by meeting paths are cross'd,
Alleys in winding alleys lost;

† An opening scene discovers another view of the bower.

Fountains playing through the trees,
Give coolness to the passing breeze.

A thousand fairy scenes appear;
Here a grove, a grotto here;
Here a rock, and here a stream:
Sweet delusion,
Gay confusion,
All a vision, all a dream!

SCENE IV.

Queen and Page.

Queen.
At length the bow'ry vaults appear!
My bosom heaves, and pants with fear:
A thousand checks my heart controul,
A thousand terrors shake my soul,

Page.
Behold the brazen gate unbarr'd!
—She's fixt in thought, I am not heard—[*Apart.*

Queen.
I see, I see my hands imbru'd
In purple streams of reeking blood:
I see the victim gasp for breath,
And start in agonies of death:
I see my raging dying Lord,
And O, I see myself abhorr'd:

Page.
My eyes o'erflow, my heart is rent
To hear Britannia's queen lament.

Queen.
What shall my trembling soul pursue?

Page.
Behold, great queen, the place in view!

Queen.
Ye powers instruct me what to do!

Page.
That bower will show
The guilty foe.

Queen.
—It is decreed—it shall be so; [After a pause.
I cannot see my lord repine,
(O that I could call him mine!
Why have not they most charms to move,
Whose bosoms burn with purest love?

Page.
Her heart with rage and fondness glows,
O jealousy, thou hell of woes!
That conscious scene of love contains
The fatal cause of all your pains:
In yonder flow'ry vale she lies,
Where those fair-blossom'd arbours rise.

Queen.
Let us haste to destroy
Her guilt and her joy!
Wild and frantic is my grief!
Fury driving,
Mercy striving,
Heaven in pity send relief!
The pangs of love
Ye pow'rs remove,

Or dart your thunder at my head :

Love and despair

What heart can bear !

Ease my soul, or strike me dead !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The Scene changes to the Pavilion, as before.

Rosalind, sola.

Transporting pleasure ! who can tell it !

When our longing eyes discover

The kind, the dear, approaching lover,
Who can utter, or conceal it !

A sudden motion shakes the grove :

I hear the steps of him I love ;

Prepare, my soul, to meet thy bliss !

— Death to my eyes ; what sight is this !

The queen, th' offended queen I see !

— Open, O earth ! and swallow me !

SCENE VI.

*Enter to her the Queen, with a bowl in one hand,
and a dagger in the other.*

Queen.

Thus arm'd with double death I come ;

Behold, vain wretch, behold thy doom !

Thy crimes to their full period tend,

Or soon by this, or this, shall end.

Rosalind.

What shall I say, or how reply

To threats of injur'd majesty ?

Queen.

'Tis guilt that does thy tongue controul.

Or quickly drain the fatal bowl,

Or this right hand performs its part,

And plants a dagger in thy heart.

Rosalind.

Can Britain's queen give such commands,

Or dip in blood those sacred hands ?

In her shall such revenge be seen ?

Far be that from Britain's queen !

Queen.

How black does my design appear !

Was ever mercy so severe !

[*Aside.*]

Rosalind.

When tides of youthful blood run high,

And scenes of promis'd joys are nigh,

Health presuming,

Beauty blooming,

O how dreadful 'tis to die !

Queen.

To those whom foul dishonours stain,

Life itself should be a pain.

Rosalind.

Who could resist great Henry's charms,
And drive the hero from her arms ?

Think on the soft, the tender fires,

Melting thoughts, and gay desires,

That in your own warm bosom rise,

When, languishing with lovesick eyes,

That great, that charming man you see :

Think on yourself, and pity me !

Queen.

And dost thou thus thy guilt deplore !

[*Offering the dagger to her breast.*]

Presumptuous woman ! plead no more !

Rosalind.

O Queen, your lifted arm restrain !

Behold these tears !

Queen.

— They flow in vain.

Rosalind.

Look with compassion on my fate !

O hear my sighs : —

Queen.

— They rise too late

Hope not a day's, an hour's reprieve.

Rosalind.

Though I live wretched, let me live.

In some deep dungeon let me lie,

Cover'd from every human eye,

Banish'd the day, debarr'd the light ;

Where shades of everlasting night

May this unhappy face disarm,

And cast a veil o'er ev'ry charm ;

Offended heaven I'll there adore,

Nor see the sun, nor Henry more.

Queen.

Moving language, shining tears,

Glowing guilt, and graceful fears,

Kindling pity, kindling rage,

At once provoke me, and assuage.

[*Aside.*]

Rosalind.

What shall I do to pacify

Your kindled vengeance !

Queen.

— Thou shalt die. [*Offering the dagger.*]

Rosalind.

Give me but one short moment's stay.

— O Henry, why so far away ?

[*Aside.*]

Queen.

Prepare to welter in a flood

Of streaming gore.

[*Offering the dagger.*]

Rosalind.

— O spare my blood,

And let me grasp the deadly bowl.

[*Takes the bowl in her hand.*]

Queen.

Ye powers, how pity rends my soul !

[*Aside.*]

Rosalind.

This prostrate at your feet I fall,

O let me still for mercy call ! [*Falling on her knees.*]

Accept, great queen, like injur'd heav'n,

The soul that begs to be forgiv'n :

If in the latest gasp of breath,

If in the dreadful pains of death,

When the cold damp bedews your brow

You hope for mercy, show it now.

Queen.

Mercy to lighter crimes is due,

Horror and death shall thine pursue.

[*Offering the dagger.*]

Rosalind.

Thus I prevent the fatal blow,

[*Drinks.*]

— Whither, ah ! whither shall I go !

Queen.
Where thy past life thou shalt lament,
And with thou hadst been innocent.

Rosamond.

Tyrant! to aggravate the stroke;
And wound a heart already broke!
My dying soul with fury burns,
And slighted grief to madness turns.
Think not, thou author of my woe;
That Rosamond will leave thee so:

At dead of night,
A glaring sight,
With hideous screams
I'll haunt thy dreams;

And when the painful night withdraws,
My Henry shall revenge my cause.
O whither does my frenzy drive!
Forgive my rage, your wrongs forgive.
My veins are froze; my blood grows chill;
The weary springs of life stand still;
The sleep of death benumbs all o'er
My fainting limbs, and I'm no more.

[Falls on the couch.]

Queen.

Here and observe your queen's commands.

[To her attendants.]

Beneath those hills a convent stands,
Where the fam'd streams of Isis stray;
Thither the breathless corse convey,
And bid the cloister'd maids with care
The due solemnities prepare.

[Exeunt with the body.]

When vanquish'd foes beneath us lie,
How great it is to bid them die?
But how much greater to forgive,
And bid a vanquish'd foe to live?

SCENE VII.

Sir Trusty. in a fright.

A breathless corpse! what have I seen!
And follow'd by the jealous queen!
It must be she! my fears are true:
The bowl of pois'nous juice I view.
How can the fam'd Sir Trusty live
To hear his master chide and grieve?
No! though I hate such bitter beer,
Fair Rosamond, I'll pledge thee here.

[Drinks.]

The king this doleful news shall read
In lines of my inditing:

"Great Sir,

[Writes]

"Your Rosamond is dead

"As I am at this present writing."
The bower turns round, my brain's abus'd,
The labyrinth grows more confus'd,
The thickets dance—I stretch, I yawn.
Death has tripp'd up my heels—I'm gone.

[Staggering and falls.]

SCENE VIII.

Queen. sola.

The conflict of my mind is o'er,
And Rosamond shall charm no more.

Hence ye secret damps of care,
Fierce disdain, and cold despair,
Hence ye fears and doubts remove:

Hence grief and hate!

Ye pains that wait

On jealousy, the rage of love.

My Henry shall be mine alone,
The Nero shall be all my own;
Nobler joys possess my heart
Than crowns and sceptres can impart.

ACT III: SCENE I.

Scene a Grotto; Henry asleep. A cloud descends: in it two Angels, supposed to be the guardian spirits of the British kings in war and in peace.

1 Angel.

BEHOLD th' unhappy monarch there,
That claims our tutelary care!

2 Angel.

In fields of death around his head
A shield of adamant I spread.

1 Angel.

In hours of peace, unseen, unknown,
I hover o'er the British throne.

2 Angel.

When hosts of foes with foes engage,
And round th' anointed hero rage;
The cleaving falchion I misguide,
And turn the feather'd shaft aside.

1 Angel.

When dark fermenting factions swell,
And prompt th' ambitious to rebel,
A thousand terrors I impart,
And damp the furious traitor's heart.

Both.

But oh what influence can remove
The pangs of grief, and rage of love!

2 Angel.

I'll fire his soul with mighty themes,
'I'll love before ambition fly.

1 Angel.

I'll sooth his cares in pleasing dreams,
'I'll grief in joyful raptures die.

4 Angel.

Whatever glorious and renown'd
In British annals can be found;
Whatever actions shall adorn
Britannia's heroes yet unborn,
In dreadful visions shall succeed;
On fancy'd fields the Gaul shall bleed,
Cressy shall stand before his eyes,
And Agincourt and Blenheim rise.

1 Angel.

See, see, he smiles amidst his trance,
And shakes a visionary lance!
His brain is fill'd with loud alarms;
Shouting armies, clashing arms,

R. 11j

The softer prints of love deface;
And trumpets found in ev'ry trace.

Both.

Glory strives!

The field is won!

Fame revives,

And love is gone.

1 Angel.

To calm thy grief, and lull thy cares,
Look up and see

What, after long revolving years,

Thy bower shall be!

When time its beauties shall deface,

And only with its ruins grace

The future prospect of the place.

Behold the glorious pile ascending! *

Columns swelling, arches bending,

Domes in awful pomp arising,

Art in curious strokes surprising,

Foes in figur'd fights contending,

Behold the glorious pile ascending!

2 Angel.

He sees, he sees the great reward

For Anna's mighty chief prepar'd:

His growing joys no measure keep,

Too vehement and fierce her sleep.

1 Angel.

Let grief and love at once engage,

His heart is proof to all their pain;

Love may plead——

2 Angel.

—And grief may rage——

Both.

But both shall plead and rage in vain.

[The Angels ascend, and the vision disappears.]

Henry, *starting from the couch.*

Where have my ravish'd senses been!

What joys, what wonders, have I seen!

The scene yet stands before my eye,

A thousand glorious deeds that lie

In deep futurity obscure,

Fights and triumphs immature,

Heroes immers'd in time's dark womb,

Ripening for mighty years to come,

Break forth, and, to the day display'd,

My soft inglorious hours upbraid.

Transported with so bright a scheme,

My waking life appears a dream.

Adieu ye wanton shades and bow'rs,

Wreath of myrtle, beds of flow'rs.

Rosy brakes,

Silver lakes,

To love and you

A long adieu!

O Rosamond! O rising woe!

Why do my weeping eyes o'erflow?

O Rosamond! O fair distress'd,

How shall my heart, with grief oppress'd,

Its unrelenting purpose tell;

And take the long, the last farewell!

Rise, glory, rise in all thy charms,

Thy waving crest, and burnish'd arms;

* Scene changes to the plain of Blenheim castle.

Spread thy gilded banners round,
Make thy thundering courser bound,
Bid the drum and trumpet join,
Warm my soul with rage divine;
All thy pomps around thee call:
To conquer love will ask them all.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

The scene changes to that part of the Bower where Sir Trufty lies upon the ground with the bowl and dagger on the table.

Enter Queen.

Every star and every pow'r,

Look down on this important hour:

Lend your protection and defence,

Every guard of innocence!

Help me my Henry to assuage,

To gain his love, or bear his rage.

Mysterious love, uncertain treasure,

Hast thou more of pain or pleasure?

Chill'd with tears,

Kill'd with fears,

Endless torments dwell about thee:

Yet who would live, and live without thee?

But oh the fight my soul alarms:

My lord appears, I'm all on fire!

Why am I banish'd from his arms?

My heart's too full, I must retire.

Retires to the end of the stage.

SCENE III.

King and Queen.

King.

Some dreadful birth of fate is near,

Or why, my soul, unus'd to fear,

With secret horror dost thou shake?

Can dreams such dire impressions make?

What means thus solemn silent show?

This pomp of death, this scene of woe!

Support me, heav'n! what's this I read?

O horror! Rosamond is dead.

What shall I say, or whither turn?

With grief, and rage, and love, I burn:

From thought to thought my soul is tost,

And in the whirl of passion lost.

Why did I not in battle fall,

Crush'd by the thunder of the Gaul!

Why did the spear my bosom miss?

Ye pow'rs, was I reserv'd for this!

Distracted with woe

I'll rush on the foe

To seek my relief:

The sword or the dart

Shall pierce my sad heart,

And finish my grief!

Queen.

Fain wou'd my tongue his griefs appease,
And give his tortur'd bosom ease.

[Aside]

King.
But see! the cause of all my fears,
The source of all my grief appears!
No unexpected guests is here;

The fatal bowl
Inform'd my soul
Eleonora was too near.

Queen.
Why do I here my lord receive?

King.
Is this the welcome that you give?

Queen.
Thus shou'd divided lovers meet?

Both.
And is it thus, ah! thus we greet!

Queen.
What in these guilty shades could you,
Inglorious conqueror, pursue?

King.
Cruel woman, what cou'd you?

Queen.
Degenerate thoughts have fir'd your breast.

King.
The thirst of blood has yours possess'd.

Queen.
A heart so unrepenting,

King.
A rage so unrelenting,

Both.
Will for ever
Love dissever,
Will for ever break our rest.

King.
Floods of sorrow will I shed
To mourn the lovely shade!
My Rosamond, alas, is dead,
And where, O where convey'd!
So bright a bloom, so soft an air,
Did ever nymph disclose!
The lily was not half so fair,
Nor half so sweet the rose.

Queen.
How is his heart with anguish torn!
My lord, I cannot see you mourn;
The living you lament: while I,
To be lamented so cou'd die.

King.
The living! speak, oh speak again!
Why will you dally with my pain?

Queen.
Were your lov'd Rosamond alive,
Wou'd not my former wrongs revive?

King.
Oh no; by visions from above
Prepar'd for grief, and freed from love,
I came to take my last adieu.

Queen.
How am I blest if this be true! ———

King.
And leave the unhappy nymph for you.
But O! ———

Queen.
Forbear, my lord, to grieve,
And know your Rosamond does live.

If 'tis joy to wound a lover,
How much more to give him ease?
When his passion we discover,
Oh how pleasing 'tis to please!
The bliss returns, and we receive
Transports greater than we give.

King.
O quickly relate
This riddle of fate!
My impatience forgive,
Does Rosamond live?

Queen.
The bowl, with drowly juices fill'd,
From cold Egyptian drugs distill'd,
In borrow'd death has clos'd her eyes;
But soon the waking nymph shall rise,
And, in a convent plac'd, admire
The cloister'd walls and virgin choir:
With them in songs and hymns divine
The beauteous penitent shall join,
And bid the guilty world adieu.

King.
How am I blest if this be true!

Queen.
Atoning for herself and you.

King.
I ask no more! secure the fair
In life and bliss; I ask not where.
For ever from my fancy fled
May the whole world believe her dead;
That no soul minister of vice
Again my sinking soul entice
Its broken passion to renew;
But let me live and die with you.

Queen.
How does my heart for such a prize
The vain censorious world despise,
Tho' distant ages, yet unborn,
For Rosamond shall falsely mourn;
And with the present times agree,
To brand my name with cruelty;
How does my heart, for such a prize,
The vain censorious world despise!

But see your slave, while yet I speak,
From his dull trance unfetter'd break!
As he the potion shall survive,
Believe your Rosamond alive.

King.
O happy day! O pleasing view!
My queen forgives ———

Queen.
—— My lord is true.

King.
No more I'll change.

Queen.
No more I'll grieve.

Both.
But ever thus united live.

Sir Trusty awaking.
In which world am I! all I see,
Ev'ry thicker, bush, and tree,
So like the place from whence I came,
That one would swear it were the same.
My former legs too, by their pace!
And by the whiffers, 'tis my face!

Thy self-same habit, garb, and mien !
They ne'er wou'd bury me in green.

SCENE IV.

Grideline and Sir Truffy.

Grideline.

Have I then liv'd to see this hour,
And took thee in the very bow'r ?

Sir Truffy.

Widow Truffy, why so fine ?
Why dost thou thus in colours shine ?
Thou should'st thy husband's death bewail
In sable vesture, peak, and veil.

Grideline.

Forbear these foolish freaks, and see
How our good king and queen agree.
Why shou'd not we their steps pursue,
And do as our superiors do ?

Sir Truffy.

Am I bewitch'd, or do I dream ?
I know not who, or where I am,
Or what I hear, or what I see ;
But this I'm sure, howe'er it be,
It suits a person in my station
To observe the mode, and be in fashion.
Then let not Grideline the chaste
Offended be for what is past,

And hence anew my vows I plight
To be a faithful courteous knight.

Grideline.

I'll too my plighted vows renew,
Since 'tis so courtly to be true.

Since conjugal passion
Is come into fashion,
And marriage so blest on the throne is,
Like a Venus I'll shine,
Be fond and be fine,

And Sir Truffy shall be my Adonis.

Sir Truffy.

And Sir Truffy shall be thy Adonis.

The King and Queen advancing.

King.

Who to forbidden joys wou'd rove,
That knows the sweets of virtuous love ?
Hymen, thou source of chaste delights,
Cheerful days, and blissful nights,
Thou dost untainted joys dispense,
And pleasure join with innocence :
I hy raptures last, and are sincere,
From future grief and present fear.

Both.

Who to forbidden joys wou'd rove,
That knows the sweets of virtuous love ?

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN HUGHES, Esq.

Containing

THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE,
THE COURT OF NEPTUNE,
THE HOUSE OF NASSAU,
ODE TO THE CREATOR OF THE WORLD,
THE ECSTASY,

APOLLO AND DAPHNE,
SONGS,
EPISTLES,
IMITATIONS,
TRANSLATIONS,

W. G. G.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

While lonely left, and desolate below,
Full grief I feel, and all a BROTHER'S woe!
Yet would I linger on a little space,
Before I close my quick-expiring race,
Till I have gather'd up, with grateful pains,
Thy WORKS, thy dear unperishing remains;
An undecaying MONUMENT to stand,
Rais'd to thy name by thy own skilful hand.

JAMES HUGHES'S VERSES ON THE DEATH OF HUGHES.

EDINBURGH:
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522

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APPLIED AND BASIC
SCIENCE
RESEARCH
IMPLICATIONS
AND CONCLUSIONS

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED
DOE TO THE CREDIT OF THE WORKING
CLASS.

... ..

THE LIFE OF HUGHES.

JOHN HUGHES was born at Marlborough in Wiltshire, June 29. 1677. His father was a citizen of London, "of good character, figure, and credit." His mother, Anne Burgefs, was of an ancient family in Wiltshire.

He was educated in London, at the Academy of Mr. Thomas Rowe, a dissenting minister, where Dr. Watts, Mr. Say, and other eminent persons were his fellow students.

He made a great proficiency in his academical studies; but devoted his attention particularly to poetry, painting and music.

At nineteen (1696) he wrote a tragedy, intitled, *Amalsont Queen of the Gaths*, which is still in MS. in the possession of the family of his nephew, the late amiable and ingenious Mr. John Duncombe, of Christ's Church, Canterbury. It is deemed too imperfect for publication; though some of the speeches and scenes have evident marks of genius.

His constitution was very delicate, which subjected him to frequent indisposition; but his valiant state of health did not disqualify him for business; nor did business hinder him from study.

He had a place in the Office of Ordinance, and was secretary to several commissions for purchasing lands necessary to secure the royal docks at Chatham and Portsmouth, yet found time to acquaint himself with modern languages, and to indulge his propensity to poetry.

In 1697, he published *The Triumph of Peace, occasioned by The Peace of Ryfwick*, which was received with very great approbation.

Two years after, he published *The Court of Neptune*, on King William's return from Holland, addressed to Montague, the Mæcenas of the time, which was admired for the musical flow of the numbers, and the propriety and boldness of the metaphors, and the machinery.

In 1702, he published a Pindaric Ode on the King's death, called *The House of Nassau*, which contains the praises of the illustrious Princes of Orange, and paraphrased Horace's *Integer vitæ stium diuor*, and translated *Iustum et tenacem*.

In 1703, he wrote his *Ode to Music*, which was performed at Stationer's Hall. He afterwards composed six cantatas, which were set to music by Dr. Pepusch, the first master of that time. He published several other cantatas, and also several songs, which shewed a thorough knowledge of music, and were much admired. The intention of them seems to have been to exclude the Italian Opera, "an exotic and irrational entertainment, which has been always combated, and always has prevailed."

His reputation was now so far advanced, that Dr. Johnson says, "the public began to pay reverence to his name." In consequence of his literary fame, he was solicited to prefix a preface to the translation of *Boccalini's Advice from Parnassus*, and Tonsor applied to him to engage in a translation of *Lucan*, by several hands. He undertook the tenth book, and finished the version. His associates failing in their promises, the design was dropt, and the whole work was afterwards performed by Rowe. He did not confine himself to poetry, but cultivated other kinds of writing with great success.

In 1708, he translated *Fontenelle's Dialogues of the Dead*, to which he added two composed by himself, and dedicated his work to the Earl of Wharton. When Wharton went Lord Lieutenant to Ireland, he offered to take Hughes with him, and establish him; but having hopes of some provision more suitable to his inclination, he declined Wharton's offer.

In 1709, he published a translation of Moliere's *Misanthrope*, which has been since reprinted with Ozell's translation of the other plays of that celebrated comic writer.

About the same time he published a translation of the *Letters of Abelard and Heloise*, upon which Pope formed his admirable "Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard."

Being by principle a Whig, and very much attached to liberty, he became intimately connected with Steele, Addison, and other men of genius of the Whig party; and occasionally contributed to the *Tatler*, and *Guardian*; but much more liberally to the *Spektator*.

His papers in the *Tatler* are No's. 64, 73, 113. His papers in the *Spektator* are No's. 35, 53, 66, 91, 104, 141, 210, 220, 230, 231, 237, 252, 311, 375, 525, 537, 541, 554. In a late edition of the *Spektator*, No. 467, containing the character of Manlius, supposed to be intended for Lord Chancellor Cowper, is ascribed to Hughes, who was honoured with the patronage of that able and patriotic statesman. In the *Guardian*, No. 37 is the only paper ascribed to him.

In 1712, he translated Vertot's *Revolutions of Portugal*, and produced an *Ode to the Creator of the World, from the fragments of Orpheus*, which is mentioned with applause in the *Spektator*.

The same year, he brought on the stage an Opera, called *Calyppo and Telemachus*, intended to shew that the English language might be very happily adapted to music.

A subscription was obtained for it as usual, which alarmed the Italian performers, who had such interest with the Duke of Shrewsbury, then Lord Chamberlain, who had married an Italian, as to obtain an order to take off the subscriptions, and to open the house at the lowest prices, or not at all.

This despicable attempt to injure one individual to gratify others much less deserving, cannot be told without indignation. The opera was performed; though under great discouragement, and an obstruction of the profits; and was revived afterwards at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

It is said, on good authority, that *Cato* was finished and acted in 1713, by his persuasion. It had long wanted the last act, which Addison even is said to have made him promise to supply; but on going a week after to shew Addison his first attempt, he found near the one half of the act written by himself. *Cato* was soon after acted, upon which he sent Addison some complimentary verses, which were printed before it, with other copies of verses.

In 1715, he published the works of *Spenser* in 6 vols. 12mo, with his *Life*, a *Discourse on Allegorical Poetry*, and a *Glossary*; a work for which Dr. Johnson observes he was well qualified as a judge of the beauties of writing; but perhaps wanted an antiquary's knowledge of the obsolete words. He did not much revive the curiosity of the public; for near thirty years elapsed before his edition was reprinted.

In 1716, he produced *Apollo and Daphne*, a masque, formed on Ovid's metamorphosis of *Daphne* into a laurel, the success of which was very earnestly promoted by Steele, a man whose boundless benevolence merits a more ample encomium than this brief memorial can bestow. Before this time he shewed his knowledge of human nature by a prose *Essay on the Pleasure of being deceived*, to which he added, during the two succeeding years, an *Essay on the Properties of Style*, and an *Essay on the Affectation of Mirth and Raillery*, which discover good sense, observation and taste.

In 1717, he published a vision, entitled *Charon, or the Ferry-Boat*, which is one of the most lively and humorous imitations of Lucian in our language.

He had hitherto, notwithstanding the profits of his publications, been in narrow circumstances. His employment in the Ordnance was either not lucrative, or not permanent; but in 1717, Lord Chancellor Cowper appointed him Secretary to the Commissions of the Peace, in which he afterwards, by a particular request, desired his successor Lord Parker to continue him. He had now an agreeable competence; but his declining health did not allow him long enjoyment of his good fortune.

In 1719-20, his last work, *The Siege of Damascus*, a Tragedy, was acted at Drury-Lane. This play was received with great applause, and still continues to be acted with general approbation.

The characters are finely varied and distinguished, and the sentiments are just and well adapted to the characters. The language is elegant, and the versification harmonious. The wickedness and folly of using force to extend systems of religion, are very happily illustrated. The mild beneficial tendency of Christianity is placed in a clear and striking light.

It has been objected to this tragedy, that the remorse of *Phocas* is much greater than his crime, and that the abhorrence of *Eudocia* is unnatural. The objection is just; but in Hughes's own copy *Phocas* apostatizes from his religion, which fully accounts for the horrors of his repentance. The players conceiving that he could not be a hero if he changed his religion, required that his guilt should terminate in his desertion to the enemy; and Hughes, unwilling that his relations should lose the benefit of the play, complied with the alteration. The scenes as they were originally written, are printed in the third volume of "Letters of several eminent persons deceased," 8vo, 1773.

There is a beautiful groupe of verses at the end of the fourth act, which were greatly relished by *Quin*.

Think that ye all to certain triumph move;
Who falls in fight, yet meets the prize above;
There in the gardens of eternal spring,
While birds of paradise around you sing,
Each, with his blooming beauty by his side,
Shall drink rich wines, that in full rivers glide,
Breathe fragrant gales o'er fields of spice that blow,
And gather fruits immortal as they grow;
In bliss ecstatic your whole hours employ,
And every sense be lost in every joy.

Hughes did not survive the first appearance of his tragedy. Weak with a lingering consumption, he was unable to attend the rehearsal; yet was so vigorous in his faculties, that he wrote the dedication to his patron Lord Cowper only ten days before his death. He lived to hear of its success, but paid no regard to the intelligence, being then wholly employed in the meditations of a Christian on the great change he was about to undergo. He died on the first night's performance of the play, 17th February 1719-20, in the 43d year of his age, and was privately buried in the vault under the chancel of St. Andrew's church, Holburn.

His poems were collected and printed soon after his death, by Mr. Jabez Hughes, his younger brother, and like him a poet and a scholar. He died Jan. 17. 1731, in the 46th year of his age. A volume of his "miscellanies, in verse and prose," was published in 1737.

A complete collection of his poems and plays was published in 2 vols. 12mo, 1735, with an account of his life, by his brother-in-law, William Duncombe, Esq., the author and editor of many agreeable and useful publications. He died Feb. 26. 1769, aged 80. He left behind him two acts of a tragedy, entitled *Sophy Mirza*, which was finished by Mr. Duncombe, and is still in MS., in the possession of the family of his son, the late Mr. John Duncombe, author of "The Faminead," and other ingenious performances.

The character of Hughes appears to have been highly estimable, as a learned, upright, benevolent, religious man. The mention made of him by Steele, a writer of the first rank, is sufficient to give us the most exalted idea of his talents and virtues. "He may," says that excellent writer, in an essay devoted to his memory, in "The Theatre," "be the emulation of more persons of different talents than any one I have ever known. His head, hands, or heart were always employed in something worthy imitation. His pencil, his bow, or his pen, each of which he used in a masterly manner, were always directed to raise and entertain his own mind, or that of others, to a more cheerful prosecution of what is noble and virtuous."

As an essayist, he shares the praise with Addison and Steele, of being a benefactor to mankind. His moral and critical observations are just and judicious, and expressed in suitable language.

As a poet, he does not rank in the highest class; but he deserves more praise than he has received. Most of his poems are very pleasing and elegant; all of them are friendly to virtue. In

operas, songs, and translations, he makes a respectable figure; and if he fails in heroic odes, it is not from wanting talents for any kind of poetry, but from attempting the higher kinds of lyric composition, for which his genius was not fitted. His *Poem on the Peace of Ryswick*, is evidently a juvenile production, and abounds in mythological puerilities; but there are not wanting in it good lines, particularly those upon St. Paul's Church, which was finished about that time. *The Court of Neptune* is a performance of superior merit. The achievements of the great *William*, the preserver of his own country and of ours, are described with animation. The versification is harmonious; the mythological part of the poem is bold and classical, but frequently puerile. *The house of Nassau* contains an animated and elevated description of great exertions and successful events. The character of *William the First* (of Orange) is forcibly exhibited, and his fate pathetically deplored. The merits of his two celebrated sons, *Maurice* and *Frederick Henry*, are described with great justice and animation. Considered as a lyric ode, it is perhaps deficient in sublimity of imagery and of sentiment. It abounds too much in vague epithets, which convey only a general idea of the objects; and the heathen mythology is too frequently employed to dignify characters, which do not require the assistance of fable to be most deservedly eminent. The *Ode to the Creator of the World*, is justly esteemed one of the noblest odes in our language. It abounds in elevated though, magnificent imagery, and rational piety. The descriptions are discriminate and striking; but sometimes dilated by unnecessary epithets, and sometimes weakened by a minute enumeration of particulars. *The Ecstasy* is a successful imitation of the *rebus humanis Excessus* of Calimire, and is perhaps the most animated and poetical of all his performances. The seventh stanza approaches to sublimity.

His translations are accurate, elegant, and harmonious. His version of the *third Ode of Anacreon* is very full and exact; and his translation of Ovid's *Pyramus and Thisbe* does complete justice to that beautiful and pathetic story. Of his *Paraphrases from Horace*, perhaps the best passages are those that are the least paraphrasical.

Swift and Pope give the character of his genius in their epistolary correspondence, quoted and sanctioned by Dr. Johnson.

"A month ago," says Swift to Pope, "was sent me over, by a friend of mine, the works of John Hughes, Esq.; they are in prose and verse. I never heard of the man in my life, yet I find your name as a subscriber. He is too grave a poet for me, and I think among the *mediocrius* in prose as well as verse."

To this Pope replies, "To answer your question as to Hughes; what he wanted in genius he made up as an honest man; but he was of the class you think him." Knowing "the reverence that was paid to his name," the just reproach inflicted by Horace *mediocribus poetis*, Dr. Johnson's choice of fixing the character of Hughes cannot but be considered as inconsistent and injurious.

It does not clearly appear what Swift meant by saying, "He is too grave a poet for me," which, taken by itself, might be deemed a compliment, and was the truth. Of the character of "an honest man," Hughes found the value on his death-bed, when literary success was put in the scale with religious confidence. In this case, however, Pope appears to have acted with duplicity. In a letter to Hughes, just before his death, he thus expresses himself: "Would to God you might live as long as I am sure the reputation of your tragedy must." *Letters of Several Deceased Eminent Persons*, Let. 290. In one to his brother, just after his death, with other eulogiums, he says, "I am glad of an occasion to give you, under my hand, this testimony, both how excellent I think this work to be, and how excellent I thought the author," *Ibid.* l. 197. And, which is still more remarkable, this last "testimony of his real regard (as he styles it) for Mr. Hughes," being given after his death, the editor of his works was allowed by Pope to publish, as "a greater instance of the sincerity with which it was given," *Ibid.* l. 205.

The testimony of Pope, thus solemnly given to the world, may be thought more deserving of credit than the echo, as it were, of his peevish correspondent, whom he was afraid to contradict, in a letter which he little thought would have been preserved and printed, and which, with his other letters to him, he wanted to recal. At every tribunal, a witness who contradicts himself, is disbelieved. If such an opinion is not allowed to establish, much less should it be admitted to traduce a character.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

TO
MR. JOHN HUGHES,

ON HIS POEM INTITULED,
THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

INSPIR'D by what melodious HUGHES has sung,
I'll tune a lyre that long has lain unstrung:
Awak'd from drowsy sloth, and soothing rest,
Poetic transports fire my ravish'd breast.

What pleasure must retiring DRYDEN find,
To see that art his skilful muse refin'd,
So much improv'd by those he leaves behind:

So when a father sees a careful son
Enlarge those coffers, which were first his own,
With joy to heaven he lifts his aged eyes,
Blesses his prosperous heir, and calmly dies.

May all your fortune, like your numbers, shine,
And smoothly flow, without one rugged line:
Till we confess the genius is the same,
That guides your fortune, and poetic flame.

So when of old some sportive amorous god
Vouchsaf'd awhile to leave his blest abode,
In whatsoever form the guest appear'd,
His heavenly lustre shone, and was rever'd.

Catherine-Hall,
Cambridge,

W. WORTS.
February, 1697.

TO THE
MEMORY OF MR. HUGHES.

BY MISS JUDITH COWPER *.

ROUND HUGHES's humble, though distinguish'd
urn,

The mules, wreath'd with baleful cypress, mourn;
In every face a deep distress appears,
Each eye o'erflows with tributary tears:
Such was the scene, when, by the gods requir'd,
Majestic Homer from the world retir'd:
Such grief the Nine o'er Maro's tomb bestow'd;
And tears like these for Addison late flow'd.

* Daughter of Judge Cowper, afterwards married to Col. Martin Madau, author of the Progress of Poetry, &c.

Snatch'd from the earth, above its trifling praise,
Thee, HUGHES, to happier climes thy fate con-
veys;

Eas'd of its load, thy gentle spirit roves
Through realms refulgent, and celestial groves;
The toils of life, the pangs of death are o'er,
And care, and pain, and sickness, are no more.
O may the spot that holds thy blest remains
(The noblest spoil earth's spacious breast contains)
Its tribute pay; may richest flowers around
Spring lightly forth, and mark the sacred ground;
There may thy bays its shady honours spread,
And o'er thy urn eternal odours shed;
Immortal as thy fame, and verse, still grow,
Till those shall cease to live, and Thames to flow.

Nature subdued foretold the great decline,
And every heart was plung'd in grief, but thine;
Thy soul, serene, the conflict did maintain,
And trac'd the phantom death in years of pain;
Not years of pain thy steady mind alarm'd,
By judgment strengthen'd, and with virtue arm'd;
Still like thyself, when sinking life ebb'd low,
Nor rashly dar'd, nor meanly fear'd the blow;
Loose to the world, of every grace possest,
Greatly resign'd, thou sought'st the stranger, REST:
Firm as his fate, so thy own Phocyas dy'd,
While the barb'd arrow trembled in his side.

Drawn by thy pen, the theory we see;
The practic part, too soon! beheld in thee.

Who now shall strike the lyre with skill diving,
Who to harmonious sounds * harmonious numbers
join!

Who the rapacious tide of vice control,
And, while they charm the sense, reform the soul!
In whom the lovely sister arts unite,
With virtue, solid sense, and boundless wit?
Such was the turn of thy exalted mind,
Sparkling as polish'd gems, as purest gold refin'd.

Great Ruler of our passions! who with art
Subdu'd the fierce, and warm'd the frozen heart,
Bid glory in our breasts with temper beat,
And valour, separate from feverish heat,
Love, in its true, its genuine lustre rise,
And, in Eudocia, bid it charm our eyes.
Virtue distress'd, thy happy lines disclose,
With more of triumph than a conqueror knows:

* Opera of Calypso and Telemachus.

Touch'd by thy hand, our stubborn tempers bend,
And flowing tears the well-wrought scene attend,
That silent eloquence thy power approv'd;
The cause so great, 'twas generous to be mov'd.

What pleasure can the bustling heart possess,
In the last parting, and severe distress?
Can fame, wealth, honour, titles, joy bestow,
And make the labouring breast with transport glow?

These gaudy trifles gild our morning bright,
But O! how weak their influence on our night!
Then fame, wealth, honour, titles, vainly bloom,
Nor dart one beam of comfort on the gloom;
But if the struggling soul a joy receives,
'Tis in the just applause that conscious virtue gives:
'This blameless pride the dying HUGHES possess,
Soften'd his pain, set lightly on his breast,
And sooth'd his unoffending soul to rest.
Free from the bigot's fears, or stoic's pride,
Calm as our Christian hero liv'd, he dy'd.

As on the utmost verge of life he stood,
Ready to plunge, and seize th' immortal good,
Collecting all his rays diffus'd, in one,
His last great work with heighten'd lustre shone
There his just sentiments, transferr'd, we view'd!
But, while our eyes the shining path pursu'd,
And steep ascent his steady judgment gain'd,
The shining path, alas! alone remain'd.—

So when the sun to worlds unknown retires,
How strong, how boldly shoot his parting fires!
Larger his setting orb our eyes confess,
Eager we gaze, and the full glory bless;
As o'er the heavens, sublime, his course extends,
With equal state, the radiant globe descends,
Sinks in a cloud of gold, and azure bright,
And leaves behind gay tracks of beamy light.

1720.

It for ourselves the tears profusely flow,
Too justly we indulge the tender woe,
Since thou in virtue's robes wast richly dress'd,
And of fine arts abundantly possess'd!
But if we rather should congratulate
A friend's enlargement and exalted state;
Resign'd to Providence, what can we less
Than cheerful hail thy long'd for happiness,
Who now, releas'd from every piercing pain,
Dost in the realms of light triumphant reign!

February, 1719-20.

W. DUNCOMBE.

TO THE

MEMORY OF MR. HUGHES.

● LOST too early! and too lately known!
My love's intended marks receive in one;
Where, new to ease, and recent from thy pains,
With ampler joy thou tread'st the blissful plains;
If there, regardful of the ways of men,
Thou seest with pity what thou once hast been,

† Siege of Damascus.

O gentle shade! accept this humble vest,
Amidst the meaner honours of thy hearse.

How does thy Phocya's warm Britannia's youth,
In arms to glory, and in love to truth:
Oh! if the muse of future aught preface,
These seeds shall ripen in the coming age;
Then youths, renown'd for many a field well-fought,

Shall own the glorious lessons thou hast taught;
Honour's strict laws shall reign in every mind,
And every Phocya's his Eudocia find.

O! yet be this the lowest of thy fame,
To form the hero, and instruct the dame;
I see the Christian, friend, relation, son,
Burn for the glorious course that thou hast run.

If aught we owe thy pencil, or thy lyre,
Of manly strokes, or of superior fire,
How must thy muse be ever own'd divine,
And in the sacred list unrival'd shine!

Nor joyous health was thine, nor downy ease;
To thee forbidden was the soft recess;

Worn with disease, and never-ceasing pain,
How firmly did thy soul her seat maintain!

Early thy side the mortal shaft receiv'd,
All, but the wounded hero, saw and griev'd.
No sense of smart, no anguish, could control,
Or turn the generous purpose of his soul.

Witness, ye nobler arts, by heaven design'd
To charm the senses, and improve the mind,
How through your mazes, with incessant toil,
He urg'd his way, to reap th' immortal spoil!

So fabled Orpheus tun'd his potent song,
Death's circling shades, and Stygian glooms among.

Of thy great labours this, the last † and chief,
At once demands our wonder and our grief;
Thy soul in clouded majesty till now
Its finish'd beauties did but partly show;
Wondering we saw disclos'd the ample store,
Grieved in that instant, to expect no more.

So in the evening of some doubtful day,
And clouds divided with a mingled ray,
Happily the golden sun unveils his light,
And his whole glories spreads at once to sight;
Th' enliven'd world look up with gladsome cheer,
Bless the gay scene, nor heed the night so near;
Sudden, the lucent orb drops swiftly down,
Through western skies, to shine in worlds unknown.

March 28. 1720.

WM. COWPER.

FROM thy long languishing, and painful strife,
Of breath and labour drawn, and wasting life,
Accomplish'd spirit: thou at length art free,
Born into bliss and immortality!

Thy struggles are no more; the palm is won;
Thy brows encircled with the victor's crown;
While lonely left, and desolate below,
Full grief I feel, and all a BROTHER'S woe!
Yet would I linger on a little space;
Before I close my quick expiring race,
I'll have gather'd up, with grateful pains,
Thy WORKS, th. dear unperishing remains;

† The Siege of Damascus.

An undecaying MONUMENT to stand,
Rais'd to thy name by thy own skilful hand.
Then let me wing from earth my willing way,
To meet thy soul in blaze of living day,
Rapt to the skies, like thee, with joyful flight,
An inmate of the heavens, adopted into light!

30th Mar. b. 1720.

JABEZ HUGHES.
Ob. 17th Jan. 1731.
Anno Æt. 46.

IMMORTAL bard! though from the world retir'd,
Still known to fame, still honour'd, and admir'd!
While fill'd with joy, in happier realms you stray,
And dwell in mansions of eternal day;
While you, conspicuous through the heavenly choir,
With swelling rapture tune the chosen lyre;
Where echoing angels the glad notes prolong,
Or with attentive silence crown your song;
Forgive the muse that in unequal lays
Offers this humble tribute of her praise.

Lost in thy works, how oft I pass the day,
While the swift hours steal unperceiv'd away;
There, in sweet union, wit and virtue charm,
And noblest sentiments the bosom warm;
The brave, the wise, the virtuous, and the fair,
May view themselves in fadeless colours there.

Through every polish'd piece correctness flows,
Yet each bright page with sprightly fancy glows;
Oh! happy elegance, where thus are join'd
A solid judgment, and a wit refin'd!

Here injur'd Phocys and Eudocia claim
A lasting pity, and a lasting fame:
Thy heroine's softer virtues charm the sight,
And fill our souls with ravishing delight.
Exalted love and dauntless courage meet,
To make thy hero's character complete.
This finish'd piece the noblest pens commend,
And ev'n the critics are the poet's friend.

Led on by thee, those † flowery paths I view,
For ever lovely, and for ever new,
Where all the graces with joint force engage
To stem th' impetuous follies of the age:
Virtue, there deck'd in ever-blooming charms,
With such resistless rays of beauty warms,
That vice, abash'd, confounded, skulks away,
As night retires at dawn of rosy day.

Struck with his guilt, the hardy Atheist dreads
Approaching fate, and trembles as he reads:
Vanquish'd by reason, yet ashamed to fly,
He dares not own a God, nor yet deny:
Convinc'd, though late, forgiveness he implores;
Shrinks from the jaws of hell, and heaven adores.

Hither the wild, the frolic, and the gay,
As thoughtless through their wanton rounds they
stray,

Compell'd by fame, repair with curious eye,
And their own various forms with wonder spy.
The censor so polite, so kindly true,
They see their faults, and sicken at the view.
Hence trifling Damon ceases to be vain;
And Cloe scorns to give her lover pain:

† Alluding to the Spectator written by Mr. Hughes.
VOL. VII.

Stréphon is true, who ne'er was true before;
And Cælia bids him love, but not adore.

Though ADDISON and STEELE the honour claim,
Here to stand foremost on the list of fame;
Yet still the traces of thy hand we see,
Some of the brightest thoughts are due to thee.
While then for those illustrious bards we mourn,
The muse shall visit thy distinguish'd urn;
With copious tears bedew the sacred ground,
And plant the never-fading bay around.

Here through the gloom, aspiring bards, ex-
plore

These awful relics, and be vain no more:
Learning and wit, and fame itself must die;
Virtue alone can towering reach the sky.

This crown'd his life. Admire not, heaven is
view,

He to the glorious prize with transport flew.
A fate so blest should check our streaming woe,
He reigns above, his works survive below.

J. BUNCE,

Late of Trinity Hall,
Cambridge.

IN MEMORIAM VIRI CLARISSIMI

JOHANNIS HUGHES.

Occidit heu nimium fato sublatus acerbo,
Occidit Aonidum decus ille dolorque sororum!
Quæ te, magne, tuis rapuit sors aspera, vates?
Quo fugis, ah! nostras nunquam rediturus in
oras!

En! tibi ferali cinem cinxere cupresso,
Et circum cineres Parnassia numina lugent.
Ipsa tuam flet adhuc, flebitque Britannia mortem:
Te patria expolcit, sæcundaque criminis ætas.
Non tua te pietas, non candida vita, nec artes
Ingenuæ, duro juvenem eripuerunt sepulchro!

Sed tibi mors longos nequicquam invidere an-
nos,

Dum maneat claræ monumenta perennia famæ,
Diræusque volet superas suas ales in auras.

* Spem trita sonans placidum, tenuisque came-
næ

Haud petis auxilium: terris te plena relictis
Mens rapit impavidum, cœlique per ardua ducit.
Jam procul ex oculis gentes & regna recedunt;
Jam tellus perit, & punctum vix cernitur orbis.
At vos, immensi placidissima lumina mundi,
Sol, Luna, æterno meritis O! pangite laudes
Auctori Dominoque; suis concussa tremiscat
Sedibus, & magnum agnoscat Natura Parentem,
Dum vates arcana, parum sententia vulgi
Ut stet sollicitus, sublimi carmine pandit!
Qualis verborum pompa! ut ruit ore profundo
Fervidus, ingenii caleat cum Spiritus ingens!

Nec minor incedis, tragico indignusve cothur-
no.

Dum tuus Arabicus Phocys ruit acer in hostes,

* Hæc, et proxima alludent ad sublimia illa authoris
nostræ Pocinæ, quibus tituli, "Hymnus ad Creatorem
Mundi, et Ecclesiæ."

Quis non æquales toto sub pectore flammæ
 Concipit, & simili laudis fervescit amore!
 O qualis linguæ divina potentia! quali
 Arte trahis faciles animos; seu pectora flecti
 Dura jubes, & pulchræ acuis virtutis honore;
 Sive intus placidos Eudocia concitet ignes;
 Ah nimium, nimium infelix Eudocia! quem non
 Sors tua sæva movet? madidi vespigali ocelli
 Quis neget? infautos quis non deploret amores?
 O semper damnata pati fata aspera virtus!
 At tibi quis sensus, quæ mens, Eudocia, cum jam
 Extrahit infixam Phocyas tua flamma sagittam,
 Securus fati, vitamque ex vulnere fundit?
 Quis satis ingenium comis miretur Abudæ?
 Quam piger ad penas, miserumque benignus in
 hostem!

Exemplar vel Christianis imitabile, mores
 Digni etiam meliore fide! O quam, nubec remotâ
 Erroris, tanti censeant pietatis honores!

Sed quid ego plura hic laudare nitentia per-
 gam?

Tota nitet, pulchro tota ordine fabrica surgit,
 Et delectamur passim, passimque monemur.

L. DUNCOMBE.

E Coll. Mert.

Oxon.

Amabilis Juvenis, hujus Carminis Author,
 Obiit 26. Decem. 1730; Anno Ætatis 19.

"—Nox atra caput tristi circumvolat umbrâ."

VIRG.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

MEMORY OF MR. HUGHES.

S

*spoken by Mr. Milward, on the revival of the Siege
 of Damascus, at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane,
 22d March, 1734-5.*

HERE force and fancy, with united charms,
 Mingle the sweets of love with war's alarms.
 Our author shows, in eastern pomp array'd,
 The conquering hero, and the constant maid.
 None better knew such noble heights to soar,
 Though Phædra, and though Cato, charm'd be-
 fore.

While in the lustre of his glowing lines,
 Th' Arabian paradise so gaily shines,
 With winy rivers, racy fruits, supply'd,
 And beauties sparkling in immortal pride,
 Gallants, you'll own that a resistless fire
 Did justly their enamour'd breasts inspire.

At first a numerous audience crown'd this play,
 And kind applauses mark'd its happy way, [view,
 While he, like his own Phocyas, snatch'd from
 To fairer realms with ripen'd glory flew.

Humane, though witty; humble, though admir'd;
 Wept by the great, the virtuous sage expir'd!

Still may the bard, beneath kind planets born,
 Whom every grace and every muse adorn,
 Whose spreading fame has reach'd to foreign lands,
 Receive some tribute too from British hands.

POEMS.

THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

OCCASIONED BY THE PEACE OF RESWICK, 1697.

HEAR, Britain, bear a rough unpractic'd tongue!
Though rough my voice, the muse inspires the song,

The heaven-born muse; ev'n now she springs her flight,
And bears my raptur'd soul through untrac'd realms of light.

We mount aloft, and, in our airy way,
Retiring kingdoms far beneath survey.
Amid the rest a spacious tract appears,
Obscure in view, and on its visage wears
Black hovering mists, which, thickening by degrees,
Extend a low'ring storm o'er earth and seas.
Bat, lo! an eastern light, arising high,
Drives the tempestuous wreck along the sky!
Then thus the muse—Look down, my son! and see
The bright procession of a deity!

She spoke; the storm dispers'd; vanish'd the night;
And well-known Europe stands expos'd to sight.

Of various states, the various bounds appear;
There wide Hispania, fruitful Gallia here;
Belgia's moist soil, conspicuous from afar,
And Flandria, long the field of a destructive war.
Germania too, with cluster'd vines o'erspread;
And lovely Albion from her wat'ry bed,
Beauteous above the rest, rears her auspicious head.

Beneath her chalky cliffs, sea-nymphs resort,
And awful Neptune keeps his reedy court;
His darling Thames, rich presents in his hand
Of bounteous Ceres, traverses the land;
And seems a mighty snake, whose shining pride
Does through the meads in sinuous volumes glide.

Ah, charming isle! fairest of all the main!

Too long thou dost my willing eye detain.

For see a hero on the adverse strand!

And, lo! a blooming virgin in his hand!

All hail, celestial pair!—a goddess she,
Of heavenly birth confess'd, a more than mortal, he!

Victorious laurels on his brows he wears;

'Th attending fair a branching olive bears;

Slender her shape, in silver bands confin'd;
Her snowy garments loosely flow behind,
Rich with embroider'd stars, and ruffle in the wind.

But once such differing beauty met before,
When warrior Mars did love's bright queen adore;
Ev'n love's bright queen might seem less winning fair,

And Mars submit to his heroic air.
Not Jove himself, imperial Jove can show
A nobler mien, or more undaunted brow, [plains,
When his strong arm, through heav'n's æthereal
Compels the kindled bolt, and awful rule main-
tains.

And now embark'd they seek the British isles.
Pleas'd with the charge, propitious ocean smiles.
Before, old Neptune smooths the liquid way;
Obsequious Tritons on the surface play;
And sportful dolphins, with a nimble glance,
To the bright sun their glittering scales advance.
In oozy beds profound, the billows sleep.
No clamorous winds awake the silent deep;
Rebuk'd, they whisper in a gentle breeze,
And all around is universal peace.

Proceed, my muse! The following pomp de-
Say who, and what, the bright attendants were!
First Ceres, in her chariot seated high,
By harness'd dragons drawn along the sky;
A cornucopia fill'd her weaker hand,
Charg'd with the various offspring of the land,
Fruit, flowers, and corn; her right a sickle bore;
A yellow wreath of twisted wheat she wore.

Next father Bacchus with his tigers grac'd
The show, and, squeezing clusters as he pass'd,
Quaff'd flowing goblets of rich-flavour'd wine.
In order, last succeed the tuneful nine;
Apollo too was there; behind him hung
His useless quiver, and his bow unstrung;
He touch'd his golden lyre, and thus he sung.

"Lead on, great William! in thy happy reign

"Peace and the muses are restor'd again.

"War, that fierce lion, long disdain'd law,

"Rang'd uncontroll'd, and kept the world in

"awe,

"While trembling kingdoms crouch'd beneath

"his paw.

" At last the reeling monster, drunk with gore,
 " Falls at thy feet subdued, and quells his roar;
 " Tamely to thee he bends his shaggy mane,
 " And on his neck admits the long-rejected chain.
 " At thy protecting court, for this blest day,
 " Attending nations their glad thanks shall pay:
 " Not Belgia, and the rescued isle alone,
 " But Europe shall her great deliverer own.
 " Rome's mighty grandeur was not more confest,
 " When great Antonius travell'd through the east,
 " And crowds of monarchs did each morning wait
 " With early homage at his palace-gate.
 " Haste then, bright prince! thy Britain's transf-

" port meet;
 " Haste to her arms, and make her bliss complete!
 " What'er glad news has reach'd her listening

" ear,
 " While her long-absent lord provokes her fear,
 " Her joys are in suspense, her pleasures unfin-

" cere.
 " He comes, thy hero comes! O beauteous isle!
 " Revive thy genius with a cheerful smile!
 " Let thy rejoicing sons fresh palms prepare,
 " To grace the trophies of the finish'd war;
 " On high be hung the martial sword in sheath'd,
 " The shield with ribbons dress'd, and spear with

" ivy wreath'd!
 " Let speaking paint in various tablets show
 " Past scenes of battle to the crowd below!
 " Round this triumphant pile, in rustic dance,
 " The shouting swains shall hand in hand advance;
 " The wealthy farmer from his toils shall cease;
 " The ploughman from the yoke his smoking

" steers release,
 " And join to solemnize the festival of peace.
 " No more for want of hands th' unlabour'd field,
 " Chok'd with rank weeds, a sickly crop shall yield:
 " Calm peace returns; behold her shining train!
 " And fruitful plenty is restor'd again."

" Apollo ceas'd—The muses take the sound,
 " From voice to voice th' harmonious notes re-

" bound, [around!
 " And echoing lyres transmit the volant fugue
 " Meanwhile the steady bark, with prosperous
 " Fills the large sheets of her expanded sails, [gales,
 " And gains th' intended port; thick on the strand
 " Like swarming bees, th' assembled Britons stand;

" And press to see their welcome sovereign land;
 " At his approach, unruly transport reigns
 " In every breast, and rapture fires their veins.
 " A general shout succeeds, as when on high
 " Exploded thunder rends the vaulted sky.
 " A short convulsion shakes the solid shore,
 " And rocks th' adjacent deep, unmov'd before;
 " Loud acclamations through the valleys ring,
 " While to Augusta's wall the crowd attend their

" king.
 " And now behold a * finish'd temple rise,
 " On lofty pillars climbing to the skies!
 " Of bulk stupendous, its proud pile it rears,
 " The gradual product of successive years.
 " An inner gate, that folds with iron leaves,
 " The charm'd spectator's entering steps receives,

* The choir of St. Paul's was first opened on the day of thanksgiving for the peace.

Where curious works in twisted stems are seen
 Of branching foliage, vacuous between.
 O'er this a vocal organ, mounted high
 On marble columns, strikes the wondering eye;
 And feeds at once two senses with delight,
 Sweet to the ear, and splendid to the sight.
 Marble the floor, enrich'd with native stains
 Of various dye, and streak'd with azure veins.
 Ev'n emulous art with nature seems to strive,
 And the carv'd figures almost breathe and live;
 The painted altar, glorious to behold,
 Shines with delightful blue, and dazzling gold,
 Here first th' illustrious three, of heavenly race,
 Religion, liberty, and peace, embrace;
 Here joyful crowds their pious thanks express,
 For peace restor'd, and heaven's indulgence blest.
 Auspicious structure! born in happy days,
 Whose first employment is the noblest, praise!
 So, when by just degrees th' eternal thought
 His six days labour to perfection brought,
 With laws of motion first endued the whole,
 And bade the heavens in destin'd circles roll,
 The polish'd spheres commenc'd their harmony;
 All nature in a chorus did agree,
 And the world's birth-day was a jubilee.

THE COURT OF NEPTUNE.

ON KING WILLIAM'S RETURN FROM HOLLAND,
 1699.

Addressed to the Right Honourable
 CHARLES MONTAGUE, Esq.

BEGIN, celestial muse! a tuneful strain
 Of Albion's prince conducted o'er the main;
 Of courts conceal'd in waves, and Neptune's

watry reign;
 Sing, from beneath, how the green deity
 Role to the sovereign of the British sea;
 To power confess'd, the triple mace resign'd,
 O'er-rul'd the floods, and charg'd the rebel wind;
 Secur'd his passage homeward, and restor'd,
 Safe to the loveliest isle, the best lov'd lord.

The generous name of Montague has long
 Been fam'd in verse, and grac'd the poet's song;
 In verse, himself can happy wonders do,
 The best of patrons, and of poets too.
 Amid the skilful choir that court his ear,
 If he vouchsafe these ruder lays to hear,
 His bright example, while to him I sing, [wing,
 Shall raise my feeble flight, and mount me on the

On Albion's eastern coast, an * ancient town
 O'erlooks the sea, to mariners well known;
 Where the swift † Stourus ends his snaky train,
 And pays his watery tribute to the main:
 Stourus, whose stream, prolific as it glides,
 Two fertile counties in its course divides,
 And rolls to seaward with a lover's pace:
 There beauteous Orwell meets his fond embrace;

* Harwich.

† The river Stoure, that runs between Suffolk and Essex

They mix their amorous streams, the briny tide
Receives them join'd; their crooked shores provide

A spacious bay within, for anchor'd ships to ride.
Here, on the margin of the rolling flood,
Divinely fair, like sea-born Venus, stood
Britannia's genius, in a robe array'd
Of broider'd arms, and heraldry display'd:
A crown of cities charg'd her graceful brows;
In waving curls her hair luxuriant flows;
Celestial glories in her eyes are seen;
Her stature tall, majestic is her mien.

With such a presence through th' adorning skies
Shines the great parent of the deities;
Such towery honours on her temples rise,
When, drawn by lions, she proceeds in state;
Trains of attendant gods around her chariot wait;
The mother goddess, with superior grace, [race.
Surveys, and numbers o'er her bright immortal

While thus the lovely genius hovers o'er
The water's brink, and from the sandy shore
Beholds th' alternate billows fall and rise
(By turns they sink below, by turns they mount
the skies):

"And must, she said—
"Then paus'd, and drew a sigh of anxious love;
"Must my dear lord this faithless ocean prove;
"Escap'd the chance of war, and fraud of foes;
"Wilt thou to warring waves thy sacred life ex-
pose?"

"Why am I thus divided by the sea,
"From all the world, and all the world in thee?
"Could sighs and tears the rage of tempests bind,
"With tears I'd bribe the seas, with sighs the
wind:

"Soft sighing gales thy canvass should inspire;
"But hence, ye boisterous storms! far hence retire
"To inland woods; there your mad powers ap-
pease, [trees;

"And scour the dusty plains, or strip the forest
"Or lodg'd in hollow rocks profoundly sleep,
"And rest from the loud labours of the deep!

"Why should I fear?—If heroes be the care
"Of Heaven above, and Heaven inclines to prayer,
"Thou sail'st secure; my sons with lifted eyes,
"And pious vows, for thee have gain'd the skies.
"Come then, my much-lov'd lord! No more
th' alarms

"Of wasteful war require thee from my arms.
"Thy sword gives plenteous peace; but without
thee,

"Peace has no charms, and plenty's poverty:
"At length enjoy, for whom you've fought, the
queen

"Of islands, bright, majestic, and serene!
"Unveil'd from clouds, which did her form
disguise,

"And hid a thousand beauties from thy eyes.
"A thousand treasures unfurrow'd invite
"Their lord to various scenes of new delight.

"Come see the dower I brought! My spacious
downs,

"My numerous counties, and my ancient towns;
"Landscapes of rising mountains, shaggy woods,
"Green valleys, smiling meadows, silver floods,

"And plains with lowing herds enrich'd around,
"The hills with flocks, the flocks with fleeces
"crown'd.

"All these with native wealth thy power main-
"And bloom with blessings of thy easy reign.

"Haste, hoist thy sails! and through the foamy
"brine,

"Rush to my arms! henceforth be wholly mine;

"After nine toilsome years, let slaughter cease,

"And flourish now secure, in the soft arts of
"peace!

She said; th' entreated winds her accents bore,
And wing'd the message to the Belgic shore.

The pious hero heard, nor could delay
To meet the lovely voice, that summon'd him away;
The lovely voice, whose soft complaining charms
Before had call'd the succour of his arms,
Nor call'd in vain; when fir'd with generous rage
T' oppose the fury of a barbarous age,
Like Jove with awful thunder in his hand,
Through storms and fleets at sea, and foes at land,
He urg'd his daring way; before his sight,
On silver wings, bright glory took her flight,
And left, to guide his course, long shining tracks
of light!

And now once more embark'd, propitious gales
Blow fresh from shore, and fill his hollow sails.

As when the golden god, that rules the day,
Drives down his flaming chariot to the sea,
And leaves the nations here involv'd in night,
To distant regions he transports his light;
So William's rays, by turns, two nations cheer;
And when he sets to them, he rises here.

Forfaken Belgia, ere the ship withdrew,
Shed generous tears, and breath'd this soft adieu;
"Since empire calls thee, and a glorious throne,
"Thy people's weighty interests, and thy own;
"(Though struggling love would fain persuade
thy stay)

"Go, where thy better fortune leads the way!
"Meanwhile my loss, allow me to complain,
"And wish—ah no! that partial wish were vain.
"Though honour'd Crete had nurs'd the thun-
dering god,

"Crete was not always blest with his abode;
"Nor was it fit, that William's godlike mind,

"For nations born, should be to one confin'd.
"This only grant, since I must ask no more,

"Revisit once again your native shore!
"That hope my sorrows shall beguile; and thou,

"My happy rival! wilt that hope allow;
"Tis all th' enjoyment, fate has left me now.

"So may'st thou, fair Britannia! ever be
"Firm to thy sovereign's love, and his to thee!

"While widow'd I!—There rising sighs re-
prefs'd

Her fainting voice, and stifled—in the rest.

Now, while the bounding vessel drives before
The gusty gales, and leaves the lessening shore,
Behold the parting clouds to distance fly,
And golden glories, pouring from on high
New dress the day, and cheer th' enlighten'd
sky!

One shooting beam, like lightning doubly bright,
Darts on the middle main its streaming light.

Lo! William's guardian angel there descends;
 To Neptune's court his heavenly message tends:
 In arms celestial, how he shines afar,
 Like Pallas marching to th' awaken'd war!
 His left hand gripes a spacious orb of shield,
 With thousand intercepted dangers fill'd,
 And deaths of various kind; his right displays
 A temper'd blade, that spreads a formidable blaze.
 He strikes the waves; th' obsequious waves obey,
 And, opening in a gulf, disclose the downward way.

O muse! by thee conducted down, I dare
 The secrets of the watery world declare;
 For nothing escapes thy view; to thee 'tis given,
 To range the space of earth, and seas, and heaven,
 Descry a thousand forms, conceal'd from sight,
 And in immortal verse to give the visions light.

A rock there lies, in depth of sea profound;
 About its clefts, rich beds of pearl abound,
 Where sportful nature, covering her retreat
 With flowing waters, holds her secret seat:
 In woods of coral, intricate she strays,
 And wreathes the shells of fish a thousand ways,
 And animates the spawn of all her finny race.
 Th' unnumber'd species of the fertile tide,
 In shoals, around their mighty mother, glide.
 From out the rock's wide cavern's deep below,
 The rushing ocean rises to its flow;
 And, ebbing, here retires; within its fides,
 In roomy caves the god of sea resides.
 Pillars unhewn, of living stone, bear high
 His vaulted courts; in storms the billows fly
 O'er th' echoing roof, like thunder through the
 skies,

And warn the ruler of the floods to rise,
 And check the raving winds, and the swollen
 waves chastise.

Rich spoils, by plundering tempests hither borne,
 An universe of wealth, the palace rooms adorn.
 Before its entrance, broken wrecks are seen
 In heaps deform'd, a melancholy scene.
 But far within, upon a mossy throne,
 With wat'ry ooze and samphire overgrown,
 The sea-green king his forked sceptre rears;
 Awful his aspect, numerous are his years.
 A pearly crown circles his brows divine; [brine.
 His beard and dewy hair shed trickling drops of
 The river-gods, his numerous progeny,
 On beds of rushes round their parent lie.
 Here Danube and the Rhine; Nile's secret source
 Dwells here conceal'd; hence Tiber takes his
 course;

Hence rapid Rhodanus his current pours;
 And, issuing from his urn, majestic Padus roars;
 And Alpheus seeks, with silent pace, the lov'd
 Sicilian shores.

But, chief in honour, Neptune's darling son,
 The beauteous Thames lies nearest to his throne.
 Nor thou, fair Boyne! shall pass unmention'd by,
 Already sung in strains that ne'er shall die. [trains
 These, and a thousand more, whose winding
 Seek various lands, the wealthy fire maintains;
 Each day, the fluid portions he divides, [tides.
 And fills their craving urns with fresh recruited
 Not alike; for oft his partial care
 Bestows on some a disproportion'd share;

From whence their swelling currents, o'er-supply'd
 Through delug'd fields in noisy triumph ride.

The god was just preparing to renew
 His daily task, when sudden in his view
 Appear'd the guardian power, all dazzling bright;
 And, entering, flash'd the caves with beamy light.
 Boyne, Rhine, the Sambre, on their banks had seen
 The glorious form, and knew his martial mien;
 In throngs th' admiring Nereids round him press'd,
 And Tritons crowd to view the heavenly guest.

Then thus, advancing, he his will explains:
 "O mighty sovereign of the liquid plains!
 Hasten, to the surface of the deep repair,
 "This solemn day requires thy presence there;
 "To rule the storms, the rising waves restrain,
 "And shake thy sceptre o'er the govern'd main.
 "By breathing gales on thy dominions driven,
 "To thee three kingdoms hopes in charge are
 "given, [heaven.

"The glory of the world, and best below'd of
 "Behold him figur'd here."—He said, and held,
 Refulgent to his view, the guardian shield.
 On the rich mould, inwrought with skill divine,
 Great William's wars in splendid sculpture shine.
 Here, how his saving power was first display'd,
 And Holland rescued by his youthful aid;
 When, kindling in his soul, the martial flame
 Broke fiercely out, precluding future fame,
 And round the frontiers dealt avenging fire;
 Swift from the hot pursuit the blasted foes retire.
 Then battles, sieges, camps are grav'd afar,
 And the long progress of the dreadful war.
 Above the rest, Syneffe's immortal fight,
 In larger figures offer'd to the sight,
 With martial terror charms, and gives a fierce
 delight.

Here the confederate troops are forc'd to yield,
 Driven by unequal numbers through the field:
 With his bright sword, young Nassau there with-
 stands [commands,
 Their flight; with prayers and blows he urges his
 Upbraids their fainting force, and boldly throws
 Himself the first amidst the wondering foes.
 What dare not men, by such a general led?
 Rallying with shouts, their hero at their head,
 Fir'd with new rage, asham'd they once did fly,
 Resolv'd t' overcome, or resolute to die,
 Through trampled heaps of slain they rush to
 victory.

Earth trembles at the charge; death, blood, and
 prey,
 Insatiate riot all the murderous day;
 Nor night itself their fury can allay;
 Till the pale moon, that sickens at the sight,
 Retires behind a cloud, to blind the bloody fight.

Again, the shield in savage prospect shows
 An ancient * abbey, which rough woods enclose;
 And precipices vast abruptly rise, [desies
 Where, safe encamp'd, proud Luxembourg
 All open violence, or close surprise.
 But see! a second Hannibal from far,
 Up the steep height, conducts th' entangled war.
 Brave Offory, attended with the pride
 Of English valour, charges by his side.

+ St. Dennis near Mons.

Enclos'd they fight; the forests shine around
With flashing fires; the thunder'd hills rebound;
And the shock'd country, wide beneath, rebel-
lows to the sound.

Forc'd from their holds, at length they speed their
flight; [quite.

Rich tents, and stores of war, the victor's toils re-
Then peace ensues; and, in a shining train,
The friendly chiefs assemble on the plain.
An ardent zeal the Gallic general warms
To see the youth, that kindled such alarms;
Wondering he views; secure the soldiers press
Round their late dread, and the glad treaty blefs.

Next, on the broad circumference is wrought
The nine years war for lov'd Britannia fought;
The cause the same: fair liberty betray'd,
And banish'd justice, fly to him for aid.
Here sailing ships are drawn, the crowded strand,
And heaven's avenger hastening to the land.
Oppression, fraud, confusion, and affright,
Fierce fiends, that ravag'd in the gloomy night
Of lawless power, defeated, fly before his daz-
zling light.

So to th' eclipsing moon, by the still side
Of some lone thicket, revelling hags provide
Dire charms, that threat the sleeping neighbour-
hood, [blood;

And quaff, with magic mix'd, vast bowls of human
Bat, when the dawn reveals the purple east,
They vanish sullen from th' unloos'd feast.
Here joyful crowds triumphant arches rear
To their deliverer's praise; glad senates there,
In splendid pomp, the regal state confer.

Hibernia's fields new triumphs then supply;
The rival kings, in arms, the fate of empire try.
See where the Boyne two warring hosts divides,
And rolls between the fight his marmuring tides!
In vain—hills, forests, streams, must all give place,
When William leads, and victory's the chase.
Thou saw'st him, Boyne! when thy charg'd
waters bore

The swimming courfers to th' opposing shore,
And, round thy banks, thou heard'st the mur-
dering cannons roar.

What more than mortal bravery inspir'd
The daring troops, by his example fir'd! [court
Thou saw'st their wondrous deeds; to Neptune's
Thy flying waves convey'd the swift report,
And, red with slaughter, to their father show'd
Streams not their own, and a discolour'd flood.

Here, on th' æthereal mould, hurl'd from afar,
Th' exploded ball had mark'd a dinted scar.
'Twas destin'd thus; for when all glowing red,
The angel took it from the forge, he said;
This part be left unsated from the foe!
And, scarce escap'd, once let the hero know,
How much to my protection he shall owe;
Yet, from the batter'd shield, the ball shall bound,
And on his arm inflict a scarlet wound.

Elsewhere, behold Namur's proud turrets rise,
Majestic to the sight, advancing to the skies!
The Meuse and Sambre here united flow,
Nature's defence against th' invading foe:
Industrious art her strength of walls supplies:
Before the town the British army lies.

The works are mann'd; with fury they contend;
These thunder from the plains, those from the walls
defend.

Red globes of fire from bellowing engines fly,
And lead a sweeping blaze, like comets, through
the sky

The kindled region glows; with deafening sound
They burst; their iron entrails, hurl'd around,
Strow with thick-scatter'd deaths the crimson
ground.

See, where the genius of the war appears,
Nor shuns the labour, nor the danger fears!
In clouds of sulphurous smoke he shines more
bright, [light.

For glory round him waits, with beams of living
At length the widen'd gates a conquest own,
And to his arms resign the yielding town.

Here, from the field return'd, with olive crown'd,
Applauding throngs their welcome prince sur-
round:

Bright honours in his glorious entry shine,
And peace restor'd concludes the great design.

Long o'er the figur'd work, with vast surprise,
Admiring Neptune roll'd his ravish'd eyes;
Then, rising from his throne, thus call'd aloud;
"Ye lovely daughters of the briny flood! [pare
"Haste, comb your silver locks, and straight pre-
"To fill my train, and gaze in upper air.
"This day, majestic glories you shall see;
"Come, all ye watery powers, who under me
"Your little tridents wield, and rule the boister-
ous sea!

"What God, that views the triumphs here dis-
play'd,

"Can to such worth refuse his heavenly aid?"
He said no more—but bade two Tritons sound
Their crooked shells, to spread the summons round.
Through the wide caves the blast is heard afar;
With speed two more provide his azure car,
A concave shell; two the fin'd courfers join:
All wait officious round, and own th' accustom'd
sign;

The god ascends; his better hand sustains
The three-fork'd spear, his left directs the reins,
Through breaking waves, the chariot mounts him
high;

Before its thundering course, the frothy waters fly;
He gains the surface; on his either side,
The bright attendants, rang'd with comely pride,
Advance in just array, and grace the pompous
tide.

Meanwhile Britannia's king conspicuous stood,
And, from his deck, survey'd the boundless flood.
Smooth was the glassy scene, the sun beheld
His face unclouded in the liquid field.

The gazing Nereids, in a shining train,
Enclose the ruler of the British main,
And sweetly sing; suspended winds forbear
Their loud complaints, the soothing lay to hear.
"Hail, sacred charge, they cry; the beauties we
"Of Neptune's court, are come to attend on thee;
"Accept our offer'd aid! thy potent sway,
"Unbounded by the land, these watery realms
obey; [mage pay.

And we thy subject-powers our dutious ho-

" See Neptune's self, inferior in command,
 " Presents his trident to thy honour'd hand!"
 They said; the fire approach'd with awe pro-
 found; [found;
 The rite perform'd, their shells the Tritons
 Swell'd with the shrill alarm, the joyful billows
 bound.

Now, from the shore, Britannia first descries
 White sails afar; then bulky vessels rise,
 Nearer to view; her beating heart foretels
 The pleasing news, and eager transport feels.
 Safe to her arms, imperial Neptune bears
 Th' entrusted charge, then diving disappears.

THE HOUSE OF NASSAU.

A PINDARIC ODE, 1702.

" — Cælo demittitur alto
 " Chara Dæum Soboles." VIRG.

To His Grace,
 CHARLES DUKE OF SOMERSET.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

THOUGH the great loss we suffered in the death of the king has been so happily supplied by her majesty's accession to the throne, and her late coronation justly filled the hearts of her subjects with joy; yet so glorious a reign as the last will always be remembered with admiration by all good and wise men; and your Grace has given sufficient proofs, that you are of that number. It can never therefore be thought too late to offer a just tribute to his late majesty's memory, and to that of his great ancestors, a race so illustriously distinguished in Europe; though this indeed might sooner have been attempted, but for many interruptions, too inconsiderable for your Grace's notice. How I have performed is humbly submitted to your Grace's judgment, and to the judgment of all those gentlemen who are used to entertain themselves with writings of this sort. But if, through the author's want of genius, the poem itself should be thought inconsiderable, I am sure it will have some distinction from the great names it celebrates, and the great patron it is inscribed to. And to whom should the praises of eminent virtue be addressed, but to such as are possessed of great virtues themselves? To whom can I better present the chief characters of a noble and ancient family, than to your Grace, whose family is so ancient and so noble? And here I am proud to acknowledge that some of my relations have been honoured with marks of favour from your Grace's illustrious ancestors. This I confess has long given me the ambition of offering my duty to your Grace; but chiefly that valuable character your Grace has obtained among all worthy persons. I have not room to enlarge here, nor is there any need of it on a subject so well known as your Grace's merits.

Therefore I conclude with my humble request, that your Grace would favour this ode with your acceptance, and do me the honour of believing that, among the crowd of your admirers, there is not one who is more passionately or sincerely so, than

Your Grace's most humble,
 And most obedient servant,
 JOHN HUGHES.

THE HOUSE OF NASSAU.

I.

GODDESS of numbers, and of thoughts sublime!
 Celestial muse! whose tuneful song
 Can fix heroic acts, that glide along
 Down the vast sea of ever-wasting time,
 And all the gilded images can stay,
 Till time's vast sea itself be roll'd away;
 O now assist with consecrated strains!
 Let art and nature join to raise
 A living monument of praise
 O'er William's great remains,
 While Thames, majestically sad, and flow,
 Seems by that reverend dome to flow,
 Which new-interr'd his sacred urn contains.
 If thou, O muse, would'st e'er immortal be,
 This song bequeaths thee immortality;
 For William's praise can ne'er expire,
 Thou nature's self at last must die,
 And all this fair-erected sky
 Must sink with earth and sea, and melt away in fire,

II.

Begin—the spring of virtue trace,
 That, from afar descending, flow'd
 Through the rich veins of all the godlike race,
 And fair renown on all the godlike race bestow'd!
 This ancient source of noble blood
 Through thee, Germania, wandering wide,
 Like thy own Rhine's enriching tide,
 In numerous branches long diffus'd its flood.
 Rhine, scarce more ancient, never grac'd thee
 more,
 Though mantling vines his comely head surround,
 And all along his funny shore
 Eternal plenty's fount.

III.

From heaven itself the illustrious line began;
 Ten ages in descent it ran,
 In each descent increas'd with honours new.
 Never did heaven's Supreme inspire
 In mortal breasts a nobler fire,
 Nor his own image livelier drew.
 Of pure æthereal flame their souls he made,
 And, as beneath his forming hands they grew,
 He bless'd the master-work, and said;
 " Go forth, my honour'd champions, go,
 " To vindicate my cause below!
 " Awful in power, defend for me
 " Religion, justice, liberty,
 " And at aspiring tyranny,
 " My delegated thunder throw!

" For this, the great Nassovian name I raise,
 " And still this character divine,
 " Distinguish'd through the race shall shine,
 " Zeal for their country's good, and thirst of vir-
 " tuous praise."

IV.

Now look, Britannia, look, and see
 Through the clear glass of history,
 From whom thy mighty sovereign came,
 And take a large review of far extended fame.
 See, crowds of heroes rise to fight!
 Adolphus*, with imperial splendor gay:
 Brave Philibert, unmatch'd in fight,
 Who led the German eagle to his prey; [way,
 Through Lombardy he mark'd his conquer'd
 And made proud Rome and Naples own his unre-
 sistible might.

His gallant † nephew next appears,
 And on his brows the wreaths of conquest wears,
 Though streaming wounds the martial figure
 stain;

For thee, great ‡ Charles, in battle slain,
 Slain in all a soldier's pride,
 He fell triumphant by thy side,
 And falling fought, and fighting dy'd,
 And lay, a manly corpse, extended on the plain.

V.

See next, majestically great,
 The founder of the Belgic state!
 The sun of glory, which so bright
 Beam'd on all the darling line,
 Did, from its golden urn of light,
 On William's head redoubled shine;
 His youthful looks diffus'd an awe.

Charles, who had try'd the race before,
 And knew great merits to explore,
 When he his rising virtue saw,
 He put in friendship's noble claim;
 To his imperial court the hero brought,
 And there by early honours sought
 Alliance with his future fame.
 O generous sympathy, that binds
 In chains unseen the bravest minds!
 O love to worthy deeds, in all great souls the same!

VI.

But time at last brought forth th' amazing day,
 When Charles, resolv'd to disengage
 From empire's toils his weary age,
 Gave with each hand a crown away.
 Philip, his haughty son, afraid
 Of William's virtues, basely chose
 His father's favourite to depose;
 His tyrant reign requir'd far other aid; [rose;
 And Alva's fiery duke, his scourge of vengeance,
 With flames of inquisition rose from hell,
 Of slaughter proud, and insolent in blood.
 What hand can paint the scenes of tragic woes?
 What tongue, sad Belgia! can thy story tell,
 When with her lifted axe proud murder stood,
 And thy brave sons, in crowds unnumber'd, fell,
 The sun, with horror of the sight,
 Withdraws his sickly beams, and shrouds

His muffled face in sullen clouds,
 And, on the scaffolds, faintly sheds a pale malig-
 nant light.

VII.

Thus Belgia's liberty expiring lay,
 And almost gasp'd her generous life away,
 Till Orange hears her moving cries;
 He hears, and marching * from afar,
 Brings to her aid the sprightly war.
 At his approach, reviv'd with fresh supplies
 Of gather'd strength, she on her murderers flies.
 But heaven, at first, resolv'd to try
 By proofs adverse his constancy.
 Four armies lost, two gallant brothers † slain,
 Will he desperate war maintain?
 Though rolling tempests darken all the sky,
 And thunder breaks around his head,
 Will he again the faithless sea explore,
 And, oft driven back, still quit the shore?
 He will—his soul averse to dread,
 Unwearied, still the spite of fortune braves,
 Superior, and § serene, amidst the stormy waves.

VIII.

Such was the man, so vast his mind!
 The steady instrument of fate,
 To fix the basis of a rising state!
 My muse with horror views the scene behind,
 And fain would draw a shade, and fain
 Would hide his destin'd end, nor tell
 How he—the dreaded foe of Spain,
 More fear'd than thousands on the plain,
 By the vile hand of a bold russian fell.
 No more—th' ungrateful prospect let us leave!
 And, in his room, behold arise,
 Bright as th' immortal twins that grace the skies,
 A noble ‖ pair, his absence to retrieve!
 In these the hero's soul survives,
 And William doubly in his offspring lives.

IX.

Maurice, for martial greatness, far
 His father's glorious fame exceeds;
 Henry alone can match his brother's deeds;
 Both were, like Scipio's sons, the thunderbolts of
 None e'er, than Maurice, better knew, [war.
 Camps, sieges, battles, to ordain;
 None e'er, than Henry, fiercer did pursue
 The flying foe, or earlier conquests gain.
 For scarce sixteen revolving years he told,
 When, eager for the fight, and bold,
 Inflam'd by glory's sprightly charms,
 His brother brought him to the field;
 Taught his young hand the truncheon well to
 wield,
 And practis'd him betimes to arms.

X.

Let Flandrian Newport tell of wonders wrought
 Before her walls, that memorable day,
 When the victorious youths in concert fought,
 And matchless valour did display!
 How, ere the battle join'd, they strove
 With emulous honour, and with mutual love;

* Adolphus the emperor, of the house of Nassau.
 † René of Nassau.

‡ Charles V.

* He was then in Germany.

† The Counts Lodowick and Henry.

‡ "Saevia tranquillitas inundo," the Prince's motto.

§ Maurice and Henry.

How Maurice, touch'd with tender care
Of Henry's safety, begg'd him to remove;
Henry refus'd his blooming youth to spare,
But with his much-lov'd Maurice vow'd to
 prove
Th' extremes of war, and equal dangers share.
O generous strife! and worthy such a pair!
How dear did Albert this contention pay!
 Witness the floods of streaming gore;
Witness the trampled heaps, that chok'd the
 plain,
And stopp'd the victors in their way;
Witness the neighbouring sea, and sandy shore,
Drunk with the purple life of twice three thou-
 sand slain!

xi.

Fortune, that on her wheel capricious stands,
And waves her painted wings, inconstant,
 proud,
Hood-wink'd, and shaking from her hands
Promiscuous gifts among the crowd,
Restless of place, and still prepar'd for flight,
Was constant here, and seem'd restor'd to fight;
Won by their merit, and resolv'd to bless
The happy brothers with a long success—
Maurice, the first resign'd to fate:
The youngest had a longer date,
And liv'd the space appointed to complete
The great republic, rais'd so high before;
Finish'd by him, the stately fabric bore
Its lofty top aspiring to the sky:
In vain the winds and rains around it beat;
In vain, below, the waves tempestuous roar,
They dash themselves, and break, and back-
 ward fly,
Dispers'd and murmuring at his feet.
Insulting Spain the fruitless strife gives o'er,
And claims dominion there no more,
Then Henry, ripe for immortality,
His flight to heaven eternal springs,
And, o'er his quiet grave, peace spreads her
 downy wings.

xii.

His son, a second William, fills his place,
And climbs to manhood with so swift a pace,
As if he knew he had not long to stay;
Such young Marcellus was, the hopeful grace
Of ancient Rome, but quickly snatch'd away.
Breda beheld th' adventurous boy,
His tender limbs in shining armour dress'd,
Where, with his father, the hot siege he press'd.
His father saw, with pleasing joy,
His own reflected worth, and youthful charms
 express'd. [alarms,
But, when his country breath'd from war's
His martial virtues lay obscure;
Nor could a warrior, fam'd for arms,
Th' inglorious rest endure;
But sick'n'd soon, and sudden dy'd,
And left in tears his pregnant bride,
His bride, the daughter of Britannia's king;
Nor saw th' auspicious pledge of nuptial love,
Which from that happy marriage was to
 spring, [above,
But with his great forefathers gain'd a blissful seat

xiii.

Here pause, my muse! and wind up higher
The strings of thy Pindaric lyre!
Then with bold strains the lofty song pursue;
And bid Britannia once again review
The numerous worthies of the line.
See, like immortals, how they shine!
Each life a history alone!
And last, to crown the great design,
Look forward, and behold them all in one!
Look, but spare thy fruitless tears—
'Tis thy own William next appears.
Advance, celestial form! let Britain see
Th' accomplish'd glory of thy race in thee!

xiv.

So, when some splendid triumph was to come,
In long procession through the streets of Rome,
The crowd beheld, with vast surprise,
The glittering train in awful order move,
To the bright temple of Feretrian Jove; [eyes;
And trophies borne along employ'd their dazzled
But when the laurel'd emperor, mounted high
Above the rest, appear'd to fight,
In his proud ear of victory,
Shining with rays excessive bright,
He put the long preceding pomp to flight;
Their wonder could no higher rise,
With joy they throng his chariot wheels, and
 rend with shouts the skies.

xv.

To thee, great prince! to thy extensive mind,
Not by thy country's narrow bounds confin'd,
The fates an ample scene afford;
And injur'd nations claim the succour of thy sword.
No respite to thy toils is given,
Till thou ascend thy native heaven:
One hydra-head cut off, still more abound,
And twigs sprout up to fill the wound.
So endless is the task that heroes find
To tame the monster vice, and to reform man-
For this, Alcides heretofore, [kind.
And mighty Theseus, travel'd o'er
Vast tracts of sea and land, and slew [prey;
Wild beasts and serpents gorg'd with human
From stony dens fierce lurking robbers drew,
And bid the cheerful traveller pass on his peace-
 ful way. [pursue,
Yet, though the toilsome work they long
To rid the world's wild pathless field,
Still poisonous weeds and thorns in clusters
 grew,
And large unwholesome crops did yield,
To exercise their hands with labours ever new.

xvi.

Thou, like Alcides, early didst begin,
And ev'n a child didst laurels win.
Two snake-plagues around his cradle twin'd,
Sent by the jealous wife of Jove,
In speckled wreaths of Death they strove,
The mighty babe to bind:
And twisted faction, in thy infancy,
Darted her forked tongue at thee.
But, as Jove's offspring slew his hissing foes;
So thou, descended from a line
Of patriots no less divine,

Didst quench the brutal rage of those,
Who durst thy dawning worth oppose.
The viper spite, crush'd by thy virtues, shed
Its yellow juice, and at thy feet lay dead.
Thus, like the sun, did thy great genius rise,
With clouds around his sacred head,
Yet soon dispell'd the drooping mists, and gild'd
all the skies.

XVII.

Great Julius, who with generous envy view'd
The statue of brave Philip's braver son,
And wept to think what such a youth subdued,
While, more in age, himself had yet so little done,
Had wept much more, if he had liv'd to see
The glorious deeds achiev'd by thee;
To see thee at a beardless age,
Stand arm'd against th' invader's rage,
And bravely fighting for thy country's liberty;
While he inglorious laurels fought,
And not to save his country fought;
While he—O slain upon the greatest name,
That e'er before was known to fame!
When Rome, his awful mother, did demand
The sword from his unruly hand,
The sword she gave before,
Enrag'd, he spurn'd at her command,
Hurl'd at her breast the insidious steel, and bath'd
it in her gore.

XVIII.

Far other battles thou hast won,
Thy standard still the public good:
Lavish of thine, to save thy people's blood:
And when the hardy task of war was done,
With what a mild well-temper'd mind,
(A mind unknown to Rome's ambitious son)
Thy powerful armies were resign'd;
This victory o'er thyself was more,
Than all thy conquests gain'd before:
'Twas more than Philip's son could do,
When for new worlds the madman cry'd;
Nor in his own wild breast had spy'd
Towers of ambition, hills of boundless pride,
Too great for armies to subdue.

XIX.

O savage lust of arbitrary sway!
Insatiate fury, which in man we find,
In barbarous man, to prey upon his kind,
And make the world, enslav'd, his vicious will
obey!

How has this fiend ambition long defac'd
Heaven's works, and laid the fair creation
waste!

Ask silver Rhine, with springing rushes
As to the sea his waters flow,
Where are the numerous cities now,
That once he saw, his honour'd banks around?
Scarce are their silent ruins found;

But, in th' ensuing age,

Trampled into common ground,
Will hide the horrid monuments of Gaul's de-
stroying rage.

All Europe too had shar'd this wretch'd fate,
And mourn'd her heavy woes too late,
Had not Britannia's chief withstood
The threaten'd deluge, and repell'd,

To its forsaken banks, th' unwilling flood,
And in his hand the scales of balanc'd king-
doms held.

Well was this mighty trust repos'd in thee,
Whose faithful soul, from private interest free
(Interests which vulgar princes know),
O'er all its passions sat exalted high,
As Teneriff's top enjoys a purer sky,
And sees the moving clouds at distance fly below.

XX.

Whoe'er thy warlike antals reads,
Behold reviv'd our valiant Edward's deeds.
Great Edward † and his glorious son
Will own themselves to thee outdone, {won.
Though Crecy's desperate fight eternal honour
Though the fifth Henry too does claim
A shining place among Britannia's kings,
And Agincourt has rais'd his lofty name;
Yet the loud voice of ever-living fame
Of thee more numerous triumphs sing.
But, though no chief contends with thee,
In all the long records of history,
Thy own great deeds together strive,
Which shall the fairest light derive,
On thy immortal memory;
Whether Seneca's amazing field
To celebrated Mons shall yield;
Or both give place to more amazing Boyne;
Or if Namur's well-cover'd siege must all the rest
outshine!

XXI.

While in Hibernia's fields the labouring swain
Shall pass the plough o'er skull's of warriors slain,
And turn up bones, and broken spears,
Amaz'd, he'll shew his fellows of the plain,
The relics of victorious years {regain.
And tell, how swift thy arms that kingdom did
Flandria, a longer witness to thy glory,
With wonder too repeats thy story;
How oft the foes thy lifted sword have seen
In the hot battle, when it bled
At all its open veins, and oft have fled,
As if their evil genius thou hadst been: {pear,
How, when the blooming spring began t' ap-
-And with new life restor'd the year,
Confederate princes us'd to cry:

"Call Britain's king—the sprightly trumpet found,
"And spread the joyful summons round!"

"Call Britain's king, and victory!"
So when the flower of Greece, to battle led
In beauty's cause, just vengeance swore
Upon the foul adulterer's head,

That from her royal lord the ravish'd Helen bore,
The Grecian chiefs, of mighty fame,
Impatient for the son of Thetis wait;

At last the son of Thetis came;
Troy shook her nodding towers, and mourn'd th'
impending fate.

XXII.

O sacred peace! goddess serene!
Adorn'd with robes of spotless white,
Fairer than silver floods of light!
How short has thy mild empire been!

† Edward III. and the Black Prince.

When pregnant time brought forth this new-born age,
 At first we saw thee gently smile
 On the young birth, and thy sweet voice a while
 Sung a soft charm to martial rage;
 But soon the lion wak'd again,
 And stretch'd his opening claws, and shook his
 grizzly mane.
 Soon was the year of triumphs past;
 And Janus, ushering in anew,
 With backward look did pompous scenes review;
 But his fore-face with frowns was overcast;
 He saw the gathering storms of war,
 And bid his priests aloud, his iron gates unbar.

XXIII.

But heaven its herô can no longer spare,
 To mix in our tumultuous broils below;
 Yet suffer'd his foreseeing care,
 Those bolts of vengeance to prepare,
 Which other hands shall throw;
 That glory to a mighty queen remains,
 To triumph o'er the extinguish'd foe;
 ¶ She shall supply the thunderer's place;
 As Pallas, from th' ethereal plains,
 Warr'd on the giants impious race,
 And laid their huge demolish'd works in smoky
 ruins low.
 Then Anne's shall rival great Eliza's reign;
 And William's genius, with a grateful smile,
 Look down, and bless this happy isle;
 And peace, restor'd, shall wear her olive crown
 again.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

I.

APOLLO, god of sounds and verse,
 Pathetic airs and moving thoughts inspire!
 Whilst we thy Damon's praise rehearse:
 Damon himself could animate the lyre.
 Apollo, god of sounds and verse,
 Pathetic airs and moving thoughts inspire!
 Look down! and warm the song with thy celestial
 fire.

II.

Ah, lovely youth! when thou wert here,
 Thyself a young Apollo did appear;
 Young as that god, so sweet a grace,
 Such blooming fragrance in thy face;
 So soft thy air, thy visage so serene,
 That harmony ev'n in thy look was seen.

III.

But when thou didst th' obedient strings
 command,
 And join in concert thy melodious hand,
 Ev'n fate itself, such wondrous strains to hear,
 Fate had been charm'd, had fate an ear.
 But what does music's skill avail?
 When Orpheus did his loss deplore,
 Trees bow'd attentive to his tale; [roar;
 Hush'd were the winds, wild beasts forgot to
 But dear Eurydice came back no more.

¶ "Vicem gerit illa Tonantis;" the motto on her
 Majesty's Coronation Medals.

IV.

Then cease, ye sons of harmony, to mourn;
 Since Damon never can return.
 See, fee! he mounts, and cleaves the liquid way;
 Bright choirs of angels, on the wing,
 For the new guest's arrival stay,
 And hymns of triumph sing.
 They bear him to the happy seats above,
 Seats of eternal harmony and love;
 Where artful Purcell went before.
 Cease then, ye sons of music, cease to mourn:
 Your Damon never will return,
 No, never, never more!

ANACREON, ODE III.

At dead of night, when mortals lose
 Their various cares in soft repose,
 I heard a knocking at my door:
 Who's that, said I, at this late hour
 Disturbs my rest?—It sobb'd and cry'd,
 And thus in mournful tone reply'd.
 "A poor unhappy child am I,
 "That's come to beg your charity;
 "Pray let me in!—You need not fear;
 "I mean no harm, I vow and swear;
 "But, wet and cold, crave shelter here;
 "Betray'd by night, and led astray,
 "I've lost—alas! I've lost my way."
 Mov'd with this little tale of fate,
 I took a lamp, and op'd the gate!
 When see! a naked boy before
 The threshold; at his back he wore
 A pair of wings, and by his side
 A crooked bow and quiver ty'd.
 "My pretty angel! come, said I,
 "Come to the fire, and do not cry!"
 I strok'd his neck and shoulders bare,
 And squeez'd the water from his hair;
 Then chaf'd his little hands in mine,
 And cheer'd him with a draught of wine.
 Recover'd thus says he, "I'd know,
 "Whether the rain has spoil'd my bow;
 "Let's try"—then shot me with a dart.
 The venom throb'd, did ache and smart,
 As if a bee had stung my heart.
 "Are these your thanks, ungrateful child,
 "Are these your thanks?"—Th' impo stor smil'd
 "Farewell, my loving host, says he;
 "All's well; my bow's unhurt, I see;
 "But what a wretch I've made of thee!"

THE

STORY OF PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

From the Fourth Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

WHERE Babylon's proud walls, erected high
 By fam'd Semiramis, ascend the sky,
 Dwelt youthful Pyramus, and Thisbe fair;
 Adjoining houses held the lovely pair.

His perfect form all other youths surpass'd;
 Charms such as her's no eastern beauty grac'd.
 Near neighbourhood the first acquaintance drew,
 An early promise of the love t' ensue. [kind,
 Time nurs'd the growing flame; had fate been
 The nuptial rites their faithful hands had join'd;
 But, with vain threats, forbidding parents strove
 To check the joy; they could not check the love.
 Each captive heart consumes in like desire;
 The more conceal'd, the fiercer rag'd the fire.
 Soft looks, the silent eloquence of eyes,
 And secret signs, secure from household spies,
 Exchange their thoughts; the common wall, be-
 tween

Each parted house, retain'd a chink, unseen
 For ages past. The lovers soon espy'd
 This small defect, for love is eagle-ey'd,
 And in soft whispers soon the passage try'd.
 Safe went the murmur'd sounds, and every day
 A thousand amorous blandishments convey;
 And often, as they stood on either side,
 To catch by turns the flitting voice, they cry'd,
 Why, envious wall, ah! why dost thou destroy
 The lovers hopes, and why forbid the joy?
 How should we bless thee, would'st thou yield to
 charms,

And, opening, let us rush into each other's arms?
 At least, if that's too much, afford a space
 To meeting lips, nor shall we slight the grace;
 We owe to thee this freedom to complain,
 And breathe our vows, but vows, alas! in vain.
 Thus having said, when evening call'd to rest,
 The faithful pair on either side impress
 An intercepted kiss, then bade good-night;
 But when th' ensuing dawn had put to flight
 The stars, and Phœbus, rising from his bed,
 Drank up the dew, and dry'd the flowery mead,
 Again they meet, in sighs again disclose
 Their grief, and last this bold design propose;
 That, in the dead of night, both would deceive
 Their keepers, and the house and city leave;
 And left, escap'd, without the walls they stray
 In pathless fields, and wander from the way,
 At Ninus' tomb their meeting they agree,
 Beneath the shady covert of the tree;
 The tree well known near a cool fountain grew,
 And bore fair mylberries of snowy hue.
 The project pleas'd; the sun's unwelcome light
 (That slowly seep'd to move, and slack his
 flight) [sable night;

Sunk in the seas; from the same seas arose the
 When, stealing through the dark, the crafty fair
 Unlock'd the door, and gain'd the open air;
 Love gave her courage; unperceiv'd she went,
 Wrapp'd in a veil, and reach'd the monument.
 Then sat beneath th' appointed tree alone;
 But, by the glimmering of the shining moon,
 She fat not long, before from far the spy'd
 A lioness approach the fountain-side;
 Fierce was her glare, her foamy paws in blood
 Of slaughter'd bulls besmear'd, and foul with food;
 For reeking from the prey, the savage came,
 To drown her thirst within the neighbouring
 Affrighted Thisbe, trembling at the sight, [stream,
 fled to a darksome den, but in her flight

Her veil dropp'd off behind. Deep of the flood
 The monster drank, and, satiate, to the wood
 Returning, found the garment as it lay,
 And, torn with bloody feet, dispers'd it in her
 way.

Belated Pyramus arriv'd, and found
 The mark of savage feet along the sandy ground:
 All pale he turn'd; but soon as he beheld
 The crimson'd vesture scatter'd o'er the field,
 One night, he cry'd, two lovers shall destroy!
 She worthy to have liv'd long years of joy,
 But mine's the forfeit life; unhappy maid!
 'Twas I that slew thee, I th' appointment made;
 To places full of death thy innocence betray'd,
 And came not first myself—O hither haste,
 Ye lions all, that roam this rocky waste!
 Tear my devoted entrails, gnaw, divide,
 And gorge your famine in my open'd side!
 But cowards call for death!—Thus having spoke,
 The fatal garment from the ground he took,
 And bore it to the tree; ardent he kiss'd,
 And bath'd in flowing tears the well-known vest:
 Now take a second stain, the lover said,
 While from his side he snatch'd his sharpen'd blade,
 And drove it in his groin; then from the wound
 Withdrew the steel, and staggering fell to ground:
 As when, a conduit broke, the streams shoot high,
 Starting in sudden fountains through the sky,
 So spouts the living stream, and sprinkled o'er
 The tree's fair berries with a crimson gore,
 While, sapp'd in purple floods, the conscious root
 Transmits the stain of murder to the fruit.

The fair, who fear'd to disappoint her love,
 Yet trembling with the fright, forsook the grove,
 And sought the youth, impatient to relate
 Her new adventure, and th' avoided fate.
 She saw the vary'd tree had lost its white,
 And doubting stood if that could be the right,
 Nor doubted long; for now her eyes beheld
 A dying person spurn the sanguine field.
 Aghast she started back, and shook with pain,
 As rising breezes curl the trembling main.
 She gaz'd awhile entranc'd; but when she found
 It was her lover weltering on the ground,
 She beat her lovely breast, and tore her hair,
 Clasp'd the dear corpse, and, frantic in despair,
 Kiss'd his cold face, supply'd a briny flood
 To the wide wound, and mingled tears with blood.
 Say, Pyramus, oh say, what chance severe
 Has snatch'd thee from my arms?—

'Tis thy own Thisbe calls, look up and hear!
 At Thisbe's name he lifts his dying eyes,
 And, having seen her, clos'd them up, and di'd.
 But when she knew the bloody veil, and spy'd
 The ivory scabbard empty by his side,
 Ah! wretched youth, said she, by love betray'd!
 Thy hapless hand guided the fatal blade.
 Weak as I am, I boast as strong a love;
 For such a deed, this hand as bold shall prove.
 I'll follow thee to death; the world shall call
 Thisbe the cause, and partner of thy fall;
 And ev'n in death, which could alone disjoin
 Our persons, yet in death thou shalt be mine.
 But hear, in both our names, this dying prayer,
 Ye wretched parents of a wretched pair!

Let in one urn our ashes be confin'd,
Whom mutual love and the same fate have join'd.
And thou, fair tree, beneath whose friendly shade,
One lifeless lover is already laid,
And soon shall cover two; for ever wear
Death's sable hue, and purple berries bear!
She said, and plunges in her breast the sword,
Yet warm, and reeking from its slaughter'd lord.
Relenting heaven allows her last request,
And pity touch'd their mournful parents breast.
The fruit, when ripe, a purple dye retains;
And in one urn are plac'd their dear remains.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

IN IMITATION OF OVID, AMORUM, LIB. I. ELEG. 2.

TELL me, some god, whence does this change
arise;

Why gentle sleep forsakes my weary eyes?
Why, turning often, all the tedious night
In pain I lie, and watch the springing light?—
What cruel dæmon haunts my tortur'd mind?
Sure, if 'twere love, I should th' invader find;
Unless disguis'd he lurks, the crafty boy,
With silent arts ingenious to destroy.
Alas! 'tis so—'tis fix'd the secret dart;
I feel the tyrant ravaging my heart.
Then, shall I yield; or th' instant flame oppose?
I yield!—Resistance would increase my woes:
For struggling slaves a sharper doom sustain,
Than such as stoop obedient to the chain.
I own thy power, almighty love! I'm thine;
With pinion'd hands behold me here resign!
Let this submission then my life obtain;
Small praise 'twill be, if thus unarm'd I'm slain.
Go, join thy mother's doves; with myrtle braid
thy hair;
The god of war himself a chariot shall prepare;
Then thou triumphant through the shouting throng
Shalt ride, and move with art the willing birds
While captive youths and maids, in solemn state,
Adorn the scene, and on thy triumph wait.
There I, a later conquest of thy bow,
In chains will follow too; and as I go,
To pitying eyes the new-made wound will show,
Next, all that dare love's sovereign power defy,
In fetters bound, inglorious shall pass by;
All shall submit to thee—Th' applauding crowd
Shall lift their hands, and sing thy praise aloud.
Soft looks shall in thy equipage appear,
With amorous play, mistake, and jealous fear.
Be this thy guard, great love! be this thy train;
Since these extend o'er men and gods thy reign;
But robb'd of these, thy power is weak and vain.
From heaven thy mother shall thy pomp survey,
And, smiling, scatter fragrant showers of roses in
thy way;
Whilst thou, array'd in thy unrival'd pride,
On golden wheels, all gold thyself, shalt ride:
Thy spreading wings shall richest diamonds
wear,
And gems shall sparkle in thy lovely hair.

Thus passing by, thy arm shall hurl around
Ten thousand fires, ten thousand hearts shall
wound.

This is thy practice, love, and this thy gain;
From this thou canst not, if thou would'st, refrain;
Since ev'n thy presence, with prolific heat,
Does reach the heart, and active flames create.
From conquer'd India, to the jovial god,
Drawn o'er the plains by harness'd tigers, rode.
Then since, great love, I take a willing place
Amidst thy spoils, the sacred show to grace;
O cease to wound, and let thy fatal store
Of piercing shafts be spent on me no more.
No more, too powerful in my charmer's eyes,
Torment a slave, that for her beauty dies;
Or look in smiles from thence, and I shall be
A slave no longer, but a god, like thee.

THE PICTURE.

Come, my muse, a Venus draw;
Not the same the Grecians saw,
By the fam'd Apelles wrought,
Beauteous offspring of his thought.
No fantastic goddess mine,
Fiction far she does outshine.

Queen of fancy! hither bring
On thy gaudy-feather'd wing
All the beauties of the spring;
Like the bee's industrious pains
To collect his golden gains,
So from every flower and plant
Gather first th' immortal paint.
Fetch me lilies, fetch me roses,
Daisies, violets, cowslip-poses;
Amaranthus, parrot pride,
Woodhines, pinks, and what beside
Does th' embroider'd meads adorn;
Where the fawns and satyrs play
In the merry month of May.
Steal the blush of opening morn;
Borrow Cynthia's silver white,
When she shines at noon of night,
Free from clouds to veil her light.
Juno's bird his tail shall spread,
Iris' bow its colour shed,
All to deck this charming piece,
Far surpassing ancient Greece.

First her graceful stature show,
Not too tall, nor yet too low.
Fat she must not be, nor lean;
Let her shape be straight and clean;
Small her waist, and, thence increas'd,
Gently swells her rising breast.

Next, in comely order trace
All the glories of her face.
Paint her neck of ivory,
Smiling cheeks and forehead high,
Ruby lips, and sparkling eyes,
Whence resistless lightning flies.

Foolish muse! what hast thou done?
Scarce th' outlines are yet begun,

† Bacchus.

Ere thy pencil's thrown aside
'Tis no matter, love reply'd;
(Love's unlucky god stood by)
At one stroke behold how I
Will th' unfinished draught supply.
Smiling then he took his dart,
And drew her picture in my heart.

BARN-ELMS.

LET Phœbus his late happiness rehearse,
And grace Barn-Elms with never-dying verse!
Smooth was the Thames, his waters sleeping lay,
Unwak'd by winds that o'er the surface play;
When th' early god, arising from the east,
Discol'd the golden dawn, with blushes drest.
First in the stream his own bright form he sees,
But brighter forms shine through the neighbour-
ing trees.

He speeds the rising day, and sheds his light
Redoubled on the grove, to gain a nearer sight.
Not with more speed his Daphne he pursu'd,
Nor fair Leucothoe with such pleasure view'd;
Five dazzling nymphs in graceful pomp appear:
He thinks his Daphne and Leucothoe here,
Join'd with that heavenly three, who on mount Ide
Descending once the prize of beauty try'd.

Ye verdant elms, that towering grace this grove,
Be sacred still to beauty and to love!
No thunder break, nor lightning glare between
Your twisted boughs, but such as then was seen.
The grateful sun will every morning rise
Propitious here, saluting from the skies
Your lofty tops, indulg'd with sweetest air,
And every spring your losses he'll repair;
Nor his own laurels more shall be his care.

ON THE FRIENDSHIP OF

PHŒBE AND ASTERIA;

AND

THE SICKNESS OF THE FORMER.

AN altar raise to friendship's holy flame,
Inscrib'd with Phœbe's and Asteria's name!
Around it mingled in a solemn band,
Let Phœbe's lovers, and Asteria's stand,
With fervent vows attend the sacrifice;
While rich perfumes from melted gums arise,
To bribe for Phœbe's health the partial skies.

Forbid it, love, that sickly blasts consume
The flower of beauty in its tender bloom!
Shall she so soon to her own heaven retire,
Who gave so oft, yet never felt thy fire?
Who late at splendid feasts so graceful shone,
By pleasing smiles and numerous conquests known;
Where, midst the brightest nymphs, she bore the
prize

From all—from all but her Asteria's eyes.
Behold the maid, who then secure repell'd
The shafts of love, by fainting sickness quell'd!

(As beauty's goddess once a wound sustain'd,
Not from her son, but from a mortal's hand)
Asteria too forgets her sprightly charms,
And drooping lies within her Phœbe's arms.

Thus in romantic histories we read
Of tournaments by some great prince decreed,
Where two companion knights their lances wield
With matchless force, and win, from all, the field;
Till one, overheated in the course, retires,
And feels within his veins a fever's fires;
His grieving friend his laurels throws away,
And mourns the dear-bought triumphs of the day.

So strict's the union of this tender pair,
What heaven decrees for one, they both must share.
Like meeting rivers, in one stream they flow,
And no divided joys or sorrows know.
Not the bright || twins, preferr'd in heaven to
shine,

Fair Leda's sons, in such a league could join,
One soul, as fables tell, by turns supply'd
That heavenly pair, by turns they liv'd and dy'd:
But these have sworn a matchless sympathy,
They'll live together, or together die.

When Heaven did at Asteria's birth bestow
Those lavish charms, with which she wounds us so,
To form her glorious mind, it did inspire
A double portion of th' æthereal fire,
That half might afterward be thence convey'd,
To animate that other lovely maid.
Thus native instinct does their hearts combine,
It knots too close for fortune to untwine.

So India boasts a tree, that spreads around
Its amorous boughs, which bending reach the
ground,

Where taking root again, the branches raise
A second tree to meet its fond embrace;
Then side by side the friendly neighbours thrive,
Fed by one sap, and in each other live.

Of Phœbe's health we need not send to know
How nature strives with her invading foe,
What symptoms good or ill each day arise;
We read those changes in Asteria's eyes.
Thus in some crystal fountain you may spy
The face of heaven, and the reflected sky,
See what black clouds arise, when tempests lower
And gathering mists portend a falling shower,
And when the sun breaks out, with conquering
ray

To chase the darkness, and restore the day.

Such be thy fate, bright maid! from this decline
Arise renew'd thy charms, and doubly shine!
And as that dawning planet was address'd
With offer'd incense by th' adoring east,
So we'll with songs thy glad recovery greet,
The muse shall lay her presents at thy feet;
With open arms, Asteria shall receive.
The dearest pledge propitious Heaven can give.
Fann'd by these winds, your friendship's generous
fire

Shall burn more bright, and to such heights aspire,
The wondering world shall think you from above
Come down to teach how happy angels love,

† Diomedes.

|| Castor and Pollux.

SONG.

I.
FAME of Dorinda's conquest brought
The god of her charms to view;
To wound th' unwary maid he thought,
But soon became her conquest too.

II.
He dropt, half drawn, his feeble bow,
He look'd, he rav'd, and sighing pin'd;
And wish'd in vain he had been now,
As painers falsely draw him, blind.

III.
Disarm'd, he to his mother flies;
Help, Venus, help, thy wretched son!
Who now will pay us sacrifice!
For love himself's, alas! undone.

IV.
To Cupid now no lover's prayer
Shall be address'd in suppliant sighs;
My darts are gone, but oh beware,
Fond mortals, of Dorinda's eyes.

TO OCTAVIA INDIPOSED.

Around your couch whilst sighing lovers view
Wit, beauty, goodness, suffering all in you;
So mournful is the scene, 'tis hard to tell
Which face betrays the sick, or who is well.
They feel not their own pains, while your's they
share,
Worse tortur'd now, than lately by despair.
For bleeding veins a like relief is found,
When iron red hot by burning stops the wound.
Grant, Heaven, they cry, this moment our desire,
To see her well, though we the next expire.

BEAUTY AND MUSIC.

I.
Ye swains, whom radiant beauty moves,
O music's art with sounds divine,
Think how the rapturous charm improves,
Where two such gifts celestial join;

II.
Where Cupid's bow, and Phœbus' lyre,
In the same powerful hand are found;
Where lovely eyes inflame desire,
While trembling notes are taught to wound.

III.
Inquire not who's the matchless fair,
That can this double death bestow:
If young Harmonia's strains you hear,
Or view her eyes, too well you'll know.

CUPID'S REVIEW.

CUPID, survey thy shining train around
Of favourite nymphs, for conquest most renown'd;

The lovely warriors that in bright array
Thy power support, and propagate thy sway.
Then say, what beauteous general wilt thou choose,
To lead the fair brigade against thy rebel foes?

Behold the god advance in comely pride,
Arm'd with his bow, his quiver by his side;
Inferior Cupids on their master wait; [state.
He smiles well pleas'd, and waves his wings in
His little hands imperial trophies bear,
And laurel wreaths to grace th' elected fair.

Hyde-park the scene for the review he nam'd,
Hyde-park for pleasure and for beauty fam'd,
Where, oft from western skies the god of light
Sees new-aring suns, than his more bright;
Then sets in blushes, and conveys his fire
To distant lands, that more his beams require.
And now the charming candidates appear
Behold Britannia's victor graces there,
Who vindicate their country's ancient claim
To Love's pre-eminence, and beauty's fame.
Some, who, at Anna's court, in honour rais'd,
Adorn birth-nights, by crowding nations prais'd;
Preserv'd in Kneller's pictures ever young,
In strains immortal by the muses sung.

Around the ring th' illustrious rivals move,
And teach to love himself the power of love.
Scarce, though a god, he can with safety gaze
On glory so profuse, such mingled rays;
For love had eyes on this important day,
And Venus from his forehead took the blinding
cloth away.

Here Mira pass'd, and fix'd his wandering vi w,
Her perfect shape distinguished praises drew;
Tall, beauteous, and majestic to the sight,
She led the train, and sparkled in the light. [eyes,

There Stella claims the wreath, and pleads her
By which each day some new adorer dies.

Serena, by good-humour doubly fair,
With native sweetness charms, and smiling air.
While Flora's youthful years and looks display
The bloom of ripening fruits, the innocence of
May,

The opening sweets that months of pleasure bring,
The dawn of love, and life's indulgent spring.

'Twere endless to describe the various darts,
With which the fair are arm'd to conquer hearts.
Whatever can the ravish'd soul inspire
With tender thoughts, and animate desire,
All arts and virtues mingled in the train;
And long the lovely rivals strove in vain,
While Cupid unresolv'd still search'd around the
plain.

O! could I find, said love, the phoenix she,
In whom at once the several charms agree;
That phoenix she the laurel crown should have,
And love himself with pride become her slave.

He scarce had spoke, when see—Harmonia
came!

Chance brought her there, and not desire of fame;
Unknowing of the choice, till she beheld
The god approach to crown her in the field.
Th' unwilling maid, with wondrous modesty,
Disclaim'd her right, and put the laurel by:
Warm blushes on her tender cheeks arise,
And double softness beautify'd her eyes,

At this, more charm'd, the rather I bestow,
Said love, these honours you in vain forego;
Take then the wreath, which you, victorious fair,
Have most deserv'd, yet left affect to wear.

TO A BEAUTIFUL LADY,

PLAYING ON THE ORGAN.

When fam'd Cecilia on the organ play'd,
And fill'd with moving sounds the tuneful frame,
Drawn by the charm, to hear the sacred maid,
From heaven, 'tis said, a listening angel came.
Thus ancient legends would our faith abuse;
In vain—for were the bold tradition true,
While your harmonious touch that charm renews,
Again the seraph would appear to you.
O happy fair! in whom with purest light,
Virtue's united beams with beauty shine!
Should heavenly guests descend to bless our sight,
What form more lovely could they wear than
thine!

SONNET.

Je mourrai de trop de plaisir
Si je le trouve favorable;
Je mourrai de trop de desir
Se je la trouve inexorable.

Ainsi je ne sçaurois guerir
De la douleur qui me possède;
Je suis assuré de perir
Par le mal, ou par le remède.

IN ENGLISH.

I DIE with too transporting joy,
If she I love rewards my fire;
If she's inexorably coy,
With too much passion I expire.

No way the fates afford to shun
The cruel torment I endure;
Since I am doom'd to be undone
By the disease or by the cure.

TO A PAINTER.

PAINTER, if thou canst safely gaze
On all the wonders of that face;
If thou hast charms to guard a heart
Secure by secrets of thy art;
O! teach the mighty charm, that we
May gaze securely too, like thee.
Canst thou love's brightest lightning draw,
Which none e'er yet unwounded saw?
To what then wilt thou next aspire,
Unless to imitate Jove's fire?
Which is a less adventurous pride,
Though 'twas for that Salmonæus dy'd.

VOL. VII.

That beauteous, that victorious fair,
Whose chains so many lovers wear;
Who with a look can arts infuse,
Create a painter, or a muse;
Whom crowds with awful rapture view;
She sits serene, and smiles on you!
Your genius thus inspir'd will soar
To wondrous heights unknown before,
And to her beauty you will own
Your future skill and fix'd renown.

So when of old great Ammon's son,
Adorn'd with spoils in battle won,
In graceful picture chose to stand,
The work of fam'd Apelles' hand;
"Exert thy fire, the monarch said,
"Now be thy boldest strokes display'd,
"To let admiring nations see
"Their dreaded victor drawn by thee;
"To others thou may'st life impart,
"But I'll immortalize thy art!"

TO THE

AUTHOR OF FATAL FRIENDSHIP,

A TRAGEDY.

As when Camilla once, a warlike dame,
In bloody battles won immortal fame,
Forsook her female arts, and chose to bear
The ponderous shield, and heave the massy spear,
Superior to her sex, so swift she flew
Around the field, and such vast numbers slew,
That friends and foes, alike surpris'd, behold
The brave Virago desperately bold,
And thought her Pallas in a human mould.
Such is our wonder, matchless maid! to see
The tragic laurel thus deserv'd by thee,

Still greater praise is yours; Camilla shines
For ever bright in Virgil's sacred lines,
You in your own.—

Nor need you to another's bounty owe,
For what yourself can on yourself bestow;
So monarchs in full health are wont to rear,
At their own charge, their future sepulchre.

Who thy perfections fully would commend,
Must think how others their vain hours mispend,
In trifling visits, pride, impertinence,
Dress, dancing, and discourse devoid of sense;
To twirl a fan, to please some foolish beau,
And sing an empty song, the most they know;
In body weak, more impotent of mind.

Thus some have represented woman-kind.
But you, your sex's champion, are come forth
To fight their quarrel, and assert their worth;
Our Salic law of wit you have destroy'd, [pride.
Establish'd female claim, and triumph'd o'er our
While we look on, and with repining eyes
Behold you bearing off so rich a prize,
Spite of ill-nature, we are forc'd t' approve
Such dazzling charms, and, spite of envy, love.

Nor is this all th' applause that is your due,
You stand the first of stage-reformers too;

T

No vicious strains pollute your moral scene,
 Chaste are your thoughts, and your expression clean;
 Strains such as yours the strictest test will bear:
 Sing boldly then, nor busy censure fear,
 Your virgin voice offends no virgin ear.
 Proceed in tragic numbers to disclose
 Strange turns of fate, and unexpected woes.
 Reward, and punish! awfully dispense
 Heaven's judgments, and declare a Providence;
 Nor let the comic muse your labours share,
 'Tis meanness, after this, the sock to wear:
 Though that to merit praise, 'tis nobler toil
 T' extort a tear than to provoke a smile.
 What hand, that can design a history,
 Would copy low-land boors at Snic-a-Snee?
 Accept this tribute, madam, and excuse
 The hasty raptures of a stranger muse.

1692.

ON DIVINE POETRY.

In nature's golden age, when new-born day
 Array'd the skies, and earth was green and gay;
 When God, with pleasure, all his works survey'd,
 And virgin innocence before him play'd;
 In that illustrious morn, that lovely spring,
 The muse, by heaven inspir'd, began to sing.
 Descending angels, in harmonious lays,
 Taught the first happy pair their maker's praise.
 Such was the sacred art—We now deplore
 The muse's loss, since Eden is no more.
 When vice from hell rear'd up its hydra-head,
 Th' affrighted maid, with chaste Astræa, fled,
 And sought protection in her native sky;
 In vain the heathen Niné her absence would supply.

Yet to some few, whose dazzling virtues shone
 In ages past, her heavenly charms were known.
 Hence learn'd the bard, in lofty strains to tell
 How patient virtue triumph'd over hell;
 And hence the chief, who led the chosen race
 Through parting seas, deriv'd his songs of praise:
 She gave the rapturous ode, whose ardent lay
 Sings female force, and vanquish'd Sifera;
 She tun'd to pious notes the Psalmist's lyre, [fire!
 And fill'd Isaiah's breast with more than Pindar's

S O N G.

WRITTEN FOR THE LATE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S
 BIRTH-DAY.

I.
 WHILE Venus in her snowy arms
 The God of battles held,
 And sooth'd him with her tender charms,
 Victorious from the field;
 By chance the cast a lovely smile,
 Propitious, down to earth,
 And view'd in Britain's happy isle
 Great Gloucester's glorious birth.

II.
 Look, Mars, she said; look down, and see
 A child of royal race!
 Let's crown the bright nativity
 With every princely grace:
 Thy heavenly image let me bear,
 And shine a Mars below;
 From you his mind to warlike care,
 I'll foster gifts bestow.

III.
 Thus at his birth two deities
 Their blessings did impart;
 And love was breath'd into his eyes,
 And glory form'd his heart.
 His childhood makes of war a game;
 Betimes his beauty charms
 The fair; who burn'd with equal flame
 For him, as he for arms.

1699.

ON A PEACOCK,

FINELY CUT IN VELLUM BY MOLINDA.

WHEN fancy did Molinda's hand invite,
 Without the help of colour, shade, or light,
 To form in vellum, spotless as her mind,
 The fairest image of the feather'd kind;
 Nature herself a strict attendance paid, [maid,
 Charm'd with th' attainments of th' illustrious
 Inspir'd her thought, and, smiling, said, I'll see
 How well this fair-one's art can copy me.

So to her favourite Titian once she came,
 To guide his pencil, and attest his fame,
 With transport granting all that she could give,
 And bid his works to wondering ages live.

Nor with less transport here the goddess sees
 The curious piece advance by slow degrees;
 At last such skill in every part was shown,
 It seem'd a new creation of her own;
 She starts, to view the finish'd figure rise,
 And spread his ample train, enrich'd with eyes;
 To see, with lively grace, his form express'd,
 The stately honours of his rising crest,
 His comely wings, and his soft silky breast! }
 The leaves of creeping vines around him play,
 And nature's leaves less perfect seem than they.

O matchless bird! whose race, with nicest care,
 Heaven seems in pleasure to have form'd so fair!
 From whose gay plumes ev'n Phœbus with delight
 Sees his own rays reflected doubly bright!
 Though numerous rivals of the wing there be
 That share our praise, when not compar'd to thee,
 Soon as thy rising glories strike our eyes,
 Their beauty shines no more, their lustre dies.
 So when Molinda, with superior charms,
 Dazzles the ring, and other nymphs disarms.
 To her the rallying loves and graces fly,
 And, fixing there, proclaim the victory.

No wonder, then, since she was born t' excel,
 This bird's fair image she describes so well:
 Happy, as in some temple thus to stand,
 Immortaliz'd by her successful hand.

WRIT
 So fair
 A virg
 Pleas
 The Jo

ON LUCINDA'S TEA-TABLE

Poets invoke, when they rehearse
In happy strains their pleasing dreams,
Some muse unseen to crown their verse,
And boast of Heliconian streams:

But here, a real muse inspires
(Who more reviving streams imparts)
Our fancies with the poets fires,
And with a nobler flame our hearts.

While from her hand each honour'd guest
Receives his cup with liquor crown'd,
He thinks 'tis Jove's immortal feast,
And Venus deals the nectar round.

As o'er each fountain, poets sing,
Some lovely guardian-nymph has sway,
Who from the consecrated spring,
Wild beasts and satyrs drives away:

So hither dares no savage press,
Who beauty's sovereign power defies;
All, drinking here, her charms confess,
Proud to be conquer'd by her eyes.

When Phœbus try'd his herbs in vain
On Hyacinth, had she been there,
With tea she would have cur'd the swain,
Who only then had dy'd for her.

January 1. 1701.

THE MARCH.

VICTORIA comes! she leaves the forag'd groves!
Her flying camp of graces and of loves
Strike all their tents, and for the march prepare,
And to new scenes of triumph wait the fair.

Unlike the slaves which other warriors gain,
That loath subjection, and would break their chain,
Her rural slaves their absent victor mourn,
And wish not liberty, but her return.
The conquer'd countries droop, while she's away,
And slowly to the spring their contribution pay.
While cooing turtles, doubly now alone,
With their lost loves another loss bemoan.

Mean time in peopled cities crowds press on,
And jealous seem who shall be first undone.
Victories, like fame, before th' invader fly,
And lovers yet unseeing haste to die.
While she with careless unreluctant mind,
Hears daily conquests which she ne'er design'd:
In her a soft, yet cruel heart is found,
Averse to cure, and vainly griev'd to wound.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S PRAYER-BOOK.

So fair a form, with such devotion join'd!
A virgin body, and a spotless mind! [sees
Pleas'd with her prayers, while heaven propitious
The lovely votaries on her bended knees.

Sure it must think some angel lost its way,
And happening on our wretched earth to stray;
Tir'd with our follies, fain would take its flight,
And begs to be restor'd to those blest realms of light.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

I.

WANTON Zephyr, come away!
On this sweet this silent grove,
Sacred to the muse and love,
In gentle whisper'd murmurs play!
Come let thy soft, thy balmy breeze
Diffuse thy vernal sweets around,
From sprouting flowers and blossom'd trees:
While hills and echoing vales resound
With notes, which wing'd musicians sing
In honour to the bloom of spring.

II.

Lovely season of desire!
Nature smiles with joy to see
The amorous months led on by thee,
That kindly wake her genial fire.
The brightest object in the skies,
The fairest lights that shine below,
The sun, and Mira's charming eyes,
At thy return more charming grow;
With double glory they appear,
To warm and grace the infant year.

HORACE, ODE III. BOOK III.

The design of this ode was to insinuate to Augustus the danger of transferring the seat of the empire from Rome to Troy, which we are informed he once entertained thoughts of.

I.

THE man to right inflexibly inclin'd,
Poising on virtue's base his mind,
Rests in himself secure,
Indissolubly firm in good;
Let tempests rise, and billows rage,
All rock within, he can unmov'd endure
The foaming fury of the flood,
When bellowing winds their jarring troops engage,
Or wasteful civil tumults roll along
With fiercer strength, and louder roar,
Driving the torrent of the throng,
And gathering into power.
Let a proud tyrant cast a killing frown;
Or Jove in angry thunder on the world look down;
Nay, let the frame of nature crack,
And all the spacious globe on high,
Shatter'd with universal rack,
Come tumbling from the sky:
Yet he'll survey the horrid scene
With steady courage and undaunted mien,
The only thing serene!

Tij

II.

Thus Pollux and great Hercules, [round,
Roam'd through the world, and blest the nations
Till, rais'd at length to heavenly palaces,
Mankind, as gods, their benefactions crown'd;
With these, Augustus shall for ever shine,
And stain his rosy lips in cups divine.
Thus his fierce tigers dauntless Bacchus bear;
The glaring savages resist in vain,
Impetuous of the bit, and fretting on the rein;
Through yielding clouds he drives th' impetuous
Great Romulus pursued the shining trace, [car.

And leapt the lake, where all
The rest of mortals fall,
And with his* father's horses scour'd the same
bright airy race.

III.

Then in full senate of the deities,
Settling the seats of power, and future fate,
Juno began the high debate, [sikes:
And with this righteous sentence pleas'd the
"O Troy! she said, O hated Troy!
"A † foreign woman, and a ‖ boy,
"Lewd, partial, and unjust,
"Shook all thy proudest towers to dust;
"Inclin'd to ruin from the time,
"Thy king did mock two powers divine,
"And raz'd thy fated walls in perjury,
"But doubly damn'd by that offence,
"Which did Minerva's rage incense,
"And offer'd wrong to me.

"No more the treacherous ravisher
"Shines in full pomp and youthful charms;
"Nor Priam's impious house with Hector's spear,
"Repels the violence of Grecian arms.

IV.

"Our feuds did long embroil the mortal rout,
"At last the storm is spent;
"My fury with it ebbing out,
"These terms of peace content;
"To Mars I grant among the stars a place
"For his son Romulus, of Trojan race;
"Here shall he dwell in these divine abodes,
"Drink of the heavenly bowl,
"And in this shining court his name enrol,
"With the serene and ever-vacant gods;
"While seas shall rage between his Rome and Troy,
"The horrid distance breaking wide,
"The banish'd Trojans shall the globe enjoy,
"And reign in every place beside;
"While beasts insult my ‡ judge's dust, and hide
"Their litter in his cursed tomb,
"The shining capitol of Rome
"Shall overlook the world with awful pride,
"And Parthians take their law from that eternal
"dome.

V.

"Let Rome extend her fame to every shore;
"And let no banks or mounds restrain
"Th' impetuous torrent of her wide command;
"The seas from Europe, Afric part in vain;

* Romulus was supposed to be the son of Mars by the priestess Ilia.
† Helen.
‡ Paris.

¶ Paris.

"Swelling above those floods, her power
"Shall, like its Nile, o'erflow the Lybian land.
"Shining in polish'd steel, she dares
"The glittering beams of gold despise,
"Gold, the great source of human cares,
"Hid wisely deep from mortal eyes,
"Till, fought in evil hour by hands unblest,
"Opening the dark abodes,
"There issued forth a direful train of woes,
"That give mankind no rest;
"For gold, devoted to th' infernal gods,
"No native human uses knows.

VI.

"Where'er great Jove did place
"The bounds of nature yet unseen,
"He meant a goal of glory to the race
"The Roman arms shall win:
"Rejoicing, onward they approach
"To view the outworks of the world,
"The maddening fires, in wild debauch,
"The snows and rains unborn, in endless eddies
"whirl'd!

VII.

"Tis I, O Rome, pronounce these fates behind,
"But will thy reign with this condition bind,
"That no false filial piety,
"In idle shapes deluding thee,
"Or confidence of power,
"Tempt thee again to raise a Trojan tower;
"Troy, plac'd beneath malignant stars,
"Haunted with omens still the same,
"Rebuilt, shall but renew the former flame,
"Jove's wife and sister leading on the wars.
"Thrice let her shine with brazen walls,
"Rear'd up by heavenly hands;
"And thrice in fatal dust she falls,
"By faithful Grecian bands;
"Thrice the dire scene shall on the world return,
"And captive wives again their sons and husbands
"mourn."

But stop, presumptuous muse, thy daring flight,
Nor hope in thy weak lyric lay,
The heavenly language to display,
Or bring the counsels of the gods to light.

GREENWICH PARK.

THE Paphian isle was once the blest abode
Of beauty's goddesses and her archer-god.
There blissful bowers and amorous shades were seen,
Fair cypress walks, and myrtles ever green.
'Twas there, surrounded by a hallow'd wood,
Sacred to love, a splendid temple stood;
Where altars were with costly gums perfum'd,
And lovers sighs arose, and smoke from hearts con-
sum'd.

Till, thence remov'd, the queen of beauty flies
To Britain, fam'd for bright victorious eyes.
Here fix'd, she chose a sweeter seat for love,
And Greenwich park is now her Cyprian grove.
Nor fair Parnassus with this hill can vie,
Which gently swells into the wondering sky,
Commanding all that can transport our sight,
And varying with each view the fresh delight.

Be still
A sec
At on
Her ey
Her h
So w
On bu
And sp

We co
The m
And fir
As if co

From hence my muse prepares to wing her way,
And wanton, like the Thames, through smiling
meads would stray;
Describe the groves beneath, the sylvan bowers,
The river's winding train, and great Augusta's
towers.

But see!—a living prospect drawing near
At once transports, and raises awful fear!
Love's favourite band, selected to maintain
His choicest triumphs, and support his reign.
Muse, pay thy homage here—yet oh beware!
And draw the glorious scene with artful care,
For foolish praise is satire on the fair.

Behold where bright Urania does advance,
And lightens through the trees with every glance!
A careless pleasure in her air is seen;
Diana shines with such a graceful mien,
When in her darling woods she's feign'd to rove,
The chase pursuing, and avoiding love.
At flying deer the goddess boasts her aim,
But Cupid shews the nymph a nobler game.
Th' unerring shafts so various fly around,
'Tis hard to say which gives the deepest wound.
Or if with greater glory we submit,
Pierc'd by her eyes, her humour, or her wit.

See next her charming sister, young and gay,
In beauty's bloom like the sweet month of May!
The sportful nymph, once in the neighbouring grove
Surpris'd by chance the sleeping god of love;
His head reclin'd upon a tuft of green,
And by him scatter'd lay his arrows bright and
keen;

She tied his wings, and stole his wanton darts,
Then, laughing, wak'd the tyrant lord of hearts;
He smil'd,—and said—'Tis well, insulting fair!
Yet how you sport with sleeping love beware!
My looks of darts I quickly can supply,
Your looks shall triumph for love's deity:
And though you now my feeble power disdain,
You once perhaps may feel a lover's pain.

Though Helen's form, and Cleopatra's charms,
The boast of fame, once kindled dire alarms:
Those dazzling lights the world no more must view,
And scarce would think the bright description true,
Did not that ray of beauty, more divine,
In Mira's eyes by transmigration shine.
Her shape, her air, proportion, lovely face,
And matchless skin contend with rival grace;
And Venus' self, proud of th' officious aid,
With all her charms adorns th' illustrious maid.

But hark!—what more than mortal sounds are
these?

Be still, ye whispering winds, and moving trees!
A second Mira does all hearts surprise,
At once victorious with her voice and eyes.
Her eyes alone can tenderest love inspire,
Her heavenly voice improves the young desire.
So western gales in fragrant gardens play
On buds produc'd by the sun's quickening ray,
And spread them into life, and gently chide their
slay.

We court that skill, by which we're sure to die;
The modest fair would fain our suit deny,
And sings unwillingly with trembling fear,
As if concern'd our ruin is so near;

So generous victors softest pity know,
And with reluctance strike the fatal blow.

Engaging Cynthia's arm'd with every grace;
Her lovely mind shines cheerful through her face,
A sacred lamp in a fair crystal case.

Not Venus star, the brightest of the sphere,
Smiles so serene, or casts a light so clear.
O happy brother of this wondrous fair!
The best of sisters well deserves thy care;
Her sighing lovers, who in crowds adore,
Would wish thy place, did they not wish for more.
What angels are, when we desire to know,
We form a thought by such as she below, [pare,
And thence conclude they're bright beyond coin-
Compos'd of all that's good, and all that's fair.

There yet remains unnam'd a dazzling throng
Of nymphs, who to these happy shades belong.
O Venus! lovely queen of soft desires!
For ever dwell where such supply thy fires!
May virtue still with beauty share the sway,
And the glad world with willing zeal obey!

TO MOLINDA.

Th' inspiring muses and the god of love,
Which most should grace the fair Molinda strove:
Love arm'd her with his bow and keenest darts,
The muses more enrich'd her mind with arts.
Though Greece in shining temples heretofore
Did Venus and Minerva's powers adore,
The ancients thought no single goddess fit,
To reign at once o'er beauty and o'er wit;
Each was a separate claim; till now we find
The different titles in Molinda join'd.

From hence, when at the court, the park, the play,
She gilds the evening, or improves the day,
All eyes regard her with transporting fire,
One sex with envy burns, and one with fierce desire:
But when withdrawn from public shew and noise,
In silent works her fancy she employs,
A smiling train of arts around her stand,
And court improvement from her curious hand.
She, their bright patroness, o'er all presides,
And with like skill the pen and needle guides;
By this we see gay filken landscapes wrought,
By that the landscape of a beauteous thought:
Whether her voice in tuneful airs she moves,
Or cuts dissembled flowers and paper groves,
Her voice transports the ear with soft delight,
Her flowers and groves surprise the ravish'd sight;
Which ev'n to Nature's wonders we prefer;
All but that wonder Nature form'd in her.

A LETTER

TO A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

WHILST thou art happy in a blest retreat,
And free from care dost rural songs repeat,
Whilst fragrant air fans thy poetic fire,
And pleasant groves with sprightly notes inspire;
(Groves, whose recesses and refreshing shade
Indulge th' invention, and the judgment aid)
I, midst the smoke and clamours of the town,
That choke my muse, and weigh my fancy down,

Pass my unactive hours;—

In such an air, how can soft numbers flow,
Or in such soil the sacred laurel grow?

All we can boast of the poetic fire,
Are but some sparks that soon as born expire.

Hail happy woods! harbours of peace and joy!
Where no black cares the mind's repose destroy!
Where grateful silence unmolested reigns,
Afflicts the muse, and quickens all her strains.
Such were the scenes of our first parents' love,
In Eden's groves with equal flames they strove,
While warbling birds, soft whispering breaths of
wind, [join'd.

And murmuring streams, to grace their nuptials
All nature smil'd; the plains were fresh and green,
Unstain'd the fountains, and the heavens serene.

Ye blest remains of that illustrious age!

Delightful springs and woods!—

Might I with you my peaceful days live o'er,
You, and my friend, whose absence I deplore,
Calm as a gentle brook's unruffled tide

Should the delicious flowing minutes glide;

Discharg'd of care, on unfrequented plains,

We'd sing of rural joys in rural strains.

No false corrupt delights our thoughts should move,

But joys of friendship, poetry, and love.

While others fondly feed ambition's fire,

And to the top of human state aspire,

That from their airy eminence they may

With pride and scorn th' inferior world survey,

Here we should dwell obscure, yet happier far
than they.

VERSES PRESENTED TO A LADY,

WITH A DRAWING (BY THE AUTHOR) OF CUPID.

WHEN generous Dido in disguise carefs'd
This god, and fondly clasp'd him to her breast,
Soon the fly urchin storm'd her tender heart,
And amorous flames dispers'd through every part.
In vain the stove to check the new-born fire,
It scorn'd her weak essays, and rose the higher:
In vain from feasts and balls relief she sought,
The Trojan youth alone employ'd her thought:
Yet fate oppos'd her unrewarded care;
Forfaken, scorn'd, she perish'd in despair.

No such event, fair nymph, you need to fear,
Smiles, without darts, alone attend him here;
Weak and unarm'd, not able to surprise,
He waits for influence from your conquering eyes.
Heaven change the omen, then; and may this prove
A happy prelude to successful love!

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXII.

"Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu," &c.

IMITATED IN PARAPHRASE.

HENCE slavish fear! thy Stygian wings display!
Thou ugly fiend of hell, away!

Wrapp'd in thick clouds, and shades of night,
To conscious souls direct thy flight!
There brood on guilt, fix there a loath'd em-
brace,

And propagate vain terrors, frights,
Dreams, goblins, and imagin'd sprites,
Thy visionary tribe, thy black and monstrous race.
Go, haunt the slave that stains his hands in
gore!

Possess the perjur'd mind, and rack the usurer more,
Than his oppression did the poor before.

II.

Vainly, you feeble wretches, you prepare

The glittering forgery of war;

The poison'd shaft, the Parthian bow, and
spear

Like that the warlike Moor is wont to wield,

Which pois'd and guided from his ear

He hurls impetuous through the field;

In vain you lace the helm, and heave in vain the
shield;

He's only safe, whose armour of defence
Is adamantine innocence.

III.

If o'er the steepy Alps he go,

Vast mountains of eternal snow,

Or where fam'd Ganges and Hydaspes flow;

If o'er parch'd Libya's desert land,

Where threatening from afar

Th' affrighted traveller

Encounters moving hills of sand;

No sense of danger can disturb his rest;

He fears no human force, nor savage beast;

Impenetrable courage steels his manly breast.

IV.

Thus, late within the Sabine grove,

While free from care, and full of love,

I raise my tuneful voice, and stray

Regardless of myself and way,

A grizly wolf, with glaring eye,

View'd me unarm'd, yet pass'd unharmed by.

A fiercer monster ne'er, in quest of food,

Aupulian forests did molest;

Numidia never saw a more prodigious beast;

Numidia, mother of the yellow brood,

Where the stern lion shakes his knotted mane,

And roars aloud for prey, and scours the spacious
plain.

V.

Place me where no soft breeze of summer
wind

Did e'er the stiffen'd foil unbind,

Where no refreshing warmth e'er durst invade,

But winter holds his unmolested seat,

In all his hoary robes array'd,

And rattling storms of hail, and noisy tempests
beat.

Place me beneath the scorching blaze

Of the fierce sun's immediate rays,

Where house or cottage ne'er were seen,

Nor rooted plant or tree, nor springing green;

Yet, lovely Lalage, my generous flame

Shall ne'er expire; I'll boldly sing of thee,

Charm'd with the music of thy name,

And guarded by the gods of love and poetry.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE XVI.

TO GROSPHUS.

"Otium Divos rogat in patenti
 "Prensus Ægæo," &c.

IMITATED IN PARAPHRASE.

I.

INDULGENT quiet! power serene,
 Mother of peace, and joy, and love!
 O say, thou calm propitious queen,
 Say, in what solitary grove,
 Within what hollow rock, or winding cell,
 By human eyes unseen,
 Like some retreated Druid dost thou dwell?
 And why, illusive goddess! why,
 When we thy mansion would surround,
 Why dost thou lead us through enchanted ground,
 To mock our vain research, and from our wishes fly?

II.

The wandering sailors, pale with fear,
 For thee the gods implore,
 When the tempestuous sea runs high,
 And when, through all the dark benighted sky,
 No friendly moon or stars appear
 To guide their steerage to the shore:
 For thee the weary soldier prays;
 Furious in fight the sons of Thrace,
 And Medes, that wear majestic by their side
 A full-charg'd quiver's decent pride,
 Gladly with thee would pass inglorious days,
 Renounce the warrior's tempting praise,
 And buy thee, if thou might'st be sold, [gold.
 With gems, and purple vests, and stores of plunder'd

III.

But neither boundless wealth, nor guards that wait
 Around the consul's honour'd gate,
 Nor anti-chambers with attendants fill'd,
 The mind's unhappy tumults can abate,
 Or banish sullen cares, that fly
 Across the gilded rooms of state,
 And their foul nests, like swallows, build
 Close to the palace-roofs, and towers that pierce
 the sky.

Much less will nature's modest wants supply;
 And happier lives the homely swain,
 Who, in some cottage, far from noise,
 His few paternal goods enjoys,
 Nor knows the sordid lust of gain,
 Nor with Fear's tormenting pain
 His hovering steps destroys.

IV.

Vain man! that in a narrow space
 At endless game projects the daring spear!
 For short is life's uncertain race;
 Then why, capricious mortal! why
 Dost thou for happiness repair
 To distant climates, and a foreign air?
 Fool! from thyself thou canst not fly,
 Thyself, the source of all thy care.
 So flies the wounded stag, provok'd with pain,
 Bounds o'er the spacious downs in vain;

The feather'd torment sticks within his side,
 And from the smarting wound a purple tide
 Marks all his way with blood, and dyes the grassy
 plain.

V.

But swifter far is execrable care
 Than flags, or winds that through the skies
 Thick-driving snows and gather'd tempests bear;
 Pursuing care the sailing ship out-flies,
 Climbs the tall vessel's painted sides;
 Nor leaves arm'd squadrons in the field,
 But with the marching horsemen rides,
 And dwells alike in courts and camps, and makes
 all places yield.

VI.

Then, since no fate's completely blest,
 Let's learn the bitter to allay
 With gentle mirth, and wisely gay
 Enjoy at least the present day,
 And leave to fate the rest.
 Nor with vain fear of ills to come
 Anticipate th' appointed doom,
 Soon did Achilles quit the stage,
 The hero fell by sudden death;
 While Tithon to a tedious wasting age
 Drew his protracted breath.
 And thus old partial time, my friend,
 Perhaps unask'd to worthless me
 Those hours of lengthen'd life may lend,
 Which he'll refuse to thee.

VII.

Thy shining wealth and plenteous joys surround,
 And, all thy fruitful fields around,
 Unnumber'd herds of cattle stray.
 Thy harness'd steeds with sprightly voice
 Make neighbouring vales and hills rejoice,
 While smoothly thy gay chariot flies o'er the swift
 meadur'd way.
 To me the stars, with less profusion kind,
 An humble fortune have assign'd,
 And no untuneful lyric vein,
 But a sincere contented mind,
 That can the vile malignant crowd disdain,

THE BIRTH OF THE ROSE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

ONCE, on a solemn festal day
 Held by th' immortals in the skies,
 Flora had summon'd all the deities
 That rule o'er gardens, or survey
 The birth of greens and springing flower
 And thus address'd the genial powers.

Ye shining graces of my courtly train,
 The cause of this assembly know!
 In sovereign majesty I reign
 O'er the gay flowery universe below;
 Yet, my increasing glory to maintain,
 A queen I'll choose with spotless honour fair,
 The delegated crown to wear.
 Let me your counsel and assistance ask,
 T' accomplish this momentous task.

T IIIj

The deities that stood around,
At first return'd a murmuring sound;
Then said, Fair goddess, do you know
The factious feuds this must create,
What jealous rage and mutual hate
Among the rival flowers will grow?
The vilest thistle that infects the plain
Will think his tawdry painted pride
Deserves the crown; and, if deny'd,
Perhaps with traitor-plots molest your reign.
Vain are your fears, Flora reply'd,
'Tis fix'd—and hear how I'll the cause decide.

Deep in a venerable wood,
Where oaks, with vocal skill endued,
Did wondrous oracles of old impart,
Beneath a little hill's inclining side,
A grotto's seen where nature's art
Is exercis'd in all her smiling pride.
Retir'd in this sweet grassy cell,
A lovely wood nymph once did dwell.
She always pleas'd; for more than mortal fire
Shone in her eyes, and did her charms inspire;
A Dryad bore the beauteous nymph, a Sylvan was
her fire.

Chaste, wife, devout, she still obey'd
With humble zeal heaven's dread commands,
To every action ask'd our aid,
And oft before our altars pray'd;
Pure was her heart, and undefil'd her hands.
She's dead—and from her sweet remains
The wondrous mixture I would take,
This much desir'd, this perfect flower to make.
Assist, and thus with our transforming pains,
We'll dignify the garden-beds, and grace our fa-
vourite plains.

Th' applauding deities with pleasure heard,
And for the grateful work prepar'd.
A busy face the god of gardens wore;
Vertumnus of the party too,
From various sweets th' exhaling spirits drew;
While, in full canisters, Pomona bore
Of richest fruits a plenteous store;
And Vesta promis'd wondrous things to do.

Gay Venus led a lively train
Of smiles and graces: the plump god of wine
From clusters did the flowing nectar strain,
And fill'd large goblets with his juice divine.

Thus charg'd, they seek the honour'd shade
Where liv'd and died the spotless maid.

On a soft couch of turf the body lay;
Th' approaching deities press'd all around,
Prepar'd the sacred rites to pay
In silence, and with awe profound.

Flora thrice how'd, and thus was heard to pray.
Jove! mighty Jove! whom all adore;
Exert thy great creative power!

Let this fair corpse be mortal clay no more;
Transform it to a tree, to bear a beauteous
flower—

Scarce had the goddess spoke; when see!
The nymph's extended limbs the form of branches
wear;

Behold the wondrous change, the fragrant tree!

To leaves was turn'd her flowing hair;
And rich diffus'd perfumes regal'd the wanton air.
Heavens! what new charm, what sudden light,
Improves the grot, and entertains the sight!
A sprouting bud begins the tree t' adorn;
The large, the sweet vermilion flower is born!
The goddess thrice on the fair infant breath'd,
To spread it into life, and to convey
The fragrant soul, and every charm bequeath'd
To make the vegetable princefs gay;
Then kiss'd it thrice: the general silence broke,
And thus in loud rejoicing accents spoke.

Ye flowers at my command attendant here,
Pay homage, and your sovereign Rose revere!
No sorrow on your drooping leaves be seen;
Let all be proud of such a queen,
So fit the floral crown to wear,
To glorify the day, and grace the youthful year.

Thus speaking, she the new-born favourite
crown'd;

The transformation was complete: [greet:
The deities with songs the queen of flowers did
Soft flutes and tuneful harps were heard to sound;
While now to heaven the well-pleas'd goddess
flies
With her bright train and reascends the skies.

SIX CANTATAS,

OR

POEMS FOR MUSIC.

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE ITALIANS.

Set to Music by Mr. Pepusch.

"Non ante vulgatas per artes,
"Verba loquor socianda chordis." HOR.

THE PREFACE,

(AS IT WAS PRINTED BEFORE THE MUSIC.)

TO THE

LOVERS OF MUSIC.

MR. PEPUSCH having desired that some account
should be prefixed to these cantatas, relating to the
words, it may be proper to acquaint the public,
that they are the first essays of this kind, and
were written as an experiment of introducing a
sort of composition which had never been natu-
ralized in our language. Those who are affect-
edly partial to the Italian tongue, will scarce
allow music to speak any other; but if reason may
be admitted to have any share in these entertain-
ments, nothing is more necessary than that the
words should be understood, without which the
end of vocal music is lost. The want of this occa-
sions a common complaint, and is the chief, if not

the only reason, that the best works of Scarlari and other Italians, except those performed in operas, are generally but little known or regarded here. Besides, it may be observed, without any dishonour to a language which has been adorned by some writers of excellent genius, and was the first among the moderns in which the art of poetry was revived and brought to any perfection, that in the great number of their operas, serenatas, and cantatas, the words are often much inferior to the composition; and though, by their abounding with vowels, they have an inimitable aptness and facility for notes, the writers for music have not always made the best use of this advantage, or seem to have relied on so much as to have regarded little else; so that Mr. Waller's remark on another occasion may be frequently applied to them.

"Soft words, with nothing in them make a song."

Yet so great is the force of sounds well chosen and skilfully executed, that as they can hide indifferent sense, and a kind of associated pleasure arises from the words though they are but mean; so the impression cannot fail of being in proportion much greater, when the thoughts are natural and proper, and the expressions unaffected and agreeable.

Since, therefore, the English language, though inferior in smoothness, has been found not incapable of harmony, nothing would perhaps be wanting towards introducing the most elegant style of music, in a nation which has given such generous encouragements to it, if our best poets would sometimes assist this design, and make it their diversion to improve a sort of verse, in regular measures, purposely fitted for music, and which, of all the modern kinds, seems to be the only one that can now properly be called lyrics.

It cannot but be observed on this occasion, that since poetry and music are so nearly allied, it is a misfortune that those who excel in one, are often perfect strangers to the other. If, therefore, a better correspondence were settled between the two sister arts, they would probably contribute to each other's improvement. The expressions of harmony, cadence, and a good ear, which are said to be so necessary in poetry, being all borrowed from music, shew at least, if they signify any thing, that it would be no improper help for a poet to understand more than the metaphorical sense of them. And on the other hand, a composer can never judge where to lay the accent of his music, who does not know, or is not made sensible, where the words have the greatest beauty and force.

There is one thing in compositions of this sort which seem a little to want explaining, and that is the recitative music, which many people hear without pleasure, the reason of which is, perhaps, that they have a mistaken notion of it. They are accustomed to think that all music should be air; and being disappointed of what they expect, they lose the beauty that is in it of a different kind. It may be proper to observe, therefore, that the recitative style in composition is founded on that variety of accent which pleases in the pronunciation of a good

orator, with as little deviation from it as possible. The different tones of the voice, in astonishment, joy, sorrow, rage, tenderness in affirmations, apostrophes, interrogations, and all the varieties of speech, make a sort of natural music, which is very agreeable; and this is what is intended to be imitated, with some helps by the composer, but without approaching to what we call a tune or air; so that it is but a kind of improved elocution or pronouncing the words in musical cadences, and is indeed wholly at the mercy of the performer to make it agreeable or not, according to his skill or ignorance, like the reading of verse, which is not every one's talent. This short account may possibly suffice to shew how properly the recitative has a place in compositions of any length, to relieve the ear with a variety, and to introduce the airs with the greater advantage.

As to Mr. Pepusch's success in these compositions, I am not at liberty to say any more than that he has, I think, very naturally expressed the sense of the words. He is desirous the public should be informed that they are not only the first he has attempted in English, but the first of any of his works published by himself; and as he wholly submits them to the judgment of the lovers of this art, it will be a pleasure to him to find that his endeavours to promote the composing of music in the English language, after a new model, are favourably accepted.

CANTATA I.

ON ENGLISH BEAUTY.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN beauty's goddess from the ocean sprung,
Ascending, o'er the waves she cast a smile
On fair Britannia's happy isle,
And rais'd her tuneful voice, and thus she sung.

AIR.

Hail Britannia! hail to thee,
Fairest island of the sea!
Thou my favourite land shalt be.
Cyprus too shall own my sway,
And dedicate to me its groves;
Yet Venus and her train of loves
Will with happier Britain stay.
Hail Britannia! hail to thee,
Fairest island of the sea!
Thou my favourite land shalt be.

RECITATIVE.

Britannia heard the notes diffusing wide,
And saw the power whom gods and men adore,
Approaching nearer with the tide,
And in a rapture loudly cry'd,
O welcome! welcome to my shore!

AIR.

Lovely isle! so richly blest!
Beauty's palm is thine confess'd.
Thy daughters all the world outshine,
Nor Venus' self is so divine.
Lovely isle! so richly blest!
Beauty's palm is thine confess'd.

CANTATA II.

ALEXIS.

RECITATIVE.

See,—from the silent grove Alexis flies,
And seeks with every pleasing art
To ease the pain, which lovely eyes
Created in his heart.
To shining theatres he now repairs,
To learn Camilla's moving airs,
Where thus to music's power the swain address'd
his prayers.

AIR.

Charming sounds! that sweetly languish,
Music, O compose my anguish
Every passion yields to thee!
Phœbus, quickly then relieve me;
Cupid shall no more deceive me;
I'll to sprightlier joys be free.

RECITATIVE.

Apollo heard the foolish swain;
He knew, when Daphne once he lov'd,
How weak, t'assuage an amorous pain,
His own harmonious art had prov'd,
And all his healing herbs how vain.
Then thus he strikes the speaking strings,
Preluding to his voice, and sings.

AIR.

Sounds, though charming, can't relieve thee;
Do not, shepherd, then deceive thee,
Music is the voice of love.
If the tender maid believe thee,
Soft relenting,
Kind consenting,
Will alone thy pain remove.

CANTATA III.

ON THE SPRING.

[WITH VIOLINS.]

AIR.

FRAGRANT Flora! haste, appear,
Goddess of the youthful year!
Zephyr gently courts thee now;
On thy buds of roses playing,
All thy breathing sweets displaying,
Hark, his amorous breezes blow!
Fragrant Flora! haste, appear!
Goddess of the youthful year!
Zephyr gently courts thee now.

RECITATIVE.

Thus on a fruitful hill, in the fair bloom of spring,
The tuneful Colinet his voice did raise,
The vales remurmur'd with his lays,
And listening birds hung hovering on the wing,
In whispering sighs soft Zephyr by him flew,
While thus the shepherd did his song renew.

AIR.

Love and pleasures gaily flowing,
Come this charming season grace!
Smile, ye fair! your joys bestowing,

Spring and youth will soon be going,
Seize the blessings ere they pass:
Love and pleasures gaily flowing,
Come this charming season grace!

CANTATA IV.

MIRANDA.

RECITATIVE.

MIRANDA's tuneful voice and fame
Had reach'd the wondering skies;
From heaven the god of music came,
And own'd a pleas'd surprise;
Then in a soft melodious lay,
Apollo did these grateful praises pay.

AIR.

Matchless charmer! thine shall be
The highest prize of harmony.
Phœbus ever will inspire thee,
And th' applauding world admire thee;
All shall in thy praise agree.
Matchless charmer! thine shall be
The highest prize of harmony.

RECITATIVE.

The god then summon'd every muse t'appear,
And hail their sister of the quire; [hear,
Smiling they stood around, her soothing strains to
And fill'd her happy soul with all their fire.

AIR.

O harmony! how wondrous sweet,
Dost thou our cares allay!
When all thy moving graces meet,
How softly dost thou steal our easy hours away!
O harmony! how wondrous sweet,
Dost thou our cares allay!

CANTATA V.

CORYDON.

RECITATIVE.

WHILE Corydon the lonely shepherd try'd
His tuneful flute, and charm'd the grove,
The jealous nightingales, that strove
To trace his notes, contending dy'd;
At last he hears within a myrtle shade
An echo answer all his strain;
Love stole the pipe of sleeping Pan, and play'd;
Then with his voice decoys the listening swain.

AIR. [with a flute.]

Gay shepherd, to befriend thee,
Here pleasing scenes attend thee,
O this way speed thy pace!
If music can delight thee,
Or visions fair invite thee,
This bower's the happy place.
Gay shepherd, to befriend thee,
Here pleasing scenes attend thee,
O this way speed thy pace!

RECITATIVE.

The shepherd rose, he gaz'd around,
And vainly sought the magic sound;

The God of love his motion spies,
Lays by the pipe, and shoots a dart
Through Corydon's unwary heart,
Then, smiling, from his ambush flies;
While in his room, divinely bright,
The reigning beauty of the groves surpris'd the
shepherd's sight,

AIR.

Who, from love his heart securing,
Can avoid th' enchanting pain?
Pleasure calls with voice alluring,
Beauty softly binds the chain.
Who from love his heart securing,
Can avoid th' enchanting pain?

CANTATA VI.

THE COQUET.

RECITATIVE.

AIRY Cloe, proud and young,
The fairest tyrant of the plain,
Laugh'd at her adoring swain.
He sadly sigh'd—She gayly sung,
And, wanton, thus reproach'd his pain.

AIR.

Leave me, silly shepherd, go;
You only tell me what I know,
You view a thousand charms in me;
Then cease thy prayers, I'll kinder grow,
When I can view such charms in thee.
Leave me, silly shepherd, go;
You only tell me what I know,
You view a thousand charms in me.

RECITATIVE.

Amyntor, fir'd by this disdain,
Curs'd the proud fair, and broke his chain;
He rav'd, and at the corner swore,
And vow'd he'd be love's fool no more—
But Cloe smil'd, and thus she call'd him back again.

AIR.

Shepherd, this I've done to prove thee,
Now thou art a man, I love thee;
And without a blush resign.
But ungrateful is the passion,
And destroys our inclination,
When, like slaves, our lovers whine.
Shepherd, this I've done to prove thee,
Now thou art a man, I love thee,
And without a blush resign.

THE PRAISES OF HEROIC VIRTUE.

FROM

THE FRAGMENTS OF TYRTÆUS.

TRANSLATED IN THE YEAR 1701.

*On occasion of the King of France's breaking the peace
of Reswick.*

O SPARTAN youths! what fascinating charms
Have froze your blood? why rust your idle arms?

When with awaken'd courage will you go,
And minds resolv'd, to meet the threatening foe?
What! shall our vile lethargic sloth betray
To greedy neighbours an unguarded prey?
Or can you see their armies rush from far,
And sit secure amidst the rage of war?
Ye gods! how great, how glorious 'tis to see
The warrior-hero fight for liberty,
For his dear children, for his tender wife,
For all the valued joys, and soft supports of life!
Then let him draw his sword, and take the field,
And fortify his breast behind the spacious shield.
Nor fear to die; in vain you shun your fate,
Nor can you shorten, nor prolong its date;
For life's a measur'd race, and he that flies
From darts and fighting foes, at home inglorious
No grieving crowds his obsequies attend; [die;
But all applaud and weep the foldier's end,
Who, desperately brave, in fight sustains
Inflicted wounds, and honourable stains,
And falls a sacrifice to glories charms:
But if a just success shall crown his arms,
For his return the rescued people wait,
To see the guardian genius of the state;
With rapture viewing his majestic face,
His dauntless mien, and every martial grace,
They'll bless the toils he for their safety bore,
Admire them living, and when dead adore.

UNDER THE PRINT OF TOM BRITTON,

THE MUSICAL SMALL-COAL MAN,

THOUGH mean thy rank, yet in thy humble cell
Did gentle peace and arts unpurchas'd dwell.
Well-pleas'd Apollo thither led his train,
And music warbled in her sweetest strain:
Cyllenius so, as fables tell, and Jove,
Come, willing guests to poor Philemon's grove.
Let useless pomp behold, and blush to find
So low a station, such a liberal mind.

SONG.

THE FAIR TRAVELLER.

I.

In young Aftrea's sparkling eye,
Resistless love has fix'd his throne;
A thousand lovers bleeding lie
For her, with wounds they fear to own.

II.

While the coy beauty speeds her flight
To distant groves from whence she came;
So lightning vanishes from sight,
But leaves the forest in a flame!

A CANTATA.

Set by Mr. D. Purcell.

AIR.

Love, I defy thee!
Venus, I fly thee!

I'm of chaste Diana's train.
 Away, thou winged boy!
 Thou bear'st thy darts in vain,
 I hate the languid joy,
 I mock the trifling pain.
 Love, I defy thee!
 Venus! I fly thee!

I'm of chaste Diana's train.

RECITATIVE.

Bright Venus and her son flood by,
 And heard a proud disdainful fair
 Thus boast her wretched liberty;
 They scorn'd she should the raptures share,
 Which their happier captives know,
 Nor would Cupid draw his bow
 To wound the nymph, but laugh'd out this reply.

AIR.

Proud and foolish! hear your fate!
 Waste your youth, and sigh too late
 For joys which now you say you hate.
 When your decaying eyes
 Can dart their fires no more,
 The wrinkles of threescore
 Shall make you vainly wife.
 Proud and foolish! hear your fate!
 Waste your youth, and sigh too late
 For joys which now you say you hate.

SONG.

Would you gain the tender creature.
 Softly—gently—kindly—treat her!
 Suffering is the lover's part:
 Beauty by constraint possessing,
 You enjoy but half the blessing,
 Lifeless charms without the heart.

CUPID AND SCARLATI.

A CANTATA.

Set by Mr. Pepusch.

RECITATIVE.

ON silver Tyber's vocal shore,
 The fam'd Scarlati strook his lyre,
 And strove, with charms unknown before,
 The springs of tuneful sound to explore,
 Beyond what art alone could e'er inspire;
 When see—the sweet essay to hear,
 Venus with her son drew near,
 And pleas'd to ask the master's aid,
 The mother goddess smiling said.

AIR.

Harmonious son of Phœbus, see,
 'Tis love, 'tis little love I bring.
 The queen of beauty sues to thee,
 To teach her wanton boy to sing.

RECITATIVE.

The pleas'd musician heard with joy,
 And, proud to teach th' immortal boy,

Did all his songs and heavenly skill impart;
 The boy to recompense his art,
 Repeating did each song improve,
 And breath'd into his airs the charms of love,
 And taught the master thus to touch the heart.

AIR.

I love inspiring,
 Sounds persuading,
 Makes his darts resistless fly;
 Beauty aiding,
 Arts aspiring,
 Gives them wings to rise more high.

A CANTATA.

Set, with Symphonies, by Signior Nicolini Haym.

AIR.

Ye tender powers! how shall I move
 A careless maid that laughs at love?
 Cupid to my succour fly:
 Come with all thy thrilling darts,
 Thy melting flames to soften hearts;
 Conquer for me, or I die!
 Ye tender powers! how shall I move
 A careless maid that laughs at love?
 Cupid, to my succour fly!

RECITATIVE.

Thus, in a melancholy shade,
 A pensive lover to his aid
 Invok'd the god of warm desire;
 Love heard him, and, to gain the maid,
 Did this successful thought inspire.

AIR.

Take her Humour, smile, be gay,
 In her favourite follies join,
 That's the charm will make her thine.
 Cast thy serious airs away,
 Freely courting,
 Toying, sporting,
 Sooth her hours with amorous play.
 Take her humour, smile, be gay,
 In her favourite follies join,
 That's the charm will make her thine.

PASTORA.

A CANTATA.

Set by Mr. Pepusch.

RECITATIVE.

ON fam'd Arcadia's flowery plains,
 The gay Pastora once was heard to sing;
 Close by a fountain's crystal spring,
 She warbled out her merry strains.

AIR.

Shepherds, would you hope to please us,
 You must every humour try;
 Sometimes flatter, sometimes tease us,
 Often laugh, and sometimes cry.
 Shepherds, would you hope to please us,
 You must every humour try.

Soft denials
Are but trials,
You must follow when we fly.
Shepherds, would you hope to please us,
You must every humour try.

RECITATIVE.

Damon, who long ador'd the sprightly maid,
Yet never durst his love relate,
Resolv'd at last to try his fate;
He sigh'd!—she smil'd!—he kneel'd and pray'd!
She frown'd;—He rose, and walk'd away,
But soon returning look'd more gay,
And sung, and danc'd, and on his pipe a cheerful
echo play'd.

AIR. [*with an echo of flutes.*]

Pastora fled to a shady grove,
Damon view'd her,
And pursued her;
Cupid laugh'd, and crown'd his love.
The nymph look'd back, well-pleas'd to see
That Damon ran as swift as she.
Pastora fled to a shady grove;
Damon view'd her,
And pursued her;
Cupid laugh'd, and crown'd his love.

A PASTORAL MASQUE.

Scene, A Prospect of a Wood.

Enter a Shepherd, and sings.

Ye nymphs and shepherds of the grove,
That know the pleasing pains of love,
Eager for th' expected blessing,
Sighing, panting for possessing!
Leave your flocks, and haste away,
With solemn state,
To celebrate
Cupid and Hymen's holiday.

*Enter a band of Shepherds on one side with garlands;
on the other side, Shepherdesses with canisters of
flowers.*

CHORUS.

From the echoing hills, and the jovial plains,
Where pleasure, and plenty, and happiness reigns;
We leave our flocks, and haste away,
With solemn state
To celebrate
Cupid and Hymen's holiday.

[*A Dance here.*]

*Scene opening, discovers a pleasant bower, with the
God of Love asleep, attended by Cupids, some play-
ing with his bow, others sharpening his arrows,
&c. On each side the bower, walks of cypress trees,
and fountains playing; a distant landscape terminates
the prospect.*

Verse for a Shepherdess, with flutes.

See the mighty power of love,
Sleeping in a Cyprian grove

Nymphs and shepherds gently shed
Spices round his sacred head;
On his lovely body shower
Leaves of roses, virgin lilies,
Cowslips, violets, daffodilies,
And with garlands dress the bower.

*Ritornel of flutes. After which Cupid rises, and sings
with his bow drawn.*

Yield to the god of soft desires!
Whose gentle influence inspires
Every creature
Throughout nature
With sprightly joys and genial fires.

Chorus of the Shepherds and Nymphs.

Hail, thou potent deity!
Every creature
Throughout nature
Owns thy power as well as we.

*Enter Hymen, in a saffron-coloured robe, a chaplet
of flowers on his head, and in his hand the nuptial
torch; attended by priests.*

Hymen.

Behold a greater power than he,
Behold the marriage deity!

Chorus, by Hymen's attendants.

Behold the marriage deity!

Cupid, smiling.

Behold the god of household strife,
That spoils the happy lover's life,
And turns a mistress to a wife!

Hymen.

Foolish and inconstant boy!
Thine's a transitory joy;
Sudden fits in pleasure's fever;
Hymen's blessings last for ever.

Cupid.

Hymen's bondage lasts for ever;
Love's free pleasures failing never.

Hymen.

Love's stolen pleasures, insincere,
Purchas'd at a rate too dear,
Shante and sorrow will destroy;
If Hymen license not the joy.

Both together.

Then let us join hands and unite.

Last Chorus of the Shepherds and Nymphs.

How happy, how happy, how happy are we,
Where Cupid and Hymen in consort agree!
We'll revel all day with sports and delight,
And Hymen and Cupid shall govern the night.

A CANTATA.

Set by Mr. Galliard.

RECITATIVE.

VENUS! thy throne of beauty now resign!
Behold on earth a conquering fair,

Who more deserves love's crown to wear !
 Not thy own star so bright in heaven does shine.
 Ask of thy son her name, who with his dart
 Has deeply grav'd it in my heart ;
 Or ask the god of tuneful sound,
 Who sings it to his lyre,
 And does this maid inspire
 With his own art, to give a surer wound.

AIR.

Hark ! the groves her songs repeat ;
 Echo lurks in hollow springs,
 And, transported while she sings,
 Learns her voice, and grows more sweet ;
 Could Narcissus see or hear her,
 From his fountain he would fly,
 And, with awe approaching near her,
 For a real beauty die.
 Hark ! the groves her songs repeat ;
 Echo lurks in hollow springs,
 And, transported while she sings,
 Learns her voice, and grows more sweet.

RECITATIVE.

Yet Venus once again my suit attend !
 And when from heaven you shall descend,
 This shining empress to array,
 When you present her all your train of loves,
 Your chariot, and your murmuring doves,
 Tell her she wants one charm to make the rest
 more gay,
 Then smiling to th' harmonious beauty say :

AIR.

To a lovely face and air,
 Let a tender heart be join'd.
 Love can make you doubly fair ;
 Music's sweeter when you're kind.
 To a lovely face and air,
 Let a tender heart be join'd.

A FRAGMENT.

In every age to brighter honours born,
 Which loveliest nymphs and sweetest bards adorn,
 Beauty and wit each other's aid require,
 And poets sing what once the fair inspire ;
 The fair for ever thus her charms prolong,
 And live rewarded in the tuneful song.
 Thus Schariffa shines in Waller's lays,
 And she, who rais'd his genius, shares his praise.
 Each does in each a mutual life infuse,
 Th' inspiring beauty, the recording muse.

CLAUDIANUS.

IN EPITHALAMIO HONORII ET MARIE.

CUNCTATUR stupefacta Venus Nunc ora puellæ,
 Nunc flavam niveo miratur vertice matrem.
 Hæc modo crescenti, plenæ par altera lunæ :
 Affurgit cœu fortè minor sub matre virenti
 Laurus : et ingentes ramos, olimque futuras
 Promittit jam parva comas : vel flore sub uno,
 Cœu geminæ Pæstana rosæ per jugera regnant.

I

Hæc largo matura die, saturataque vernis
 Roribus, indulget spatio : latet altera nodo,
 Nec teneris audet foliis admittere soles.

TRANSLATED.

Venus coming to a nuptial ceremony, and entering the room, sees the bride and her mother sitting together, &c. On which occasion Claudian makes the following description.

THE goddess paus'd ; and, held in deep amaze,
 Now views the mother's, now the daughter's face
 Different in each, yet equal beauty glows,
 That, the full moon, and this, the crescent shows ;
 Thus, rais'd beneath its parent tree is seen
 The laurel shoot, while, in its early green,
 Thick-sprouting leaves and branches are essay'd,
 And all the promise of a future shade.
 Or, blooming thus, in happy Pæstian fields,
 One common stock two lovely roses yields ;
 Mature by vernal dews, this dares display
 Its leaves full blown, and boldly meets the day ;
 That, folded in its tender nonage lies,
 A beauteous bud, nor yet admits the skies.

A CANTATA.

Set by Mr. Pepusch.

AIR.

FOOLISH love ! I scorn thy darts,
 And all thy little wanton arts,
 To captivate unmanly hearts.
 Shall a woman, proud and coy,
 Make me languish for a toy ?
 Foolish love ; I scorn thy darts,
 And all thy little wanton arts,
 To captivate unmanly hearts.

RECITATIVE.

Thus Strephon mock'd the power of love, and
 His freedom he would still maintain, [swore
 Nor ever wear th' inglorious chain,
 Or slavishly adore.
 But when Lamira cross'd the plain,
 The shepherd gaz'd, and thus revers'd his strain.

AIR.

Love, I feel thy power divine,
 And blushing now my heart resign !
 Ye swains, my folly don't despise ;
 But look on fair Lamira's eyes,
 Then tell me if you can be wise.
 Love, I feel thy power divine,
 And blushing now my heart resign !

THE SOLDIER IN LOVE.

A CANTATA.

Set with Symphonies by Mr. Pepusch.

AIR.

Why, too amorous hero ! why
 Dost thou the war forego,

At Cælia's feet to lie,
 And sighing tell thy woe!
 Can you think that sneaking air
 Fit to move th' unpuitying fair?
 She laughs to see thee trifle so.
 Why, too amorous hero! why
 Dost thou the war forego,
 At Cælia's feet to lie,
 And sighing tell thy woe?

RECITATIVE.

Cleander heard not this advice,
 Nor would his languishing refrain.
 But while to Celia once he pray'd in vain,
 By chance his image in a glass he spies,
 And, blushing at the sight, he grew a man again.

AIR. [*with a trumpet.*]

Hark! the trumpet sounds to arms!
 I come, I come, the warrior cries,
 And from scornful Celia flies,
 To court Victoria's charms.
 Celia beholds his alter'd brow,
 And would regain her lover now.
 Hark! the trumpet sounds to arms!
 I come, I come, the warrior cries,
 And from scornful Celia flies,
 To court Victoria's charms.

AN ODE IN PRAISE OF MUSIC.

Performed in Stationer's Hall, 1703.

Descende Cælo, et dic age tibiâ
 Regina longum Calliope melos!
 Seu voce nunc mavis acutâ,
 Seu fidibus, Cytharæve Phœbi.

HOR.

[*Begin with a Chorus.*]

I.

AWAKE, celestial harmony!
 Awake, celestial harmony!
 Turn thy vocal sphere around,
 Goddess of melodious sound.
 Let the trumpet's shrill voice,
 And the drum's thundering noise,
 Rouse every dull mortal from sorrows profound.
 See, see!

The mighty power of harmony!
 Behold how soon its charms can chase
 Grief and gloom from every face!
 How swift its raptures fly. [eye!]
 And thrill through every soul, and brighten every

II.

Proceed, sweet charmer of the ear!
 Proceed; and through the mellow flute,
 The moving lyre,
 And solitary lute,
 Melting airs soft joys inspire:
 Airs for drooping hope to hear,
 Melting as a lover's prayer;
 Joys to flatter dull despair,
 And softly soothe the amorous fire.

CHORUS.

Melting airs soft joys inspire:
 Airs for drooping hope to hear,
 Melting as a lover's prayer;
 Joys to flatter dull despair,
 And softly soothe the amorous fire.

III.

Now let the sprightly violin
 A louder strain begin;
 And now

Let the deep-mouth'd organ blow,
 Swell it high, and sink it low
 Hark!—how the treble and base
 In wanton fugues each other chase,
 And swift divisions run their airy race!
 Through all the travers'd scale they fly,
 In winding labyrinths of harmony: [die.
 By turns they rise and fall, by turns we live and

CHORUS.

In winding labyrinths of harmony,
 Through all the travers'd scale they fly: [die
 By turns they rise and fall, by turns we live and.

IV.

Ye sons of art, once more renew your strains;
 In loftier verse, and loftier lays,
 Your voices raise,
 To music's praise!
 A nobler song remains.
 Sing how the great Creator God,
 On wings of flaming cherubs rode,
 To make a world; and round the dark abyss,
 Turn'd the * golden compasses,
 The compasses in fate's high storehouse found;
 Thus far extend, he said; be this
 O world, thy measur'd bound.
 Meanwhile a thousand harps were play'd on high;
 Be this thy measur'd bound,
 Was echo'd all around;
 And now arise, ye earth, and seas, and sky;
 A thousand voices made reply,
 Arise, ye earth, and seas, and sky.

V.

What can music's power controul?
 When nature's sleeping soul
 Perceiv'd th' enchanting sound,
 It wak'd, and shook of foul deformity;
 The mighty melody
 Nature's secret chains unbound;
 And earth arose, and seas and sky.
 Aloft expanded spheres were slung,
 With shining luminaries hung;
 A vast creation stood display'd,
 By heaven's inspiring music made.

CHORUS.

O wondrous force of harmony!

VI.

Divinest art, whose fame shall never cease!
 Thy honour'd voice proclaim'd the Saviour's birth;
 When heaven vouchsaf'd to treat with earth,
 Music was herald of the peace:
 Thy voice could best the joyful tidings tell;
 Immortal mercy! boundless love!
 A God descending from above,
 To conquer death and hell,

* Milton.

VII.

There yet remains an hour of fate,
When music must again its charms employ ;
The trumpet's sound
Shall call the numerous nations under ground.
The numerous nations straight
Appear : and some with grief, and some with joy,
Their final sentence wait.

GRAND CHORUS.

Then other arts shall pass away :
Proud architecture shall in ruins lie,
And painting fade and die,
Nay earth, and heaven itself, in wasteful fire decay.
Music alone, and poetry,
Triumphant o'er the flame, shall see
The world's last blaze.
The tuneful sisters shall embrace,
And praise and sing, and sing and praise,
In never-ceasing choirs to all eternity.

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

A CANTATA.

Set by Mr. Galliard.

RECITATIVE.

DAPHNE, the beautiful, the coy,
Along the winding shore of Peneus flew,
To shun love's tender, offer'd joy ;
Though 'twas a god that did her charms pursue.
While thus Apollo, in a moving strain, [pain.
Awak'd his lyre, and softly breath'd his amorous

AIR.

Fairest mortal ! stay and hear ;
Cannot love, with music join'd,
Touch thy unrelenting mind ?
Turn thee, leave thy trembling fear ;
Fairest mortal ! stay and hear ;
Cannot love, with music join'd,
Touch thy unrelenting mind ?

RECITATIVE.

The river's echoing banks with pleasure did pro-
long [the song.
The sweetly-warbled sounds, and murmur'd with
Daphne fled swifter, in despair,
To 'scape the god's embrace :
And to the genius of the place,
She sigh'd this wondrous prayer :

AIR.

Father Peneus, hear me, aid me !
Let some sudden change invade me ;
Fix me rooted on thy shore.
Cease, Apollo, to persuade me ;
I am Daphne now no more.
Father Peneus, hear me, aid me !
Let some sudden change invade me ;
Fix me rooted on thy shore.

RECITATIVE.

Apollo wondering stood to see
The nymph transform'd into a tree.
Vain were his lyre, his voice, his tuneful art,

His passion, and his race divine ;
Nor could th' eternal beams that round his temples
shine,

Melt the cold virgin's frozen heart.

AIR.

Nature alone can love inspire ;
Art is vain to move desire.
If nature once the fair incline,
To their own passion they resign.
Nature alone can love inspire ;
Art is vain to move desire.

A THOUGHT IN A GARDEN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1704.

DELIGHTFUL mansion ! blest retreat !
Where all is silent, all is sweet !
Here contemplation prunes her wings,
The raptur'd muse more tuneful sings,
While May leads on the cheerful hours,
And opens a new world of flowers,
Gay pleasure here all dresses wears,
And in a thousand shapes appears.
Pursu'd by fancy, how she roves
Through airy walks, and museful groves ;
Springs in each plant and blossom'd tree,
And charms in all I hear and see !
In this elysium while I stray,
And nature's fairest face survey,
Earth seems new-born, and life more bright ;
Time steals away, and smooths his flight ;
And thought's bewilder'd in delight.
Where are the crowds I saw of late ?
What are those tales of Europe's fate ?
Of Anjon, and the Spanish crown ;
And leagues to pull usurpers down ?
Of marching armies, distant wars ;
Of factions, and domestic jars ?
Sure these are last night's dreams, no more ;
Or some romance, read lately o'er ;
Like Homer's antique tale of Troy,
And powers confederate to destroy
Priam's proud house, the Dardan name,
With him that stole the ravish'd dame,
And, to possess another's right,
Durst the whole world to arms excite.
Come, gentle sleep, my eye-lids close,
These dull impressions help me lose :
Let fancy take her wing, and find
Some better dream to sooth my mind ;
Or waking let me learn to live ;
The prospect will instruction give.
For see, where beauteous Thames does glide
Serene, but with a fruitful tide ;
Free from extremes of ebb and flow,
Not swell'd too high, nor sunk too low :
Such let my life's smooth current be,
Till from time's narrow shore set free,
It mingle with th' eternal sea ;
And, there enlarg'd, shall be no more
That trifling thing it was before.

A WISH.

TO THE NEW YEAR, 1795.

I.

JANUS, great leader of the rolling year,
Since all that's past no vows can e'er restore;
But joys and griefs alike, once hurry'd o'er;
No longer now deserve a smile or tear;
Close the fantastic scenes—but grace
With brightest aspects thy foreface,
While time's new offspring hastens to appear.
With lucky omens guide the coming hours,
Command the circling seasons to advance,
And form their renovated dance,
With flowing pleasures fraught, and blest'd by
friendly powers.

II.

Thy mouth, O Janus! gave me first to know
A mortal's trifling cares below;
My race of life began with thee.
Thus far, from great misfortunes free;
Contented, I my lot endure,
Nor nature's rigid laws arraign,
Nor spurn at common ills in vain,
Which folly cannot shun, nor wise reflection cure.

III.

But oh!—more anxious for the year to come,
I would foreknow my future doom.
Then tell me, Janus, canst thou spy
Events that yet in embryo lie
For me, in time's mysterious womb?
Tell me—nor shall I dread to hear,
A thousand accidents severe;
I'll fortify my soul the load to bear,
If love rejected add not to its weight,
To finish me in woes, and crush me down with fate.

IV.

But if the goddess, in whose charming eyes,
More clearly written than in fate's dark book,
My joy, my grief, my all of future fortune lies;
If she must with a less propitious look
Forbid my humble sacrifice,
Or blast me with a killing frown;
If, Janus, this thou seest in store,
Cut short my mortal thread, and now
Take back the gift thou didst bestow!
Here let me lay my burden down,
And cease to love in vain, and be a wretch no more.

CANTATA.

Set by Mr. Galliard.

WHILE on your blooming charms I gaze,
Your tender lips, your soft enchanting eyes,
And all the Venus in your face,
I'm fill'd with pleasure and surprise:
But, cruel goddess! when I find
Diana's coldness in your mind,
How can I bear that fix'd disdain?
My pleasure dies, and I but live in pain.

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AIR.

Tyrant Cupid! when, relenting,
Will you touch the charmer's heart?
Sooth her breast to soft consenting,
Or remove from mine the dart!
Tyrant Cupid! when, relenting,
Will you touch the charmer's heart?

RECITATIVE.

But see! while to my passion voice I give,
Th' applauded beauty, doubly bright,
Seems in the moving tale to take delight,
And looks as she would let me live;
And yet she chides, but with so sweet an air,
That while she love denies, she yet forbids despair.

AIR.

Fear not, doubting fair! t' approve me;
Can you love me?
Frown not, if you answer no;
If you answer, frown not, no.
When again I ask, pursuing,
If you'll stay and see my ruin?
Fly—but let me with you go!
Blush not, doubting fair! t' approve me;
Can you love me?
Smile, and every fear forego!

AN ODE

FOR VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC,

To the Memory of the Most Noble
WILLIAM DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

ANNO MDCCVII.

Set to Music by Mr. Pepusch.

[OVERTURE OF SOFT MUSIC.]

BRITANNIA.

RECITATIVE.

Ye generous arts and muses, join; [slow,
While down your cheeks the streaming sorrows
Let murmuring strings with the soft voice combine
T' express the melody of woe.

And thou, Augusta! rise and wait
With decent honours on the great;
Condole my loss, and weep Devon's fate,

AIR. [with flutes.]

Queen of cities! leave a while
Thy beauteous smile,
Turn to tender grief thy joy.
From thy shore of Thames replying,
Gentlest echoes, fainting, dying,
Shall their sorrow too employ.
Queen of cities! leave awhile
Thy beauteous smile,
Turn to tender grief thy joy.

AUGUSTA.

RECITATIVE.

'Tis fame's chief immortality,
Britannia, to be mourn'd by thee.

U

I know the loss; from midnight skies
 Ill omens late did strike my eyes;
 Near the radiant northern car
 I look'd, and saw a falling star.

AIR.

Lands remote the loss will hear;
 From rocks reporting,
 Seas transporting,
 Will the wafed sorrow bear.
 Winds that fly
 Will softly sigh,
 A star has left the British sphere.
 Lands remote, &c.

BRITANNIA.

RECITATIVE.

Great George! whole azure emblems of renown
 Are the fair gifts of Britain's crown,
 Patron of my illustrious isle!
 Thou saw'st thy order late express'd
 With added brightness on Devon's breast;
 Meet the companion knight, and own him with a
 smile.

DUETTO FOR BRITANNIA AND
AUGUSTA.

BRIT. To shade his peaceful grave,
 Let growing palms extend!

AUG. To grace his peaceful grave,
 Let hovering loves attend!

BOTH. To shade, &c.
 To grace, &c.

BRIT. And wakeful fame defend,
 AUG. And grateful truth commend,
 BOTH. The generous and the brave!

AUGUSTA.

RECITATIVE.

Now shall Augusta's sons their skill impart,
 And summon the dumb sister art,
 In marble life to show,
 What the patriot was below.
 Here, let a weeping Cupid stand,
 And wound himself with his own dart;
 There place the ducal crown, the sword, the wand,
 The mark of Anna's trust and his command.

AIR.

Lofty birth and honours shining,
 Bring a light on noble minds.
 Every courtly grace combining,
 Every generous action joining,
 With eternal laurel binds.
 Lofty birth and honours shining,
 Bring a light on noble minds.

BRITANNIA.

RECITATIVE.

Behold fair liberty attend,
 And in Devon's loss bewail a friend.
 See o'er his tomb perpetual lamps she lights,
 Then, on his urn the goddess writes:
 " Preserve, O urn! his silent dust,
 " Who faithful did obey

" Princes like Anna, good and just,
 " Yet scorn'd his freedom to betray;
 " And, hated by all tyrants, chose
 " The glory to have such his foes."

AUGUSTA.

RECITATIVE.

Genius of Britain! give thy sorrows o'er:
 A grateful tribute thou hast paid
 To thy Devon's noble shade;
 Now vainly weep the dead no more!
 For see—the duke and patriot still survives,
 And in his great successor lives.

BRITANNIA.

RECITATIVE.

I own the new-arising light,
 I see paternal grandeur shine,
 Descending through th' illustrious line,
 In the same royal favours bright.

Last DUETTO, with all the instruments.

BRIT. Gently smooth thy flight, O time!
 AUG. Smoothly wing thy flight, O time!
 BOTH. And as thou flying growest old,
 Still this happy race behold
 In Britannia's court sublime.

BRIT. Lead along their smiling hours;
 AUG. Long produce their smiling hours;
 BOTH. Blest by all auspicious powers.
 BRIT. Gently smooth thy flight, O time!
 AUG. Smoothly wing thy flight, O time!
 BOTH. And as thou flying growest old,
 Still this happy race behold
 In Britannia's court sublime.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. MILLS,

*At the Queen's Theatre, on his Benefit-night, February
 16, 1709; a little before the Duke of Marlborough's
 going for Holland.*

WHETHER our stage all others does excel
 In strength of wit, we'll not presume to tell:
 But this, with noble, conscious pride, we'll say,
 No theatre such glories can display;
 Such worth conspicuous, beauty so divine,
 As in one British audience mingled shine.
 Who can, without amazement, turn his sight,
 And mark the awful circle here to-night?
 Warriors, with ever living laurels, brought
 From empires sav'd, from battles bravely fought,
 Here sit; whose matchless story shall adorn
 Scenes yet unwrit, and charm e'en ages yet unborn.
 Yet who would not expect such martial fire,
 That sees what eyes those gallant deeds inspire?
 Valour and beauty still were Britain's claim,
 Both are her great prerogatives of fame;
 By both the muses live, from both they catch
 their flame.
 Then as by you, in solid glory bright,
 Our envy'd isle through Europe spreads her light,

And rising honours every year sustain, [reign :
And mark the golden track of Anne's distinguish'd
So, by your presence here, we'll strive to raise
To nobler heights our action and our plays;
And poets from your favours shall derive
That immortality they boast to give.

WRITTEN IN A WINDOW

AT GREENHITHE.

GREAT president of light, and eye of day,
As through this glass you cast your visual ray,
And view with nuptial joys two brothers blest,
And see us celebrate the genial feast,
Confess that in your progress round the sphere,
You've found the happiest youths and brightest
beauties here.

THE TOASTERS.

WHILE circling healths inspire your sprightly wit,
And on each glass some beauty's praise is writ,
You ask, my friends, how can my silent muse
To Montague's soft name a verse refuse?
Bright though she be, of race victorious sprung,
By wits ador'd, and by court-poets fung;
Unmov'd I hear her person call'd divine,
I see her features uninspiring shine;
A softer fair my soul to transport warms,
And, she once nam'd, no other nymph has charms.

TOFTS AND MARGARETTA.

Music has learn'd the discords of the state,
And concerts jar with whig and tory hate.

Here Somerset and Devonshire attend
The British Tofts; and every note commend;
To native merit just, and pleas'd to see
We've Roman arts, from Roman bondage free:
There fam'd L'Epine does equal skill employ,
While listening peers crowd to th' ecstatic joy:
Bedford, to hear her song, his dice forsakes,
And Nottingham is raptur'd when she shakes:
Lull'd statesmen melt away their drowsy cares
Of England's safety, in Italian airs.
Who would not fend each year blank passes o'er,
Rather than keep such strangers from our shore?

THE WANDERING BEAUTY.

I.
THE graces and the wandering loves
Are fled to distant plains,
To chase the fawns, or deep in groves
To wound admiring swains.
With their bright mistress there they stray,
Who turns her careless eyes
From daily triumphs; yet, each day,
Beholds new triumphs in her way,
And conquers while she flies.

II.
But see! implor'd by moving prayers,
To change the lover's pain,
Venus her harness'd doves prepares,
And brings the fair again.
Proud mortals, who this maid pursue,
Think you she'll e'er resign?
Cease, fools, your wishes to renew,
Till she grows flesh and blood like you,
Or you, like her, divine!

DIALOGUE

DE

L'AMOUR ET DE POÈTE.

LE P. AMOUR, je ne veux plus aimer;
J'abjure à jamais ton empire:
Mon cœur, lassé de son martire,
A résolu de se calmer.

L'AM. Contre moi, qui peut t'animer?
Iris dans ses bras te rappelle.

LE P. Non, Iris est une infidelle;
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'AM. Pour toi, j'ai pris soin d'enflammer
Le cœur d'une beauté nouvelle;
Daphné.—LE P. Non, Daphné n'est que belle;
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

DIALOGUE

FROM THE FRENCH OF

MONSIEUR DE LA MOTTE.

POET. No, Love—I ne'er will love again;
Thy tyrant empire I abjure;
My weary heart resolves to cure
Its wounds, and ease the raging pain.

LOVE. Fool! canst thou fly my happy reign?
Iris recalls thee to her arms.

POET. She's false—I hate her perjur'd charms;
No, love—I ne'er will love again.

LOVE. But know for thee I've toil'd to gain
Daphné, the bright, the reigning trait.

POET. Daphné but common eyes can boast;
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

L'AM. D'un soupir, tu peux défarmer
Dircé, jusqu'ici si sauvage.

LE P. Elle n'est plus dans le bel âge;
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'AM. Mais si je t'aidois à charmer
La jeune, la brillante Flore.—
Tu rougis—vas-tu dire encore,
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

LE P. Non, Dieu charmant, daigne former
Pour nous une chaîne éternelle;
Mais pour tout ce qui n'est point elle,
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

LOVE. She who before scorn'd every swain,
Dircé, shall for one sigh be thine.

POET. Age makes her rays too faintly shine;
No, love—I ne'er will love again.

LOVE. But should I give thee charms t' obtain
Flora, the young, the bright, the gay!
I see thee blush—now, rebel, say,
No, love—I ne'er will love again.

POET. No, charming god, prepare a chain
Eternal for that fair and me!
Yet still know every fair but she,
I've vow'd I ne'er will love again.

VENUS AND ADONIS,

A CANTATA.

Set by Mr. Handel.

RECITATIVE.

BEHOLD where weeping Venus stands!
What more than mortal grief can move
The bright, th' immortal queen of love?
She beats her breast, she wrings her hands;
And hark, she mourns, but mourns in vain,
Her beauteous, lov'd Adonis, slain.
The hills and woods her loss deplore;
The Naiads hear, and flock around;
And echo sighs, with mimic sound,
Adonis is no more!

Again the goddess raves, and tears her hair;
Then vents her grief, her love, and her despair.

AIR.

Dear Adonis, beauty's treasure,
Now my sorrow, once my pleasure;
O return to Venus' arms!
Venus never will forsake thee;
Let the voice of love o'ertake thee,
And revive thy drooping charms.

RECITATIVE.

Thus, queen of beauty, as the poets feign,
While thou didst call the lovely swain;
Transform'd by heavenly power,
The lovely swain arose a flower,
And, smiling, grac'd the plain.
And now he blooms, and now he fades;
Venus and gloomy Proserpine
Alternate claim his charms divine; [shades.
By turns restor'd to light, by turns he seeks the

AIR.

Transporting joy,
Tormenting fears,
Reviving smiles,
Succeeding tears,
Are Cupid's various train.]
The tyrant boy

Prepares his darts,
With soothing wiles,
With cruel arts,
And pleasure blends with pain.

CANTATA.

PASTORAL.

Set by Dr. Pepusch.

RECITATIVE.

YOUNG Strephon, by his folded sheep,
Sat wakeful on the plains:
Love held his weary eyes from sleep,
While silent in the vale,
The listening nightingale,
Forgot her own, to hear his strains.
And now the beauteous queen of night,
Unclouded and serene,
Sheds on the neighbouring sea her silver
light;
The neighbouring sea was calm and bright;
The shepherd sung inspir'd, and blest'd the lovely
scene.

AIR.

While the sky and seas are shining,
See, my Flora's charms they wear;
Secret night, my joys divining,
Pleas'd my amorous tale to hear,
Smiles, and softly turns her sphere.
While the sky and seas are shining,
See, my Flora's charms they wear.

RECITATIVE.

Ah, foolish Strephon! change thy strain;
The lovely scene false joy inspires:
For look, thou fond, deluded swain,
A rising storm invades the main!
The planet of the night,
Inconstant, from thy sight
Behind a cloud retires.

Flora is fled; thou lov'st in vain:
Ah, foolish Strephon! change thy strain.

AIR.

Hope beguiling,
Like the moon and ocean smiling,
Does thy easy faith betray;
Flora ranging,
Like the moon and ocean changing,
More inconstant proves than they.

BEAUTY, AN ODE.

I.

FAIR rival to the god of day,
Beauty, to thy celestial ray
A thousand brightly fruits we owe;
Gay wit, and moving eloquence,
And every art t' improve the sense,
And every grace that shines below.

II.

Not Phœbus does our songs inspire,
Nor did Cyllenius form the lyre,
'Tis thou art music's living spring;
To thee the poet tunes his lays,
And, sweetly warbling beauty's praise,
Describes the power that makes him sing.

III.

Painters from thee their skill derive,
By thee their works to ages live,
For ev'n thy shadows give surprise,
As when we view in crystal streams
The morning sun, and rising beams,
That seem to shoot from other skies.

IV.

Enchanting vision! who can be
Unmov'd that turns his eyes on thee?
Yet brighter still thy glories shine,
And double charms thy power improve,
When beauty, dress'd in smiles of love,
Grows, like its parent heaven, divine!

MYRA, A CANTATA.

Set by Dr. Pepusch.

AIR.

Love frowns in beauteous Myra's eyes;
Ah, nymph! those cruel looks give o'er.
While love is frowning, beauty dies,
And you can charm no more.

RECITATIVE.

Mark, how when sullen clouds appear,
And wintry storms deface the year,
The prudent cranes no longer stay,
But take the wing, and through the air,
From the cold region fly away,
And far o'er land and seas to warmer climes repair.
Just so, my heart—But see—Ah no!
She smiles—I will not, cannot go.

AIR.

Love and the graces smiling,
In Myra's eyes beguiling,

Again their charms recover,
Would you secure your duty,
Let kindness aid your beauty,
Ye fair, to soothe the lover.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST:

OR

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

By Mr. Dryden.

ALTERED FOR MUSIC BY MR. HUGHES.

I.

RECITATIVE.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son;
Aloft in awful state,
The godlike hero sat
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound.

AIR.

Lovely Thais by his side
Blooming fat in beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave deserves the fair!

II.

RECITATIVE.

Timotheus plac'd on high,
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre;
Trembling the notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above;
(Such is the power of mighty love!)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god;
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd,
And while he fought her snowy breast;
Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of
the world.
The listening crowd adore the lofty sound,
A present deity, they shout around;
A present deity, the echoing roofs rebound!

AIR.

With ravisht ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects the nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

III.

RECITATIVE.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young:
Behold he comes, the victor god!
Flush'd with a purple grace,
He shews his honest face; [rode,
As when, by tigers drawn, o'er India's plains he
U iii

THE WORKS OF HUGHES.

While, loud with conquest and with wine,
His jolly troop around him reel'd along,
And taught the vocal skies to join
In this applauding song.

DUETTO.

Bacchus ever gay and young,
First did drinking joys ordain :
1. Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
2. Drinking is the soldier's pleasure.
1. Rich the treasure !
2. Sweet the pleasure !

BOTH. Sweet is pleasure after pain !

IV.

RECITATIVE.

Fir'd with the sound, the king grew vain ;
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he
slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
And while he heaven and earth defy'd,
He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse ;
Then thus he chang'd his song, and check'd his
pride.

AIR.

See Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fall'n from his high estate ;
Behold his flowing blood !
On earth th' expiring monarch lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.

V.

RECITATIVE.

With downcast looks the joyless victor fate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below ;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.
The mighty master smil'd to see
That love was in the next degree,
'Twas but a kindred sound to move :
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soope he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.

AIR. [with flutes.]

War is toil and trouble,
Honour is an airy bubble,
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying,
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it, worth enjoying ;
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.

VI.

RECITATIVE.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair,
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :
At length, with love and wine at once op-
press'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

DUETTO.

1. Phœbus, patron of the lyre,
2. Cupid, god of soft desire,
1. Cupid, god of soft desire,
2. Phœbus, patron of the lyre,
1. and 2. How victorious are your charms !
1. Crown'd with conquest,
2. Full of glory,
1. and 2. See a monarch fall'n before ye,
Chain'd in beauty's clasping arms !

VII.

RECITATIVE.

Now strike the golden lyre again ;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain :
Break his bands of sleep afunder,
Rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd he stares around !

AIR. [with symphonies.]

Revenge, revenge, Alecto cries,
See the furies arise !
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !

VIII.

RECITATIVE.

Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand !
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unbury'd remain,
Inglorious on the plain.
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods :

AIR.

The princes applaud with a furious joy ;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to de-
stroy ;

Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

IX.

RECITATIVE.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute ;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame ;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown be-
fore.

AIR.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown ;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

SONGS.

I.

THY origin's divine, I see,
Of mortal race thou canst not be;
Thy lip a ruby lustre shows;
Thy purple cheek outshines the rose,
And thy bright eye is brighter far
Than any planet, any star.
Thy fordid way of life despise,
Above thy slavery, Silvia, rise;
Display thy beauteous form and mien,
And grow a goddess, or a queen.

II.

CONSTANTIA, see, thy faithful slave
Dies of the wound thy beauty gave!
Ah! gentle nymph, no longer try
From fond pursuing love to fly.

Thy pity to my love impart,
Pity my bleeding aching heart,
Regard my sighs and flowing tears,
And with a smile remove my fears.

A wedded wife if thou wouldst be,
By sacred Hymen join'd to me,
Ere yet the western sun decline,
My hand and heart shall both be thine.

III.

THRICE lov'd Constantia, heavenly fair,
For thee a servant's form I wear;
Though blest with wealth, and nobly born,
For thee, both wealth and birth I scorn:
Trust me, fair maid, my constant flame
For ever will remain the same;
My love, that ne'er will cease, my love
Shall equal to thy beauty prove.

TRANSLATED FROM PERSIAN VERSES,

*Alluding to the custom of Women being buried with their
Husbands, and Men with their Wives.*

ETERNAL are the chains which here
The generous souls of lovers bind,
When Hymen joins our hands, we swear
To be for ever true and kind;
And when, by death, the fair are snatch'd away,
Left we our solemn vows should break,
In the same grave our living corpse we lay,
And willing the same fate partake.

ANOTHER.

My dearest spouse, that thou and I
May shun the fear which first shall die,
Clasp'd in each other's arms we'll live,
Alike consum'd in love's soft fire,
That neither may at last survive,
But gently both at once expire.

ON ARQUEANASSA OF COLOPHOS.

ARQUEANASSA's charms inspire
Within my breast a lover's fire;
Age, its feeble spite displaying,
Vainly wrinkles all her face,
Cupids, in each wrinkle playing,
Charm my eyes with lasting grace:
But, before old time pursued her,
Ere he sunk these little caves,
How I pity those who view'd her,
And in youth were made her slaves!

ON FULVIA, THE WIFE OF ANTHONY

FROM THE LATIN OF AUGUSTUS CESAR.

WHILE from his consort false Antonius flies,
And doats on Glaphyra's far brighter eyes,
Fulvia, provok'd, her female arts prepares,
Reprisals seeks, and spreads for me her snares.
"The husband's false."—But why must I endure
This nauseous plague, and her revenge procure?
What though she ask?—How happy were my
doom,
Should all the discontented wives of Rome
Repair in crowds to me, when scorn'd at home!
"Tis war," she says, "if I refuse her charms:"
Let's think—she's ugly.—Trumpets, sound to
arms!

HUDIBRAS IMITATED.

Written in 1710.

O BLESSED time of reformation,
That's now beginning through the nation!
The Jacks bawl loud for church triumphant,
And swear all Whigs shall kiss the rump on't.
See how they draw the beastly rabble
With zeal and noises formidable,
And make all cries about the town
Join notes to roar fanatics down!
As bigots give the sign about,
They stretch their throats with hideous shout.
Black tinkers bawl aloud "to settle
"Church privilege"—for "mending kettle."
Each sow-gelder that blows his horn,
Cries out "to have dissenters sworn."
The oyster-wenchs lock their fish up,
And cry "no Presbyterian bishop!"
The mouse-trap men lay save-alls by,
And 'gainst "low-church men" loudly cry;
A creature of amphibious nature,
That trims betwixt the land and water,
And leaves his mother in the lurch,
To : with rebels 'gainst the church?
Some cry for "penal laws," instead
Of "pudding-pies, and gingerbread:"
And some, for "brooms, old boots, and shoes,"
Roar out, "God bleeds our commons house!"

Some bawl "the votes" about the town,
 And with they'd "vote dissenters down."
 Instead of "kitchen-stuff," some cry,
 "Confound the late Whig-ministry!"
 And some, for "any chairs to mend,"
 The commons late address commend.
 Some for "old gowns for china ware,"
 Exclaim against "extempore prayer;"
 And some for "old suits, cloaks, or coats,"
 Cry, "D—n your preachers without notes!"
 He that cries "coney-skins, or onions,"
 Blames "toleration of opinions,"
 Blue-apron whores, that sit with farmety,
 Rail at "occasional conformity."
 Instead of "cucumbers to pickle,"
 Some cry aloud, "no conventicle!"
 Masons, instead of "building houses,"
 To "build the church," would starve their spouses,
 And gladly leave their trades, for storming
 The meeting houses, or informing.
 Bawds, strumpets, and religion-haters,
 Pimps, pandars, atheists, fornicators,
 Rogues, that, like Falstaff, scarce know whether
 A church's inside's stone or leather,
 Yet join the parsons and the people,
 To cry "the church,"—but mean "the steeple."

If, holy mother, such you'll own
 For your true sons, and such alone,
 Then heaven have mercy upon you,
 But the de'il take your beastly crew!

AN ODE

TO THE CREATOR OF THE WORLD:

Occasioned by the Fragments of Orpheus.

"Quid prius dicam solitis parentis
 "Laudibus? —
 "Qui mare et terras variisque mundum
 "Temperat horis?
 "Unde nil majus generator ipso,
 "Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum."

Hor.

INTRODUCTION.

THAT the praises of the Author of Nature, which is the fittest subject for the sublime way of writing, was the most ancient use of poetry, cannot be learned from a more proper instance (next to examples of holy writ) than from the Greek fragments of Orpheus; a relique of great antiquity: they contain several verses concerning God, and his making and governing the universe; which, though imperfect, have many noble hints and lofty expressions. Yet, whether these verses were indeed written by that celebrated father of poetry and music, who preceded Homer, or by Onomacritus, who lived about the time of Pisistratus, and only contain some of the doctrines of Orpheus, is a question of little use or importance.

A large paraphrase of these in French verse has been prefixed to the translation of Phocylides, but in a flat style, much inferior to the design. The following Ode, with many alterations and additions proper to a modern poem, is attempted upon the same model, in a language which, having stronger sinews than the French, is, by the confession of their best critic Rapin, more capable of sustaining great subjects.

O D E.

I.
 O MUSE unfeign'd! O true celestial fire,
 Brighter than that which rules the day,
 Descend! a mortal tongue inspire
 To sing some great immortal lay!
 Begin, and strike aloud the consecrated lyre!
 Hence, ye profane! be far away!
 Hence all ye impious slaves that bow
 To idol lusts, or altars raise,
 And to false heroes give fantastic praise!
 And hence ye gods, who to a crime your spurious
 beings owe!
 But hear, O heaven, and earth, and seas profound!
 Hear, ye fathom'd deeps below,
 And let your echoing vaults repeat the sound;
 Let nature, trembling all around,
 Attend her master's awful name,
 From whom heaven, earth, and seas, and all the
 wide creation came.

II.
 He spoke the great command; and light,
 Heaven's eldest-born and fairest child,
 Flash'd in the lowering face of ancient night,
 And, pleas'd with its own birth, serenely smil'd,
 The sons of morning, on the wing,
 Hovering in choirs, his praises sung,
 When from th' unbounded vacuous space
 A beauteous rising world they saw,
 When nature shew'd her yet unfinish'd face,
 And motion took the establish'd law
 To roll the various globes on high;
 When time was taught his infant wings to try,
 And from the barrier sprung to his appointed race.

III.
 Supreme, Almighty, still the same!
 'Tis he, the great inspiring mind,
 That animates and moves this universal frame,
 Present at once in all, and by no place confin'd.
 Not heaven itself can bound his sway;
 Beyond th' untravell'd limits of the sky,
 Invisible to mortal eye
 He dwells in uncreated day.
 Without beginning, without end; 'tis he
 That fills th' unmeasur'd growing orb of vast immensity.

IV.
 What power but his can rule the changeful main,
 And wake the sleeping storm, or its loud rage restrain?
 When winds their gather'd forces try,
 And the chaf'd ocean proudly swells in vain,

His voice reclaims th' impetuous roar;
 In murmuring tides th' abated billows fly,
 And the spent tempest dies upon the shore.
 The meteor world is his, heaven's wintry store,
 The moulded hail, the feather'd snow:
 The summer breeze, the soft refreshing shower,
 The loose divided cloud, and many-colour'd bow;
 The crooked lightning darts around,
 His sovereign orders to fulfil:
 The shooting flame obeys th' eternal will,
 Launch'd from his hand, instructed where to kill,
 Or rive the mountain oak, or blast th' unshelter'd
 ground.

v.

Yet, pleas'd to bless, indulgent to supply,
 He, with a father's tender care,
 Supports the numerous family
 That peoples earth, and sea, and air.
 From nature's giant race, th' enormous elephant
 Down to the insect worm and creeping ant;
 From th' eagle, sovereign of the sky,
 To each inferior feather'd brood;
 From crowns and purple majesty
 To humble shepherds on the plain,
 His hand unseen divides to all their food,
 And the whole world of life sustains.

vi.

At one wide view his eye surveys
 His works, in every distant clime;
 He shifts the seasons, months, and days,
 The short-liv'd offspring of revolving time;
 By turns they die, by turns are born;
 Now cheerful spring the circle leads,
 And flows with flowers the smiling meads;
 Gay summer next, whom russet robes adorn,
 And waving fields of yellow corn;
 Then autumn, who with lavish stores the lap of
 nature spreads;
 Decrepit winter, laggard in the dance,
 (Like feeble age oppress'd with pain)
 A heavy season does maintain,
 With driving snows, and winds and ruin;
 Till spring, recruited to advance,
 The various year rolls round again.

vii.

But who, thou great ador'd, who can withstand
 The terrors of thy lifted hand,
 When, long provok'd, thy wrath awakes,
 And conscious nature to her centre shakes?
 Rais'd by thy voice, the thunder flies,
 Hurling pale fear and wild confusion round;
 How dreadful is th' inimitable sound,
 The shock of earth and seas, and labour of the skies!
 Then where's ambition's haughty crest?
 Where the gay head of wanton pride?
 See! tyrants fall, and with the opening ground
 Would take them quick to shades of rest,
 And in their common parent's breast
 From thee their bury'd forms for ever hide;
 In vain—for all the elements conspire,
 The shatter'd earth, the rushing sea,
 Tempestuous air, and raging fire,
 To punish vile mankind, and fight for thee;
 Nor death itself can intercept the blow,
 Eternal is the guilt, and without end the woe.

viii.

O Cyrus! Alexander! Julius! all
 Ye mighty lords that ever rul'd this ball!
 Once gods of earth, the living destinies
 That made a hundred nations bow!
 Where's your extent of empire now!
 Say where preserv'd your phantom glory lies?
 Can brass the fleeting thing secure?
 Enshrined in temples does it stay?
 Or in huge amphitheatres endure
 The rage of rolling time, and scorn decay?
 Ah no! the mouldering monuments of time
 Your vain deluded hopes betray,
 Nor shew th' ambitious founder's name,
 Mix'd with yourselves in the same mass of clay.

ix.

Proce^s my muse! Time's wasting thread pur-
 sue,
 And see at last th' unravel'd clue,
 When cities sink, and kingdoms are no more,
 And weary nature shall her work give o'er.
 Behold th' Almighty Judge on high!
 See in his hand the book of fate!
 Myriads of spirits fill the sky
 To attend, with dread solemnity,
 The world's last scene, and time's concluding
 date.
 The feeble race of short-liv'd vanity
 The sickly pomp at once shall die;
 Foul guilt to midnight caves will shrink a-
 way,
 Look back, and tremble in her flight,
 And curse at heaven's pursuing light.
 Surrounded with the vengeance of that day,
 How will you then, ye impious, 'scape your
 dooms.
 Self-judg'd, abandon'd, overcome?
 Your clouds of painted bliss shall melt before your
 sight.
 Yet shal' you not the giddy chase refrain,
 Nor hope more solid bliss t' obtain,
 Nor once repeat the joys you knew before;
 But sigh, a long eternity of pain,
 Tost in an ocean of desire, yet never find a shore.

x.

But see where the mild Sovereign sits prepar'd
 His better subjects to reward!
 Where am I now! what power divine
 Transports me! what immortal splendors shine!
 Torrents of glory that oppress the sight!
 What joys, celestial King! thy throne surround!
 The sun, who, with thy borrow'd beams so bright,
 Sees not his peer in all the starry round,
 Would here diminish'd fade away,
 Like his pale sister of the night,
 When she resigns her delegated light,
 Lost in the blaze of day.
 Here wonder only can take place;—
 Then, muse, th' adventurous flight forbear!
 These mystic scenes thou canst no farther trace;
 Hope may some boundless future bliss embrace,
 But what, or when, or how, or where,
 Are mazes all, which fancy runs in vain;
 Nor can the narrow cells of human brain
 The vast immeasurable thought contain.

TO MR. ADDISON,

ON HIS TRAGEDY OF CATO.

THOUGH Cato shines in Virgil's epic song,
 Prescribing laws among th' Elysian throng;
 Though Lucan's verse, exalted by his name,
 O'er gods themselves has rais'd the hero's fame;
 The Roman stage did ne'er his image see,
 Drawn at full length; a task reserv'd for thee.
 By thee we view the finish'd figure rise,
 And awful march before our ravi'd eyes;
 We hear his voice, asserting virtue's cause;
 His fate renew'd our deep attention draws,
 Excites by turns our various hopes and fears,
 And all the patriot in thy scene appears.

On Tiber's bank thy thought was first inspir'd;

'Twas there, to some indulgent grove retir'd,
 Rome's ancient fortunes rolling in thy mind,
 Thy happy muse this manly work design'd:
 Or in a dream thou saw'st Rome's genius stand,
 And, leading Cato in his sacred hand,
 Point out th' immortal subject of thy lays,
 And ask this labour to record his praise.

'Tis done—the hero lives and charms our age!
 While nobler morals grace the British stage.
 Great Shakspeare's ghost, the solemn strain to hear,

(Methinks I see the laurel'd shade appear!)
 Will hover o'er the scene, and wondering view
 His favourite Brutus rival'd thus by you.
 Such Roman greatness in each action shines,
 Such Roman eloquence adorns your lines,
 That fure the Sibyls books this year foretold,
 And in some mystic leaf was found inroll'd,
 'Rome, turn thy mournful eyes, from Afric's
 shore,
 'Nor in her sands thy Cato's tomb explore!
 'When thrice six hundred times the circling sun
 'His annual race shall through the zodiac run
 'An isle remote his monument shall rear,
 'And every generous Briton pay a tear.'

ADVICE TO MR. POPE,

On his intended Translation of Homer's Iliad, 1714.

O THOU, who, with a happy genius born,
 Canst tuneful verse in flowing numbers turn,
 Crown'd on thy Windsor's plains with early
 bays,
 Be early wise, nor trust to barren praise.
 Blind was the bard that sung Achilles' rage,
 He sung, and begg'd, and curs'd th' ungiving age
 If Britain his translated song would hear,
 First take the gold—then charm the listening ear;
 So shall thy father Homer smile to see
 His pension paid—though late, and paid to thee.

TO THE MEMORY OF MILTON.

Homer's Description of himself, under the Character of Demodochus the Musician at the Feast of King Alcinous.

From the Eighth Book of the *Odyssey*.

THE muse with transport lov'd him; yet, to fill
 His various lot, she blended good with ill;
 Depriv'd him of his eyes, but did impart
 The heavenly gift of song, and all the tuneful art.

TO A LADY,

With the Tragedy of Cato.

Two shining maids this happy work displays;
 Each moves our rapture, both divide our praise;
 In Marcia, we her godlike father trace;
 While Lucia triumphs with each softer grace,
 One strikes with awe, and one gives chaste delight;
 That bright as lightning, this serene as light.
 Yet by the muse the shadow'd forms were wrought,
 And both are creatures of the poet's thought.

In her that animates these lines, we view
 The wonder greater, the description true;
 Each living virtue, every grace combin'd,
 And Marcia's worth with Lucia's sweetness join'd.

Had she been born ally'd to Cato's name,
 Numidia's prince had felt a real flame;
 And, pouring his restless troops from far,
 With bolder deeds had turn'd the doubtful war;
 Cæsar had fled, before his conquering arms,
 And Roman muses sung her beauty's charms.

A FRAGMENT.

PROMISCUOUS crowds to worthless riches born,
 Thy pencil paints, 'tis true, yet paints with scorn.
 Sometimes the fool, by nature left half-made,
 Mov'd by some happy instinct asks thy aid,
 To give his face to reason some pretence,
 And raise his looks with supplemental sense.

SERENATA FOR TWO VOICES,

On the Marriage of the

RIGHT HON. LORD COEHAM TO MRS. ANNE HALSEY.

DUETTO.

WAKE th' harmonious voice and string,
 Love and Hymen's triumph sing.
 Sounds with secret charms combining,
 In melodious union joining,

Best the wondrous joys can tell,
That in hearts united dwell.

RECITATIVE.

First Voice.

To young Victoria's happy fame,
Well may the arts a trophy raise,
Music grows sweeter in her praise,
And, own'd by her, with rapture speaks her name.
To touch the brave Cleander's heart,
The graces all in her conspire;
Love arms her with his surest dart,
Apollo with his lyre.

AIR.

The listening muses, all around her,
Think 'tis Phœbus' strains they hear:
And Cupid, drawing near to wound her,
Drops his bow, and stands to hear.

RECITATIVE.

Second Voice.

While crowds of rivals, with despair,
Silent admire, or vainly court the fair;
Behold the happy conquest of her eyes,
A hero is the glorious prize!
In courts, in camps, through distant realms re-
nown'd,
Cleander comes—Victoria, see,
He comes, with British honour crown'd;
Love leads his eager steps to thee.

AIR.

In tender sighs he silence breaks,
The fair his flame approves.
Consenting blushes warm her cheeks,
She smiles,—she yields,—she loves.

RECITATIVE.

First Voice.

Now Hymen at the altar stands,
And while he joins their faithful hands,
Behold! by ardent vows drawn down,
Immortal concord, heavenly bright,
Array'd in robes of purest light,
Descends, th' auspicious rites to crown.
Her golden harp the goddess brings;
Its magic sound

Commands a sudden silence all around,
And strains prophetic thus attune the strings.

DUETTO.

1 Voice. The swain his nymph possessing,
2 Voice. The nymph her swain caressing,
1 and 2. { Shall still improve the blessing.
 { For ever kind and true.
Both. { While rolling years are flying,
 { Love, Hymen's lamp supplying,
 { With fuel, never dying,
 { Shall still the flame renew.

H O R A T I U S,

IN LIBRO PRIMO EPISTOLARUM.

Dimidium facti, qui cœpit, habet. Sapere aude:
Incepe. Vivendi qui rectè prorogat horam,
Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis: at ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

TRANSLATED.

To-morrow cheats us all. Why dost thou stay
And leave undone what should be done to-day?
Begin—the present minute's in thy power;
But still t' adjourn, and wait a fitter hour,
Is like the clown, who at some river's side
Expecting stands, in hopes the running tide
Will all ere long be past—Fool! not to know
It still has flow'd the same, and will for ever flow.

ON A COLLAR

PRESENTED FOR HAPPY GILL, 1712.

Thou little favourite of the fair!
When thou these golden bands shalt wear,
The hand that binds them softly kifs,
With conscious joy, and own thy bliss,
Proud of his chain, who would not be
A slave, to gain her smiles, like thee!

THE CHARACTER

OF THE

LADY HENRIETTA CAVENDISH HOLLES,
1712-13.

Such early wisdom, such a lovely face,
Such modest greatness, such attractive grace;
Wit, beauty, goodness, charity, and truth,
The riper sense of age, the bloom of youth:
Whence is it, that in one fair piece we find
Those various beauties of the female kind
Sure but in one such different charms agree,
And Henrietta is that phoenix-she.

TRUTH, HONOUR, HONESTY:

*The Motto chosen by the Right Honourable the Lady
Henrietta Cavendish Holles.*

In thee, bright maid, though all the virtues shine,
With rival beams, and every grace is thine,
Yet three, distinguish'd by thy early voice,
Excite our praise, and well deserve thy choice.

Immortal truth in heaven itself displays
Her charms celestial born, and purest rays, (flow,
Which thence in streams, like golden sunshine,
And shed their light on minds like yours below.

Fair honour, next in beauty and in grace,
Shines in her turn, and claims the second place;
She fills the well-born soul with noble fires,
And generous thoughts and godlike acts inspires.

Then Honesty, with native air, succeeds,
Plain is her look, unartful are her deeds;

And, just alike to friends and foes, she draws
The bounds of right and wrong, nor errs from
equal laws.

From heaven this scale of virtue thus descends,
By just degrees, and thy full choice defends,
So when, in visionary trains, by night
Attending angels blest'd good Jacob's light,
The mystic ladder thus appear'd to rise,
Its foot on earth, its summit in the skies.

H Y M N

SUNG BY

THE CHILDREN OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

At the Entry of King George into London, 1714.

I.
HEAR US, O God, this joyful day!
Whole nations join their voice,
To thee united thanks to pay,
And in thy strength rejoice.

II.
For led by thee, O King of Kings!
Our sovereign George we see;
Thy hand the royal blessing brings,
He comes, he reigns by thee!

III.
Plenteous of grace, pour from above
Thy favours on his head;
Truth, mercy, righteousness, and love,
As guards around him spread.

IV.
With length of days, and glory crown'd,
With wealth and fair increase,
Let him abroad be far renown'd,
Still blest at home with peace.

A MONUMENTAL ODE,

TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. ELIZABETH HUGHES,

*Late Wife of Edward Hughes, Esq. of Hertingford-
bury in the County of Hertford, and Daughter of
Richard Harrison, Esq. of Balls, in the same
County. Obitt Nov. 15 1714.*

I.
SEE! how those drooping monuments decay!
Frail mansions of the silent dead,
Whose souls to uncorrupting regions fled,
With a wife scorn their mouldering dust sur-
vey.
Their tombs are rais'd from dust as well as
For see! to dust they both return,
And time consumes alike the ashes and the urn.

II.
We ask the sculptor's art in vain
To make us for a space ourselves survive;
In Parian stone we proudly breathe again,
Or seem in figur'd brass to live.

Yet stone and brass our hopes betray,
Age steals the mimic forms and characters away.
In vain, O Egypt, to the wondering skies
With giant pride thy pyramids arise:
Whate'er their vast and gloomy vaults contain,
No names distinct of their great dead remain.
Beneath the mass confus'd, in heaps thy monarchs
Unknown, and blended in mortality. (lic,

III.

To death ourselves and all our works we owe.
But is their nought, O muse, can save
Our memories from darkness and the grave,
And some short after-life bestow?
That task is mine, the muse replies,
And hark! she tunes the sacred lyre!
Verse is the last of human works that dies,
When virtue does the song inspire.

IV.

Then look, Eliza, happy faint, look down!
Pause from immortal joys a while
To hear, and gracious with a smile
The dedicated numbers own;
Say how in thy life's scanty space,
So short a space, so wondrous bright, (night,
Bright as a summer's day, short as a summer's
Could'st thou find room for every crowded grace?
As if the thrifty soul foreknew,
Like a wise envoy, Heaven's intent,
Soon to recal whom it had sent,
And all its task resolv'd at once to do.
Or wert thou but a traveller below,
That hither didst a while repair,
Curious our customs and our laws to know?
And, sickening in our grosser air,
And tir'd of vain repeated fights,
Our foolish cares, our false delights,
Back to thy native seats would'st go?
Oh! since to us thou wilt no more return,
Permit thy friends, the faithful few
Who best thy numerous virtues knew,
Themselves, not thee to mourn.

V.

Now, pensive muse, enlarge thy flight!
(By turns the pensive muses love
The hilly heights and shady grove)
Behold where, swelling to the sight,
Balls, a fair structure, graceful stands!
And from yon verdant rising brow
Sees Hertford's ancient town, and lands
Where nature's hand in slow meanders leads
The Lee's clear stream its course to flow
Through flowery vales, and moisten'd meads,
And far around in beauteous prospects spreads
Her map of plenty all below.
'Twas here—and sacred be the spot of earth!
Eliza's soul, born first above,
Descended to an humbler birth,
And with a mortal's frailties strove.
So, on some towering peak that meets the sky,
When misive seraphs downward fly,
They stop, and for a while alight,
Put off their rays celestial bright,
Then take some milder form familiar to our eye.

VI.

Swiftly her infant virtues grew;
Water'd by heaven's peculiar care,

Her morning bloom was doubly fair,
 Like summer's day-break, when we see
 The fresh-dropp'd stores of rosy dew
 (Transparent beauties of the dawn)
 Spread o'er the grass their cobweb-lawn,
 Or hang moist pearls on every tree.
 Pleas'd with the lovely sight a while
 Her friends behold, and joyful smile,
 Nor think the sun's exhaling ray
 Will change the scene ere noon of day,
 Dry up the glittering drops, and draw those dews
 away.

VII.

Yet first, to fill her orb of life,
 Behold, in each relation dear,
 The pious saint, the duteous child appear,
 The tender sister, and the faithful wife.
 Alas! but must one circle of the year
 Unite in bliss, in grief divide
 The destin'd bridegroom and the bride?
 Stop, generous youth, the gathering tear,
 That, as you read these lines, or hear,
 Perhaps may start, and seem to say,
 That short-liv'd year was but a day!
 Forbear—nor fruitless sorrowings now employ,
 Think she was lent a while, not given,
 (Such was th' appointed will of Heaven)
 Then grateful call that year an age of virtuous joy.

AN ALLUSION TO HORACE,

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

*Printed at the breaking out of the Rebellion, in the
 year 1715.*

The man that loves his king and nation,
 And shuns each vile association,
 That trusts his honest deeds i' th' light,
 Nor meets in dark cabals, by night,
 With fools, who, after much debate,
 Get themselves hang'd, and save the state,
 Needs not his hall with weapons store;
 Nor dreads each rapping at his door;
 Nor sculks in fear of being known,
 Or hides his guilt in parson's gown;
 Nor wants, to guard his generous heart,
 The poniard or the poison'd dart;
 And, but for ornament and pride,
 A sword of lath might cross his side.

If o'er St. James's park he stray,
 He stops not, pausing in his way;
 Nor pulls his hat down o'er his face,
 Nor starts, looks back, and mends his pace:
 Or if he ramble to the Tower,
 He knows no crime, and dreads no power,
 But thence returning, free as wind,
 Smiles at the bars he left behind.
 Thus, as I loiter'd t' other day,
 Humming—O every month was May—
 And, thoughtless how my time I squander'd,
 From Whitehall, through the Cockpit wander'd,
 A messenger with fury eye
 View'd me quite round, and yet pass'd by.

No sharper look or rougher mien
 In Scottish Highlands e'er was seen;
 Nor ale and brandy ever bred
 More pimpled cheeks, or nose more red;
 And yet, with both hands in my breast,
 Careless I walk'd, nor shunn'd the beast.

Place me among a hundred spies,
 Let all the room be ears and eyes;
 Or search my pocket-books and papers,
 No word or line shall give me vapours.
 Send me to Whigs as true and hearty,
 As ever pity'd poor Maccarty;
 Let Townsend, Sunderland, be there,
 Or Robin Walpole in the chair:
 Or send me to a club of Tories,
 That damn and curse at Marlborough's glories,
 And drink—but sure none such there are!—
 The devil, the pope, and rebel Mar;
 Yet still my loyalty I'll boast,
 King George shall ever be my toast;
 Unbrib'd his glorious cause I'll own,
 And fearless scorn each traitor's frown.

A FRAGMENT.

O SAY, ye saints, who shine in realms above,
 And turn your harps to sing eternal love,
 When shall my voice attain your high degree?
 When shall my soul from clouds of sorrow free,
 Hear your celestial song, and aid the harmony?

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

A MASQUE.

*Set to Music by Dr. Pepusch, and performed at the
 Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.*

"Protinus alter amat, fugit altera nomen amantis."
 OVID.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Apollo,	-	-	Mrs. Margarita.
Daphne,	-	-	Mrs. Barbier.
Peneus,	-	-	Mr. Turner.
Doris,	-	-	Mrs. Willis.

Scene, the Valley of Tempe, in Thessaly.

The First Scene is a River.

Peneus, a River-God, appears on a bed of rushes,
 leaning on his urn. He rises, and comes forward,
 his head crowned with rushes and flowers, a reed in
 his hand.

Peneus.

How long must Peneus chide in vain
 His daughter's coyness and disdain?

Through Tempe's pleasant vales and bowers
As my full urn its current pours,
In every plain, from every grove,
I hear the sighs of slighted love;
And on my rushy banks the Sylvas cry
Why ever cruel, Daphne, why?
But see she comes, the beauteous cause;
Daphne, my just commands attend,
Hear me, thy father and thy friend,
And yield the last to love and Hymen's laws.

Daphne.

O Peneus, urge this cruel suit no more;
Have I not to Diana sworn?
Behold again to her I bow,
Devoted ever to remain
A virgin of her spotless train;
Hear Cynthia, and confirm my vow.

How happy are we,
How airy, how free,
That rove through the woods and the plains!
In vain the blind boy
Our hearts would decoy,
We scorn all his joys and his pains.

[Exit Daphne.]

Peneus.

Rash maid, return—
What hast thou sworn?
With thee shall Peneus' race expire?
Then hear once more thy slighted fire,
And know, thy fatal vow draws down
The curse of heaven, a father's frown,
And sure destruction waits thy scorn.

Feeble Cupid! vain deceiver!
What avails thy boasted quiver?
Where are all thy conquering arts?
They that fly thee
May defy thee;
They who fear thee
And revere thee,
Ever meet thy keenest darts. [Exit Peneus.]

Scene changes to a Forest.

*Apollo enters with his bow and arrows, as having
newly slain the Python.*

Apollo.

'Tis done—the monster Python slain
By Phœbus' shafts, lies breathless on the plain.
Yet why with conquest am I thus adorn'd?
Alas! I feel a mortal's pain,
Conquer'd by love, whom once I scorn'd.
O Daphne! till thy smiles I can obtain,
No more these marks of triumph let me bear;
But thus a shepherd's semblance wear,
Till blest by thee I grow a god again.

[Throws away his bow and arrows, and takes
up a sheep-hook.]

See—she appears: how wondrous fair!
Hail, goddess of these verdant groves!

Daphne.

What art thou, or from whence?

Apollo.

A swain that loves.

Daphne.

Thy unavailing courtship spare.
Dost thou not daily hear the shepherds cry
Why ever cruel, Daphne, why?
Go—with the rest despair.

Apollo.

No, let the rest despair, while I
Distinguish'd, triumph in the joy.

Fair blooming creature!
Each tender feature
Speaks thee by nature
For love design'd.
Then smile consenting,
Loft time repenting,
Let soft relenting
Now shew thee kind.

Daphne.

Canst thou the mountain tiger bind,
Or stop the floods, or fix the wind?
Do this—then Daphne will perhaps be kind.

Apollo.

Ev'n tigers love's soft laws obey;
Art thou more savage far than they?
Look all around thee, and above!
Love lights the skies, and paints the meads;
Its genial flame
Through heav'n, and earth, and ocean spreads;
Thou art thyself the happiest child of love,
Do not thy birth disclaim.

Daphne.

Though fair as Phœbus thou should'st seem,
And were thy words soft as his lyre,
They could not move me to desire;
Wake, shepherd, from thy dream.

Cease to soothe thy fruitless pain;
Why for frowns wilt thou be suing?
Cease to languish and complain.
'Tis to seek thy own undoing,
Still to love, and love in vain.

Apollo.

In her soft cheeks and beauteous eyes,
What new enchanting graces rise! [Aside.]

DUETTO for Apollo and Daphne.

Apol. No more deny me,
O cease to fly me
Your faithful swain.

Daph. No longer try me,
For ever fly me,
Despairing swain.

Apol. Yet hear me.

Daph. Forbear me.

Apol. Let sighs imploring,
And looks adoring,
Still speak my pain.

Daph. Your sighs imploring,
And looks adoring,
But move disdain.

[Exit Daphne.]

Apollo.

She's gone—nor knows from whom she flies.
Mistaken eyes! false disdain!

Phœbus she prais'd, but scorns the swain—
Then, breaking from this dark disguise,
When Phœbus what he is shall seem,
My glittering rays, and melting lyre,
At last shall warm thee to desire,
And wake thee, Daphne, from thy dream.

Where Cupid's bow is failing,
Ambition's charms prevailing,
Shall triumph o'er the fair,
The nymph that love despises,
Some secret passion prizes,
That still forbids despair.

[Exit Apollo.]

Enter Daphne and Doris.

Daphne.

Doris, why this trifling tale?

Doris.

That good advice may once prevail;
Save one—nor all your lovers lose,
Alas! that I, poor I might gain
What you each day refuse!

Daphne.

Take all, and ease me of the pain.

Doris.

I would—but ah! 'twere now in vain.
When I was a maiden of twenty,
And my charms and my lovers were plenty,
Ah! why did I ever say no?
Now, the swains, though I court them, all fly me,
I sigh, but no lover comes nigh me;
Ye virgins, be warn'd by my woe!
Ah! why did I ever say no!

Daphne.

Poor Doris! dry thy weeping eyes;
Dost thou repent thou once wert wife?

Tender hearts to every passion
Still thy freedom would betray,
But how calm is inclination,
When our reason bears the sway!

Swains themselves, while they pursue us,
Often teach us to deny.
While we fly, they fondly woo us;
If we grow too fond, they fly.

Doris.

Yet might I see one courting swain,
Though but to slight him once again!—
But come—I'll amorous thoughts give o'er.

Daphne.

'Tis well to leave them at threescore.
Haste then, and at th' appointed place,
See if the nymphs expect me for the chase.

[Exit Doris.]

[A Symphony of instruments is heard, whilst Apollo descends in the chariot of the sun; a crown of rays about his head, and his lyre in his hand.]

Daphne.

What sounds celestial strike my ear!
Why does the golden source of light

Pour out new day?—how wondrous bright!
Some god descends to human fight;
I'm charm'd, yet aw'd with fear.

Apollo.

Daphne, on Phœbus fix thy eye,
With meaner shapes deceiv'd no more!
Know, I thy beauteous form adore:
Wilt thou a god, a god that loves thee, fly?

[Apollo strikes his lyre, and Daphne turns back surprised at the sound.]

Fairest mortal! stay and hear,
Turn thee, leave thy trembling fear!
Cannot love with music join'd
Touch thy unrelenting mind?
Fairest mortal! stay and hear,
Turn thee, leave thy trembling fear.

Hark how the river-shores prolong
My soft complaints, and murmur to my song!
Thy father Peneus feels my pain;
See! how his officers greatly bow,
And seem my secret soul to know

Daph. [aside.] Alas! my rash, my fatal vow!
Apol. Wilt thou alone unmov'd remain?

[As Daphne is going out, she stops, and sings the following air.]

Daphne.

Shall I return—or no?
Charms yet unknown surround me;
Yet, love, thou ne'er shalt wound me,
No more alarm my breast.
Then let me haste to go—
Ah no, my heart replies
In tender heaving sighs—
Ye powers restore my rest.

Apol. O do not go—

Daph. Dost thou not know,
I'm of Diana's train?
Thy love forbear—

Apol. Thy scorn forbear—

Daph. I must not hear;

Apol. O stay and hear;

Daph. Thy love } is vain

Apol. Thy flight }

[Exit Daphne pursued by Apollo.]

Scene changes to the River.

Re-enter Daphne, looking back as affrighted.

Daphne.

He comes—the swift pursuer comes—O where
Shall I escape his piercing sight,
Where hide me from the god of light?
Ah! 'tis in vain—he's here.

[Daphne runs to the side of the river, and as she sings the following air, is transformed into a laurel-tree.]

Father Peneus, hear me, aid me!
 Let some sudden change invade me,
 Fix me rooted on thy shore.
 Cease, Apollo, to persuade me,
 I am Daphne now no more.—

[Apollo enters at the latter end of the
 air, and is met by Peneus.]

Apollo.

O fatal flight!—O curst disdain!
 O Peneus, how shall we our loss deplore?
 But see!

The trembling branches yet her shape retain!
 Though Daphne lives a nymph no more,
 She lives, fair verdant plant, in thee:
 Henceforth be thou Apollo's tree,
 And hear what honours to thy leaves remain.
 No thunder e'er shall blast thy boughs,
 Preserv'd to grace Apollo's brows,
 Kings, victors, poets, to adorn;
 Oft in Britannia's isle thy prosperous green
 Shall on the heads of her great chiefs be seen,
 And by a Nassau, and a George, be worn.

Peneus.

Still Peneus, with a father's care,
 Shall feed thee from his flowing urn
 With verdure ever fresh and fair,
 Nor this thy destin'd change shall mourn.

CHORUS, or *Duetto* of Apollo and Peneus.

Nature alone can love inspire,
 Art is vain to move desire.
 If nature once the fair incline,
 To their own passion they resign.
 Nature alone can love inspire,
 Art is vain to move desire.

AN ODE

FOR THE BIRTH-DAY OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS OF WALES,

ST. DAVID'S DAY, THE FIRST OF MARCH, 1715-16.

Set to Music by Dr. Pepusch,

And performed at the Anniversary Meeting of the Society of Ancient Britons, established in honour of Her Royal Highness's Birth-Day, and of the Principality of Wales.

"Salve læta dies! meliorque revertere semper,
 "A populo rerum digna potente coli!"

OVID.

ODE FOR TWO VOICES.

First Voice, FAME.

Second Voice, CAMBRIA, or the Principality of Wales.

BOTH VOICES, *with a Trumpet.*

To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day!

CAMBRIA.

Rise, goddess of immortal fame,
 And, with thy trumpet's swelling sound,

To all Britannia's realms around,
 The double festival proclaim.

FAME.

The goddess of immortal fame
 Shall, with her trumpet's swelling sound,
 To all Britannia's realms around,
 The double festival proclaim.

BOTH VOICES.

O'er Cambria's distant hills let the loud notes rebound!
 Each British soul be rais'd, and every eye be gay!
 To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day.

FAME.

Hail, Cambria! long to fame well known!
 Thy patron-saint looks smiling down,
 Well pleas'd to see
 This day, prolific of renown,
 Increas'd in honours to himself, and thee;
 See Carolina's natal star arise,
 And with new beams adorn thy azure skies!
 Though on her virtues I should ever dwell,
 Fame cannot all her numerous virtues tell.
 Bright in herself, and in her offspring bright,
 On Britain's throne she casts diffusive light;
 Detraction from her presence flies;
 And, while promiscuous crowds in rapture gaze,
 Ev'n tongues disloyal learn her praise,
 And murmuring envy sees her smile, and dies.

Happy morn! such gifts bestowing!
 Britain's joys from thee are flowing;
 Ever thus auspicious shine!
 Happy isle! such gifts possessing!
 Britain, ever own the blessing!
 Carolina's charms are thine.

CAMBRIA.

Nor yet, O Fame, dost thou display
 All the triumphs of this day;
 More wonders yet arise to sight;
 See! o'er these rites what mighty power presides!
 Behold, to thee his early steps he guides;
 What noble ardour does his soul excite;
 Henceforth, when to the listening universe
 Thou number'st o'er my princes of renown,
 The second hope of Britain's crown,
 When my great Edward's deeds thou shalt rehearse,
 And tell of Cressy's well-fought plain,
 Thy golden trumpet sound again!
 The brave Augustus shall renew thy strain,
 And Oudenarda's fight immortalize the verse.

AIR, with a Harp.

Heavenly muses! tune your lyres,
 Far resounding;
 Grace the hero's glorious name.
 See! the song new life inspires!
 Every breast with joy abounding,
 Seems to share the hero's flame.

FAME.

O thou, with every virtue crown'd,
 Britannia's father, and her king renown'd!
 Thus in thy offspring greatly blest,
 While through th' extended royal line
 Thou seest thy propagated lustre shine,
 What secret raptures fill thy breast!

So smiles Apollo, doubly gay,
When in the diamond, with full blaze,
He views his own paternal rays,
And all his bright reflected day.

CAMBRIA.

Hail source of blessings to our isle!
While gloomy clouds shall take their flight,
Shot through by thy victorious light,
Propitious ever on thy Britons smile!

BOTH VOICES.

To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day.

CAMBRIA.

Rise, goddess of immortal fame;
And with thy trumpet's swelling sound,
To all Britannia's realms around,
The double festival proclaim.

FAME.

The goddess of immortal fame
Shall, with her trumpet's swelling sound,
To all Britannia's realms around,
The double festival proclaim.

BOTH VOICES.

O'er Cambria's distant hills let the loud notes re-
bound!

Each British soul be rais'd, and every eye be gay!
To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER

FROM

MR. HUGHES TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR COWPER.

—“ THIS little poem was writ by this accident of having Horace for my companion in a confinement by sickness, and fancying I had discovered a new sense of one of his odes, for which I have found your Lordship's great indulgence and partiality to me, the best exposition.

“ Perhaps we never read with that attention, as when we think we have found something applicable to ourselves. I am now grown fond enough of this sense to believe it the true one, and have drawn two or three learned friends (to whom I have mentioned it) into my opinion.

“ The Ode, your Lordship will see, is that in which Horace feigns himself turned into a swan. It passes (for aught I know universally) for a compliment on himself, and a mere enthusiastic rant of the poet in his own praise, like his *exegi monumentum*, &c. I confess I had often slightly read it in that view, and have found every one I have lately asked, deceived by the same opinion, which I cannot but think spoils the ode, and sinks it to nothing; I had almost said, turns the swan into a goose.

“ The grammarians seem to have fallen into this mistake, by wholly overlooking the reason of his rapture, viz. its being addressed to Mæcenas; and have prefaced it with this, and the like general inscriptions—*cathecinator carminum suorum immortalatem*, &c. which I think is not the subject.

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“ I am very happy in the occasion which shewed it me in a quite different sense from what I had ever apprehended, till I had the honour to be known to your Lordship; I am sure a much more advantageous one to the poet, as well as more just to his great patron. If I have exceeded the liberty of an imitator, in pursuing the same hint further, to make it less doubtful, yet his favourers will forgive me, when I own I have not on this occasion so much thought of emulating his poetry, as of rivaling his pride, by the ambition of being known as,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most obliged,
and devoted humble servant,

J. HUGHES.

O D E

To the Right Honourable
LORD CHANCELLOR COWPER.

ANNO MDCCXCVII.

In Allusion to Horace, Lib. ii. Ode ix.

I.

I'm rais'd, transported, chang'd all o'er!
Prepar'd, a towering swan, to soar
Aloft; see, see the down arise,
And clothe my back, and plume my thighs!
My wings shoot forth; now will I try
New tracks, and boldly mount the sky;
Nor envy, nor ill-fortune's spite,
Shall stop my course, or damp my flight.

II.

Shall I, obscure or disesteem'd,
Of vulgar rank henceforth be deem'd?
Or vainly toil my name to save
From dark oblivion and the grave?
No—He can never wholly die,
Secure of immortality,
Whom Britain's Cowper condescends
To own, and numbers with his friends.

III.

'Tis done—I scorn mean honours now;
No common wreaths shall bind my brow;
Whether the muse vouchsafe t'inspire
My breast with the celestial fire;
Whether my verse be fill'd with flame,
Or I deserve a poet's name,
Let Fame be silent; only tell
That generous Cowper loves me well.

IV.

Through Britain's realms I shall be known
By Cowper's merit, not my own.
And when the tomb my dust shall hide,
Stripp'd of a mortal's little pride,
Vain pomp be spar'd, and every tear;
Let but some stone this sculpture bear;
“ Here lies his clay to earth consign'd,
“ To whom great Cowper once was kind.”

X

WHAT IS MAN.

O son of man! O creature of a day!
 Proud of vain wisdom, with false greatness gay!
 Heir of thy father's vice, to whose bad store
 Thy guilty days are spent in adding more;

Thou propagated folly!—What in thee
 Could heaven's Supreme, could perfect Wisdom see,
 To fix one glance of his regarding eye?
 Why art thou chose the favourite of the sky?
 While angels wonder at the mercy known,
 And scarce the wretch himself the debt immense
 will own!

BOILEAU,

DANS SA I. EPISTRE AU ROY.

Pourquoi ces elephans, ces armes, ce bagage.
 Et ces vaisseaux tout prests à quitter le rivage?
 Disoit au roi Pyrrhus, un sage confident,
 Conseiller tres-sensé d'un roi tres-imprudent.
 Je vais, lui dit ce prince, à Rome où l'on m'appelle.
 Quoi faire? l'assiéger. L'entreprise est fort belle,
 Et digne seulement d'Alexandre ou de vous,
 Mais quand nous l'aurons prise, & bien que ferons-nous?

Du reste des Latins la conquête est facile.
 Sans doute, ils sont à nous: est-ce tout? La Sicile
 Delà nous tend les bras et bien-tôt sans effort
 Syracuse recoit nos vaisseaux dans son port.
 En demeurés vous là? Dés que nous l'aurons prise,
 Il ne faut qu'un bon vent et Carthage est conquise:
 Les chemins sont ouverts: qui peut nous arrêter?
 Je vous entens, seigneur, nous allons tout dompter:
 Nous allons traverser les sables de Lybie;
 Affervir en passant l'Egypte, l'Arabie;
 Courir delà le Gange en de nouveaux pays;
 Faire trembler le Scythé aux bords du Tanais:
 Et ranger sous nos loix tout ce vaste Hemisphere;
 Mais de séjour enfin, que pretendez-vous faire?
 Alors, cher Cineas, victorieux, contens,
 Nous pourrions rire à l'aise, et prendre du bon temps.
 Hé, seigneur, dès ce jour, sans sortir de l'Epire,
 Du matin jusqu'au soir qui vous défend de rire?

FROM BOILEAU,

IN HIS FIRST EPISTLE TO LEWIS XIV.

WHAT mean these elephants, arms, warlike store,
 And all these ships, prepar'd to leave the shore?
 Thus Cineas, faithful, old, experienc'd, wise,
 Address'd king Pyrrhus;—thus the king replies;
 'Tis glory calls us hence; to Rome we go.
 For what?—To conquer.—Rome's a noble foe,
 A prize for Alexander fit, or you;
 But Rome reduc'd, what next, Sir, will you do?
 The rest of Italy my chains shall wear.
 And is that all?—No, Sicily lies near;
 See how she stretches out her beauteous arms,
 And tempts the victor with unguarded charms!
 In Syracuse's port this fleet shall ride.
 'Tis well—and there you will at last abide?—
 No; that subdued, again we'll hoist our sails,
 And put to sea; and, blow but prosperous gales,
 Carthage must soon be ours, an easy prey,
 The passage open: what obstructs our way?—
 Then, Sir, your vast design I understand,
 To conquer all the earth, cross seas and land,
 O'er Afric's spacious wilds your reign extend,
 Beneath your sword make proud Arabia bend;
 Then seek remoter worlds, where Ganges pours
 His swelling stream; beyond Hydaspes' shores,
 Through Indian realms to carry dire alarms,
 And make the hardy Scythian dread your arms.
 But say—this wondrous race of glory run,
 When we return, say what shall then be done?
 Then pleas'd, my friend, we'll spend the joyful day
 In full delight, and laugh our cares away.
 And why not now? Alas! Sir, need we roam
 For this so far, or quit our native home?
 No—let us now each valued hour employ,
 Nor for the future lose the present joy.

AN IMAGE OF PLEASURE.

IN IMITATION OF AN ODE IN CASIMIRE.

I.

SOLACE of life, my sweet companion lyre!
 On this fair poplar bough I'll hang thee high,

While the gay fields all soft delights inspire,
 And not one cloud deforms the smiling sky.

II.

While whispering gales, that court the leaves and
 flowers, [sound,
 Play through thy strings, and gently make them
 Luxurious I'll dissolve the flowing hours
 In balmy slumbers on the carpet ground,

III.
 Not see—what sudden gloom obscures the air!
 What falling showers impetuous change the day!
 Let's rise, my lyre—Ah pleasure false as fair!
 How faithless are thy charms, how short thy stay!

AN ODE

IN THE PARK AT ASTED.

I.
 Ye muses, that frequent these walks and shades,
 The seat of calm repose,
 Which Howard's happy genius chose;
 Where, taught by you, his lyre he strung,
 And oft, like Philomel, in dusky glades,
 Sweet amorous voluntaries sung!
 O say, ye kind inspiring powers!
 With what melodious strain
 Will you indulge my pensive vein,
 And charm my solitary hours?

II.
 Begin, and Echo shall the song repeat;
 While, screen'd from August's feverish heat,
 Beneath this spreading elm I lie,
 And view the yellow harvest far around,
 The neighbouring fields with plenty crown'd,
 And over head a fair unclouded sky.
 The wood, the park's romantic scene,
 The deer, that innocent and gay
 On the soft turf's perpetual green
 Pass all their lives in love and play,
 Are various objects of delight,
 That sport with fancy, and invite
 Your aid, the pleasure to complete;
 Begin—and Echo shall the song repeat.

III.
 Hark!—the kind inspiring powers
 Answer from their secret bowers,
 Propitious to my call!
 They join the choral voices all,
 To charm my solitary hours.
 Listen, they cry, thou pensive swain!
 Though much the tuneful sisters love
 The fields, the park, the shady grove:
 The fields, and park, and shady grove,
 The tuneful sisters now disclaim,
 And choose to sooth thee with a sweeter strain;
 Molinda's praises shall our skill employ,
 Molinda, Nature's pride, and every muse's joy!
 The muses triumph'd at her birth,
 When, first descending from her parent skies,
 This star of beauty shot to earth;
 Love saw the fires that darted from her eyes,
 He saw, and smil'd—the winged boy
 Gave early omens of her conquering fame,
 And to his mother lif'd her name,
 Molinda!—Nature's pride, and every muse's joy.

IV.
 Say, beautiful Asted! has thy honour'd shade
 Ever receiv'd that lovely maid?
 Ye nymphs and sylvan deities, confess
 That shining festal day of happiness!
 For if the lovely maid was here,

April himself, though in so fair a dress
 He clothe the meads, though his delicious showers
 Awake the blossoms and the breathing flowers,
 And new-create the fragrant year;
 April himself, or brighter May,
 Assisted by the god of day,
 Never made your grove so gay,
 Or half so full of charms appear.

V.
 Whatever rural seat the now doth grace,
 And shines a goddess of the plains,
 Imperial love new triumphs there ordains,
 Removes with her from place to place,
 With her he keeps his court, and where she lives
 he reigns.
 A thousand bright attendants more
 Her glorious equipage compose:
 There circling pleasure ever flows:
 Friendship, and arts, a well-selected store,
 Good-humour, wit, and music's soft delight,
 The shorten'd minutes there beguile,
 And sparkling mirth, that never looks so bright,
 As when it lightens in Molinda's smile.

VI.
 Thither, ye guardian powers (if such there are
 deputed from the sky
 To watch o'er human-kind with friendly care),
 Thither, ye gentle spirits, fly!
 If goodness like your own can move
 Your constant zeal, your tenderest love,
 For ever wait on this accomplish'd fair!
 Shield her from every ruder breath of air,
 Nor let invading sickness come
 To blast those beauties in their bloom.
 May no misguided choice, no hapless doom,
 Disturb the heaven of her fair life
 With clouds of grief, or showers of melting tears;
 Let harsh unkindness, and ungenerous strife,
 Repining discontent, and boding fears,
 With every shape of woe be driven away,
 Let ghosts prohibited the day.
 Let Peace o'er her his dovelike wings display,
 And smiling joys crown all her blissful years!

TO MR. CONSTANTINE,

ON HIS PAINTINGS.

WHILE o'er the cloth thy happy pencil strays,
 And the pleas'd eye its artful course surveys,
 Behold the magic power of shade and light!
 A new creation opens to our sight.
 Here tufted groves rise boldly to the sky,
 There spacious lawns more distant charm the eye;
 The crystal lakes in borrow'd tinctures shine,
 And misty hills the fair horizon join,
 Lost in the azure borders of the day,
 Like sounds remote that die in air away.
 The peopled prospect various pleasure yields,
 Sheep grace the hills, and herds or swains the fields;
 Harmonious order o'er the whole presides,
 And Nature crowns the work, which Judgment
 guides.

Nor with less skill display'd by thee appear
The different products of the fertile year;
While fruits with imitated ripeness glow,
And sudden flowers beneath thy pencil blow.
Such, and so various, thy extensive hand,
Oft in suspense the pleas'd spectators stand,
Doubtful to choose, and fearing still to err,
When to thyself they would thyself prefer.
So when the rival gods at Athens strove,
By wondrous works, their power divine to prove,
As Neptune's trident strook the teeming earth,
Here the proud horse upstart to his birth;
And there, as Pallas bleis'd the fruitful scene,
The spreading olive rear'd its stately green;
In dumb surprise the gazing crowds were lost,
Nor knew on which to fix their wonder most.

TO URANIA,

ON HER ARRIVAL AT JAMAICA.

THROUGH yielding waves the vessel swiftly flies,
That bears Urania from our eager eyes;
Deaf to our call, the billows waft her o'er,
With speed obsequious to a distant shore;
A prize more rich than Spain's whole fleets could
boast
From fam'd Peru, or Chili's golden coast!
There the glad natives, on the crowded strand,
With wonder see the matchless stranger land;
Transplanted glories in her features smile,
And a new dawn of beauty gilds their isle.

So from the sea when Venus rose serene,
And by the Nymphs and Tritons first was seen,
The watery world beheld, with pleas'd surprise,
O'er its wide waste new tracks of light arise;
The winds were hush'd, the floods forgot to move,
And Nature own'd th' auspicious Queen of Love.

Henceforth no more the Cyprian isle be nam'd,
Though for the abode of that bright goddess fam'd;
Jamaica's happier groves, conceal'd so long
Through ages past, are now the poets song.
The Graces there, and Virtues fix their throne;
Urania makes th' adopted land her own.

The muse, with her in thought transported, sees
The opening scene, the bloomy plants and trees,
By brighter skies rais'd to a nobler birth,
And fruits deny'd to Europe's colder earth.
At her approach, like courtiers doubly gay
To grace the pomp of some lov'd prince's day,
The gladden'd soil in all its plenty shines,
New spreads its branching palms, and new adorns
its pines;

With gifts prepares the shining guest to meet,
And pours its verdant offerings at her feet.
As in the fields with pleasure she appears,
Smiles on the labourers, and their labours cheers,
The luscious canes with sweeter juices flow,
The melons ripen, and the citrons blow,
The golden orange takes a richer dye,
And slaves forget their toil, while she is by.

Not Ceres' self more blessings could display,
When through the earth she took her wandering
way,
Far from her native coast, and all around
Diffus'd ripe harvests through the teeming ground.

Mean while our drooping vales deserted mourn,
Till happy years bring on her wish'd return;
New honours then, Urania, shall be thine,
And Britain shall again the world outline.

So when of late our sun was veil'd from sight
In dark eclipse, and lost in sudden night,
A shivering cold each heart with horror thrill'd,
The birds forsook the skies, the herds the field;
But when the conquering orb, with one bright ray,
Broke through the gloom, and re-enthron'd the day,
The herds reviv'd, the birds renew'd their strains,
Unusual transports rais'd the cheerful swains,
And joy returning echo'd through the plains.

THE FOLLOWING

SUPPLEMENT AND CONCLUSION

To Mr. Milton's incomparable Poem, entitled, *Il Penseroso*, or *The Penfive Man*, was also writ by Mr. Hughes.

It seems necessary to quote the eight foregoing lines for the right understanding of it.

'AND may at last my weary age
'Find out the peaceful hermitage,
'The hairy gown and mossy cell,
'Where I may sit, and rightly spell
'Of every star that heaven doth shew,
'And every herd that tips the dew;
'Till old experience do attain
'To something like prophetic strain.'
There let time's creeping winter shed
His hoary snow around my head;
And while I feel, by fast degrees,
My sluggish blood wax chill, and freeze,
Let thought unveil to my fixt eye
The scenes of deep eternity,
Till life dissolving at the view,
I wake, and find those visions true!

THE HUE AND CRY.

O YES!—Hear, all ye beaux and wits,
Musicians, poets, 'squires, and cits,
All, who in town or country dwell!
Say, can you tale or tidings tell
Of Tortorella's hasty flight?
Why in new groves she takes delight,
And if in concert, or alone,
The cooing murmur makes her moan?

Now learn the marks, by which you may
Trace out and stop the lovely stray!

Some wit, more folly, and no care,
Thoughtless her conduct, free her air;
Gay, scornful, sober, indiscreet,
In whom all contradictions meet;
Civil, affronting, peevish, easy,
Form'd both to charm you and displease you;
Much want of judgment, none of pride,
Modish her dress, her hoop full wide;
Brown skin, her eyes of sable hue,
Angel, when pleas'd, when vex'd, a shrew.

'Gentle her motion, when she walks,
Sweetly she sings, and loudly talks;
Knows all the world, and its affairs,
Who goes to court, to plays, to prayers,
Who keeps, who marries, fails, or thrives,
Leads honest, or dishonest, lives;
What money match'd each youth or maid,
And who was at each masquerade;
Of all fine things in this fine town,
She's only to herself unknown.

By this description, if you meet her,
With lowly bows, and homage greet her;
And if you bring the vagrant beauty
Back to her mother and her duty,
Ask for reward a lover's bliss,
And (if she'll let you) take a kiss;
Or more, if more you wish and may,
Try if at church the words she'll say,
Then make her, if you can—"obey."

THE PATRIOT.

To the Right Honourable
WILLIAM LORD COWPER,

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

How godlike is the man, how truly great,
Who, midst contending factions of the state,
In council cool, in resolution bold,
Nor brib'd by hopes, nor by mean fears controul'd,
And proof alike against both foes and friends,
Ne'er from the golden mean of virtue bends!
But wisely fix'd, nor to extremes inclin'd,
Maintains the steady purpose of his mind.

So Atlas, pois'd on his broad base, defies
The shock of gathering storms and wintry skies;
Above the clouds, serene, he lifts his brow,
And sees unmov'd the thunder break below.

But where's the patriot, by these virtues known,
Unsway'd by others passions, or his own?
Just to his prince, and to the public true,
That shuns, in all events, each partial view?
That ne'er forgets the whole of things to weigh,
And scorns the short-liv'd wisdom of a day?

If there be one—hold muse, nor more reveal—
(Yet oh that numbers could his name conceal!)
Thrice happy Britain, of such wealth possess'd!
On thy firm throne, great George, unshaken rest,

Safe in his judgment, on his faith rely,
And prize the worth which kingdoms cannot buy!

Rich in itself, the genuine diamond shines,
And owes its value to its native mines;
Yet set in Britain's crown, drinks ampler rays
Of the sun's light, and casts a wider blaze.
With pleasure we the well-plac'd gem behold,
That adds a lustre to the royal gold.

January 25. 1717-18.

THE SECOND SCENE OF THE FIRST ACT

OR

ORESTES, A TRAGEDY.

TRANSLATED FROM EURIPIDES.

Argument.

Orestes had killed his mother Clytemnestra, in revenge of his father's death, who was murdered by her. This part of the story is the subject of the *Electra* of Sophocles, where, in the conclusion of the play, Clytemnestra is heard behind the scene crying out in vain for mercy, while her son is executing his revenge. Perhaps this play was written first; and Euripides took up the story where the other left off. The reflection on his guilt in putting his mother to death, though a criminal, with his own hands; filled Orestes's mind with so much horror as afterwards caused his distraction. In this condition he is represented in the following scene, lying on a couch, and his sister *Electra*, with a chorus of Grecian women, waiting near him.

I shall detain the reader no longer than to observe, that the tenderness of *Electra*, and the alternate starts and returns of madness and reason in *Orestes*, are touched with the most exquisite strokes of nature and passion.

Chorus, Orestes, Electra.

Chorus.

DRAW near, *Electra*, to thy brother's couch;
See if he breathes; this long-protracted rest
May end in death, and fatally deceive thee.

Orestes, waking.

O sweet refreshing sleep! thou balmy cure
Of sickness and of pain!
How has thy gentle power at length reliev'd me!
O soft oblivion of surrounding ills,
How grateful to th' afflicted are thy charms!
Where am I?—speak—inform me, tell me where
How came I hither? for I know not how!
Alas! I've lately been bereft of reason!
And now no tract of former thought remains.

Electra.

O my much-lov'd Orestes! O my brother!
With joy I've watch'd o'er thy late healing slumbers.
Come—shall I help to raise thee from thy couch?

X iii

Orestes.

Soft, I pray thee—first wipe away these drops,
That sit all dewy o'er my face.

Electra.

Ye gods!
How pleasant is this talk to a sister's love!

Orestes.

Come, let me lean upon thee;—how canst thou
be—me?—

Put forth thy hand; remove the clotted locks
That shade my sight; I scarcely yet can see—

Electra.

O my poor brother! how has sickness chang'd
thee!

Thy face, thy beard, so long unwash'd deform
thee,

And spread an unknown horror o'er thy mien.

Orestes.

I'm weary;—lead me to my couch again.
When my fit leaves me I am weak and faint,
And a cold trembling runs through all my limbs.

Electra.

How friendly is the sick man's bed; though
pain
Dwell there, yet there he best may bear it.

Orestes.

O! help once more; and gently bend me for-
ward.

Chorus.

The sick are ever restless;
Uneasiness and pain make them impatient.

Electra.

Wilt thou get up, and try again to walk?
Change will perhaps relieve thee.

Orestes.

I fain would walk—and, seeming well awhile,
Delude my anxious thoughts.

Electra.

Now hear me, brother;
Hear me, while yet the cruel furies leave thee
This pause from grief, this interval of reason.

Orestes.

Speak quick thy news—if it be good, 'tis wel-
come;
If ill—I've load enough; nor add thou more.

Electra.

Then know thy uncle Menelaus comes;
His ship is in the port—

Orestes.

What dost thou say?—
He comes, like dawning light, to cheer our griefs,
And chase away the blackness of despair;
My father's brother, and his best-lov'd friend!

Electra.

He's now arriv'd—and brings from conquer'd
Troy

His beauteous Helen—

Orestes.

Say'st thou?—better far
He came alone—and he alone surviving;
But if with Helen—then he brings a curse,
A heavy curse—

Electra.

The race of Tyndarus
Have through all Greece spread infamy and shame,

Orestes.

Beware then—shun the deeds of impious women,
Wear no false face—be good, as well as seem so—
Beware I say—

Electra.

Alas! what means my brother? you are chang'd.
Your colour shifts—your eyes look fiercely wild—
Your fit returns—O heaven's! he's lost again.

Orestes.

Mother, forbear!—What! no forgiveness—
never?

O! take away those furies—how they shake
Their snaky locks; and grin around me!

Electra.

Alas! poor wretch; 'tis thy own fear alarms thee.
Compose thyself: why dost thou leave thy couch?
Here are no fiends; thou talk'st to shapeless air.

Orestes.

Help, help me, Phœbus—See those dogs of hell
With famish'd jaws gape horrid to devour me!
Th' infernal priestesses look fiercely on me;
They thirst for blood, and I'm the destin'd victim!

Electra.

Nay, strive not—for I will not let thee go,
While these weak arms can fold thee—

Orestes.

What art thou? [thee;
One of my curst tormenters?—Hence—I know
Thou grasp'st me thus to plunge me down to hell.

Electra.

Oh! whence can wretched mortals hope for
succour,
When heaven is deaf, and all the gods our foes!

Orestes.

Reach me the weapons of the shooting god,
Apollo's gift, the shafts and horny bow;
With these he bade me drive the fiends away,
When cruel, they attack me—

Electra.

Can they feel?
Can deathless beings feel a mortal wound?

Orestes.

They shall—or leave my tortur'd sight—behold!
Dost thou not see their feather'd shafts fly round
me?

Begone, ye ministers of wrath—Away! away!
The guilt's not mine—Hence, through the yield-
ing skies,

Fly swift to heaven—and charge Apollo there
Whose oracle betray'd me—Ah! I faint;
My spirits sink—Where am I now? Alas!
How have I left my bed?—how stray'd I hither?
O—I perceive—once more the raging waves
Have spent their force—and all is calm again—
My sister?—weeping too? Why dost thou turn
Thy face away, thus muffled in thy garment!

I grieve to think what I have made thee suffer;
I know my sickness bears too hard upon thee;
Yet weep not for my crimes, unhappy maid!
The deed was mine—Thou only didst consent:
'Twas I that slew my mother—Phœbus himself
Advis'd that impious act—the guilt be his, [me.
Whose words spoke comfort, but who now forsakes
But oh! Electra, had our father's shade
Been present then—had I, before the god,

Ask'd his consent, to strike the murderers dead,
The pitying manes sure had stopp'd my hand,
Nor would have wish'd for his own life again,
Redeem'd by guilt, so horrid in a son.

Now wipe away thy tears, lamenting maid;
Though we're both wretched, tears are shed in vain;
And when thou seest again my faltering reason,
Be ready thou to rule my broken sense,
And comfort my affliction—And when thou
Shalt sink beneath thy pressing woes, I'll strive
By soothing words to mitigate thy sorrows.
Such offices become our fond affection.

But now, retiring to thy own apartment,
Let gentle slumber close thy wakeful eyes;
Then rise refresh'd; anoint thy wearied limbs,
And with due nourishment recruit thy spirits.
Such ceaseless watchings will exhaust thy strength,
And make thy languid life a burden to thee.
Thou seest all other friends are fled; thou art
My only solace in this dire affliction
Should'st thou forsake me too, I'm lost indeed.

Electra.

O no! thy sister never will forsake thee;
Nor only will I live, but die, with thee;
What joy could life afford a wretched woman,
Bereft of father, brother, every friend?—

But if you so command, I will retire;
In the meanwhile compose thyself to rest,
Reclin'd upon thy couch; nor let vain terrors
Rouse thee again—Thy own upbraiding conscience
Is the revengeful fiend that haunts thy breast!

ON THE BIRTH DAY

Of the Right Honourable

THE LORD CHANCELLOR PARKER.

JULY XXIII. M.DCC.XIX.

As father Thames pours out his plenteous urn
O'er common tracts, with speed his waters flow;
But where some beauteous palace does adorn
His banks, the river seems to move more slow;

As if he stopp'd awhile, with conscious pride,
Nor to the ocean would pursue his race,
Till he reflect its glories in his tide,
And call the water-nymphs around to gaze.

So in time's common flood the huddled throng
Of months and hours unheeded pass away,
Unless some general good our joy prolong,
And mark the moments of some festal day.

Nor fair July, though plenty clothe his fields,
Though golden suns make all his mornings smile,
Can boast of aught that such a triumph yields,
As that he gave a Parker to our isle.

Hail happy month! secure of lasting fame!
Doubly distinguish'd through the circling year:
In Rome a hero gave thee first thy name;
A patriot's birth makes thee to Britain dear.

THE XIVth OLYMPIC OF PINDAR,

TO

ASOPICUS OF ORCHOMENUS.

I.

Ye heavenly graces, who preside
O'er Minæa's happy soil, that breeds,
Swift for the race, the fairest steeds;
And rule the land, where with a gentle tide
Your lov'd Cephissian waters glide!
To you Orchomenus's towers belong,
Then hear, ye goddesses, and aid the song.

II.

Whatever honours shine below,
Whatever gifts can move delight,
Or soothe the ravish'd soul, or charm the sight,
To you their power of pleasing owe.
Fame, beauty, wisdom, you bestow;
Nor will the gods the sacred banquet own,
Nor on the chorus look propitious down,
If you your presence have deny'd,
To rule the banquet, and the chorus guide.

III.

In heaven itself all own your happy care;
Bless'd by your influence divine,
There all is good, and all is fair:
On thrones sublime you there illustrious shine;
Plac'd near Apollo with the golden lyre,
You all his harmony inspire,
And warbled hymns to Jove perpetual sing,
To Jove, of heaven the father and the king.

IV.

Now hear, Aglaia, venerable maid!
Hear thou that tuneful verse dost love,
Euphrosyne! join your celestial aid,
Ye daughters of immortal Jove!
Thalia too be present with my lays;
Asopicus has rais'd his city's name,
And, victor in th' Olympic strife, may claim
From you his just reward of virtuous praise.

V.

And thou, O Fame! this happy triumph spread;
Fly to the regions of the dead, [found,
Through Proserpine's dark empire bear the
There seek Cleodamus below,
And let the pleas'd paternal spirit know,
How on the plains of Pisa far renown'd,
His son, his youthful son, of matchless speed,
Bore off from all the victor's meed,
And with an olive wreath his envy'd temples
crown'd.

THE MORNING APPARITION.

Written at Wallington-house, in Surry, the Seat of Mr.
Bridges.

ALL things were hush'd, as noise itself were dead;
No midnight mice stirr'd round my silent bed;
Not e'en a gnat disturb'd the peace profound,
Dumb o'er my pillow hung my watch unbound;
No ticking death-worm told a fancy'd doom,
Nor hidden cricket chirrup'd in the room;

X iii

No breeze the casement shook, or fann'd the leaves,
Nor drops of rain fell soft from off the eaves;
Nor noisily splinter made the candle weep,
But the dim watchlight seen, 'd itself asleep,
When tir'd I clos'd my eyes—How long I lay
In slumber wrapp'd, I list not now to say:
When hark! a sudden noise—See! open flies
The yielding door—I, starting, rubb'd my eyes,
Fast clos'd awhile; and as their lids I rear'd,
Full at my feet a tall thin form appear'd,
While through my parted curtains rushing broke
A light like day, ere yet the figure spoke.
Cold sweat bedew'd my limbs—Nor did I dream;
Hear, mortals, hear! for real truth's my theme.
And now, more bold, I rais'd my trembling bones
To look—when lo! 'twas honest master Jones;
Who wav'd his hand, to banish fear and sorrow,
Well charg'd with toast and sack, and cry'd "Good
"morrow."

WRITTEN IN A WINDOW
AT WALLINGTON-HOUSE,
THEN THE SEAT OF

MRS. ELIZABETH BRIDGES, 1719.

ENVY, if thy searching eye
Through this window chance to pry,
To thy sorrow thou shalt find,
All that's generous, friendly, kind,
Goodness, virtue, every grace,
Dwell in this happy place:
Then, if thou would'st shun this sight,
Hence for ever take thy flight.

THE SUPPLEMENT:

THE CHARACTER OF
MRS. ELIZABETH BRIDGES†.

Imp. rf. H.

PAINTER, give o'er; here ends thy feeble art;
For how wilt thou describe th' immortal part?
Though Kneller's or though Raphaël's skill were
thine,
Or Titian's colours on the cloth did shine,
The labour'd piece must yet half-finish'd stand,
And mock the weakness of the master's hand.

Colours are but the phantoms of the day,
With that they're born, with that they fade away;
Like beauty's charms, they but amuse the sight,
Dark in themselves, till, by reflection bright,
With the sun's aid to rival him they boast,
But light withdrawn in their own shades are lost.
Then what are these t' express the living fire,
The lamp within, that never can expire?

† The better.
She died Dec. 1. 1745, aged 88.

That work can only by the muse be wrought;
Souls must paint souls, and thought delineate
thought.

Then painter-muse begin, and unconfin'd
Draw boldly first a large extent of mind:
Yet not a barren waste, an empty space.
For crowds of virtues fill up all the place.
See! o'er the rest fair piety presides,
As the bright sun th' inferior planets guides;
To the soul's powers it vital heat supplies,
And hence a thousand worthy habits rise.
So when that genial father of the spring
Smiles on the meads, and wakes the birds to sing,
And from the heavenly bull his influence sheds
On the parterres and fruitful garden beds,
A thousand beauteous births shoot up to sight,
A thousand buds unfolding meet the light;
Each useful plant does the rich earth adorn,
And all the flowery universe is born.

O! could my verse describe this sacred queen,
This first of virtues, awful, yet serene,
Plain in her native charms, nor too severe,
Free from false zeal, and superstitious fear;
Such and so bright, as by th' effects we find
She dwells in this selected happy mind,
The source of every good should stand confest,
And all who see applaud the heaven-born guest!

Proceed, my muse, next in the picture place
Diffusive charity to human race.
Justice thou need'st not in the draught express,
Since every greater still includes the less.
What were the praise if virtue idly stood,
Content alike to do nor harm nor good?
Though shunning ill, unactive and supine,
Like painted suns that warm not while they shine?
The nobler soul such parrow life disdain,
Flows out, and meets another's joys and pains,
Tasteless of blessings, if possess alone,
And in imparted pleasures seeks its own.
Hence grows the sense of friendship's generous fires,
Hence liberality the heart inspires,
Hence streams of good in constant actions flow,
And man to man becomes a god below:

A soul thus form'd, and such a soul is here,
Needs not the dangerous test of riches' fear,
But, unsubdu'd to wealth, may safely stand,
And count o'er heaps with an unshak'd hand.
Heaven, that knew this, and where t' intrust its
store,

And, blessing one, oft' blesses many more,
First gave a will to give, then fitly join'd
A liberal fortune to a liberal mind.
With such a graceful ease her bounty flows;
She gives, and scarce that she's the giver knows,
But seems receiving most, when she the most
bestows.
Rich in herself, well may she value more
Her wealth within, the mind's immortal store;
Passions subdued, and knowledge free from pride,
Good humour, ever to good sense ally'd,
Well-season'd mirth, and wisdom unsever'd,
An equal temper, and a heart sincere;

Gifts that alone from Nature's bounty flow,
Which fortune may display, but not bestow;
For wealth but sets the picture more in sight,
And brings the beauties or the faults to light.
How true th' esteem that's founded in desert!
How pleasing is the tribute of the heart!
Here willing duty ne'er was paid in vain,
And ev'n dependence cannot feel its chain,
Yet whom she thus sets free she closer binds,
(Affection is the chain of grateful minds)
And, doubly blessing her adopted care,
Makes them her virtues with her fortune share,
Leads by example, and by kindness guards,
And raises first the merit she rewards.

Oft too abroad she casts a friendly eye,
As she would help to every need supply.
The poor near her almost their cares forget,
Their want but serves as hunger to their meat;
For, since her soul's ally'd to human kind,
Not to her house alone her store's confin'd,
But passing on, its own full banks o'erflows,
Enlarg'd, and deals forth plenty as it goes.
Through some fair garden thus a river leads
Its watery wealth, and first th' inclosure seeds,
Visits each plant, and every flower supplies;
Or, taught in sportive fountains to arise,
Casts sprinkled showers o'er every figur'd green;
Or in canals walks round the beauteous scene,
Yet stops not there, but its free course maintains,
And spreads gay verdure through th' adjacent
 plains;
The labouring hinds with pleasure see it flow,
And bless those streams by which their pastures
 grow.

O generous use of power! O virtuous pride!
Ne'er may the means be to such souls deny'd,
Executors of Heaven's all-bounteous will,
Who well the great First-giver's ends fulfil,
Who from superior heights still looking down
On glittering heaps, which scarce they think their
 own,
Despise the empty show of useless state,
And only would by doing good be great!

Now pause awhile, my muse, and then renew
The pleasing task, and take a second view!

.....

A train of virtues yet undrawn appear;
Here just economy, strict prudence there;
Near liberality they ever stand;
This guides her judgment, that directs her hand,
By these see wild profusion chas'd away,
And wanton luxury, like birds of prey.
Whilst meek humility, with charms serene,
Forbids vain pomp t' approach the hallow'd scene;
Yet through her veil the more attracts the sight,
And on her sister-virtues casts a light.

But wherefore starts the painter-muse, and why,
The piece unfinish'd, throws the pencil by?
Methinks (she says) humility I hear,
With gentle voice reproving, cry—Forbear!

Forbear, rash muse! nor longer now commend,
Lest whom thou would'st describe, thou should'st
 offend,
And in her breast a painful glowing raise,
Who, conscious of the merit, shuns the praise.

THE ECSTACY.

AN ODE.

"Me vero primum dulces ante omnia musæ
"Accipiant, cœlique vias et sidera monstreant."
VIRG.

Advertisement.

It may be proper to acquaint the reader that the following poem was begun on the model of a Latin ode of Casimiro, intituled *e Rebus Humanis Excessus*, from which it is plain that Cowley likewise took the first hint of his ode called the *Ecstasy*. The former part, therefore, is chiefly an imitation of that ode, though with considerable variations, and the addition of the whole second stanza, except the first three lines: but the plan itself seeming capable of a farther improvement, the latter part, which attempts a short view of the heavens according to the modern philosophy, is entirely original, and not founded on anything in the Latin author.

I.

I LEAVE mortality's low sphere.
Ye winds and clouds, come lift me high;
And on your airy pinions bear
Swift through the regions of the sky.
What lofty mountains downward fly!
And lo, how wide a space of air
Extends new prospects to my eye!
The gilded fanes, reflecting light,
And royal palaces, as bright,
 (The rich abodes
Of heavenly and of earthly gods)
Retire apace; whole cities too
Decrease beneath my rising view.
And now far off the rolling globe appears;
Its scatter'd nations I survey,
And all the mass of earth and sea;
Oh object well deserving tears!
Capricious state of things below, [know!
That, changeful from their birth, no fix'd duration

II.

Here new-built towns, aspiring high,
Ascend, with lofty turrets crown'd;
There others fall, and mouldering lie,
Obscure, or only by their ruins found,
Palmyra's far-extended waste I spy,
 (Once Tadmor, ancient in renown)
Her marble heaps, by the wild Arab shown,
Still load with useless pomp the ground.
But where is lordly Babylon? where now
Lifts she to heaven her giant brow?
Where does the wealth of Nineveh abound?
Or where's the pride of Afric's shore?
Is Rome's great rival then no more?

In Rome herself behold th' extremes of fate,
Her ancient greatness sunk, her modern boasted
state!

See her luxurious palaces arise,
With broken arches mixt between!
And here what splendid domes possess the skies!
And there old temples, open to the day,
Their walls o'ergrown with moss display;

And columns, awful in decay, [scene.
Rear up their roofless heads to form the various
III.

Around the space of earth I turn my eye;
But where's the region free from woe?

Where shall the muse one little spot descry
The feat of happiness below?

Here peace would all its joys dispense,
The vines and olives unmolested grow,

But lo! a purple pestilence
Unpeoples cities, sweeps the plains,
Whilst vainly through deserted fields
Her unrep'd harvests Ceres yields,

And at the noon of day a midnight silence reigns.

There milder heat the healthful climate warms,
But, slaves to arbitrary power,

And pleas'd each other to devour,
The mad possessors rush to arms.

I see, I see them from afar,
I view distinct the mingled war!

I see the changing squadrons press
Hand to hand, and breast to breast.

Destruction, like a vulture, hovers nigh;
Lur'd with the hope of human blood,

She hangs upon the wing, uncertain where to fly,
But licks her drowthy jaws, and waits the promis'd
food.

IV.

Here cruel Discord takes a wider scene,
To exercise more unrelenting rage;

Appointed fleets their numerous powers engage,
With scarce a space of sea between.

Hark! what a brazen burst of thunder
Rends the elements asunder!

Affrighted Ocean flies the roar,
And drives the billows to the distant shore;

The distant shore,
That such a storm ne'er felt before,

Transmits it to the rocks around;

The rocks and hollow creeks prolong the rolling
found.

V.

Still greater horrors strike my eyes.

Behold convulsive earthquakes there

And shatter'd land in pieces tear,

And ancient cities sink, and sudden mountains rise!
Through opening mines th' astonish'd wretches go,
Hurry'd to unknown depths below.

The bury'd ruin sleeps; and nought remains

But dust above and desert plains,

Unless some stone this sad inscription wear,

Rais'd by some future traveller,

"The prince, his people, and his kingdom, here,

"One common tomb contains."

VI.

Again, behold where seas, disdainful bound,

O'er the firm land usurping ride,

And bury spacious towns beneath their sweeping
tide. [sound.

Dash'd with the sudden flood the vaulted temples
Waves roll'd on waves, deep burying deep, lift
high

A watery monument, in which profound

The courts and cottages together lie.

Ev'n now the floating wreck I spy,

And the wide surface far around

With spoils of plunder'd countries crown'd.

Such, Belgia, was the ravage and affright,

When late thou saw'st thy ancient foe

Swell o'er thy digues, oppos'd in vain,

With deadly rage, and rising in its might

Pour down swift ruin on thy plains below.

Thus fire, and air, and earth, and main,

A never-ceasing fight maintain,

While man on every side is sure to lose;

And fate has furnish'd out the stage of life

With war, misfortune, and with strife; [woes.
Till death the curtain drops, and shuts the scene of
VII.

But why do I delay my flight?

Or on such gloomy objects gaze?

I go to realms serene with ever-living light.

Haste, clouds and whirlwinds, haste a raptur'd bard
to raise;

Mount me sublime along the shining way,

Where planets, in pure streams of æther driv'n,

Swim through the blue expanse of heav'n.

And lo! th' obsequious clouds and winds obey!

And lo! again the nations downwards fly,

And wide-stretch'd kingdoms perish from my eye.

Heaven! what bright visions now arise!

What opening worlds my ravish'd sense surprise!

I pass cerulean gulfs, and now behold

New solid globes their weight, self-balanc'd, bear,

Unprop'd amidst the fluid air,

And all, around the central sun, in circling eddies
roll'd.

Unequal in their course see they advance,

And form the planetary dance!

Here the pale moon, whom the same laws ordain

I obey the earth, and rule the main;

Here spots no more in shadowy streaks appear;

But lakes instead, and groves of trees,

The wondering muse transported sees,

And their tall heads discover'd mountains rear.

And now once more I downward cast my sight,

When lo! the earth a larger moon, displays

Far off, amidst the heavens, her silver face,

And to her sister moon by turns gives light!

Her seas are shadowy spots, her land a milky white.
VIII.

What power unknown my course still upwards
guides,

Where Mars is seen his ruddy rays to throw

Through heatless skies that round him seem to
glow, [sides?

And where remoter Jove o'er his four moons pre-

And now I urge my way more bold,

Unpierc'd by Saturns chilling cold, [behold.

And pass his planetary guards, and his bright ring

Here the sun's beams so faintly play,

The mingled shades almost extinguish day.

His rays reverted hence the fire withdraws,
Far here his wide dominions end;
And other suns, that rule by other laws,
Hither their bordering realms extend.

IX.

And now far off through the blue vacant borne,
I reach at last the milky road,
Once thought to lead to Jove's supreme abode,
Where stars, profuse in heaps, heaven's glittering
heights adorn.

Lost in each other's neighbouring rays, [blaze.
They undistinguish'd shine in one promiscuous
So thick the lucid gems are strown,
As if th' Almighty builder here
Laid up his stores for many a sphere
In destin'd worlds, as yet unknown.
Hither the nightly-wakeful swain,
That guards his folds upon the plain,
Ofte turns his gazing eyes,
Yet marks no stars, but o'er his head
Beholds the streamy twilight spread,
Like distant morning in the skies;
And wonders from what source its dawning splen-
dors rise.

X.

But lo!—what's this I see appear?
It seems far off a pointed flame;
From earth-wards too the shining meteor came.
How swift it climbs th' aerial space!
And now it traverses each sphere,
And seems some living guest, familiar to the place.
'Tis he—as I approach more near
The great Columbus of the skies I know!
'Tis Newton's soul, that daily travels here
In search of knowledge for mankind below.
O stay; thou happy spirit, stay, [day;
And lead me on through all th' unbeaten wilds of
As when the Sibyl did Rome's father guide
Safe through the downward roads of night,
And in Elysium blest his sight
With views till then to mortal eyes deny'd.
Here let me, thy companion, stray
From orb to orb, and now behold
Unnumber'd suns, all seas of molten gold;
And trace each comet's wandering way,
And now descry light's fountain-head,
And measure its descending speed;
Or learn how sun-born colours rise
In rays distinct, and in the skies
Blended in yellow radiance flow,
Or stain the fleecy cloud, or streak the watery bow;
Or now diffus'd their beauteous tinctures shed
On every planer's rising hills, and every verdant
mead.

XI.

Thus, rais'd sublime on contemplation's wings,
Fresh wonders I would still explore,
Still the great Maker's power adore,
Lost in the thought—nor ever more
Return to earth, and earthly things;
But here with native freedom take my flight,
An inmate of the heavens, adopted into light!
So for a while the royal eagle's brood
In his low nest securely lies,
Amid the darkness of the sheltering wood,

Yet there with in-born vigour hopes the skies:
Till fledge'd with wings full-grown, and bold to rise,
The bird of heaven to heaven aspires,
Soars 'midst the meteors and celestial fires,
With generous pride his humbler birth disdains,
And bears the thunder through th' æthereal plains.

THE TENTH BOOK

OF

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA,

TRANSLATED.

*The Argument and Connection of the Story with the
foregoing Books.*

Pompey, flying to Egypt, after his defeat at Pharsalia, was, by the king's consent, basely murdered by Pothinus, and his head presented to Cæsar, as he approached the Egyptian coast, in pursuit of his enemy. The poet having represented this catastrophe in the two former books; the argument of the tenth book is as follows: Cæsar lands in Egypt. He goes to Alexandria; visits the temple, and the sepulchre of the kings, in which Alexander the Great was buried. The poet, in a beautiful digression, declaims against the ambition of that monarch. Ptolemy, the young king of Egypt, meets Cæsar at his arrival, and receives him into his palace. His sister Cléopatra, who had been kept a prisoner in Pharos, makes her escape, and privately getting admittance to Cæsar, implores his protection. By his means she is reconciled to her brother; after which she entertains Cæsar at a feast. The supper being ended, Cæsar requests of Achoreus, the priest, an account of the antiquities of Egypt, particularly of the river Nile. Achoreus's reply. The course of that river described, with an enumeration of the various opinions concerning its spring, and the causes of its overflowing. Pothinus plots the death of Cæsar. His message to Achilles to invite him to join in this attempt. Achilles marches against Alexandria with an army composed of Egyptians and Romans, and besieges Cæsar in the palace, who seizes Ptolemy as a pledge for his own security. A herald, sent from the king to inquire the cause of this tumult, is slain. An attack being made, Cæsar defends himself, burns the Egyptian ships in the harbour, and possesses himself of Pharos, where he puts Pothinus to death. Arsinoë, younger sister of Ptolemy, by the aid of Ganimede, her governor, arriving in the camp, causes Achilles to be slain. Ganimede renews the attack against Cæsar, who is blocked up in Pharos, and reduced to the greatest extremity.

WHEN conquering Cæsar follow'd to the land
His rival's head, and trod the barbarous strand,
His fortune strove with guilty Egypt's fate
In doubtful fight, and this the dire debate;

Shall Roman arms great Lagus' realm enthral?
Or shall the victor, like the vanquish'd, fall
By Egypt's sword? Pompey, the ghost withstood
Th' impending blow, and sav'd the general's blood,
Left Rome, too happy after loss of thee,
Should rule the Nile, herself from bondage free.

Secure, and with this barbarous pledge content,
To Alexandria now the conqueror went.
The crowd that saw his entry, while, before,
Advancing guards the rods of empire bore,
In murmur'd sounds their jealous rage disclos'd,
At Roman rites and foreign law impos'd,
Observing Cæsar soon his error spy'd,
That not for him his mighty rival dy'd,
Yet smooth'd his brow, all marks of fear suppress'd,
And hid his cares, deep bury'd in his breast.

Then with intrepid mien he took his way,
The city walls and temples to survey,
Works which thy ancient power, great Macedon,
display.

He view'd the splendid fane with careless eyes,
Shrines rich with gold and sacred mysteries,
Nor fix'd his sight, but, eager in his pace,
Descends the vault, which holds the royal race.
Philip's mad son, the prosperous robber, bound
In fate's eternal chains, here sleeps profound,
Whom death forbade his rapines to pursue,
And in the world's revenge the monster flew.
His impious bones, which, through each climate tost,
The sport of winds, or in the ocean lost,
Had met a juster fate, this tomb obtain'd,
And sacred, to that kingdom's end, remain'd.
O! should auspicious years roll round again,
And godlike liberty resume her reign,
Preserv'd to scorn the relics would be shown
Of the bold chief, whose boundless pride alone
This curst example to ambition gave,
How many realms one mortal can enslave!

Disdaining what his father won before,
Aspiring still, and restless after more,
He left his home: while fortune smooth'd his way,
And o'er the fruitful east eMerg'd his sway.
Red slaughter mark'd his progress, as he past;
The guilty sword laid human nature waste,
Discolour'd Ganges' and Euphrates' flood,
With Persian this, and that with Indian blood.
He seem'd in terror to the nations sent,
The wrath of heaven, a star of dire portent,
And shook, like thunder, all the continent!

Nor yet content, a navy he provides,
To seas remote his triumphs now he guides,
Nor winds nor waves his progress could with-
stand;
Nor Liby's scorching heat, and desert land,
Nor rolling mountains of collected sand.
Had Heaven but giv'n him line, he had outrun
The farthest journey of the setting sun,
March'd round the poles, and drank discover'd Nile
At his spring-head—But winged fate the while
Comes on with speed, the funeral hour draws near;
Death only could arrest his mad career,

Who to his grave the world's sole empire bore,
With the same envy 'twas acquir'd before;
And, wanting a successor to his reign,
Left all to suffer conquest once again.

Yet Babylon first yielded to his arms,
And Parthia trembled at his proud alarms.
Oh thame to tell! could haughty Parthia fear
The Grecian dart, and not the Roman spear?
What though the north, and south, and west, are
ours,
Th' unconquer'd east defies our feeble powers,
So fatal once to Rome's great Crassi known,
A province now to Pella's puny town.

Now from Pelusium, where expanding wide
Nile pours into the sea his ample tide,
Came the boy-king; his presence soon appeas'd
The people's rage, and giddy tumult ceas'd.
In Egypt's palace, Cæsar sleeps secure;
This princely hostage does awhile ensure
His terms of peace; when lo! the sister-queen,
In a small boat conceal'd, securely mean,
With gold corrupts the keeper of the port,
And undiscover'd lands, and lurks within the court.
The royal whore! her country's worst disgrace,
The fate and fury of the Roman race!
As Helen's soft incendiary charms
Provok'd the Grecian and the Trojan arms,
No less did Cleopatra's eyes inspire
Italian flames, and spread the kindled fire.
A rabble rout, a vile enervate band
Presum'd th' imperial eagles to withstand;
Canopus march'd, a woman at their head,
And then, if ever, Rome knew aught of dread,
E'en mighty Rome with terror heard the jar,
Of clatter'd cymbals tinkling to the war,
And shook her lofty towers, and trembled from
afar.

What triumphs had proud Alexandria seen,
Had great Octavius then a captive been,
When hovering victory, at Leucate's bay,
Hung on her wings, and 'twas a strife that day,
If the lost world a distaff should obey.
From that curst night this daring hope arose,
That shameful night, the source of future woes,
Which first commenc'd polluted loves, between
A Roman general and Egyptian queen.
O who can Anthony's wild passion blame?
E'en Cæsar's flinty heart confess'd the softening
flame!

The foul adulterer, reeking with the stains
Of impious slaughter on Thessalian plains,
Unwash'd from blood, amidst the rage of war,
In joys obscene forgets his cruel care. [walls,
Though Pompey's ghost yet haunt those barbarous
And howling in his ears for vengeance calls,
Secure in guilt, he hugs a harlot's charms,
And mingles lawless love with lawless arms,
Nor mindful of his chaster progeny,
A bastard-brother, Julia, gives to thee.
His rallying foes on Libyan plains rejoin;
Luxurious Cæsar, shamefully supine,
Forgoes his gains, and for a kiss or smile
Sells the dear purchase of his martial toil.

Him Cleopatra sought t' espouse her care;
Presuming of her charms, the mournful fair
In wild disorder loos'd her lovely hair,
And, with a face inviting sure relief,
In tender accents thus disclos'd her grief:

Great Cæsar, look! of Lægus' royal race,
So thou restore me to my rightful place,
I kneel a queen. Expell'd my father's throne,
My hope of succour is in you alone.
You rise a prosperous star to Egypt's aid;
O shine propitious on an injur'd maid!
My sex has oft the Pharian sceptre sway'd,
For so the laws admit. Let Cæsar read
Our parent's will; my brother's crown and bed
Are mine to share, and were the youth but free
From fauncy tutors, he would marry me.
But by Pothinus' nod his passions move,
Pothinus wields his sword, and manages his love.
Forbidden that crime; I freely quit my claim,
But save from such reproach our house and name.
Rescue the royal boy from mean command,
Restore the sceptre to his trembling hand,
This vile domestic's lawless pride restrain, [reign.
Remove the traitor-guard, and teach the king to
Th' imperious slave, who kill'd great Cæsar's foe,
Injur'd to blood, would murder Cæsar too,
But far, far hence, ye gods, avert the threaten'd
blow!
Let Pompey's head suffice Pothinus' fame,
Nor let a nobler death increase our shame!

Here paus'd the queen, and spoke in looks the
rest;

Not words alone could move his savage breast;
Her eyes enforce her prayers, soft beauty pleads,
And brib'd the judge; a night of guilt succeeds.
Then soon for peace th' affrighted brother fought,
And with rich gifts his reconciliation brought.

Affairs united thus, the court ordains
A solemn feast, where joy tumultuous reigns.
Here Cleopatra's genius first was shown,
And arts till then to frugal Rome unknown.
The hall a temple seem'd; corrupter days
Scarce to the gods would such a structure raise.
Rich was the fretted roof, and cover'd o'er
With ponderous gold; all onyx was the floor.
Nor marble plates alone the walls incas'd,
Beauteous to sight, and all th' apartment grac'd;
But solid pillars of thick agate stood,
And ebony supply'd for common wood.
Ivory the doors, with Indian tortoise seen
Inlaid, and studded emerald between.
The beds too shone, profuse of gems, on high,
The coverings Tyrian silk, of double dye,
Embroider'd part with gold, with scarlet part,
A curious mixture of Egyptian art.

And now the crowd of menial slaves appears,
Of various skin, and size, and various years.
Some swarthy Africans with frizzled hair;
Black Ethiops these; and those, like Germans, fair,
With yellow locks, which, Cæsar owns, outshine
In colour ev'n the natives of the Rhine;

Besides th' unhappy youth by steel unmann'd,
And soften'd from their sex, a beardless band;
An abler train was rang'd in adverse rows,
Yet scarce their cheeks did the first down disclose.

The princes took their seats; amid the rest
Sat lordly Cæsar, their superior guest.
Proud Cleopatra, not content alone
To enjoy a brother-spouse, and share his throne,
Had stain'd her cheeks, and arm'd with artful
Her fatal eyes, new conquest to prepare; [care
Bright jewels grac'd her neck, and sparkled in
her hair.

O'ercharg'd with spoils which the Red Sea sup-
ply'd,

Scarce can she move beneath the ponderous pride.
Sidonian silk her snowy breasts array'd,
Which through the net-work veil a thousand
charms display'd,

Here might be seen large oval tables wrought
Of citron from Atlantic forests brought,
Their tressels ivory; not so rich a fort
Was Cæsar's prize in vanquish'd Juba's court.
Blind ostentatious madness! to display
Your wealth to whom ev'n civil war's a play,
And tempt an armed guest to seize the prey!
Grant riches not the purpose of his toil,
Nor with rapacious arms to hunt for spoil,
Think him a hero of that chaster time,
When poverty was praise and gold a crime;
Suppose Fabricius present at the show,
Or the rough consul chosen from the plough,
Or virtuous Curius; each would wish to come
With such a triumph back to wondering Rome.

What earth and air, the sea and Nile afford,
In golden vessels heaps the plenteous board;
Whate'er ambitious luxury could find
Through the search'd globe, and more than
want enjoin'd; [kind.
Herds of Egyptian gods, and fowl of various
In crystal ewers Nilus supplies around
His purest streams; vast glittering bowls abound
With wine from Meroc's isle, whose noble age,
Fermenting, sparkles with ungovern'd rage:
With twilted wreaths, which fragrant flowers
compose,
Delightful nard, and ever-blooming rose,
They crown their brows; and strow their oily hair
With spice from neighbouring fields; not yet ex-
pir'd in air.

Here Cæsar learns the fruitful world to drain,
While conscious thoughts his secret soul arraign;
Blushing he inward mourns the dire debate
With his poor son, but mourns, alas! too late,
And longs for war with Egypt's wealthy state.

At length, the tumult of the banquet o'er,
When sated luxury requir'd no more,
Cæsar protracts the silent hours of night,
And, turning to Achoreus, cloth'd in white,
High on a lofty couch—Say, holy seer!
Whose hoary age thy guardian gods reverse,
Devoted to their rites! wilt thou relate
The rise and progress of the Pharian state?

Describe the land's extent, what humours sway
The people's minds, and to what powers you
prayer,

What customs keep, and what devotion pay.
Whate'er your ancient monuments contain,
Produce to light, and willing gods explain.
If Plato once obtain'd a like request,
To whom your fires their mystic rites confest,
This let me boast, perhaps you have not here
A mearner guest, or less judicious ear.
Fame of my rival led me first, 'tis true,
To Egypt's coast, yet join'd with fame of you.
I still had vacant hours amidst my wars,
To read the heavens, and to review the stars;
Henceforth all kalendars must yield to mine,
And ev'n Eudoxus shall the palm resign.
But more than all, the love of truth, which fires
My glowing breast, an ardent wish inspires
To learn what numerous ages ne'er could know,
Your river's source, and causes of its flow.
Indulge my hope Nile's secret birth to view,
No more in arms I'll civil strife pursue.

He paus'd; when thus Achoreus made reply;
Ye reverend shades of our great ancestry!
While I to Cæsar nature's works explain,
And open stores yet hid from eyes profane,
Be it no crime your secrets to reveal!
Let others hold it pious to conceal
Such mighty truths. I think the gods design'd
Works such as these to pass all human kind,
And teach the wondering world their laws and
heavenly mind.

At nature's birth, a various power was given
To various stars that cross the poles of heaven,
And slack the rolling sphere. With sovereign rays
The sun divides the months, the nights, the days,
Fix'd in his orb, the wandering course restrains
Of other stars, and the great dance ordains.
The changeful moon attends th' alternate tides,
Saturn o'er ice and snowy zones presides;
Mars rules the winds, and the wing'd thunder
guides;

Jove's is a sky serene, and temperate air;
The seeds of life are Venus's kindly care.
O'er spreading streams, Cyllenius, is thy reign:
And when that part of heaven thou dost attain,
When Cancer with the lion mingles rays,
And Sirius still his fiery rage displays,
Beneath whose hot survey, deep in his bed,
Obscure from sight, old Nilus veils his head;
When thou, from thence, in thy celestial course,
Ruler of floods, dost strike the river's course,
The conscious streams break out, and flowing soon
Obey thy call, as ocean does the moon;
Nor check their tide, till night has from the sun
Regain'd those hours th' advancing summer won.

Vain was the faith of old, that melted snow
From Ethiopian hills produce this flow;
For let the natives sun-burnt skins declare,
That no bleak north breathes wintery tempests
there,
But vapours from the south possess the parching
air.

Besides, such torrents as by snows increase,
Begin to swell when spring does first release
Those wintery stores; Nile ne'er provokes his
streams,

Till the hot Dog-star shoot his angry beams;
Nor then resumes his banks, till Libra weighs
In equal scale the measur'd nights and days.
Hence he the laws of other streams declines,
Nor flows in winter, when at distance shines
The moderate sun; commanded to repair,
In summer's heat, to cool th' intemperate air.
When scorch'd Siene feels her Cancer's fire,
Then left the world, consum'd in flame, expire,
Nile to its aid his watery forces draws,
And swells against the Lion's burning jaws,
Moistening the plains, till Phæbus late descends
To autumn's cooler couch, and Meroe's shade ex-
tends.

Who can the cause of such great changes read?
Ev'n for our parent nature had decreed
Nile's constant course, and so the world has need.

As vainly to antiquity apply'd
Th' Etesian winds to raise this wondrous tide,
Which blow at stated seasons of the year
For several days, and long possess the air; [fly
Or thought vast clouds, which, driv'n before them,
Beyond the south, discharg'd the burden'd sky
On Nilus' head, and thence his current swell'd;
Or that those winds the river's course repell'd,
Which stopp'd, and press'd by th' entering sea
disdains
His banks, and issuing boils along the plains.

Some think vast pores, and gaps in earth abound
Where streams in silent veins creep under ground,
Led from the chilling north, the line to meet,
When pointed beams direct on Meroe beat,
While the parch'd earth a watery succour craves;
Then Po and Ganges roll their smoother waves
Deep through the vaults beneath; and Nile sup-
ply'd
Discharge at one vent their mingled tide,
Nor can the gather'd flood in one straight chan-
nel ride.

Some think the sea, which round all lands extends
His liquid arms, these gushing waters sends;
That length of course the saltness wears away;
Or thus; since Phæbus and the stars, we say,
Drink ocean's streams; when, near but Cancer's
The thirsty sun a larger portion draws, [claws,
That more than air digests, attracted so,
Falls back by night, and causes Nile to flow.

Might I in so perplex'd a cause engage,
I think, since nature grew mature in age,
Some waters, Cæsar, have deriv'd their birth
From veins by strong convulsions broke in earth;
And some coæval with the world began,
And starting through appointed channels ran,
When this whole frame th' Almighty Builder rear'd,
Ordain'd its laws, and its first motions steer'd.

The kings of Greece, of Egypt, and the East,
Ardent like you, were with this wish possess,

And every age has labour'd to attain
 The wondrous truth, but labour'd still in vain,
 For nature lurks obscure, and mocks their pain.
 Philip's great son, whose consecrated name
 Memphis adores, the first in regal fame,
 Envious of this, detach'd a chosen band
 To range th' extreme of Ethiopia's land!
 They pass the scorching soil, and only view
 Where hotter streams their constant way pursue.
 The farthest west our great Sesostris saw,
 While harmless kings his lofty chariot draw,
 Yet drank your Rhodanus and Padus first
 At both their springs, ere Nile obey'd his thirst.
 Cambyfes, mad with lust of power t' o'er-run
 The long-liv'd nations of the rising sun,
 To promis'd spoils a numerous army led;
 His famish'd soldiers on each other fed,
 Exhausted he return'd, nor saw great Nilus'
 head;—

Nor boasting fame pretends to make it known;
 Where'er thou flow'st, thy springs possess by
 none,

And not one land can call thee, Nile, her own.
 Yet what the god, who did thy birth conceal,
 Has giv'n to know, to Cæsar I'll reveal.

First from the southern pole thy stream we trace,
 Which rolling forward with a speedy pace,
 Under hot Cancer is directly driven
 Against Bootes' wain, far in the north of heaven.
 Yet winding in thy course from east to west,
 Arabia now, now Libya's sands are blest
 With thy cool flood; which first the Seres spy,
 Yet seek thee too; thy current, rolling by,
 Through Ethiopia next, a stranger, flows.
 Nor can the world perceive to whom it owes
 Thy sacred birth, which nature hid from all,
 Lest any nation should behold thee small,
 And, covering deep thy infant head, requir'd
 That none should find what is by all admir'd.

Thou, by a law to other streams unknown,
 In summer's solstice o'er thy banks art thrown,
 And bring'st in thy full tide a winter of thy
 own.

To thee alone 'tis given thy waves to roll
 Athwart the globe, enlarg'd to either pole;
 These nations seek thy fountain, those would
 trace [brace]
 Thy gulf. With spacious arms thou dost em-
 brace Hot Meroe, fruitful to a footy race;
 And proud of eben woods; yet no retreat
 Their uselefs shades afford to shun th' excessive heat.
 Then through the regions of the scorching sun,
 Not less'n'd by his thirst, thy waters run.
 O'er barren sands they take a tedious course,
 Now rolling in one tide their gather'd force;
 Now wandering in their way, and sprinkled round,
 O'er yielding banks thy wanton billows bound.
 Thy channel here its scatter'd troops regains,
 Between th' Egyptian and Arabian plains,
 Where Philas bounds the realm; with easy pace
 Thy slippery waves through deserts cut their race,
 Where nature by a tract of land divides
 Our sea, distinguish'd from the Red Sea's tides.

Who that beholds thee here so gently flow,
 Would think thou ever could'st tempestuous grow?
 But when o'er rugged cliffs and ways uneven
 In sleepy cataracts thou'rt headlong driv'n,
 Thy rushing waves, resisted, fiercer fly,
 And batter'd froth rebounding fills the sky.
 The hills remurmur with the dashing sound,
 Thy billows ride triumphant far around,
 And rear their conquering heads with hoary ho-
 nours crown'd.

Hence shaken Abatos first feels thy rage,
 And rocks, which in our great forefathers' age
 Were call'd the river's veins; because they show
 His first increase, and symptoms of his flow.
 Vast piles of mountains here encompass wide
 His streams, to Libya's thirsty lands deny'd,
 Which thus enclos'd in a deep valley glide.
 At Memphis first he sees the open plains,
 Then flows at large, and his low banks disdains.

While thus secure, as if no danger nigh,
 Till night's black steeds had travel'd half the sky,
 They pass the hours of rest, Pothinus' mind
 From brooding mischief can no leisure find.
 Season'd in sacred blood, what crime can scare
 The wretch, that late could such a murder dare?
 Great Pompey's ghost dwells in his breast, t' in-
 spire

New monsters there; and furies add their fire.
 He hopes ignoble hands shall wear those stains,
 Which heaven for injur'd Roman chiefs ordains,
 And that blind fortune to a slave that day
 The senate's vengeance should bequeath away,
 The debt for civil war, which Cæsar once shall
 pay.

But oh! ye righteous powers, exert your care!
 The guilty life in Brutus' absence spare!
 Nor let vile Egypt Rome's great justice boast,
 And this example to the world be lost!

Vain is th' attempt; yet, scorning secret snares,
 Steel'd by his crimes, the desperate villain dares
 With open war th' unconquer'd chief provoke,
 And dooms his head already to the stroke,
 Designs to bid the slaughter'd father go,
 And seek his son in dreary shades below.
 Yet first he sends a trusty slave, to bear
 This hasty message to Achilles' ear,
 His partner ruffian in great Pompey's fall,
 Whom the weak king had made his general,
 And thoughtless of his own defence, resign'd
 A power against himself and all mankind.

Go, sluggard, to thy bed of down, and sleep
 Thy heavy eyelids in luxurious sleep!
 While Cleopatra does the court invade,
 And Pharos is not privately betray'd,
 But giv'n away; dost thou alone forbear
 To grace the nuptial of thy mistress here?
 Th' incestuous sister shall her brother wed,
 Ally'd already to the Roman's bed,
 And sharing both by turns; Egypt's her hire,
 Already paid, and Rome she may require,
 Could Cleopatra's sorceries decoy
 Ev'n Cæsar's age, and shall we trust a boy?

Whom if one might she fold within her arms,
 Drunk with lewd joys, and fascinating charms,
 Whatever pious name the crime allay,
 Between each kiss, he'll give our heads away,
 And we by racks or flames must for her beauty }
 pay.

In this distress fate no relief allows;
 Cæsar's her lover, and the king her spouse;
 And she herself, no doubt, the doom has past
 On us, and all who would have left her chaste.
 But by the deed which we together shar'd,
 In vain, if not by new attempts repair'd,
 By that strict league a hero's blood has bound,
 Bring speedy war, and all their joys confound,
 Rush boldly on; with slaughter let us stain
 Their nuptial torch; the cruel bride be slain
 Ev'n in her bed, and which foe'er supplies
 In present turn the husband's place, he dies.
 Nor Cæsar's name our purpose shall appall;
 Fortune's the common mistress of us all,
 And she, that lifts him now above mankind,
 Courted by us, may be to us as kind.
 We share his brightest glory, and are great
 By Pompey's death, as he by his defeat.
 Look on the shore, and read good omens there,
 And ask the bloody waves what we may dare.
 Behold what tomb the wretched trunk supplies,
 Half hid in sands, half naked to the skies!
 Yet this was Cæsar's equal whom we slew;
 And doubt we then new glory to pursue?
 Grant that our birth's obscure; yet, shall we need
 Kings or rich states confederate to the deed?
 No, fate's our own, and fortune in our way,
 Without our toil, presents a nobler prey;
 Appease we now the Romans while we may!
 This second victim shall their rage remove
 For Pompey's death, and turn their hate to love.
 Nor dread we mighty names, which slaves adore;
 Stripp'd of his army, what's this soldier more
 Than thou or I?—To night then let us end
 His civil wars; to-night the fates shall send
 A sacrifice to troops of ghosts below,
 And pay that head, which to the world they owe.
 At Cæsar's throat let the fierce soldier's fly,
 And Egypt's youth with Rome's their force }
 apply,
 Those for their king, and these for liberty.
 No more, but haste, and take the foe supine,
 Prepar'd for lust, and gorg'd with food and wine.
 Be bold, and think the gods to thee commend
 The cause which Brutus' prayers, and Cato's will
 defend.

To mischief swift, Achilles soon obey'd
 This summons, yet his sudden march betray'd
 By no loud signal, nor the trumpet's jar:
 In silent haste he led a barbarous train of war.
 Degenerate crowds of Romans fill his bands,
 So lost in vice, so chang'd in foreign lands,
 That they, who should have scorn'd the king's }
 commands,
 Forgetful of their country and their fame,
 Under a vile domestic's conduct came.
 No faith, no honour, can the herd restrain,
 That follow camps, and fight for sordid gain;

Like ruffians brib'd, they ne'er the cause inquire;
 That side's the just, which gives the largest hire.
 If by your swords proud Cæsar was to bleed,
 Strike for yourselves, ye slaves! nor sell the deed!
 Oh wretched Rome! where'er thy eagle flies,
 New civil wars, new fury, will arise;
 Ev'n on Nile's banks, far from Thessalian plains,
 Amidst thy troops their country's madness
 reigns.

What more could the bold house of Lagos dare,
 Had Pompey found a just protection there?
 No Roman hand's exempt, but each must spill
 His share of blood, and heaven's decrees fulfil.
 Such vengeful plagues it pleas'd the gods to send,
 And with such numerous wounds the Latian state
 to rend.

Not for the son or father now they fight;
 A base born-slave can civil arms excite,
 Achilles mingles in the Roman strife;
 And, had not fate protected Cæsar's life,
 These had prevail'd; each villain ready stood,
 This waits without, and that within, for blood.
 The court, dissolv'd in feasting, open lay
 To treacherous snares, a careless easy prey.
 Then o'er the royal cups had Cæsar bled,
 And on the board had fall'n his fever'd head.
 But left, amid the darkness of the night,
 Their swords unconscious, in the huddled fight,
 Might slay the king, the slaves a while took
 breath.

And slipp'd th' important hour of Cæsar's death;
 They thought to make him soon the loss repay,
 And fall a sacrifice in open day.
 One night is given him; by Pothinus' grace
 He sees the sun once more renew his race.

Now the fair morning star began to show
 The sign of day from Cassia's lofty brow,
 And ev'n the dawn made sultry Egypt glow,
 When from afar the marching troops appear,
 Not in loose squadrons scatter'd here and there,
 But one broad front of war, as if that day
 To meet an equal force, and fight in just array.
 While Cæsar thinks not the town-walls secure,
 He bars the palace-gates, compell'd t' endure
 Th' inglorious siege, and in a corner hide
 Enclos'd, nor dares to the whole court confide.
 In haste he arms his friends; his anxious breast,
 Now fir'd with fury, now with doubt depress'd,
 Much fears th' assault, yet more that fear disdains;
 So when some generous savage, bound with chains,
 Is shut within his den, he howls with rage,
 And breaks his teeth against the massy cage:
 And thus, if by new weight of hills impos'd,
 Sicilian Ætna's breathing jaws were clos'd,
 Ev'n thus th' imprison'd god of fire would rave,
 And drive his flames rebelling round the cave.
 Behold the man, who lately scorn'd to dread
 The senate's army to just battle led, } (head,
 The flower of Roman lords, and Pompey at their
 Who, in a cause forbidding hope, could trust
 That Providence for him should prove unjust,
 Behold him now oppress'd, forlorn of aid,
 Driv'n to a house, and of a slave afraid!

He, whom rough Scythians had not dar'd abuse,
Nor savage Moors, who barbarously use
In sport, to try inhospitable arts
On strangers bound, their living mark for darts
Though Rome's extended world, though India
join'd

With Tyrian Gades seems a realm confin'd,
A space too scanty to his vaster mind,
Now, like a boy or tender maid, he flies,
When sudden arms th' invaded works surprise;
He traverses the court, each room explores,
His hope is all in bars and bolted doors.
Yet doubtful while he wanders here and there,
He leads the captive kings his fate to share,
Or expiate that death the slaves for him prepare.
If darts or missive flames shall fail, he'll throw
Their sovereign's head against th' advancing foe.
So, when Medea fled her native clime,
And fear'd just vengeance on her impious crime,
With ready steel the cruel forcerefs stood,
To greet her father with her brother's blood,
Prepar'd his head, to stop, with dire affright,
A parent's speed, and to assure her flight.

Yet Cæsar, that unequal arms might cease,
Suspends his fury, and essays a peace.
A herald from the king is sent, t' assuage
His rebel servants, and upbraid their rage,
And in their absent tyrant's name t' inquire
The secret author of this kindled fire.
But, scornful of reproach, th' audacious crew
The sacred laws of nations overthrow,
And for his speech the royal envoy flew.
Inhuman deed! that swells the guilty score
Of Egypt's monsters, well increas'd before.
Not Thessaly, not Juba's savage train,
Pharnaces' impious troops, not cruel Spain,
Nor Pontus, nor the Syrtis' barbarous land,
Dar'd an attempt like this voluptuous band.

Th' attack is form'd, the palace closely pent;
Huge javelins to the shaken walls are sent,
A storm of flying spears; yet from below
No battering rams resistless drive the blow,
No engine's brought, no fires; the giddy crowd
In parties roam, and with brute clamours loud,
In several bands their wasted strength divide,
And here and there to force an entrance try'd;
In vain, for Fortune fights on Cæsar's side.

Then, where the palace 'midst surrounding waves
Projects luxuriant, and their fury braves,
The ships too their united force apply,
And swiftly hurl the naval war on high,
Yet, present every where with sword or fire,
Cæsar th' approaches guards, and makes the foes
retire.

To all by turns he brings successful aids,
Inverts the war, and though besieg'd, invades.
Fireballs, and torches drest with unctuous spoil
Of tar combustible, and frying oil,
Kindled he launch'd against the fleet; nor slow
The catching flames invest the smouldering tow.
The pitchy planks their crackling prey become;
The painted sterns, and rowers seats consume.

Vol. VII.

There, hulks half burnt sink in the main; and
here
Arms on the waves and drowning men appear.

Nor thus suffic'd, the flames from thence a-
spire,
And seize the buildings with contagious fire.
Swift o'er the roofs by winds increas'd, they fly;
So shooting meteors blaze along the sky,
And lead their wandering course with sudden
glare,
By sulphurous atoms sed in fields of thinnest air.

Affrighted crowds the growing ruin view;
To save the city from the siege they flew,
When Cæsar, wont the lucky hour to choose
Of sudden chance in war, and wisely use,
Lost not in slothful rest the favouring night,
But shipp'd his men, and sudden took his flight.
Pharos he seiz'd, an island heretofore,
When prophet Proteus Egypt's sceptre bore,
Now by a chain of moles contiguous to the
shore.

Here Cæsar's arms a double use obtain;
Hence from the straiten'd foe he bars the main,
While to his friends the important harbour lies
A safe retreat, and open to supplies.
Nor longer now the doom suspended stands,
Which justice on Pothinus' guilt demands.
Yet not as guilt, unmatch'd like his, requires,
Not by the shameful cross, or torturing fires,
Nor torn by ravenous beasts, the howling wretch
expires.

The sword dishonour'd did his head divide,
And by a fate like Rome's best son he dy'd.
Arfinoe now, by well-concerted snares
'Scap'd from the palace to the foe repairs;
Thè trusty Ganymede assists her flight,
Then o'er the camp she claim'd a sovereign's
right;

Her brother absent, she assumes the sword,
And frees the tyrant from his household lord;
By her just hand Achilles meets his fate,
Rebel accurs'd! in blood and mischief great!
Another victim, Pompey, to thy shade;
But think not yet the full atonement made,
Though Egypt's king, though all the royal line
Should fall, thy murmuring ghost would still re-
pine;

Still unreveng'd thy murder would remain,
Till Cæsar's purple life the senate's swords shall
stain.

Nor does the swelling tempest yet subside.
The chief remov'd that did its fury guide,
To the same charge bold Ganymede succeeds,
Prosperous awhile in many hardy deeds.
So long th' event of war in balance lay,
So great the dangers of that doubtful day,
That Cæsar from that day alone might claim
Immortal wreaths, and all the warrior's fame.

Now while to quit the straiten'd mole he
strove,
And to the vacant ships the fight remove,

Y

War's utmost terrors press on every side;
 Before the strand besieging navies ride;
 Behind, the troops advance. No way is seen
 T' escape, or scarce a glorious death to win.
 No room with slaughter'd foes to strew the plain,
 And bravely fall amidst a pile of slain.
 A captive to the place he now appears,
 Doubtful if death should move his hope, or fears.
 In this distress a sudden thought inspir'd
 His hardy breast, by great examples fir'd;
 Bold Scæva's action he to mind recalls,

And glory won near fam'd Dyrhachium's walls;
 Where, whilst his men a doubtful fight main-
 tain,

And Pompey strove the batter'd works to gain,
 Amidst a field of foes, that hemm'd him round,
 Alone the brave Centurion kept his ground.

* * * * *

* * Here the original poem breaks off abruptly,
 having been left unfinished by the author.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN SHEFFIELD,
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Containing his

ESSAY ON POETRY,
ODES,
SONGS,



WRITTLES,
TRANSLATIONS,
IMITATIONS,

G. G. G.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Muse ! 'tis enough ! at length thy labour ends,
And thou shalt live ; for BUCKINGHAM commends—
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain ;
Time, health, and fortune are not lost in vain,
SHEFFIELD approves : consenting Phœbus bends,
And I, and Malice, from this hour are friends.

POPE'S MISCELLANIES.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,
Anno 1793.

POETICAL WORKS

JOHN SHEPHERD

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

Containing his

ESSAYS ON POETRY,
POEMS,
SONNETS,

TRANSLATIONS,
IMITATIONS,

BY G. W. F.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

And thus their lives; for Buckingham comments—
This more than years of thankless pain;
Time, health, and fortune are not lost in vain;
Gentle and approving: contented Rhodope heads,
And I, and Mollie, from this hour are friends.

JOHN A. WINGFIELD

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDRELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

And 1853.

THE LIFE OF SHEFFIELD.

JOHN SHEFFIELD, Earl of Mulgrave, better known by his title of Duke of Buckinghamshire, was born in 1649. His father, Edmund Earl of Mulgrave, was grandson of Edmund second Earl of Mulgrave, and died in 1658. His mother, Elizabeth, daughter of Lionel Earl of Middlesex, marrying Lord Ossulston, soon after the death of his father, the care of his education was left to a tutor, who, though a man of learning, did not much improve him in his studies.

At the age of twelve, he was so little satisfied with his tutor, that he resolved to become his own master, and to dedicate a certain number of hours every day to study.

This purpose he prosecuted successfully; and, by his own application, acquired a degree of learning which justly entitled him to the reputation he ever after maintained of a polite scholar.

His literary acquisitions are the more wonderful, as those years in which they are commonly made, were spent by him in the tumult of a military life, or the gaiety of a court.

At the age of seventeen, when war was declared against the Dutch, he went on board the ship in which Prince Rupert and the Duke of Albemarle sailed; but had no opportunity of signaling his courage.

His zeal for the king's service was rewarded by the command of one of the independent troops then raised to protect the coast.

At the age of eighteen, he received a summons to parliament, which the Earl of Northumberland thought at least indecent; and his objection was allowed.

About this time, he had a quarrel with Rochester, for "having been reported to have said something very malicious of him." Rochester denied the words, and he was himself convinced he had never said them. "But a mere report," says he, "though I found it to be false, obliged me (as I then foolishly thought) to go on with the quarrel." When Rochester came upon the ground, he refused to fight him, urging as a reason for his refusal, that he was then so weak by a certain distemper, that he was incapable of fighting.

He has related the circumstances of this quarrel in his *Memoirs*, perhaps too ostentatiously, as Rochester's surviving sister, Lady Sandwich, is said to have told him with very sharp reproaches.

When another Dutch war (1672) broke out, he went again a volunteer in the ship commanded by Lord Ossory, who represented his behaviour, in the famous naval engagement at Solbay, so favourably, that he was advanced to the command of the Royal Catharine, the best second rate ship in the navy.

He afterwards raised a regiment of foot, and commanded it as colonel. The land forces were sent ashore by Prince Rupert, and he lived in the camp very familiarly with Scomberg. He was then appointed colonel of the old Holland regiment, together with his own, and had the promise of a garter, which he obtained in his twenty-fifth year. He was likewise made Gentleman of the Bed-chamber.

He afterwards made a campaign in the French service, under Turenne. Being opposed by Monmouth in his pretensions to the first troop of horse-guards, he, in return, made Monmouth suspected by the Duke of York. He was not long after, when the unfortunate Monmouth fell into disgrace, recompensed with the Lieutenancy of Yorkshire, and the government of Hull.

Coming very young to the possession of a plentiful estate, and in an age when pleasure was more in fashion than business, he prosecuted his studies amidst the allurements of dissipation; and in making his way to the military and civil employments suitable to his high birth and polite accomplishments, he was never wholly negligent of literature, but at least cultivated poetry; in which he must have early risen to a considerable degree of eminence, if it be true, which is reported, that when he was not yet twenty years old, his recommendation advanced Dryden to the laurel, vacant by the death of Davenant.

In 1680, when Tangier was besieged by the Moors, he was sent with two thousand men to its relief. A story is told of the danger to which he was intentionally exposed in a leaky vessel, to

gratify some resentful jealousy of the king, whose health he therefore would never permit at his table, till he was himself in a safer place.

But Mrs. Manley, in her "*Atantis*," and Boyer, in his "*History of Queen Anne*," attribute it to the discovery of certain overtures of marriage, which he was bold enough to make to the Princess Anne, and which she herself seemed not inclinable to discourage.

However it may be, this voyage was prosperously performed in three weeks, by the assistance of pumping the whole time, to discharge the water, which leaked in very fast; and the consequence of this expedition was the retreat of the Moors, and the blowing up of Tangier.

During the voyage, he composed the *Vision*, which, considering the hourly dangers he was in, afford a striking instance of innate firmness and magnanimity. At his return, he recovered the king's favour; and, forgetting the ill offices done him, continued a wit and a courtier, as before.

At the accession of King James, with whom he lived in great familiarity, he was immediately admitted into the privy council, and made Lord Chamberlain.

Though he was, in some respects, a man of nice honour, he "was apt to comply with any thing that he thought might be acceptable," and went greater lengths to serve the king, than were consistent with that, or any other social principle.

He was not only an advocate for the *dispensing power*, but he sat in the ecclesiastical commission; not with a view of introducing Popery, as he seems to have been at least indifferent to all religions, though he went to mass, and knelted with the rest, but purely from a zeal of serving his sovereign.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that he was far from being inclined to join the inquisitors of that arbitrary court in all their illegal proceedings. His pardon, therefore, was procured with less difficulty at the Revolution, by the friendly mediation of Dr. Tillotson.

In the Revolution he acquiesced, though he did not promote it. When King James, in opposition to his advice, quitted the kingdom, he appears to have been one of the lords who sent such letters to the fleet, the army, and all the considerable garrisons in England, as persuaded them to continue in order and subjection till the government should be settled.

To his humanity, and spirited behaviour in council also, King James was indebted for the protection he obtained from the lords in London, upon his being seized and insulted by the populace at Feverham.

When the crown was settled upon William and Mary, he voted for the conjunctive sovereignty. This vote gratified King William, yet, either by the king's distrust, or his own discontent, he lived some years without employment.

He was, notwithstanding this aversion or indifference, made Marquis of Normanby, in Lincolnshire, in 1694, but still opposed the court on some important questions; yet at last he was received into the cabinet-council, with a pension of 3000 l.

At the accession of Queen Anne, he was immediately rewarded for having made love to her before her marriage. Before her coronation (1702) she made him Lord Privy Seal, and soon after Lord Lieutenant of the West Riding of Yorkshire, and one of the Governors of the Charter-house. He was then named Commissioner for treating with the Scots about the Union, and was made, next year, first Duke of Normanby, and then of Buckinghamshire, there being suspected to be somewhere a latent claim to the title of Buckingham.

Soon after, becoming jealous of Marlborough, he resigned the Privy Seal, and joined the discontented Tories, in a motion for inviting the Princess Sophia to England, which was extremely offensive to the Queen; who, notwithstanding, courted him back with no less an offer than that of the chancellorship, which he refused. He now retired from business, and built that house in St. James's Park which is now the Queen's, upon ground granted by the Crown.

When the Whig ministry was removed (1710) to make room for Harley and the Tories, he was made Lord Steward of the Household, and President of the Council, and concurred in all the measures of the new ministry, except that he endeavoured to protect the Catalans.

After the accession of King George, he became a constant opponent of the court; and having no public employment, is supposed to have amused himself by writing his two tragedies, *Julius Caesar*, and *Marcus Brutus*; which, though never acted, were intended for the stage, and to be performed

after the manner of the ancients, with musical choruses between the acts. They are both taken from Shakspeare's tragedy of "Julius Cæsar;" but with great alterations.

In 1719, he wrote *The Election of a Laureat*, occasioned by Eusden's appointment to the office of poet laureat, on the death of Rowe. Eusden's promotion gave great offence, perhaps unjustly; for as the first rate poets were either in opposition to government, or in higher situations, it was necessary to bestow the laurel on one of inferior rank. Eusden was probably equal to any of his competitors. His writings, though they do not discover great poetical genius, afford no just ground for the accusation of dulness, and ought to have exempted him from the severe censure of Sheffield and Pope.

In rush'd Eusden, and cried who shall have it,
But I, the true laureat, to whom the king gave it?
Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
But vow'd that till then he ne'er heard of his name.

He died at Buckingham-house, 24th February 1720-21, in the 72d year of his age, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument is erected to his memory, upon which the following epitaph is inscribed, by his own direction, as appears from a passage of his will. "Since something is usually written on monuments, I direct that the following lines shall be put on mine," viz.

In one place.

Pro Rege sæpe, pro Republica semper.

In another.

Dubius, sed non improbus vixi,
Incertus morior, sed inturbatus;
Humanum est nescire et errare,
Christum advenor, Deo confido
Omnipotentem, benevolentissimum.
Ens entium misere mihi.

The second line stands thus on the monument: *Incertus morior, non perturbatus*, and the words *Christum advenor* are omitted, at the desire of Dr. Atterbury, who thought *advenor* not strong enough as applied to Christ. Under the whole are the following words:

Catharina Buckinghamiæ Ducissâ moriens extrui curavit, Anno mccccxxi.

He was thrice married. By his two first wives he had no children: by his third, who was the daughter of King James, by Catharine Sedley, Countess of Dorchester, and the widow of the Earl of Anglesey, he had, besides other children that died early, a son, born in 1716, who died at Rome in 1735, and put an end to the line of Sheffield. His epitaph is written by Pope. The Duchess died in 1742.

His works, consisting of *Poems, Historical Memoirs, Speeches, Characters, Critical Observations, and Essays*, were collected and printed by Alderman Barber, in 2 volumes, 4to, 1723. They have been since reprinted in 2 volumes, 8vo, 1729, with the omission of some offensive particulars relating to the Revolution.

Sheffield, as might be expected from his high rank, was very liberally complimented by his contemporaries. But his quality can avail him nothing in the estimation of the present age. His merits are now to be judged, not by flattery or favour, but by the decision of impartial criticism, uninfluenced by his bounty, and unawed by his splendor.

As a statesman, he is characterised by a steady attachment to Tory principles of government, which is principally to be ascribed to the personal obligations he was under to the royal family of Stuart.

As a courtier, he is distinguished by personal dignity, gracefulness, and good-breeding. He possessed wit and spirit, gallantry and politeness, in an eminent degree. But his religion was the loose scepticism of Hobbes, and his morality the gross libertinism of the court of Charles. He has been censured as haughty, covetous, and passionate. He is, however, said to have had much tenderness and generosity, and to have been very ready to apologise for his violences of passion.

He is introduced into this collection only as a poet; and if credit is given to the eulogies of Dryden, Garth, Prior, Addison, and Pope, he was a poet of no vulgar rank. But it may be justly doubted, whether he was not indebted to his patronage of men of genius for a greater share of his reputation, than was derived from his personal merit.

He cultivated an early acquaintance with Dryden, whose help he was always supposed to have had in the *Essay on Satire*, and the version from *Ovid*; and who has degraded himself by offering him the most extravagant adulation in the dedications to his "Virgil" and "Aurengzebe."

He was among the first to acknowledge the merit of Pope, and ushered in the publication of his "Poems" with a recommendatory *Copy of Verses*, which received the praise, and excited the emulation of Harcourt, and other admirers of our English Homer.

Great Sheffield's muse the long procession heads,
And throws a lustre o'er the pomp she leads;
First gives the palm the fir'd him to obtain,
Crowns his gay brow, and shews him how to reign.

Pope himself appears to have valued this *Copy of Verses* very highly, though they are extremely feeble and prosaic, and speaks of Sheffield's commendation as the consummation of his fame.

Muse! 'tis enough; at length thy labour ends;
And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commends, &c.

Besides this professed testimony of his gratitude, Pope has incidentally mentioned his obligations to him, in his poems, and embellished his *Tragedy of Brutus* with two choruses.

Of his other poetical pieces, the *Essay on Poetry* is the most distinguished. It seems to have been his favourite production; for he was all his life improving it by successive revivals; so that there is scarcely any poem to be found of which the last editions differ more from the first. It is ranked by Addison (*Spectator*, No. 253.) with Roscommon's "Essay on translated Verse," and Pope's "Essay on Criticism." Though the versification is careless, the sense is always clear, and the rules are commonly just, and often delivered with ease, and sometimes with energy. It is justly ranked among our best didactic poems.

The *Vision* contains little invention, or propriety of sentiment. The *Election of a Laureat* is an imitation of Suckling's "Session of the Poets," in which he has characterised the contemporary poets, with some humour and vivacity. His *Odes* are written with Pindaric liberty, but are languid and unharmonious. His *Translations* are sufficiently licentious, but very deficient in animation and force, compared with the original. His *Songs* and amatory pieces are sometimes sprightly and elegant; but have neither gallantry nor tenderness.

"I can recollect no performance of Buckingham," says Dr. Warton, "that stamps him a true genius; his reputation was owing to his rank. In reading his poems one is apt to exclaim with Pope,

What woful stuff this madrigal would be
In some starv'd hackney sonneteer, or me!
But let a lord once own the happy lines
How the wit brightens, how the style refines!"

"It is certain," says Lord Orford, "that his Grace's compositions, in prose, have nothing extraordinary in them; his poetry is most indifferent, and the greatest part of both is already fallen into total neglect."

"Criticism," says Dr. Johnson, "discovers him to be a writer that sometimes glimmers, but rarely shines, feebly laborious, and at best but pretty. His songs are upon common topics; he hopes, and grieves, and repents, and despairs, and rejoices, like any other maker of little stanzas: to be great he hardly tries, to be gay is hardly in his power."

"Of the *Essay on Poetry*, which Dryden has exalted so highly, it may be justly said that the precepts are judicious, sometimes new, and often happily expressed; but there are many weak lines, and some strange appearances of negligence; as, when he gives the laws of elegy, he insists upon connection and coherence, without which, says he,

'Tis epigram, 'tis point, 'tis what you will,
But not an elegy, nor writ with skill;
No Panegyric, nor a Cooper's Hill.

Who would not suppose that Waller's "Panegyric," and Denham's "Cooper's Hill" were elegies?

"One celebrated line seems to be borrowed. The *Essay* calls a perfect character
A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw.

"Scaliger, in his poems, terms Virgil, *Sine labe monstrum*. Sheffield can scarcely be supposed to have read Scaliger's poetry; perhaps he found the words in a quotation.

"His verses are often insipid, but his memoirs are lively and agreeable; he had the perspicuity and elegance of an historian, but not the fire and fancy of a poet."

P O E M S.

" — Nec Phæbo gratior ulla est
" Quam sibi quæ Vari præscriptit pagina nomen." 1

VIRE.

TO THE MEMORY OF

JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE,

THESE, HIS MORE LASTING REMAINS,

(THE MONUMENT OF HIS MIND, AND MORE PERFECT IMAGE OF HIMSELF)

ARE HERE COLLECTED BY THE DIRECTION OF

CATHARINE HIS DUCHESS:

Desirous that his Ashes may be honoured, and his Fame and Merit committed to
the Test of Time, Truth, and Posterity.

THE TEMPLE OF DEATH.

IN IMITATION OF THE FRENCH.

In those cold climates, where the sun appears
Unwillingly, and hides his face in tears,
A dismal vale lies in a desert isle,
On which indulgent heaven did never smile.
There a thick grove of aged cypress trees,
Which none without an awful horror sees,
Into its wither'd arms, depriv'd of leaves,
Whole flocks of ill-presaging birds receives:

Poisons are all the plants that soil will bear;
And winter is the only season there:
Millions of graves o'erspread the spacious field,
And springs of blood a thousand rivers yield;
Whose streams, oppress'd with carcases and bones,
Instead of gentle murmurs, pour forth groans.
Within this vale a famous temple stands,
Old as the world itself, which it commands;
Round is its figure, and four iron gates
Divide mankind, by order of the fates:
Thither in crowds come to one common grave
The young, the old, the monarch, and the slave,

Old age and pains, those evils man deplores,
Are rigid keepers of th' eternal doors;
All clad in mournful blacks, which sadly load
The sacred walls of this obscure abode;
And tapers, of a pitchy substance made,
With clouds of smoke increase the dismal shade.

A monster void of reason and of sight
The goddess is, who sways this realm of night:
Her power extends o'er all things that have
breath,

A cruel tyrant, and her name is death.
The fairest object of our wondering eyes
Was newly offer'd up her sacrifice;
Th' adjoining places where the altar stood,
Yet blushing with the fair Almeria's blood,
When griev'd Orontes, whose unhappy flame
Is known to all who e'er converse with fame,
His mind possess'd by fury and despair,
Within the sacred temple made this prayer:

Great Deity! who in thy hands dost bear
That iron sceptre which poor mortals fear;
Who, wanting eyes thyself, respectest none,
And neither spar'st the laurel nor the crown!
O thou, whom all mankind in vain withstand,
Each of whose blood must one day stain thy hand!
O thou, who every eye that sees the light
Closest for ever in the shades of night!

Goddess, attend, and hearken to my grief,
To which thy power alone can give relief.
Alas! I ask not to defer my fate,
But with my hapless life a shorter date;
And that the earth would in its bowels hide
A wretch, whom Heaven invades on every side:
That from the sight of day I could remove,
And might have nothing left me but my love.

Thou only comforter of minds oppress'd,
The port where wearied spirits are at rest;
Conductor to Elysium, take my life,
My breast I offer to thy sacred knife;
So just a grace refuse not, nor despise
A willing, though a worthless sacrifice.
Others (their frail and mortal state forgot)
Before thy altars are not to be brought
Without constraint; the noise of dying rage,
Heaps of the slain of every sex and age,
The blade all reeking in the gore it shed,
With sever'd heads and arms confus'dly spread;
The rapid flames of a perpetual fire,
The groans of wretches ready to expire:
This tragic scene in terror makes them live,
Till that is forc'd which they should freely give;
Yielding unwillingly what Heaven will have,
Their fears eclipse the glory of their grave:
Before thy face they make indecent moan,
And feel a hundred deaths in fearing one:
Thy flame becomes unhallow'd in their breast,
And he a murderer who was a priest.

But against me thy strongest forces call,
And on my head let all the tempest fall;
No mean retreat shall any weakness show,
But calmly I'll expect the fatal blow;
My limbs not trembling, in my mind no fear,
Plaints in my mouth, nor in my eyes a tear.
Think not that time, our wonted sure relief,
That universal cure for every grief,

Whose aid so many lovers oft have found,
With like success can ever heal my wound:
Too weak the power of nature, or of art,
Nothing but death can ease a broken heart:
And that thou may'st behold my helpless state,
Learn the extremest rigour of my fate.

Amidst th' innumerable beauteous train,
Paris, the queen of cities, does contain,
(The fairest town, the largest, and the best)
The fair Almeria shin'd above the rest:
From her bright eyes to feel a hopeless flame,
Was of our youth the most ambitious aim;
Her chains were marks of honour to the brave,
She made a prince whene'er she made a slave.
Love, under whose tyrannic power I groan,
Show'd me this beauty ere 'twas fully blown;
Her timorous charms, and her unpractis'd look,
Their first assurance from my conquest took;
By wounding me, she learn'd the fatal art,
And the first sigh she had was from my heart:
My eyes, with tears moistening her snowy arms,
Render'd the tribute owing to her charms.
But, as I soonest of all mortals paid
My vows, and to her beautey altars made;
So, among all those slaves that sigh'd in vain,
She thought me only worthy of my chain:
Love's heavy burden my submissive heart
Endur'd not long, before she bore her part;
My violent flame melted her frozen breast,
And in soft sighs her pity she express'd;
Her gentle voice allay'd my raging pains,
And her fair hands sustain'd me in my chains;
Ev'n tears of pity waited on my moan,
And tender looks were cast on me alone.
My hopes and dangers were less mine than hers,
Those fill'd her soul with joys, and these with fears;
Our hearts, united, had the same desires,
And both alike burn'd with impatient fires.

Too faithful memory! I give thee leave
Thy wretched master kindly to deceive;
Oh, make me not possessor of her charms,
Let me not find her languish in my arms;
Past joys are now my fancy's mournful themes;
Make all my happy nights appear but dreams:
Let not such bliss before my eyes be brought,
O hide those scenes from my tormenting thought;
And in their place disdainful beauty show;
If thou would'st not be cruel, make her so:
And, something to abate my deep despair,
O let her seem less gentle, or less fair.
But I in vain flatter my wounded mind;
Never was nymph so lovely or so kind:
No cold repulses my desire suppress,
I seldom sigh'd, but on Almeria's breast:
Of all the passions which mankind destroy,
I only felt excess of love and joy:
Unnumber'd pleasures charm'd my sense, and they
Were, as my love, without the least alloy.
As pure, alas! but not so sure to last,
For, like a pleasing dream, they are all past.
From heaven her beauties like fierce lightnings
came, [flame;
Which break through darkness with a glorious
Awhile they shine, awhile our minds amaze,
Our wondering eyes are dazzled with the blaze;

But thunder follows, whose resistless rage
None can withstand, and nothing can assuage;
And all that light which those bright flashes gave,
Serves only to conduct us to our grave.

When I had just begun love's joys to taste,
(Those full rewards for fears and dangers past)
A fever seiz'd her, and to nothing brought
The richest work that ever nature wrought.
All things below, alas! uncertain stand;
The firmest rocks are fix'd upon the sand:
Under this law both kings and kingdoms bend,
And no beginning is without an end.
A sacrifice to time, fate deems us all,
And at the tyrant's feet we daily fall:
Time, whose bold hand will bring alike to dust
Mankind, and temples too in which they trust.

Her wasted spirits now begin to faint,
Yet patience ties her tongue from all complaint,
And in her heart as in a fort remains;
But yields at last to her resistless pains.
Thus while the fever, amorous of his prey,
Through all her veins makes his delightful way,
Her fate's like Semele's; the flames destroy
That beauty they too eagerly enjoy.
Her charming face is in its spring decay'd,
Pale grow the roses, and the lilies fade;
Her skin has lost that lustre which surpass'd
The sun's, and well deserv'd as long to last:
Her eyes, which us'd to pierce the hardest hearts,
Are now disarm'd of all their flames and darts;
Those stars now heavily and slowly move;
And sickness triumphs in the throne of love.
The fever every moment more prevails,
Its rage her body feels, and tongue bewails:
She, whose disdain so many lovers prove,
Sighs now for torment, as they sigh for love, [air,
And with loud cries, which rend the neighbouring
Wounds my sad heart, and weakens my despair.
Both men and gods I charge now with my loss,
And, wild with grief, my thoughts reach other crosses,
My heart and tongue labour in both extremes,
This sends up humble prayers, while that blas-
phemes:

I ask their help, whose malice I defy,
And mingle sacrilege with piety.
But, that which must yet more perplex my mind,
To love her truly, I must seem unkind;
So unconcern'd a face my sorrow wears,
I must restrain unruly floods of tears.
My eyes and tongue put on dissembling forms,
I show a calmness in the midst of storms;
I seem to hope when all my hopes are gone,
And, almost dead with grief, discover none.
But who can long deceive a loving eye,
Or with dry eyes behold his mistress die?
When passion had with all its terrors brought
Th' approaching danger nearer to my thought,
Off on a sudden fell the forc'd disguise,
And show'd a sighing heart in weeping eyes:
My apprehensions, now no more confin'd,
Expos'd my sorrows, and betray'd my mind.
The fair afflicted soon perceives my tears,
Explains my sighs, and thence concludes my fears:
With sad presages of her hopeless case,
She reads her fate in my dejected face;

Then feels my torment, and neglects her own,
While I am sensible of hers alone:

Each does the other's burthen kindly bear,
I fear her death, and she bewails my fear;
Though thus we suffer under fortune's darts,
'Tis only those of love which reach our hearts.

Meanwhile the fever mocks at all our fears,
Grows by our sighs, and rages at our tears:
Those vain effects of our as vain desire,
Like wind and oil, increase the fatal fire.

Almeria then, feeling the destinies
About to shut her lips, and close her eyes;
Weeping, in mine, fix'd her fair trembling hand,
And with these words I scarce could understand,
Her passion in a dying voice express'd
Half, and her sighs, alas! made out the rest.

'Tis past; this pang—Nature gives o'er the strife;
Thou must thy mistress lose, and I my life.
I die; but, dying thine, the fates may prove
Their conquest over me, but not my love:

Thy memory, my glory, and my pain,
In spite of death itself shall still remain.
Dearest Orontes, my hard fate denies,
That hope is the last thing which in us dies:
From my griev'd breast all those soft thoughts are
Fled,

And love survives it, though my hope is dead;
I yield my life, but keep my passion yet,
And can all thoughts, but of Orontes, quit.

My flame increases as my strength decays;
Death, which puts out the light, the heat will raise:
That still remains, though I from hence remove;
I lose my lover, but I keep my love.

The sighs which sent forth that last tender word,
Up tow'rd the heavens like a bright meteor soar'd;
And the kind nymph, not yet bereft of charms,
Fell cold and breathless in her lover's arms.

Goddeſs, who now my fate hast understood,
Spare but my tears, and freely take my blood:
Here let me end the story of my cares;
My dismal grief enough the rest declares.
Judge thou by all this misery display'd,
Whether I ought not to implore thy aid:
Thus to survive, reproaches on me draws;
Never sad wishes had so just a cause.

Come then, my only hope; in every place
Thou visitest, men tremble at thy face,
And fear thy name: once let thy fatal hand
Fall on a swain that does the blow demand.
Vouchsafe thy dart; I need not one of those,
With which thou dost unwilling kings depose:
A welcome death the slightest wound can bring,
And free a soul already on her wing.
Without thy aid, most miserable I
Must ever wish, yet not obtain to die.

ODE ON LOVE.

LET others songs or satires write,
Provok'd by vanity or spite;
My muse a nobler cause shall move,
To sound aloud the praise of love:

That gentle, yet resistless heart,
Which raises men to all things good and great :
While other passions of the mind
To low brutality debase mankind,
By love we are above ourselves refin'd.
On love, thou trance divine ! in which the soul,
Unclogg'd with worldly cares, may range without
control ;

And soaring to her heaven, from thence inspir'd can
reach

High mysteries, above poor reason's feeble reach.

II.

To weak old age, prudence some aid may prove,
And curb those appetites that faintly move ;
But wild, impetuous youth is tam'd by nothing
less than love.

Of men too rough for peace, too rude for arts,
Love's power can penetrate the hardest hearts ;
And through the closest pores a passage find,
Like that of light, to shine all o'er the mind.
The want of love does both extremes produce ;
Maids are too nice, and men as much too loose ;
While equal good an amorous couple find,
She makes him constant, and he makes her kind.

New charms in vain a lover's faith would prove ;
Hermits or bed-rid men they'll sooner move :
The fair inveigler will but sadly find

There's no such cunich as a man in love.

But when by his chaste nymph embrac'd,
(For love makes all embraces chaste)

Then the transported creature can

Do wonders, and is more than man.

Both heaven and earth would our desires con-
fine ;

But yet in vain both heaven and earth combine,
Unless where love blesses the great design.
Hymen makes fast the hand, but love the heart ;
He the fool's god, thou nature's Hymen art ;
Whose laws once broke, we are not held by force,
But the false breach itself is a divorce.

III.

For love the miser will his gold despise,
The false grow faithful, and the foolish wife ;
Cautious the young, and complaisant the old,
The cruel gentle, and the coward bold.

Thou glorious sun within our souls,
Whose influence so much controls ;
Ev'n dull and heavy lumps of love,
Quick'n'd by thee, more lively move ;
And if their heads but any substance hold,
Love ripens all that dross into the purest gold.

In heaven's great work thy part is such,
That master-like thou giv'st the last great touch
To heaven's own master-piece of man ;
And finishest what nature but began :
Thy happy stroke can into softness bring
Reason, that rough and wrangling thing.

From childhood upwards we decay,
And grow but greater children every day :
So, reason, how can we be said to rise ?
So many cares attend the being wise,
'Tis rather falling down a precipice,
From sense to reason unprov'd we move ;
We only then advance, when reason turns to
love.

IV.

Thou reignest o'er our earthly gods :
Uncrown'd by thee, their other crowns are loads ;
One beauty's smile their meanest courtier brings
Rather to pity than to envy kings ;
His fellow slaves he takes them now to be,
Favour'd by love perhaps much less than he.

For love, the timorous bashful maid

Of nothing but denying is afraid ;

For love she overcomes her shame,
Forfeits her fortune, and forgets her fame ;

Yet, if but with a constant lover blest,
Thanks heaven for that, and never minds the rest.

V.

Love is the salt of life ; a higher taste
It gives to pleasure, and then makes it last.
Those slighted favours which cold nymphs dispense,
Mere common counters of the sense,
Defective both in metal and in measure,
A lover's fancy coins into a treasure.

How vast the subject ! what a boundless store
Of bright ideas shining all before !

The muse's sighs forbid me to give o'er !
But the kind god incites us various ways,
And now I find him all my ardour raise,
His precepts to perform, as well as praise.

ELEGY TO THE DUCHESS OF R——

Thou lovely slave to a rude husband's will,
By nature us'd so well, by him so ill !
For all that grief we see your mind endure,
Your glass presents you with a pleasing cure.
Those maids you envy for their happier state,
To have your form, would gladly have your fate ;
And of like slavery each wife complains,
Without such beauty's help to bear her chains.
Husbands like him we every where may see ;
But where can we behold a wife like thee ?

While to a tyrant you by fate are ty'd,
By love you tyrannize o'er all beside :
Those eyes, though weeping, can no pity move ;
Worthy our grief ! more worthy of our love !
You, while so fair (do fortune what she please)
Can be no more in pain than we at ease ;
Unless, unsatisfied with all our vows,
Your vain ambition so unbounded grows,
That you repine a husband should escape
Th' united force of such a face and shape.
If so, alas ! for all those charming powers,
Your case is just as desperate as ours.
Expect that birds should only sing to you,
And, as you walk, that ev'ry tree should bow ;
Expect those statues, as you pass, should burn ;
And that with wonder men should statues turn ;
Such beauty is enough to give things life,
But not to make a husband love his wife :
A husband, worse than statues, or than trees ;
Colder than those, less sensible than these.
Then from so dull a care your thoughts remove,
And waste not sighs you only owe to love.
'Tis pity, sighs from such a breast should part,
Unless to ease some doubtful lover's heart ;

Who dies because he must too justly prize
 What yet the dull possessor does despise.
 Thus precious jewels among Indians grow,
 Who nor their use, nor wondrous value know;
 But we for those bright treasures tempt the main,
 And hazard life for what the fools disdain.

A LETTER FROM SEA.

FAIREST, if time and absence can incline
 Your heart to wandering thoughts no more than
 mine;
 Then shall my hand, as changeless as my mind,
 From your glad eyes a kindly welcome find;
 Then, while this note my constancy assures,
 You'll be almost as pleas'd, as I with yours.
 And trust me, when I feel that kind relief,
 Absence itself awhile suspends its grief:
 So may it do with you, but strait return;
 For it were cruel not sometimes to mourn
 His fate, who this long time he keeps away,
 Mourns all the night, and sighs out all the day;
 Grieving yet more, when he reflects that you
 Must not be happy, or must not be true.
 But since to me it seems a blacker fate
 To be inconstant, than unfortunate;
 Remember all those vows between us past,
 When I from all I value parted last;
 May you alike with kind impatience burn,
 And something miss, till I with joy return;
 And soon may pitying heaven that blessing give,
 As in the hopes of that alone I live.

LOVE'S SLAVERY.

GRAVE sops my envy now beget,
 Who did my pity move;
 They, by the right of wanting wit,
 Are free from cares of love.

Turks honour fools, because they are
 By that defect secure
 From slavery and toils of war,
 Which all the rest endure.

So I, who suffer cold neglect
 And wounds from Celia's eyes,
 Begin extremely to respect
 These fools that seems so wise.

'Tis true, they fondly set their hearts
 On things of no delight;
 To pass all day for men of parts,
 They pass alone the night.

But Celia never breaks their rest;
 Such servants she disdains;
 And so the sops are dully blest,
 While I endure her chains.

THE DREAM.

READY to throw me at the feet
 Of that fair nymph whom I adore,
 Impatient those delights to meet
 Which I enjoy'd the night before;

By her wonted scornful brow,
 Soon the fond mistake I find;
 Ixion mourn'd his error so,
 When Juno's form the cloud resign'd.

Sleep, to make its charms more priz'd
 Than waking joys, which most prevail,
 Had cunningly itself disguis'd
 In a shape that could not fail.

There my Celia's snowy arms,
 Breasts, and other parts more dear,
 Exposing new and unknown charms,
 To my transported soul appear.

Then you so much kindness show,
 My despair deluded flies;
 And indulgent dreams bestow
 What your cruelty denies.

Blush not that your image love
 Naked to my fancy brought;
 'Tis hard, methinks, to disapprove
 The joys I feel without your fault.

Wonder not a fancy'd bliss
 Can such griefs as mine remove;
 That honour as fantastic is,
 Which makes you slight such constant love.

The virtue which you value so,
 Is but a fancy frail and vain;
 Nothing is solid here below,
 Except my love and your disdain.

TO ONE WHO ACCUSED HIM OF BEING
TOO SENSUAL IN HIS LOVE.

THINK not, my fair, 'tis sin or shame,
 To bless the man who so adores;
 Nor give so hard, unjust a name
 To all those favours he implores.
 Beauty is heaven's most bounteous gift esteem'd,
 Because by love men are from vice redeem'd.

Yet wish not vainly for a love
 From all the force of nature clear:
 That is reserv'd for those above,
 And 'tis a fault to claim it here.
 For sensual joys ye scorn that we should love ye,
 But love without them is as much above ye.

THE WARNING.

LEVERS, who waste your thoughts and youth
 In passion's fond extremes,

Who dream of women's love and truth,
And doat upon your dreams:

I should not here your fancy take
From such a pleasing state;
Were you not sure at last to wake,
And find your fault too late.

Then learn betimes, the love which crowns
Our cares is all but wiles,
Compos'd of false fantastic frowns,
And soft dissimbling smiles.

With anger, which sometimes they feign,
They cruel tyrants prove;
And then turn flatterers again,
With as affected love.

As if some injury was meant
To those they kindly us'd,
Those lovers are the most content
That have been still refus'd.

Since each has in his bosom nurs'd
A false and fawning foe,
'Tis just and wise, by striking first,
To 'scape the fatal blow.

TO AMORETTA.

WHEN I held out against your eyes,
You took the surest course
A heart unwary to surprize,
You ne'er could take by force.

However, though I strive no more,
The fort will now be priz'd,
Which, if surrender'd up before,
Perhaps had been despis'd.

But, gentle Amoretta, though
I cannot love resist,
Think not, when you have caught me so,
To use me as you list.

Inconstancy or coldness will
My foolish heart reclaim:
Then I come off with honour still,
But you, alas! with shame.

A heart by kindness only gain'd,
Will a dear conquest prove;
And, to be kept, must be maintain'd
At vast expence of love.

THE VENTURE.

Oh, how I languish! what a strange
Unruly fierce desire!
My spirits feel some wondrous change,
My heart is all on fire.

Now, all ye wiser thoughts, away,
In vain your tale ye tell
Of patient hopes, and dull delay,
Love's foppish part; farewell.

Suppose one week's delay would give
All that my wishes move;
Oh, who so long a time can live,
Stretch'd on the rack of love?

Her soul perhaps is too sublime,
To like such slavish fear;
Discretion, prudence, all is crime,
If once condemn'd by her.

When honour does the soldier call
To some unequal fight,
Resolv'd to conquer, or to fall,
Before his general's sight;

Advanc'd the happy hero lives;
Or if ill fate denies,
The noble rashness heaven forgives,
And gloriously he dies.

INCONSTANCY EXCUSED,

S O N G.

I must confess, I am untrue
To Gloriana's eyes;
But he that's smil'd upon by you,
Must all the world despise.

In winter, fires of little worth
Excite our dull desire;
But when the sun breaks kindly forth,
Those fainter flames expire.

Then blame me not for slighting now
What I did once adore;
O, do but this one change allow,
And I can change no more:

Fixt by your never-failing charms,
Till I with age decay,
Till languishing within your arms,
I sigh my soul away.

S O N G.

Oh, conceal that charming creature
From my wondering, wishing eyes!
Every motion, every feature
Does some ravish'd heart surprize;
But oh, I sighing, sighing, see
The happy swain! she ne'er can be
False to him, or kind to me.

Yet, if I could humbly show her,
Ah! how wretched I remain:
'Tis not, sure, a thing below her,
Still to pity so much pain.
The gods some pleasure, pleasure take,
Happy as themselves to make
Those who suffer for their sake.

Since your hand alone was given
To a wretch not worth your care;
Like some angel sent from heaven,
Come, and raise me from despair,
Your heart I cannot, cannot miss,
And I desire no other bliss:
Let all the world besides be his.

DESPAIR.

ALL hopeless of relief,
Incapable of rest,
In vain I strive to vent a grief
That's not to be express'd.

This rage within my veins
No reason can remove;
Of all the minds' most cruel pains,
The sharpest, sure is love.

Yet while I languish so,
And on thee vainly call;
Take head, fair cause of all my woe,
What fate may thee befall.

Ungrateful, cruel faults
Suit not thy gentle sex;
Hereafter, how will guilty thoughts
Thy tender conscience vex!

When welcome death shall bring
Relief to wretched me,
My soul enlarg'd, and once on wing,
In haste will fly to thee.

When in thy lonely bed
My ghost its moan shall make,
With saddest signs that I am dead,
And dead for thy dear sake;

Struck with that conscious blow,
Thy very soul will start:
Pale as my shadow thou wilt grow,
And cold as is thy heart.

Too late remorse will then
Untimely pity show
To him, who, of all mortal men,
Did most thy value know.

Yet, with this broken heart,
I wish thou never be
Tormented with the thousandth part
Of what I feel for thee.

ON APPREHENSION OF LOSING WHAT HE HAD NEWLY GAINED.

IN IMITATION OF OVID.

SURE I of all men am the first
That ever was by kindness curst,
Who must my only bliss bemoan,
And am by happiness undone.

Had I at distance only seen
That lovely face, I might have been
With the delightful object pleas'd,
But not with all this passion seiz'd.

When afterwards so near I came
As to be scor'd in beauty's flame;
To so much softness, so much sense,
Reason itself made no defence.

What pleasing thoughts possess'd my mind,
When little favours show'd you kind!
And though, when coldness oft prevail'd,
My heart would sink, and spirits fail'd,
Yet willingly the yoke I bore,
And all your chains as bracelets wore:
At your lov'd feet all day would lie,
Desiring, without knowing why;
For, not yet blest within your arms,
Who could have thought of half your charms?
Charms of such a wondrous kind,
Words we cannot, must not find,
A body worthy of your mind,
Fancy could ne'er so high reflect,
Nor love itself such joys expect.

After such embraces past,
Whose memory will ever last,
Love is still reflecting back;
All my soul is on a rack:
To be in hell's sufficient curse,
But to fall from heaven is worse.
I liv'd in grief ere this I knew,
But then I dwelt in darkness too.
Of gains, alas! I could not boast;
But little thought how much I lost.

Now heart-devouring eagerness,
And sharp impatience to possess;
Now restless cares, consuming fires,
Anxious thoughts, and fierce desires,
Tear my heart to that degree,
For ever fix'd on only thee:
Then all my comfort is, I shall
Live in thy arms, or not at all.

THE RECONCILEMENT.

S O N G.

Come, let us now resolve at last
To live and love in quiet;
We'll tie the knot so very fast,
That time shall ne'er untie it.

The truest joys they seldom prove,
Who free from quarrels live;

'Tis the most tender part of love,
Each other to forgive.

When least I seem'd concern'd, I took
No pleasure, nor no rest;
And when I feign'd an angry look,
Alas! I lov'd you best.

Own but the same to me, you'll find
How blest will be our fate;
Oh, to be happy, to be kind,
Sure never is too late.

S O N G.

From all uneasy passions free,
Revenge, ambition, jealousy,
Contented I had been too blest,
If love and you had let me rest;
Yet that dull life I now despise;
Safe from your eyes,
I fear'd no griefs, but then I found no joys.

Amidst a thousand kind desires,
Which beauty moves, and love inspires;
Such pangs I feel of tender fear,
No heart so soft as mine can bear:
Yet I'll defy the worst of harms;
Such are your charms,
'Tis worth a life to die within your arms.

TO A COQUET BEAUTY.

From wars and plagues come no such harms,
As from a nymph so full of charms,
So much sweetness in her face,
In her motions such a grace,
In her kind inviting eyes
Such a soft enchantment lies;
That we please ourselves too soon,
And are with empty hopes undone.

After all her softness, we
Are but slaves, while she is free;
Free, alas! from all desire,
Except to set the world on fire.

Thou, fair dissembler, dost but thus
Deceive thyself, as well as us.
Like a restless monarch, thou
Wouldest rather force mankind to bow,
And venture round the world to roam,
Than govern peaceably at home.
But trust me, Celia, trust me when
Apollo's self inspires my pen,
One hour of love's delight outweighs
Whole years of universal praise;
And one adorer, kindly us'd,
Gives truer joys than crowds refus'd.
For what does youth and beauty serve?
Why more than all your sex deserve?
Why such soft alluring arts
To charm our eyes, and melt our hearts?

By our loss you nothing gain?
Unless you love, you please in vain.

THE RELAPSE.

Like children in a starry night,
When I beheld those eyes before,
I gaz'd with wonder and delight,
Insensible of all their power.

I play'd about the flame so long,
At last I felt the scorching fire;
My hopes were weak, my passion strong,
And I lay dying with desire.

By all the helps of human art,
I just recover'd so much sense,
As to avoid, with heavy heart,
The fair, but fatal, influence.

But, since you shine away despair,
And now my sighs no longer shun,
No Persian in his zealous prayer
So much adores the rising sun.

If once again my vows displease,
There never was so lost a lover;
In love, that languishing disease,
A sad relapse we ne'er recover.

THE RECOVERY.

Sighing and languishing I lay,
A stranger grown to all delight,
Passing with tedious thoughts the day,
And with unquiet dreams the night.

For your dear sake, my only care
Was how my fatal love to hide;
For ever drooping with despair,
Neglecting all the world beside:

Till, like some angel from above,
Cornelia came to my relief;
And then I found the joys of love
Can make amends for all the grief.

Those pleasing hopes I now pursue
Might fail if you could prove unjust;
But promises from heaven and you,
Who is so impious to mistrust?

Here all my doubts and troubles end,
One tender word my soul assures;
Nor am I vain, since I depend
Not on my own desert, but yours.

THE CONVERT.

DEJECTED, as true converts die,
But yet with fervent thoughts inflam'd,

So, fairest! at your feet I lie,
Of all my sex's faults ashamed.

Too long, alas! have I abus'd
Love's innocent and sacred flame,
And that divinest power have us'd
To laugh at, as an idle name.

But since so freely I confess
A crime which may your scorn produce,
Allow me now to make it less
By any just and fair excuse.

I then did vulgar joys pursue,
Variety was all my bliss;
But ignorant of love and you,
How could I choose but do amiss?

If ever now my wandering eyes
Seek out amusements as before;
If e'er I look, but to despise
Such charms, and value yours the more;

May sad remorse, and guilty shame,
Revenge your wrongs on faithless me;
And, what I tremble even to name,
May I lose all in losing thee!

THE PICTURE.

IN IMITATION OF ANACREON.

Thou flatterer of all the fair,
Come with all your skill and care;
Draw me such a shape and face,
As your flattery would disgrace.
With not that she would appear,
'Tis well for you she is not here;
Scarce can you with safety see
All her charms describ'd by me:
I, alas! the danger know,
I, alas! have felt the blow;
Mourn, as lost, my former days,
That never sung of Celia's praise;
And those few that are behind
I shall blest or wretched find,
Only just as she is kind.

With her tempting eyes begin,
Eyes that would draw angels in
To a second sweeter sin.

Oh, those wanton rolling eyes!
At each glance a lover dies:
Make them bright, yet make them willing,
Let them look both kind and killing.

Next, draw her forehead; then her nose,
And lips just opening, that disclose
Teeth so bright, and breath so sweet,
So much beauty, so much wit,
To our very soul they strike,
All our senses pleas'd alike.

But so pure a white and red,
Never, never, can be said:

Vol. VII.

What are words in such a case?

What is paint to such a face?

How should either art avail us?

Fancy here itself must fail us.

In her looks, and in her mien,

Such a graceful air is seen,

That if you, with all your art,

Can but reach the smallest part;

Next to her, the matchless she,

We shall wonder most at thee.

Then her neck, and breasts, and hair,

And her—but my charming fair

Does in a thousand things excel,

Which I must not, dare not tell.

How go on then? Oh! I see

A lovely Venus drawn by thee;

Oh how fair she does appear!

Touch it only here and there,

Make her yet seem more divine,

Your Venus then may look like mine,

Whose bright form if once you saw,

You by her would Venus draw.

ON DON ALONZO'S BEING KILLED IN PORTUGAL,
UPON ACCOUNT OF THE INFANTA, IN THE
YEAR 1683.

In such a cause no muse should fail

To bear a mournful part;

'Tis just and noble to bewail

The fate of fall'n desert.

In vain ambitious hopes design'd

To make his soul aspire,

If love and beauty had not join'd,

To raise a brighter fire.

Amidst so many dangerous foes

How weak the wisest prove!

Reason itself would scarce oppose,

And seems agreed with love.

If from the glorious height he falls,

He greatly daring dies;

Or mounting where bright beauty calls,

An empire is the prize.

THE SURPRISE.

SAFELY perhaps dull crowds admire;

But I, alas! am all on fire.

Like him who thought in childhood past

That dire disease which kill'd at last,

I durst have sworn I lov'd before,

And fancy'd all the danger o'er;

Had felt the pangs of jealous pain,

And borne the blasts of cold disdain;

Then reap'd at length the mighty gains,

That full reward of all our pains!

But what was all such grief or joy,

That did my heedless eary employ?

Mere dreams of feign'd fantastic powers,
But the disease of idle hours;
Amusement, humour, affectation,
Compar'd with this sublimer passion,
Whole raptures, bright as those above,
Outline the flames of zeal or love.

Yet think not, fairest, what I sing
Can from a love Platonic spring;
That formal softness (false and vain)
Not of the heart, but of the brain.
Thou art indeed above all nature;
But I, a wretched human creature,
Wanting thy gentle generous aid,
Of husband, rivals, friends, afraid!
Amidst all this seraphic fire,
Am almost dying with desire,
With eager wishes, ardent thoughts,
Prone to commit love's wildest faults!
And (as we are on Sundays told
The lusty patriarch did of old)
Would force a blessing from those charms,
And grasp an angel in my arms.

A DIALOGUE,

SUNG ON THE STAGE,

Between an Elderly Shepherd and a very Young Nymph.

SHEPHERD.

BRIGHT and blooming as the spring,
Universal love inspiring;
All our swains thy praises sing,
Ever gazing and admiring.

NYMPH.

Praises in so high a strain,
And by such a shepherd sung,
Are enough to make me vain,
Yet so harmless and so young.

SHEPHERD.

I should have despair'd among
Rivals that appear so gaily:
But your eyes have made me young;
By their smiling on me daily.

NYMPH.

Idle boys admire us blindly,
Are inconstant, wild, and bold;
And your using me so kindly
Is a proof you are not old.

SHEPHERD.

With thy pleasing voice and fashion,
With thy humour and thy youth,
Cheer my soul, and crown my passion:
Oh! reward my love and truth.

NYMPH.

With thy careful arts to cover
That which fools will count a fault,
Truest friend as well as lover.
Oh! deserve so kind a thought.

Each apart first, and then both together.

Happy we shall lie possessing,
Folded in each other's arms,
Love and Nature's chiefest blessing
In the still increasing charms.

So the dearest joys of loving,
Which scarce heaven can go beyond,
We'll be every day improving.

SHEPHERD.

You more fair, and I more fond.

NYMPH.

I more fair, and you more fond.

ON ONE WHO DIED DISCOVERING HER
KINDNESS.

SOME vex their souls with jealous pain,
While others sigh for cold disdain;
Love's various slaves we daily see!
Yet happy all, compar'd with me.
Of all mankind, I lov'd the best
A nymph so far above the rest,
That we outshin'd the blest above,
In beauty she, and I in love.
And therefore they who could not bear
To be outdone by mortals here,
Among themselves have plac'd her now,
And left me wretched here below.
All other fate I could have borne,
And ev'n endur'd her very scorn;
But oh! thus all at once to find
That dread account! both dead and kind!
What heart can hold! if yet I live,
'Tis but to show how much I grieve.

ON LUCINDA'S DEATH.

COME all ye doleful, dismal cares,
That ever haunted guilty mind!
The pangs of love when it despairs,
And all those stings the jealous find:
Alas! heart-breaking though ye be,
Yet welcome, welcome all to me!
Who now have lost—but oh! how much?
No language, nothing can express,
Except my grief! for she was such,
That praises would but make her less.
Yet who can ever dare to raise
His voice on her, unless to praise?
Free from her sex's smallest faults,
And fair as womankind can be;
Tender and warm as lover's thoughts,
Yet cold to all the world but me.
Of all this nothing now remains,
But only sighs and endless pains!

TO A LADY

RETIRING INTO A MONASTERY.

WHAT breast but your's can hold the double fire
Of fierce devotion, and of fond desire?
Love would shine forth, were not your zeal so bright
Whose glaring flames eclipse his gentler light:

Less seems the faith that mountains can remove,
Than this which triumphs over youth and love.

But shall some threatening priest divide us two?
What worse than that could all his curses do?
Thus with a fright some have resign'd their breath,
And poorly dy'd, only for fear of death.

Heaven sees our passions with indulgence still,
And they who lov'd well, can do nothing ill.
While to us nothing but ourselves is dear,
Should the world frown, yet what have we to fear?
Fame, wealth, and power, those high-priz'd gifts of
fate,

The low concerns of a less happy state,
Are far beneath us: fortune's self may take
Her aim at us, yet no impression make;
Let worldlings ask her help, or fear her harms;
We can lie safe, lock'd in each other's arms,
Like the blest saints, eternal raptures know,
And slight those storms that vainly rest below.

Yet this, all this you are resolv'd to quit;
I see my ruin, and I must submit:
But think, O think, before you prove unkind;
How lost a wretch you leave forlorn behind.

Malignant envy, mix'd with hate and fear,
Revenge for wrongs too burdensome to bear,
Ev'n zeal itself, from whence all mischiefs spring;
Have never done so barbarous a thing.

With such a fate the heavens decreed to vex
Armida once, though of the fairer sex;
Rinaldo she had charm'd with so much art,
Hers was his power, his person, and his heart:
Honour's high thoughts no more his mind could
move;

She sooth'd his rage, and turn'd it all to love:
When straight a gust of fierce devotion blows;
And in a moment all her joys o'erthrows:
The poor Armida tears her golden hair,
Matchless till now, for love or for despair.
Who is not mov'd while the sad nymph com-
plains?

Yet you now act what Tasso only feigns:
And after all our vows, our sighs, our tears,
My banish'd sorrows, and your conquer'd fears;
So many doubts, so many dangers, past,
Visions of zeal must vanquish me at last.

Thus, in great Homer's war, throughout the
field

Some hero still made all things mortal yield;
But when a god once took the vanquish'd side,
The weak prevail'd, and the victorious dy'd.

THE VISION.

*Written during a Sea Voyage, when sent to command
the Forces for the Relief of Tangier.*

WITHIN the silent shades of soft repose,
Where fancy's boundless stream for ever flows;
Where the infranthis'd soul at ease can play,
Tir'd with the toilsome business of the day;
Where princes gladly rest their weary heads,
And change uneasy thrones for downy beds;
Where seeming joys delude despairing minds;
And where ev'n jealousy some quiet finds;

There I and sorrow for a while could part,
Sleep clos'd my eyes, and eas'd a sighing heart:

But here too soon a wretched lover found
In deepest griefs that sleep can ne'er be found;
With strange surprise my troubled fancy brings
Odd antick shapes of wild unheard-of things;
Dismal and terrible they all appear,
My soul was shook with an unusual fear.
But as when visions glad the eyes of saints,
And kind relief attends devout complaints,
Some beauteous angel in bright charms will shine,
And spread a glory round, that's all divine;
Just such a bright and beauteous form appears,
The monsters vanish, and with them my fears.
The fairest shape was then before me brought,
That eyes e'er saw, or fancy ever thought;
How weak are words to shew such excellence,
Which ev'n confounds the soul, as well as sense!
And, while our eyes transporting pleasure find,
It stops not here, but strikes the very mind.
Some angel speaks her praise; no human tongue;
But with its utmost art must do her wrong.
The only woman that has power to kill,
And yet is good enough to want the will;
Who needs no soft alluring words repeat
Nor study'd looks of languishing deceit.

Fantastic beauty, always in the wrong,
Still thinks some pride must to its power belong;
An air affected, and an haughty mien,
Something that seems to say, I would be seen.
But of all womankind this only she,
Full of its charms, and from its frailty free,
Deserves some nobler muse her fame to raise;
By making the whole sex beside her pyramid of
She, the appear'd the source of all my joys, [praised
The dearest care that all my thought employs:
Gently she look'd, as when I left her last,
When first she seiz'd my heart, and held it fast:
When, if my vows, alas! were made too late,
I saw my doom came not from her, but fate.
With pity then she eas'd my raging pain,
And her kind eyes could scarce from tears refrain:
Why, gentle swain, said she, why do ye grieve
In words I should not hear, much less believe?
I gaze on that which is a fault to mind,
And ought to fly the danger which I find;
Of false mankind though you may be the best,
Ye all have robb'd poor women of their rest.
I see your pain, and see it too with grief,
Because I would, yet must not, give relief.
Thus, for a husband's sake, as well as yours,
My scrupulous soul divided pain endures;
Guilty, alas! to both: for thus I do
Too much for him, yet not enough for you.
Give over then, give over, hapless swain,
A passion moving, but a passion vain:
Not chance nor time shall ever change my thought
'Tis better much to die, than do a fault.

Oh, worse than ever! Is it then my doom
Just to see heaven, where I must never come?
Your soft compassion, if not something more;
Yet I remain as wretched as before,
The wind indeed is fair, but ah! no light of shore.
Farewell, too scrupulous fair one; oh, farewell;
What torments I endure, no tongue can tell:

Thank heaven, my fate transports me now where I,
Your martyr, may with ease and safety die.

With that I kneel'd, and seiz'd her trembling
hand,

While she impos'd this cruel kind command :
Live, and love on ; you will be true, I know,
But live then, and come back to tell me so ;
For though I blush at this last guilty breath,
I can endure that better than your death.

Tormenting kindness ! barbarous reprieve !
Condemn'd to die, and yet compell'd to live !

This tender scene my dream repeated o'er,
Just as it pass'd in real truth before.
Methought I then fell grovelling to the ground,
Till, on a sudden rais'd, I wondering found
A strange appearance all in taintless white ;
His form gave reverence, and his face delight,
Goodness and greatness in his eyes were seen,
Gentle his look, and affable his mien.
A kindly notice of me thus he took :

" What mean these flowing eyes, this ghastly
look !

" These trembling joints, this loose dishevell'd hair,
" And this cold dew, the drops of deep despair ?"

With grief and wonder first my spirits faint,
But thus at last I vented my complaint :
Behold a wretch whom cruel fate has found,
And in the depth of all misfortune drown'd.
There shines a nymph, to whom an envy'd swain
Is ty'd in Hymen's ceremonious chain ;
But, cloy'd with charms of such a marriage-bed,
And fed with manna, yet he longs for bread ;
And will, most husband-like, not only range,
For love perhaps of nothing else but change,
But to inferior beauty prostrate lies,
And courts her love in scorn of Flavia's eyes.

All this I knew, (the form divin'd reply'd)
And did but ask to have thy temper try'd,
Which prove sincere. Of both I know the mind ;
She is too scrupulous, and thou too kind :
But since thy fatal love's fir ever fix'd,
Whatever time or absence come betwixt ;
Since thy fond heart ev'n her disdain prefers
To others' love, I'll something soften hers :
Else in the search of virtue she may stray :
Well-meaning mortals should not lose their way.
She now indeed sins on the safer side,
For hearts too loose are never to be ty'd ;
But no extremes are either good or wise,
And in the midst alone true virtue lies.
When marriage-vows unite an equal pair,
'Tis a mere contract made by human care,
By which they both are for convenience ty'd,
The bridegroom yet more strictly than the bride :
For circumstances alter every ill,
And woman meets with most temptation still ;
She a forsaken bed must often bear,
While he can never fail to find her there,
And therefore less excus'd to range elsewhere. }
Yet this she ought to suffer, and submit :
But when no longer for each other fit,
If usage bafe shall just resentment move,
Or, what is worse, affronts of wandering love ;
No obligation after that remains,
'Tis mean, not just, to wear a rival's chains.

Yet decency requires the wonted cares
Of interest, children, and remote affairs ;
But in her love, that dear concern of life,
She all the while may be another's wife : [bed,
Heaven, that beholds her wrong'd and widow'd
Permits a lover in her husband's stead.

I flung me at his feet, his robes would kiss,
And cry'd—Ev'n our bafe world is just in this ;
Amidst our censures, love we gently blame,
And love sometimes preserves a female fame.
What tie less strong can woman's will restrain ?
When honour checks, and conscience pleads in
vain ;

When parents' threats, and friends' persuasions fail,
When interest and ambition scarce prevail,
To bound that sex when nothing else can move,
They'll live reserv'd, to please the man they love !

The spirit then reply'd to all I said,
She may be kind, but not till thou art dead ;
Bewail thy memory, bemoan thy fate :
Then she will love, when 'tis, alas ! too late :
Of all thy pains she will no pity have,
Till sad despair has sent thee to the grave.

Amaz'd, I wak'd in haste,
All trembling at my doom ;
Dreams oft' repeat adventures past,
And tell our ills to come.

HELEN TO PARIS.

FROM OVID.

Translated by the Earl of Mulgrave and Mr. Dryden.

WHEN loose epistles violate chaste eyes,
She half consents, who silently denies ;
How dares a stranger, with designs so vain,
Marriage and hospitable rights profane ?
Was it for this your fate did shelter find
From swelling seas and every faithless wind ?
(For though a distant country brought you forth,
Your use here was equal to your worth.)
Does this deserve to be rewarded so ?
Did you come here a stranger, or a foe ?
Your partial judgment may perhaps complain,
And think me barbarous for my just disdain ;
Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaste,
Nor my clear fame with any spot defac'd.
Though in my face there's no affected frown,
Nor in my carriage a feign'd niceness shown,
I keep my honour still without a stain,
Nor has my love made any coxcomb vain.
Your boldness I with admiration see :
What hope had you to gain a queen like me ?
Because a hero forc'd me once away,
Am I thought fit to be a second prey ?
Had I been won, I had deserv'd your blame,
But sure my part was nothing but the shame ;
Yet the bafe theft to him no fruit did bear,
I 'scap'd unhurt by any thing but fear :
Rude force might some unwilling kisses gain,
But that was all he ever could obtain.

You on such terms would ne'er have let me go;
 Were he like you, we had not parted so.
 Untouch'd the youth restor'd me to my friends,
 And modest usage made me some amends.
 'Tis virtue to repent a vicious deed:
 Did he repent, that Paris might succeed?
 Sure 'tis some fate that sets me above wrongs.
 Yet still exposes me to busy tongues.
 I'll not complain, for who's displeas'd with love,
 If it sincere, discreet, and constant prove?
 But that I fear—not that I think you base,
 Or doubt the blooming beauties of my face;
 But all your sex is subject to deceive,
 And ours, alas! too willing to believe.
 Yet others yield, and love o'ercomes the best—
 But why should I not shine above the rest?
 Fair Leda's story seems at first to be
 A fit example ready found for me:
 But she was couzen'd by a borrow'd shape,
 And under harmless feathers felt a rape:
 If I should yield, what reason could I use?
 By what mistake the loving crime excuse?
 Her fault was in her powerful lover lost;
 But of what Jupiter have I to boast?
 Though you to heroes and to kings succeed,
 Our famous race does no addition need;
 And great alliances but useless prove
 To one that springs herself from mighty Jove.
 Go then, and boast in some less haughty place
 Your Phrygian blood, and Priam's ancient race,
 Which I would show I valued, if I durst;
 You are the fifth from Jove, but I the first.
 The crown of Troy is powerful, I confess,
 But I have reason to think ours no less.
 Your letter, fill'd with promises of all
 That men can good, and women pleasant call,
 Gives expectation such an ample field
 As would move goddesses themselves to yield:
 But, if I e'er offend great Juno's laws,
 Yourself shall be the dear, the only cause;
 Either my honour I'll to death maintain,
 Or follow you without mean thoughts of gain:
 Not that so fair a present I despise;
 We like the gift, when we the giver prize;
 But 'tis your love moves me, which made you take
 Such pains, and run such hazards for my sake.
 I have perceiv'd, (though I dissembled too)
 A thousand things that love has made you do:
 Your eager eyes would almost dazzle mine,
 In which (wild man!) your wanton thoughts
 would shine.
 Sometimes you'd sigh, sometimes disorder'd stand,
 And with unusual ardour press my hand;
 Contrive just after me to take the glass,
 Nor would you let the least occasion pass;
 Which oft I fear'd I did not mind alone,
 And blushing sat for things which you have done;
 Then murrur'd to myself, He'll for my sake
 Do any thing, I hope 'twas no mistake.
 Oft have I read within this pleasant grove,
 Under my name, these charming words, *I love*,
 I, frowning, seem'd not to believe your flame,
 But now, alas! am come to write the same.
 If I were capable to do amiss,
 I could not but be sensible of this.

For oh! your face has such peculiar charms,
 That who can hold from flying to your arms!
 But what I ne'er can have without offence,
 May some blest maid possess with innocence.
 Pleasure may tempt, but virtue more should move;
 Oh! learn of me to want the thing you love.
 What you desire is fought by all ranking;
 As you have eyes, so others are not blind:
 Like you they see, like you my charms adore;
 They wish not less, but you dare venture more.
 Oh! had you then upon our coasts been brought,
 My virgin love when thousand rivals fought,
 You had I seen, you should have had my voice,
 Nor could my husband justly blame my choice.
 For both our hopes, alas! you came too late,
 Another now is master of my fate;
 More to my wish I could have liv'd with you,
 And yet my present lot can undergo.
 Cease to solicit a weak woman's will,
 And urge not her you love to so much ill;
 But let me live contented as I may,
 And make not my unspotted fame your prey:
 Some right your claim, since naked to your eyes
 Three goddesses disputed beauty's prize:
 One offer'd valour, t'other crowns; but she
 Obtain'd her cause, who smiling promis'd me.
 But, first, I am not of belief so light, (sight:
 To think such nymphs would shew you such a
 Yet, granting this, the other part is feign'd,
 A bribe to mean your sentence had not gain'd.
 With partial eyes I should myself regard,
 To think that Venus made me her reward;
 I humbly am content with human praise,
 A goddess's applause would envy raise;
 But be it as you say; for 'tis confess'd,
 The men who flatter highest please us best:
 That I suspect it ought not to displease,
 For miracles are not believ'd with ease.
 One joy I have, that I had Venus's voice;
 A greater yet, that you confirm'd her choice;
 That prosper'd laurels, promis'd sovereignty,
 Juno and Pallas you contemn'd for me.
 Am I your empire then, and your renown?
 What heart of rock but must by this be won?
 And yet bear witness, O ye powers above,
 How rude I am in all the arts of love!
 My hand is yet untaught to write to men,
 This is th' essay of my unpractis'd pen;
 Happy those nymphs, whom use has perfect made,
 I think all crime, and tremble at a shade:
 Ev'n while I write, my fearful conscious eyes
 Look often back, misdoubting a surprise;
 For now the rumour spreads among the crowd,
 At court in whispers, but in town aloud.
 Dissemble you, whatever you hear them say:
 To leave off loving were your better way;
 Yet, if you will dissemble it, you may.
 Love secretly: the absence of my lord
 More freedom gives, but does not all afford:
 Long is his journey, long will be his stay,
 Call'd by affairs of consequence away.
 To go or not, when unresolv'd he stood,
 I bid him make what swift return he could:
 Then, kissing me, he said, I recommend
 All to thy care, But most my Trojan friend.

I smil'd at what he innocently said,
 And only answer'd, You shall be obey'd.
 Propitious winds have borne him far from hence,
 But let not this secure your confidence:
 Absent he is, yet absent he commands:
 You know the proverb, "Princes have long hands."
 My fame's my burden, for the more I'm prais'd,
 A juster ground of jealousy is rais'd:
 Were I less fair, I might have been more blest,
 Great beauty through great danger is possest.
 To leave me here, his venture was not hard,
 Because he thought my virtue was my guard:
 He fear'd my face, but trusted to my life,
 The beauty doubted, but believ'd the wife.
 You bid me use th' occasion while I can,
 Put in your hands by the good easy man.
 I would, and yet I doubt 'twixt love and fear;
 One draws me from you, and one brings me near.
 Our flames are mutual, and my husband's gone:
 The nights are long; I fear to lie alone;
 One house contains us, and weak walls divide,
 And you're too pressing to be long deny'd.
 Let me not live, but every thing conspires
 To join our loves, and yet my fear retires.
 You court with words, when you should force em-
 ploy;

A rape is requisite to shame-fac'd joy;
 Indulgent to the wrongs which we receive,
 Our sex can suffer what we dare not give.
 What have I said! for both of us 'twere best,
 Our kindling fire if each of us suppress.
 The faith of strangers is too prone to change,
 And, like themselves, their wandering passions
 Hypsipyla and the fond Minoian maid, [rang'd.
 Were both, by trusting of their guest, betray'd:
 How can I doubt that other men deceive,
 When you yourself did fair Oenone leave?
 But, lest I should upbraid your treachery,
 You make a merit of that crime to me.
 You grant you were to faithful love inclin'd,
 Your weary Trojans wait but for a wind.
 Should you prevail, while I assign the night,
 Your sails are hoisted, and you take your flight;
 Some bemoaning mariner our love destroys,
 And breaks asunder our unfinish'd joys.
 But I with you may leave the Spartan port,
 To view the Trojan wealth and Priam's court.
 Shown while I see, I shall expose my fame;
 And fill a foreign country with my shame.
 In Asia what reception shall I find!
 And what dishonour leave in Greece behind!
 What will your brothers, Priam, Hecuba,
 And what will all your modest matrons say?
 Ev'n you, when on this action you reflect,
 My future conduct justly may suspect;
 And whate'er stranger lands upon your coast,
 Conclude me, by your own example, lost.
 I, from your rage, a strumpet's name shall hear,
 While you forget what part in it you bear:
 You, my crime's author, will my crime upbraid:
 Deep under ground, oh! let me first be laid!
 You boast the pomp and plenty of your land,
 And promise all shall be at my command:
 Your Trojan wealth, believe me, I despise;
 My own poor native land has dearer ties.

Should I be injur'd on your Phrygian shore,
 What help of kindred could I there implore?
 Medea was by Jason's flattery won;
 I may, like her, believe and be undone.
 Plain honest hearts, like mine, suspect no cheat,
 And love contributes to its own deceit.
 The ships, about whose sides loud tempests roar,
 With gentle winds were wafted from the shore.
 Your teeming mother dreamt a flaming brand,
 Sprung from her womb, consum'd the Trojan
 To second this, old prophecies conspire, [land;
 That Ilium shall be burnt with Grecian fire:
 Both give me fear, nor is it much allay'd,
 That Venus is oblig'd our loves to aid.
 For they who lost their cause, revenge will take,
 And for one friend, two enemies you make.
 Nor can I doubt, but, should I follow you,
 The sword would soon our fatal crime pursue;
 A wrong so great my husband's rage would rouse,
 And my relations would his cause espouse.
 You boast your strength and courage; but, alas!
 Your words receive small credit from your face.
 Let heroes in the dusty field delight,
 Those limbs were fashion'd for another fight.
 Bid Hector sally from the walls of Troy;
 A sweeter quarrel should your arms employ.
 Yet fears like these should not my mind perplex,
 Were I as wise as many of my sex:
 But time and you may bolder thoughts inspire;
 And I, perhaps, may yield to your desire.
 You last demand a private conference:
 These are your words, but I can guess your sense.
 Your unripe hopes their harvest must attend:
 Be rul'd by me, and time may be your friend.
 This is enough to let you understand,
 For now my pen has tir'd my tender hand;
 My woman knows the secret of my heart,
 And may hereafter better news impart.

PART OF THE STORY OF ORPHEUS.

Being a Translation out of the fourth Book of Virgil's Georgic.

'Tis not for nothing when just heaven does frown;
 The injur'd Orpheus calls these judgments down;
 Whose spouse, avoiding to become thy prey,
 And all his joys at once were snatch'd away;
 The nymph, foredoom'd that fatal way to pass,
 Spy'd not the serpent lurking in the grass:
 A mournful cry the spacious valley fills. [hills;
 With echoing groans from all the neighbouring
 The Dryades roar out in deep despair,
 And with united voice bewail the fair.

For such a loss he sought no vain relief,
 But with his lute indulg'd the tender grief;
 Along the shore he oft would wildly stray,
 With doleful notes begin and end the day.
 At length to hell a frightful journey made,
 Pass'd the wide-gaping gulf and dismal shade;
 Visits the ghosts, and to that king repairs
 Whose heart's inflexible to human prayers.

All hell is ravish'd with so sweet a song;
Light souls and airy spirits glide along
In troops, like millions of the feather'd kind,
Driven home by night, or some tempestuous
wind:

Matrons and men, raw youths and unripe maids;
And mighty heroes' more majestic shades;
And sons entomb'd before their parents face;
These the black waves of bounding Styx embrace
Nine times circumfluent; clogg'd with noisome
weeds,

And all that filth which standing water breeds.
Amusement reach'd ev'n the deep caves of death;
The sisters with blue snaky curls took breath;
Ixion's wheel awhile unmov'd remain'd,
And the fierce dog his three-mouth'd voice re-
strain'd.

When safe return'd, and all these dangers past,
His wife, restor'd to breathe fresh air at last,
Following (for so Proserpina was pleas'd),
A sudden rage th' unwary lover seiz'd;
He, as the first bright glimpse of day-light shin'd,
Could not refrain to cast one look behind;
A fault of love: could hell compassion find.
A dreadful sound thrice shook the Stygian coast,
His hopes quite fled, and all his labour lost!
Why hast thou thus undone thyself and me?
What rage is this? oh, I am snatch'd from thee!
(She faintly cry'd) Night and the powers of hell
Surround my sight; oh, Orpheus! oh, farewell!
My hands stretch forth to reach thee as before;
But all in vain, for I am thine no more;
No more allow'd to view thy face, or day!—
Then from his eyes, like smoke, he fleets away.
Much he would fain have spoke: but fate, alas!
Would ne'er again consent to let him pass.
Thus twice undone, what course remain'd to
take,

To gain her back, already pass'd the lake?
What tears, what patience, could procure him
ease?

Or, ah! what vows the angry powers appease?
'Tis said, he seven long moons bewail'd his loss
To bleak and barren rocks, on whose cold moss,
While languishing he sung his fatal flame,
He mov'd ev'n trees, and made fierce tigers tame.

So the sad nightingale, when childless made
By some rough swain who stole her young away,
Bewails her loss beneath a poplar shade,
Mourns all the night, in murmurs wastes the
day;

Her melting songs a doleful pleasure yield,
And melancholy music fills the field.

Marriage nor love could ever move his mind;
But all alone, beat by the nothern wind,
Shivering on Tanais' banks the bard remain'd,
And of the god's unfruitful gift complain'd.
Circonian dames, enrag'd to be despis'd,
As they the feast of Bacchus solemniz'd,
Slew the poor youth, and strew'd about his limbs;
His head, torn off from the fair body, swims
Down that swift current where the Heber flows,
And still its tongue in doleful accents goes,
Ah, poor Eurydice! he dying cry'd;
Eurydice resounds from every side.

AN ESSAY ON POETRY*.

Or all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief master-piece is writing well:
No writing lifts exalted man so high,
As sacred and soul-moving poetry:
No kind of work requires so nice a touch,
And, if well finish'd, nothing shines so much.
But heaven forbid we should be so profane,
To grace the vulgar with that noble name.
'Tis not a flash of fancy, which sometimes,
Dazzling our minds, sets off the slightest rhymes:
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done:
True wit is everlasting, like the sun,
Which, though sometimes behind a cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound,
Which not the nicest ear with harshness wound,
Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts;
And all in vain these superficial parts
Contribute to the structure of the whole,
Without a genius too; for that's the soul:
A spirit which inspires the work throughout,
As that of nature moves the world about;
A flame that glows amidst conceptions fire;
Ev'n something of divine, and more than wit;
Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,
Describing all men, but describ'd by none.
Where dost thou dwell? what caverns of the brain
Can such a vast and mighty thing contain?
When I, at vacant hours, in vain thy absence
mourn,

Oh! where dost thou retire? and why dost thou
Sometimes with powerful charms to hurry me
away,

From pleasures of the night, and business of the
Ev'n now, too far transported, I am fain
To check thy course, and use the needful rein.
As all is dulness, when the fancy's bad;
So, without judgment, fancy is but mad:
And judgment has a boundless influence
Not only in the choice of words, or sense,
But on the world, on manners, and on men;
Fancy is but the feather of the pen;
Reason is that substantial useful part,
Which gains the head, while t'other wins the heart.

Here I shall all the various sorts of verse,
And the whole art of poetry rehearse;
But who that task would after Horace do?
The best of masters, and examples too!
Echoes at best, all we can say is vain;
Dull the design, and fruitless were the pain.
'Tis true, the ancients we may rob with ease;
But who with that mean shift himself can please,
Without an actor's pride? A player's art
Is above his, who writes a borrow'd part.
Yet modern laws are made for later faults,
And new absurdities inspire new thoughts:
What need has satire then to live on theft,
When so much fresh occasion still is left?
Fertile our soil, and full of rankest weeds,
And monsters worse than ever Nilus breeds.

* The "Essay on Satire," which was written by Sherriff and Dryden, is printed among the poems of the latter.

But hold, the fools shall have no cause to fear;
 'Tis wit and sense that is the subject here:
 Defects do witty men deserve a cure,
 And those who are so, will ev'n this endure.

First then, of songs; which now so much abound,
 Without his song no sop is to be found;
 A most offensive weapon, which he draws
 On all he meets, against Apollo's laws.
 Though nothing seems more easy, yet no part
 Of poetry requires a nicer art;
 For as in rows of richest pearl there lies
 Many a blemish that escapes our eyes,
 The least of which defects is plainly shown
 In one small ring, and brings the value down:
 So songs should be to just perfection wrought;
 Yet where can one be seen without a fault?
 Exact propriety of words and thought;
 Expression easy, and the fancy high;
 Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly;
 No words transpos'd, but in such order all,
 As wrought with care, yet seem by chance to fall.
 Here, as in all things else, is most unfit,
 Bare ribaldry, that poor pretence to wit;
 Such nauseous songs, by a late author † made,
 Call an unwilling censure on his shade.
 Not that warm thoughts of the transporting joy
 Can shock the chastest, or the nicest cloy;
 But words obscene, too gross to move desire,
 Like heaps of fuel, only choke the fire.
 On other themes he well deserves our praise;
 But palls that appetite he meant to raise.

Next, elegy, of sweet, but solemn voice,
 And of a subject grave, exacts the choice;
 The praise of beauty, valour, wit contains;
 And there too oft † despairing love complains:
 In vain, alas! for who by wit is mov'd?
 That phoenix she deserves to be belov'd;
 But noisy nonsense, and such sops as vex
 Mankind, take most with that fantastic sex.
 This to the praise of those who better knew;
 The many raise the value of the few.
 But here (as all our sex too oft have try'd)
 Women have drawn my wandering thoughts aside.
 Their greatest fault, who in this kind have writ,
 Is not defect in words, or want of wit;
 But should this muse harmonious numbers yield,
 And every couplet be with fancy fill'd;
 If yet a just coherence be not made
 Between each thought; and the whole model laid
 So right, that every line may higher rise,
 Like godly mountains, till they reach the skies:
 Such trifles may perhaps of late have past,
 And may be lik'd awhile, but never last;
 'Tis epigram, 'tis point, 'tis what you will,
 But not an elegy, nor writ with skill,
 No † panegyric, nor a † Cooper's-hill.

A higher flight, and of a happier force,
 Are odes: the muses' most unruly horse,
 That bounds so fierce, the rider has no rest,
 Here foams at mouth, and moves like one possess'd.
 The poet here must be indeed inspir'd,
 With fury too, as well as fancy fir'd.

Cowley might boast to have perform'd this part,
 Had he with nature join'd the rules of art;
 But sometimes diction mean, or verse ill-wrought,
 Deadens, or clouds, his noble frame of thought.
 Though all appear in heat and fury done,
 The language still must soft and easy run.
 These laws may sound a little too severe;
 But judgment yields, and fancy governs here,
 Which, though extravagant, this muse allows,
 And makes the work much easier than it shows.

Of all the ways that wisest men could find
 To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
 Satire well-writ has most successful prov'd,
 And cures, because the remedy is lov'd.
 'Tis hard to write on such a subject more,
 Without repeating things said oft before!
 Some vulgar errors only we'll remove,
 That stain a beauty which we so much love.
 Of chosen words some take not care enough,
 And think they should be as the subject rough;
 This poem must be more exactly made,
 And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words convey'd.
 Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
 As if their only business was to rail;
 But human frailty nicely to unfold,
 Distinguishes a satyr from a scold.
 Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down;
 A satyr's smile is sharper than his frown;
 So while you seem to slight some rival youth,
 Malice itself may pass sometimes for truth.
 The Laureat † here may justly claim our praise,
 Crown'd by Mack Fleckno † with immortal bays;
 Yet once his Pegafus † has borne dead weight,
 Rid by some lumpish minister of state.

Here rest, my muse, suspend thy cares awhile,
 A more important task attends thy toil.
 As some young eagle, that designs to fly
 A long unwonted journey through the sky,
 Weighs all the dangerous enterprise before,
 O'er what wide lands and seas she is to soar,
 Doubts her own strength so far, and justly fears
 The lofty road of airy travellers;
 But yet incited by some bold design,
 That does her hopes beyond her fears incline,
 Prunes every feather, views herself with care,
 At last, resolv'd, she cleaves the yielding air;
 Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast,
 She lessens to us, and is lost at last:
 So (though too weak for such a weighty thing)
 The muse inspires a sharper note to sing.
 And why should truth offend, when only told
 To guide the ignorant, and warn the bold?
 On then, my muse, adventurously engage
 To give instructions that concern the stage.

The unities of action, time, and place,
 Which, if observ'd, give plays so great a grace,
 Are, though but little practis'd, too well known
 To be taught here, where we pretend alone
 From nicer faults to purge the present age,
 Less obvious errors of the English stage.

First then, soliloquies had need be few,
 Extremely short, and spoke in passion too.

† The Earl of Rochester.
 † Waller's

† Denham's

† Dryden.

† A famous satirical poem of his.

† A poem called, The blind and Panther.

Our lovers talking to themselves, for want
Of others, make the pit their confidant;
Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus
They trust a friend, only to tell it us;
Th' occasion should as naturally fall,
As when Bellario † confesses all.

Figures of speech, which poets think so fine,
(Art's needless varnish to make nature shine)
All are but paint upon a beauteous face,
And in descriptions only claim a place:
But, to make rage declaim, and grief discourse,
From lovers in despair fine things to force,
Must needs succeed; for who can choose but pity
A dying hero, miserably witty?
But oh! the dialogues, where jest and mock
Is held up like a rest at shuttle-cock;
Or else, like bells, eternally they chime,
They sigh in simile, and die in rhyme.
What things are these who would be poets thought,
By nature not inspir'd, nor learning taught?
Some wit they have, and therefore may deserve
A better course than this, by which they starve:
But to write plays! why, 'tis a bold pretence
To judgment, breeding, wit, and eloquence:
Nay more; for they must look within, to find
Those secret turns of nature in the mind:
Without this part, in vain would be the whole,
And but a body all, without a soul.
All this united yet but makes a part
Of dialogue, that great and powerful art,
Now almost lost, which the old Grecians knew,
From whom the Romans fainter copies drew,
Scarce comprehended since, but by a few.
Plato and Lucian are the best remains
Of all the wonders which this art contains;
Yet to ourselves we justice must allow,
Shakespeare and Fletcher are the wonders now:
Consider them, and read them o'er and o'er,
Go see them play'd; then read them as before;
For though in many things they grossly fail,
Over our passions still they so prevail,
That our own grief by theirs is rock'd asleep;
The dull are forc'd to feel, the wise to weep.
Their beauties imitate, avoid their faults;
First, on a plot employ thy careful thoughts;
Turn it, with time, a thousand several ways;
This off, alone, has given success to plays.
Reject that vulgar error (which appears
So fair) of making perfect characters;
There's no such thing in nature, and you'll draw
A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw.
Some faults must be, that his misfortunes drew,
But such as may deserve compassion too.
Besides the main design compos'd with art,
Each moving scene must be a plot apart;
Contrive each little turn, mark every place,
As painters first chalk out the future face:
Yet be not fondly your own slave for this,
But change hereafter what appears amiss.

Think not so much where shining thoughts to
As what a man would say in such a case: {place,
Neither in comedy will this suffice,
The player too must be before your eyes!

† In Philaster, a play of Beaumont and Fletcher.

And, though 'tis drudgery to sleep so low,
To him you must your secret meaning show.

Expose no single sop, but lay the load
More equally, and spread the folly broad;
Mere coxcombs are too obvious; oft' we see
A fool derided by as bad as he:
Hawks fly at nobler game; in this low way
A very owl may prove a bird of prey.
Small poets thus will one poor sop devour,
But to collect, like bees, from every flower,
Ingredients to compose that precious juice,
Which serves the world for pleasure and for use,
In spite of faction this would favour get;
But Falstaff † stands inimitable yet.

Another fault which often may befall,
Is, when the wit of some great poet shall
So overflow, that is, be none at all,
That ev'n his fools speak sense, as if possess'd,
And each by inspiration breaks his jest.
If once the justness of each part be lost,
Well may we laugh, but at the poet's cost.
That silly thing men call sheer-wit avoid,
With which our age so nauseously is cloy'd:
Humour is all; wit should be only brought
To turn agreeably some proper thought.

But since the poets we of late have known
Shine in no dress so much as in their own,
The better by example to convince,
Cast but a view on this wrong side of sense.

First, a soliloquy is calmly made,
Where every reason is exactly weigh'd;
Which once perform'd, most opportunely comes
Some hero frightened at the noise of drums;
For her sweet sake, whom at first fight he loves,
And all in metaphor his passion proves:
But some sad accident, though yet unknown,
Parting this pair, to leave the swain alone;
He strait grows jealous, though we know not why;
Then, to oblige his rival, needs will die:
But first he makes a speech, wherein he tells
The absent nymph how much his flame excels;
And yet bequeaths her generously now
To that lov'd rival whom he does not know!
Who strait appears; but who can fate withstand?
Too late, alas! to hold his hasty hand,
That just has given himself the cruel stroke:
At which his very rival's heart it broke:
He, more to his new friend than mistress kind,
Most sadly mourns at being left behind,
Of such a death prefers the pleasing charms
To love, and living in a lady's arms. {these!
What shameful and what monstrous things are
And then they rail at these they cannot please;
Conclude us only partial to the dead,
And grudge the sign of old Ben Jonson's head;
When the intrinsic value of the stage
Can scarce be judg'd but by a following age:
For dances, flutes, Italian songs, and rhyme,
May keep up sinking nonsense for a time;
But that must fail, which now so much o'er-rules,
And sense no longer will submit to fools.

By painful steps at last we labour up
Parnassus' hill, on whose bright airy top

† The matchless character of Shakespeare.

The epic poets so divinely show,
And with just pride behold the rest below.
Heroic poems have a just pretence
To be the utmost stretch of human sense;
A work of such inestimable worth,
There are but two the world has yet brought
forth!

Homer and Virgil! with what sacred awe,
Do those mere founds the world's attention draw!
Just as a changeling seems below the rest
Of men, or rather is a two-legg'd beast;
So these gigantic souls amaz'd we find
As much above the rest of human kind!
Nature's whole strength united! endless fame,
And universal shouts attend their name?
Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.
Had Bossu never writ, the world had still,
Like Indians, view'd this wondrous piece of skill;
As something of divine the work admir'd;
Not hop'd to be instructed, but inspir'd:
But he, disclosing sacred mysteries,
Has shown where all the mighty magic lies;
Describ'd the seeds, and in what order sown,
That have to such a vast proportion grown.
Sure from some angel he the secret knew,
Who through this labyrinth has lent the clue.

But what, alas! awaits this poor mankind,
To see this promis'd land, yet stay behind?
The way is shown, but who has strength to go?
Who can all sciences profoundly know?
Whose fancy flies beyond weak reason's flight,
And yet has judgment to direct it right?
Whose just discernment, Virgil-like, is such
Never to say too little or too much?
Let such a man begin without delay;
But he must do beyond what I can say;
Must above Tasso's lofty flights prevail,
Succeed where Spenser, and ev'n Milton fail.

ODE ON BRUTUS.

I.

'Tis said, that favourite, mankind,
Was made the lord of all below;
But yet the doubtful are concern'd to find,
'Tis only one man tells another so.
And, for this great dominion here,
Which over other beasts we claim,
Reason our best credential does appear,
By which indeed we domineer,
But how absurdly, we may see with shame.
Reason, that solemn trifle! light as air,
Driven up and down by censure or applause;
By partial love away 'tis blown,
Or the least prejudice can weigh it down;
Thus our high privilege becomes our snare.
In any nice and weighty cause,
How weak, at best, is reason! yet the grave
Impose on that small judgment which we have.

II.

In all those wits, whose names have spread so wide,
And ev'n the force of time defy'd,
Some failings yet may be descry'd.
Among the rest, with wonder be it told,
That Brutus is admir'd for Cæsar's death;
By which he yet survives in fame's immortal breath.
Brutus, ev'n he, of all the rest,
In whom we should that deed the most detest,
Is of mankind esteem'd the best.
As snow, descending from some lofty hill,
Is by its rolling course augmenting still,
So from illustrious authors down have roll'd
Those great encomiums he receiv'd of old:
Republic orators will show esteem,
And gild their eloquence with praise of him:
But truth, unveil'd, like a bright sun appears,
To shine away this heap of seventeen hundred
years.

III.

In vain 'tis urg'd by an illustrious wit,
(To whom in all besides I willingly submit)
That Cæsar's life no pity could deserve
From one who kill'd himself, rather than serve.
Had Brutus chose rather himself to slay,
Than any master to obey,
Happy for Rome had been that noble pride;
The world had then remain'd in peace, and only
Brutus dy'd.
For he, whose soul disdains to own
Subjection to a tyrant's frown,
And his own life would rather end,
Would sure much rather kill himself, than only
hurt his friend.

To his own sword in the Philippian field
Brutus indeed at last did yield:
But in those times self-killing was not rare,
And his proceeded only from despair:
He might have chosen else to live,
In hopes another Cæsar would forgive;
Then, for the good of Rome, he could once more
Conspire against a life which had spar'd his before.

IV.

Our country challenges our utmost care,
And in our thoughts deserves the tenderest share;
Her to a thousand friends we should prefer,
Yet not betray them, though it be for her.

Hard is his heart, whom no desert can move,
A mistress or a friend to love,

Above whate'er he does besides enjoy;
But may he, for their sakes, his fire or sons destroy!
For sacred justice, or for public good,
Scorn'd be our wealth, our honour, and our blood;
In such a cause, want is a happy state,
Ev'n low disgrace would be a glorious fate;
And death itself, when noble fame survives,
More to be valued than a thousand lives.

But 'tis not surely of so fair renown
To spill another's blood, as to expose our own:
Of all that's ours we cannot give too much,
But what belongs to friendship, oh! 'tis sacrilege
to touch.

V.

Can we stand by unmov'd, and see
Our mother robb'd and ravish'd? Can we be

Excus'd, if in her cause we never stir,
Pleas'd with the strength and beauty of the ravisher?
Thus sings our bard with heat almost divine;
'Tis pity that his thought was not as strong as fine.

Would it more justly did the case express,
Or that its beauty and its grace were less.
(Thus a nymph sometimes we see,
Who so charming seems to be,
That, jealous of a soft surprise,
We scarce durst trust our eager eyes)
Such a fallacious ambush to escape,
It were but vain to plead a willing rape;
A valiant son would be provok'd the more;
A force we therefore must confess, but acted long before;

A marriage since did intervene,
With all the solemn and the sacred scene;
Loud was the Hymenean song;
The violated dame * walk'd smilingly along,
And in the midst of the most sacred dance,
As if enamour'd of his sight,
Often she cast a kind admiring glance
On the bold struggler for delight;
Who afterwards appear'd so moderate and cool,
As if for public good alone he so desir'd to rule.

VI.

But, oh! that this were all which we can urge
Against a Roman of so great a soul!
And that fair truth permitted us to purge
His fact, of what appears so foul!
Friendship, that sacred and sublimest thing!
The noblest quality, and chiefest good,
(In this dull age scarce understood)
Inspires us with unusual warmth her injur'd rites
to sing.

Assist, ye angels! whose immortal bliss,
Though more refin'd, chiefly consists in this.
Now plainly your bright thoughts to one another
shine!

Oh! how ye all agree in harmony divine!
The race of mutual love with equal zeal ye run,
A course, as far from any end, as when at first begun.
Ye saw, and smil'd upon this matchless pair,
Who still betwixt them did so many virtues share,
Some which belong to peace, and some to strife,
Those of a calm, and of an active life,

* Rome.

That all the excellence of human-kind
Concurr'd to make of both but one united mind,
Which friendship did so fast and closely bind,
Not the least cement could appear by which their
souls were join'd.

That tie which holds our mortal frame,
Which poor unknowing we a soul and body name,
Seems not a composition more divine, [shine.
Or more abstruse, than all that does in friendship

VII.

From mighty Cæsar and his boundless grace,
Though Brutus, once at least, his life receiv'd;
Such obligations, though so high believ'd,
Are yet but slight in such a case.
Where friendship so possesses all the place,
There is no room for gratitude; since he,
Who so oblig'd, is more pleas'd than his fav'd friend
can be.

Just in the midst of all this noble heat,
While their great hearts did both so kindly beat,
That it amaz'd the lookers-on,
And forc'd them to suspect a father and a son *;
(Though here ev'n Nature's self still seem'd to be
outdone)

From such a friendship unprovok'd to fall
Is horrid, yet I wish that fact were all [call,
Which does with too much cause ungrateful Brutus

VIII.

In coolest blood he laid a long design
Against his best and dearest friend;
Did ev'n his foes in zeal exceed,
To spirit others up to work so black a deed;
Himself the centre where they all did join.
Cæsar, meantime, fearless, and fond of him,
Was as industrious all the while
To give such ample marks of fond esteem,
As made the gravest Romans smile [guile;
To see with how much ease love can the wise be-
He, whom thus Brutus doom'd to bleed,
Did, setting his own race aside,
Nothing less for him provide,
Than in the world's great empire to succeed:
Which we are bound in justice to allow,
Is all-sufficient proof to show
That Brutus did not strike for his own sake;
And if, alas! he fail'd, 'twas only by mistake.

* Cæsar was suspected to have begotten Brutus.

MISCELLANIES.

THE RAPTURE.

I yield, I yield, and can no longer stay
My eager thoughts, that force themselves away.
Sure none inspir'd (whose heat transports them still
Above their reason, and beyond their will)
Can firm against the strong impulse remain;
Censure itself were not so sharp a pain.
Let vulgar minds submit to vulgar sway;
What ignorance shall think, or malice say,
To me are trifles; if the knowing few,
Who can see faults, but can see beauties too,
Applaud that genius which themselves partake,
And spare the poet for the muse's sake.

The muse, who raises me from humble ground,
To view the vast and various world around;
How fast I mount! in what a wondrous way
I grow transported to this large survey!
I value earth no more, and far below
Methinks I see the busy pigmies go.

My soul entranc'd is in a rapture brought
Above the common tracks of vulgar thought:
With fancy wing'd, I feel the purer air,
And with contempt look down on human care.

Airy ambition, ever soaring high,
Stands first expos'd to my censorious eye.
Behold some toiling up a slippery hill,
Where, though arriv'd, they must be toiling still:
Some, with unsteady feet, just fallen to ground,
Others at top, whose heads are turning round.
To this high sphere it happens still that some,
The most unfit, are forwardest to come;
Yet among these are princes forc'd to choose,
Or seek out such as would perhaps refuse.
Favour too great is safely plac'd on none,
And soon becomes a dragon or a drone;
Either remiss and negligent of all,
Or else imperious and tyrannical.

The muse inspires me now to look again,
And see a meaner sort of sordid men
Doating on little heaps of yellow dust;
For that despising honour, ease, and lust.
Let other bards, expressing how it shines,
Describe with envy what the miser finds;
Only as heaps of dirt it seems to me,
Where we such despicable vermin see,
Who creep through filth a thousand crooked ways,
Insensible of infamy or praise:

Loaded with guilt, they still pursue their course,
Not ev'n restrain'd by love or friendship's force.

Not to enlarge on such an obvious thought,
Behold their folly, which transcends their fault!
Alas! their cares and cautions only tend
To gain the means, and then to lose the end.
Like heroes in romances, still in fight
For mistresses that yield them no delight.
This, of all vice, does most debase the mind,
Gold is itself th' allay to human-kind.
Oh, happy times! when no such thing as coin
E'er tempted friends to part, or foes to join!
Cattle or corn, among those harmless men,
Was all their wealth, the gold and silver then;
Corn was too bulky to corrupt a tribe,
And bellowing herds would have betray'd the bribe.

Ev'n traffic now is intercourse of ill,
And every wind brings a new mischief still;
By trade we flourish in our leaves and fruit,
But avarice and excess devour the root.

Thus far the muse unwillingly has been
Fix'd on the dull, less happy sorts of sin;
But now, more pleas'd, she views the different ways
Of luxury, and all its charms surveys.
Dear luxury! thou soft, but sure deceit!
Rise of the mean, and ruin of the great!
Thou sure preface of ill-approaching fates,
The bane of empires, and the change of states!
Armies in vain resist thy mighty power;
Not the worst conduct would confound them more.
Thus Rome herself, while o'er the world she
flew,

And did by virtue all that world subdue,
Was by her own victorious arms oppress'd,
And catch'd infection from the conquer'd east;
Whence all those vices came, which soon devour
The best foundations of renown and power.

But oh! what need have we abroad to roam,
Who feel too much the sad effects at home,
Of wild excess? which we so plainly find
Decays the body, and impairs the mind.
But yet grave sops must not presume from hence
To slight the sacred pleasures of the sense:
Our appetites are Nature's laws, and given
Under the broad authentic seal of heaven.
Let pedants wrangle, and let bigots fight,
To put restraint on innocent delight,
But Heaven and Nature's always in the right;

They would not draw poor mortals in,
Or give desires that shall be doom'd for sin.
Yet, that in height of harmless joy we may
Last to old age, and never lose a day,
Amidst our pleasures we ourselves should spare,
And manage all with temperance and care.
The gods forbid but we sometimes may sleep
Our joys in wine, and lull our cares asleep:
It raises nature, ripens seeds of worth,
As moistening pictures calls the colours forth;
But if the varnish we too oft apply,
Alas! like colours, we grow faint, and die.
Hold, hold, impetuous muse: I would restrain
Her over-eager heat, but all in vain;
Abandon'd to delights, she longs to rove;
I check'd her here, and now she flies to love;
Shows me some rural nymph, by shepherd chas'd,
Soon overtaken, and as soon embrac'd:
The grafs by her, as she by him, is press'd;
For shame, my muse, let fancy guess the rest:
At such a point fancy can never stay,
But flies beyond whatever you can say.
Behold the silent shades, the amorous grove,
The dear delights, the very act of love.
This is his lowest sphere, his country scene,
Where love is humble, and his fare but mean;
Yet springing up without the help of art,
Leaves a sincerer relish in the heart,
More healthfully, though not so finely fed,
And better thrives than where more nicely bred.
But 'tis in courts where most he makes a show,
And, high enthron'd, governs the world below;
For though in histories learn'd ignorance
Attributes all to cunning or to chance,
Love will in those disguises often smile,
And knows the cause was kindness all the while.
What story, place, or person, cannot prove
The boundless influence of mighty love?
Where'er the sun can vigorous heat inspire,
Both sexes glow, and languish with desire.
The weary'd swain, fast in the arms of sleep,
Love can awake, and often sighing keep;
And busy gown-men, by fond love disguis'd,
Will leisure find to make themselves despis'd.
The proudest kings submit to beauty's sway;
Beauty itself, a greater prince than they,
Lies sometimes languishing with all its pride
By a belov'd, though fickle lover's side,
I mean to flight the soft enchanting charm,
But, oh! my head and heart are both too warm.
I doat on woman-kind with all their faults,
Love turns my satire into softest thoughts;
Of all that passion which our peace destroys
Instead of mischiefs, I describe the joys.
But short will be his reign (I fear too short),
And present cares shall be my future sport.
Then love's bright torch put out, his arrows broke,
Loose from kind chains, and from th' engaging
yoke,
To all fond thoughts I'll sing such counter-charms,
The fair shall listen in their lovers arms.
Now the enthusiastic fit is spent,
I feel my weakness, and too late repent.
As they who walk in dreams oft climb too high
For sense to follow with a waking eye;

And in such wild attempts are blindly bold,
Which afterwards they tremble to behold:
So I review these sallies of my pen,
And modest reason is return'd again;
My confidence I curse, my fate accuse,
Scarce hold from censuring the sacred muse.

No wretched poet of the railing pit,
No critic curs'd with the wrong side of wit,
Is more severe from ignorance and spite,
Than I with judgment against all I write.

ON MR. HOBBS, AND HIS WRITINGS.

Such is the mode of these censorious days,
The art is lost of knowing how to praise;
Poets are envious now, and fools alone
Admire at wit, because themselves have none.
Yet whatsoever is by vain critics thought,
Praising is harder much than finding fault;
In homely pieces ev'n the Dutch excel,
Italians only can draw beauty well.

As strings, alike wound up, so equal prove,
That one resounding makes the other move;
From such a cause our fatires please so much,
We sympathize with each ill-natur'd touch;
And as the sharp infection spreads about,
The reader's malice helps the writer out.
To blame, is easy; to commend, is bold;
Yet, if the muse inspires it, who can hold?
To merit we are bound to give applause,
Content to suffer in so just a cause.

While in dark ignorance we lay afraid
Of fancies, ghosts, and every empty shade;
Great Hobbes appear'd, and by plain reason's light
Put such fantastic forms to shameful flight.
Fond is their fear, who think men needs must be
To vice enslav'd, if from vain terrors free;
The wise and good morality will guide,
And superstition all the world beside.

In other authors though the thought be good,
'Tis not sometimes so easily understood;
That jewel oft unpollish'd has remain'd;
Some words should be left out, and some explain'd;
So that, in search of sense, we either stray,
Or else grow weary in so rough a way.
But here sweet eloquence does always smile,
In such a choice, yet unaffected style,
As must both knowledge and delights impart,
The force of reason, with the flowers of art;
Clear as a beautiful transparent skin,
Which never hides the blood, yet holds it in;
Like a delicious stream it ever ran,
As smooth as woman, but as strong as man.

Bacon himself, whose universal wit
Does admiration through the world beget,
Scarce more his age's ornament is thought,
Or greater credit to his country brought.

While fame is young, too weak to fly away,
Malice pursues her, like some bird of prey;
But once on wing, then all the quarrels cease;
Envy herself is glad to be at peace,
Gives over, weary'd with so high a flight,
Above her reach, and scarce within her sight.

Hobbes, to this happy pitch arriv'd at last,
Might have look'd down with pride on dangers past:
But such the frailty is of human kind,
Men toil for fame, which no man lives to find;
Long ripening under ground this China lies;
Fame bears no fruit, till the vain planter dies.

Thus Nature, tir'd with his unusual length
Of life, which put her to her utmost strength,
Such stock of wit unable to supply,
To spare herself, was glad to let him die.

WRITTEN OVER A GATE.

HERE lives a man, who, by relation,
Depends upon predestination;
For which the learned and the wise
His understanding much despise:
But I pronounce with loyal tongue
Him in the right, them in the wrong;
For how could such a wretch succeed,
But that, alas, it was decreed?

THE MIRACLE, 1707.

MERIT they hate, and wit they slight;
They neither act nor reason right,
And nothing mind but pence.
Unskilful they victorious are,
Conduct a kingdom without care,
A council without sense.
So Moses once, and Joshua,
And that virago Debora,
Bestrid poor Israel:
Like reverence pay to these! for who
Could ride a nation as they do,
Without a miracle?

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF HENRY PURCELL.

Good angels snatch'd him eagerly on high; [sky,
Joyful they flew, singing and soaring through the
Teaching his new-fledg'd soul to fly;
While we, alas! lamenting lie.

He went musing all along

Composing new their heavenly song.

A while his skilful notes loud hallelujahs drown'd;
But soon they ceas'd their own, to catch his pleas-
ing sound.

David himself improv'd the harmony,
David, in sacred story so renown'd
No less for music, than for poetry!
Genius sublime in either art!

Crown'd with applause surpassing all desert!

A man just after God's own heart!

If human cares are lawful to the blest,
Already settled in eternal rest;
Needs must he with that Purcell only might
Have liv'd to set what he vouchsaf'd to write;

For, sure, the noble thirst of fame
With the frail body never dies;
But with the soul ascends the skies,
From whence at first it came.

'Tis sure no little proof we have

That part of us survives the grave,

And in our fame below still bears a share:

Why is the future else so much our care,
Ev'n in our latest moment of despair? [brave?

And death despis'd for fame by all the wise and

Oh, all ye blest harmonious choir! [mire!

Who power almighty only love, and only that ad-
Look down with pity from your peaceful bower,

On this sad isle perplex'd,

And ever, ever vex'd

With anxious care of trifles, wealth and power.

In our rough minds due reverence infuse

For sweet melodious sounds, and each harmonious
muse.

Musick exalts man's nature, and inspires

High elevated thoughts, or gentle, kind desires.

ON THE LOSS OF AN ONLY SON,

ROBERT MARQUIS OF NORMANDY.

OUR morning's gay and shining;

The days our joys declare;

At evening no repining;

And night's all void of care.

A fond transported mother

Was often heard to cry,

Oh, where is such an other

So blest'd by Heaven as I?

A child at first was wanting;

Now such a son is sent,

As parents most lamenting

In him would find content.

A child of whom kind Heaven

Not only hope bestows,

But has already given

Him all our hopes propose.

The happy fire's possessing

His share in such a boy,

Adds still a greater blessing

To all my other joy.

But ah! this shiny weather

Became too hot at last;

Black clouds began to gather,

And all the sky o'ercaft.

So fierce a fever rages,

We all lie drown'd in tears;

And dismal sad presages

Come thundering in our ears.

The doubts that made us languish

Did worse, far worse than kill.

Yet, oh, with all their anguish,

Would we had doubted still!

But why so much digression,
This fatal loss to show?
Alas, there's no expression
Can tell a parent's woe!

ON MR. POPE, AND HIS POEMS.

With age decay'd, with courts and business tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what ease requir'd,
Too serious now a wanton muse to court,
And from the critics safe arriv'd in port;
I little thought of launching forth again,
Amidst adventurous rovers of the pen;
And, after some small undeserv'd success,
Thus hazarding at last to make it less.

Encomiums suit not this censorious time,
Itself a subject for satiric rhyme;
Ignorance honour'd, wit and worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n Homer blam'd.
But to this genius, join'd with so much art,
Such various learning mix'd in every part,
Poets are bound a loud applause to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they must obey.

And yet so wondrous, so sublime a thing,
As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing;
Except I justly could at once commend
A good companion, and as firm a friend.
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,
Can all desert in sciences exceed.

'Tis great delight to laugh at some men's ways;
But a much greater to give merit praise.

STANZAS.

WHENE'er my foolish bent to public good,
Or fonder zeal for some misguided prince,
Shall make my dangerous humour understood,
For changing ministers for men of sense:

When, vainly proud to show my public care,
And ev'n ashamed to see three nations fool'd,
I shall no longer bear a wretched share
In ruling ill, or being over-ruled:

Then, as old lechers in a winter's night
To yawning hearers all their pranks disclose;
And what decay deprives them of delight,
Supply with vain endeavours to impose:

Just so shall I as idly entertain
Some stripling patriots, fond of seeming wise;
Tell, how I still could great employments gain,
Without concealing truths, or whispering lies!

Boast of succeeding in my country's cause
Ev'n against some almost too high to blame;
Whom, when advanc'd beyond the reach of laws,
I oft had ridicul'd to sense and shame:

Say, I resisted the most potent fraud;
But friendless merit openly approv'd;
And that I was above the being aw'd
Not only by my prince, but those he lov'd:

Who knows but my example then may please
Such noble, hopeful spirits as appear
Willing to slight their pleasures and their ease,
For fame and honour? till at last they hear,

After much trouble borne, and danger run,
The crown assist'd, and my country serv'd;
Without good fortune I had been undone,
Without a good estate I might have starv'd.

THE ELECTION OF A POET LAUREAT

IN M.DCC.XIX.

A FAMOUS assembly was summon'd of late:
To crown a new laureat, came Phœbus in state;
With all that Montfaucon himself could desire,
His bow, laurel, harp, and abundance of fire.

At Bartlemew-fair ne'er did bullies so juggle,
No country election e'er made such a bustle:
From garret, mint, tavern, they all post away,
Some thirsting for sack, some ambitious of bay.

All came with full confidence, flush'd with vain hope;
From Cibber and Dursley, to Prior and Pope.
Phœbus smil'd on these last, but yet ne'ertheless,
Said, he hop'd they had got enough by the press.

With a huge mountain-load of heroical lumber,
Which from Tonson to Curll every press had groan'd
under,
Came Blackmore, and cry'd, Look, all these are my
But at present I beg you'd but read my Essay.

Lampooners and critics rush'd in like a tide,
Stern Dennis and Gildon came first side-by-side.
Apollo confess'd that their lashes had stings,
But headles and hangmen were never chose kings.

Steele long had so cunningly manag'd the town,
He could not be blam'd for expecting the crown;
Apollo demurr'd as to granting his wish,
But wish'd him good luck in his project of fist.

Lame Congreve, unable such things to endure,
Of Apollo begg'd either a crown or a cure;
To refuse such a writer, Apollo was loth,
And almost inclin'd to have granted him both.

When Buckingham came, he scarce car'd to be seen,
Till Phœbus desir'd his old friend to walk in;
But a laureat peer had never been known,
The commoners claim'd that place as their own.

Yet if the kind god had been ne'er so inclin'd
To break an old rule, yet he well knew his mind,
Who of such preferment would only make sport,
And laugh'd at all suitors for places at court.

Notwithstanding this law, yet Lansdowne was
nam'd,
But Apollo with kindness his indolence blam'd,

And said he would choose him, but that he should fear
An employment of trouble he never could bear.

A prelate * for wit and for eloquence fam'd,
Apollo soon mis'd, and he needs not be nam'd;
Since amidst a whole bench, of which some are so
bright,

No one of them shines so learn'd and polite:

To Shippen, Apollo was cold with respect,
Since he for the state could the muses neglect:
But said, in a greater assembly he shin'd,
And places were things he had ever declin'd.

Trap, Young, and Vanbrugh, expected reward,
For some things writ well: but Apollo declar'd
That one was too flat, the other too rough,
And the third sure already had places enough.

Pert Budgett came next, and, demanding the bays,
Said, those works must be good, which had Addi-
son's praise;

But Apollo reply'd, Child Eustace, 'tis known,
Most authors will praise whatsoever's their own.

When Philips came forth, as starch as a Quaker,
Whose simple profession's a pastoral-maker;
Apollo advis'd him from playhouse to keep,
And pipe to nought else but his dog and his sheep.

Hughes, Fenton, and Gay, came last in the train,
Too modest to ask for the crown they would gain:
Phœbus thought them too bashful, and said they
would need

More boldness, if ever they hop'd to succeed.

Apollo, now driven to a curst quandary,
Was wishing for Swift, or the fam'd Lady Mary:
Nay, had honest Tom Southerne but been within
call—

But at last he grew wanton, and laugh'd at them all:

And so spying one who came only to gaze,
A hater of verse, and despiser of plays;
To him in great form, without any delay,
(Though a zealous fanatic) presented the bay.

All the wits stood astonish'd at hearing the god
So gravely pronounce an election so odd;
And though Prior and Pope only laugh'd in his face,
Most others were ready to sink in the place.

Yet some thought the vacancy open was kept,
Concluding the bigot would never accept:
But the hypocrite told them, he well understood,
Though the function was wicked, the stipend was good.

At last in rush'd Eusden, and cry'd, "Who shall
have it, [it?]"

"But I, the true laureat, to whom the king gave
Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim;
But vow'd, though, till then, he ne'er heard of his
name.

* Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester.

ON THE TIMES.

SINCE in vain our parsons teach,
Hear, for once, a poet preach.

Vice has lost its very name,
Skill and cozenage thought the same;
Only playing well the game.
Foul contrivances we see

Call'd but ingenuity:
Ample fortunes often made
Out of frauds in every trade,
Which an awkward child afford
Enough to wed the greatest lord.

The miser starves to raise a son,
But, if once the fool is gone,
Years of thrife scarce serve a day,
Rake-hell squanders all away.

Husbands seeking for a place,
Or toiling for their pay;

While their wives undo their race
By petticoats and play:

Breeding boys to drink and dice,
Carrying girls to comedies,
Where mama's intrigues are shown,
Which ere long will be their own.

Having first at sermon slept,
Tedious day is weekly kept
By worse hypocrites than men,
Till Monday comes to cheat again.

Ev'n among the noblest-born,
Moral virtue is a scorn;
Gratitude, but rare at best,
And fidelity a jest.

All our wit but party-mocks,
All our wisdom raising stocks:
Counted folly to defend
Sinking side, or falling friend.

Long an officer may serve,
Prais'd and wounded, he may starve:
No receipt, to make him rise,
Like inventing loyal lies.

We, whose ancestors have shin'd
In arts of peace, and fields of fame,
To ill and idleness inclin'd,
Now are grown a public shame.

Fatal that intestine jar,
Which produc'd our civil war!
Ever since, how sad a race!
Senseless, violent, and base!

ON THE DUKE OF YORK

BANISHED TO BRUSSELS.

I FEEL a strange impulse, a strong desire,
(For what vain thoughts will not a muse inspire?)
To sing on lofty subjects, and to raise
My own low fame, by writing James's praise.
Oft' have we heard the wonders of his youth,
Observ'd those seeds of fortitude and truth,
Which since have spread so wide, so wondrous high,
The good diffus'd beneath that shelter lie.

In arms more active than ev'n war requir'd,
 And in the midst of mighty chiefs admir'd.
 Of all Heaven's gifts, no temper is so rare,
 As so much courage mix'd with so much care.
 When martial fire makes all the spirits boil,
 And forces youth to military toil;
 No wonder it should fiercely then engage:
 Women themselves will venture in a rage:
 But in the midst of all that furious heat,
 While so intent on actions brave and great,
 For other lives to feel such tender fears,
 And, careless of his own, to care for theirs,
 Is that composure which a hero makes,
 And which illustrious York alone partakes,
 With that great man*, whose fame has flown so far,
 Who taught him first the noble art of war.

Oh, wondrous pair! whom equal virtues crown,
 Oh worthy of each other's vast renown!
 None but Turenne with York could glory share,
 And none but York deserve so great a master's care.

Scarce was he come to bless his native isle,
 And reap the soft reward of glorious toil,
 But, like Alcides, still new dangers call
 His courage forth, and still he vanquish'd all.

At sea, that bloody scene of boundless rage,
 Where floating castles in fierce flames engage
 (Where Mars himself does frowningly command,
 And by lieutenants only fights at land);
 For his own fame howe'er he fought before,
 For England's honour yet he ventur'd more.

In those black times, when, faction raging high,
 Valour and Innocence were forc'd to fly,
 With York they fled; but not depress'd his mind,
 Still, like a diamond in the dust, it shin'd.
 When from afar his drooping friends beheld
 How in distress he ev'n himself excell'd;
 How to his envious fate, his country's frown,
 His brother's will, he sacrific'd his own;
 They rais'd their hearts, and never doubted more
 But that just Heaven would all our joys restore.

So when black clouds surround heaven's glorious face,
 Tempestuous darkness covering all the place,
 If we discern but the least glimmering ray
 Of that bright orb of fire which rules the day,
 The cheerful sight our fainting courage warms:
 Fix'd upon that we fear no future harms.

ON THE DEITY.

WRETCHED mankind! void of both strength and
 Dextrous at nothing but at doing ill! [skill!
 In merit humble, in pretensions high,
 Among them none, alas! more weak than I,
 And none more blind: though still I worthless
 thought
 The best I ever spoke, or ever wrote.

But zealous heat exalts the humblest mind;
 Within my soul such strong impulse I find
 The heavenly tribute of due praise to pay:
 Perhaps 'tis sacred, and I must obey.

* The Maréchal de Turenne.
 VOL. VII.

Yet such the subjects, various, and so high,
 Stupendous wonders of the Deity!
 Miraculous effects of boundless power!
 And that as boundless goodness shining more!
 All these so numberless my thoughts attend,
 Oh where shall I begin, or ever end?

But on that theme which ev'n the wise abuse,
 So sacred, so sublime, and so abuse,
 Abruptly to break off, wants no excuse.

While others vainly strive to know thee more,
 Let me in silent reverence adore;
 Wishing that human power were higher rais'd,
 Only that thine might be more nobly prais'd:
 Thrice happy angels in their high degree,
 Created worthy of extolling thee!

PROLOGUE

TO THE

ALTERATION OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

Hope to mend Shakspeare! or to match his style!
 'Tis such a jest would make a Stoic smile.
 Too fond of fame, our poet soars too high,
 Yet freely owns he wants the wings to fly!
 So sensible of his presumptuous thought,
 That he confesses while he does the fault:
 This to the fair will no great wonder prove,
 Who oft in blushes yield to what they love.

Of greatest actions, and of noblest men,
 This story most deserves a poet's pen:
 For who can wish a scene more justly fam'd,
 When Rome and mighty Julius are but nam'd!
 That state of heroes who the world had brav'd!
 That wondrous man who such a state enslav'd!
 Yet loth he was to take so rough a way,
 And after govern'd with so mild a sway.
 At distance now of seventeen hundred years,
 Methinks a lovely ravisher appears;
 Whom, though forbid by virtue to excuse,
 A nymph might pardon and could scarce refuse.

CHORUSES IN JULIUS CÆSAR.

CHORUS I.

I.

WHITHER is Roman honour gone?
 Where is your ancient virtue now?
 That valour, which so bright has shone,
 And with the wings of conquest flown,
 Must to a haughty master bow: [beside,
 Who, with our toil, our blood, and all we have
 Gorges his ill-got power, his humour, and his pride.

II.

Fearless he will his life expose;
 So does a lion or a bear.
 His very virtues threaten those,
 Who more his bold ambition fear.
 How stupid wretches we appear,

A 2

Who round the world for wealth and empire roam,
Yet never, never think what slaves we are at home!

III.

Did men for this together join,
Quitting the free wild life of Nature?
What other beast did e'er design
The setting up his fellow-creature,
And of two mischiefs choose the greater?
Oh! rather than be slaves to bold imperious men,
Give us our wildness, and our woods, our huts and
caves again.

IV.

There, secur'd from lawless sway,
Out of pride or envy's way;
Living up to nature's rules,
Not depriv'd by knaves and fools; [sheep,
Happily we all should live, and harmless as our
And at last as calmly die as infants fall asleep.

CHORUS II.

Lo! to prevent this mighty empire's doom,
From bright unknown abodes of bliss I come,
The awful genius of majestic Rome.

Great is her danger: but I will engage
Some few, the master-souls of all this age,
To do an act of just heroic rage.

'Tis hard, a man so great should fall so low;
More hard to let so brave a people bow, [now.
To one themselves have rais'd, who scorns them

Yet oh! I grieve that Brutus should be stain'd,
Whose life, excepting this one act, remain'd
So pure, that future times will think it feign'd.

But only he can make the rest combine;
The very life and soul of their design,
The centre, where those mighty spirits join.

Unthinking men no sort of scruple make;
Others do ill, only for mischief's sake;
But ev'n the best are guilty by mistake.

Thus some for envy, or revenge, intend
To bring the bold usurper to his end;
But for his country Brutus stabs his friend.

CHORUS III.

BY TWO AERIAL SPIRITS.

I.

Tell me, oh! tell me, whence arise
These disorders in our skies?
Rome's great genius wildly gaz'd,
And the gods seem all amaz'd.

II.

Know, in sight of this day's sun,
Such a deed is to be done;

Black enough to shroud the light
Of all this world in dismal night.

I.

What is this deed?

II.

To kill a man,
The greatest since mankind began:
Learned, eloquent and wise,
Generous, merciful, and brave?

I.

Yet not too great a sacrifice,
The liberty of Rome to save.

II.

But will not goodness claim regard,
And does not worth deserve reward?

I.

Does not their country lie at stake?
Can they do too much for her sake?

Both Spirits together.

Though dreadful be this doom of fate,
Just is that power which governs all:
Better this wondrous man should fall,
Than a most glorious, virtuous slave.

CHORUS IV.

How great a curse has Providence
Thought fit to cast on human kind!
Learning, courage, eloquence,
The gentlest nature, noblest mind,
Were intermixt in one alone;
Yet in one moment overthrown.

Could chance, or senseless atoms, join
To form a soul so great as his?
Or would those powers we hold divine
Destroy their own chief master-piece?
Where so much difficulty lies,
The doubtful are the only wise.

And, what must more perplex our thoughts,
Great Jove the best of Romans sends,
To do the very worst of faults,
And kill the kindest of his friends.
All this is far above our reach,
Whatever priests presume to preach.

PROLOGUE TO MARCUS BRUTUS.

Our scene is Athens. And, great Athens nam'd,
What soul so dull as not to be inflam'd?
Methinks, at mentioning that sacred place,
A reverend awe appears in every face,
For men so fam'd, of such prodigious parts,
As taught the world all sciences and arts.
Amidst all these ye shall behold a man
The most applauded since mankind began,
Outshining ev'n those Greeks who most excel,
Whose life was one fix'd course of doing well.

Oh! who can therefore without tears attend
On such a life, and such a fatal end?
But here our author, besides other faults
Of ill expressions, and of vulgar thoughts,
Commits one crime that needs an act of grace,
And breaks the law of unity of place:
Yet to such noble patriots, overcome
By factious violence, and banish'd Rome,
Athens alone a fit retreat could yield;
And where can Brutus fall, but in Philippi field?
Some critics judge ev'n love itself too mean
A care to mix in such a lofty scene,
And with those ancient bards of Greece believe
Friendship has stronger charms to please or grieve;
But our more amorous poet, finding love
Amidst all other cares, still shines above,
Lets not the best of Romans end their lives
Without just softness for the kindest wives.
Yet, if ye think his gentle nature such
As to have soften'd this great tale too much,
Soon will your eyes grow dry, and passion fall;
When ye reflect 'tis all but conjugal.
This to the few and knowing was address;
And now 'tis fit I should salute the rest.
Most reverend dull judges of the pit,
By nature curs'd with the wrong side of wit:
You need not care, whate'er you see to-night;
How ill some players act, or poets write;
Should our mistakes be never so notorious,
You'll have the joy of being more censorious:
Show your small talent then, let that suffice ye;
But grow not vain upon it, I advise ye:
Each petty critic can objections raise,
The greatest skill is knowing when to praise.

CHORUSES IN MARCUS BRUTUS.

† CHORUS III.

I.

DARK is the maze poor mortals tread;
Wisdom itself a guide will need:
We little thought, when Cæsar bled,
That a worse Cæsar would succeed.
And are we under such a curse,
We cannot change but for the worse?

II.

With fair pretence of foreign force,
By which Rome must herself enthrall;
These, without blushes or remorse,
Proscribe the best, impoverish all.

† See the first and second choruses, in the Poems of Mr. Pope.

The Gauls themselves, our greatest foes,
Could act no mischiefs worse than those.

III.

That Julius, with ambitious thoughts,
Had virtues too, his foes could find;
These equal him in all his faults,
But never in his noble mind.
That free-born spirits should obey
Wretches, who know not how to sway!

IV.

Late we repent our hasty choice,
In vain bemoan so quick a turn.
Hark all to Rome's united voice!!
Better that we a while had borne
Ev'n all those ills, which most displeas'd,
Than fought a cure far worse than the disease!

CHORUS IV.

Our vows thus cheerfully we sing,
While martial music fires our blood;
Let all the neighbouring echoes ring
With clamours for our country's good:
And, for reward, of the just gods we claim
A life with freedom, or a death with fame.

May Rome be freed from war's alarms,
And taxes heavy to be borne;
May she beware of foreign arms,
And send them back with noble scorn:
And, for reward, &c.

May she no more confide in friends,
Who nothing farther understood,
Than only, for their private ends,
To waste her wealth, and spill her blood:
And, for reward, &c.

Our senators, great Jove, restrain
From private piques, they prudence call;
From the low thoughts of little gain,
And hazarding the losing all:
And, for reward, &c.

The shining arms with haste prepare,
Then to the glorious combat fly;
Our minds unclogg'd with farther care,
Except to overcome or die:
And, for reward, &c.

They fight, oppression to increase,
We for our liberties and laws;
It were a sin to doubt success,
When freedom is the noble cause:
And, for reward, of the just gods we claim
A life with freedom, or a death with fame,
As if

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq.

Containing his

SOLOMON,
ALMA,
TALES,
ODES,
EPIGRAMS,



EPISTLES,
LOVE-VERSES,
SONGS,
EPILOGUES,
TRANSLATIONS,

W. W. W.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Ye Sons of Men, with just regard attend,
Observe the Preacher, and believe the Friend,
Whose serious Muse inspires him to explain
That all we act, and all we think is vain.

SOLOMON, BOOK FIRST.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDSELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.
Anno 1793.

THE
POETICAL WORKS

MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq.

Containing his

EPITAPHS,
LOVE-VERSES,
SONGS,
EPIGRAMS,
TRANSLATIONS,

EPITAPHS,
LOVE-VERSES,
SONGS,
EPIGRAMS,
TRANSLATIONS,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

To some of them, with his regard
Oft he has written, and on some the same;
Which some have thought him to explain
That all we say, and all we think is vain.
LONDON, 1719.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY WINDLE AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

THE LIFE OF PRIOR.

OF Matthew Prior, eminent as he was, both as a poet and a statesman, the memorials that have been left by his contemporaries, are disproportionate to the dignity of his employments, and the extent of his reputation.

He was born July 21. 1664, according to some, at Winborne in Dorsetshire, of parents whose rank is unsettled; others say, that he was the son of Mr. George Prior, a joiner and citizen of London.

In the register of St. John's College, Cambridge, he is designed, at his admission, by the president, of *Winborne* in *Middlesex*; by himself, next day, of *Dorsetshire*, in which county *Winborne* is found. When he stood candidate for his fellowship, five years afterwards, he was registered again by himself as of *Middlesex*. The last record ought to be preferred, because it was made upon oath.

It is observable, that, as a native of *Winborne*, he is styled, *Filius Georgii Prior, Generosi*, not consistently with the common account of the meanness of his birth.

His father, dying when he was very young, is supposed to have left him to the care of an uncle, Mr. Samuel Prior, a vintner, near Charing-cross; who discharged the trust reposed in him with paternal tenderness, as he himself always acknowledged with filial gratitude.

He placed him for some time at Westminster school, under Dr. Busby; but not intending to give him any education beyond that of the school, took him, when he was well advanced in classical learning, to his own house (the Rummer Tavern), where the Earl of Dorset found him by chance, as Burnet relates, reading Horace, and was so well pleased with his proficiency, that he undertook the care and expence of his academical education.

He was admitted of St. John's College, Cambridge, April 2. 1683; and on the 3d of that month was appointed a *fellow* of the house, on the Duchess of Somerset's foundation, by her own nomination.

The same year, he wrote a copy of Latin *Verses on the Marriage of George Prince of Denmark, and the Lady Anne*, printed in the "*Hymenæus Cantabrigienfis*" 1683, with the signature of *A. Prior*; probably from the president of the college not knowing, or mistaking his *Christian* name, when he gave them in to the *University Inspectors* for their approbation. They bear internal evidence of being written by one, though a *Freshman*, used to write Latin verse in a great school under a great master. There is a classical terseness in the diction, and ease and harmony in the numbers. The allusion to Martial's admirable lines on the *happy married pair*, (for it can hardly be called an imitation), shows the taste of a master at the years of a boy.

In 1686, he was admitted to his bachelor's degree; and two years afterwards, wrote an *Ode* on Exodus iii. 14. *I am that I am*, as a college exercise, to be presented agreeable to the established practice of St. John's College, to the Earl of Exeter, in acknowledgment of a benefaction enjoyed by them from the bounty of his ancestor. This ode, though nothing is said of its success, seems to have recommended him to the notice of the Earl of Exeter; for his *verses to the Countess of Exeter playing on the Lute*, the *Epistle to Sir Fleetwood Shephard*, May 14. 1689, and his lines on the famous picture of *Seneca dying in a Bath* at Burleigh-house, afford reason for imagining, that he was more or less conversant with that family.

The year before, he wrote, in conjunction with Charles Montague, Esq. of Trinity College, *The Hind and Panther, transferred to the Story of the Country Mouse and City Mouse*, printed 1687, to ridicule Dryden's "*Hind and Panther*," published in 1686

This humorous performance procured its author more solid advantages than the pleasure of fretting Dryden, who thought it hard, that "an old man should be so treated by those to whom he had always been civil," for they were both speedily preferred. Montague obtained the first notice, with some degree of discontent, as it seems, in Prior.

My friend Charles Montague's preferr'd,
Nor would I have it long observ'd,
That one *Moufe* eats, while t'other's starv'd.

He had not much reason to complain, for having been invited to London by his patron, the Earl of Dorset, he obtained such notice, that in 1691, he was made Secretary to the Earl of Berkeley, Ambassador and Plenipotentiary from King William at the Congress at the Hague, in which was formed the grand alliance against Lewis XIV.

In this splendid initiation into public business, his conduct was so pleasing to the King, that he made him one of the Gentlemen of his Bed-chamber; and he is supposed to have passed some of the next years in the quiet cultivation of literature and poetry.

On the death of Queen Mary, in 1695, when an emulation of elegy was universal, he brought his tribute of tuneful sorrow, among the rest, in a long *Ode presented to the King on His Majesty's arrival in Holland*, of which the language might be censured as encomiastic, if Mary's virtues did not justify the most unqualified praise.

In 1697, he was appointed Secretary to the Earls of Pembroke and Jersey, and Sir Joseph Williamson, Plenipotentiaries at the treaty of Ryswick. When the treaty was concluded, he received a present of 100 guineas from the Lords Justices, for the trouble of bringing it over to England. The same year he was made Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

In 1698, he was appointed Secretary to the Earl of Portland, Ambassador at the Court of France, where he is said to have been considered with great distinction.

As he was one day surveying the apartments at Versailles, being shown the victories of Lewis, painted by Le Brun, and asked, whether the King of England's palace had any such decorations: "The monuments of my Master's actions," said he, "are to be seen every where but in his own house."

In 1699, he went to the King at Loo, from whom, after a long audience, he carried orders to England; and, upon his arrival, was made Under Secretary in the office of the Earl of Jersey; a place which he did not retain long, having been ordered back to Paris, to assist the Ambassador in the business of the partition-treaty.

In 1700, he was created Master of Arts, by Mandamus, and appointed one of the Commissioners of Trade.

The same year, he published the *Garden Seculare*, one of his largest and most splendid compositions. In praise of King William he exhausts all his powers of celebration. William supplied copious materials for either verse or prose. His whole life had been action; and he possessed the resplendent qualities of steady resolution and personal courage. After defending his own country from foreign invasion, and delivering ours from domestic usurpation, he headed a confederacy, formed by his wisdom and his vigour, against Lewis, who wished to reduce England under the arbitrary sway of a tyrant depending on himself, and to subjugate the rest of Europe. By his efforts, Lewis was stopped in his ambitious career, and compelled to acknowledge that man as Chief Magistrate of England, on whom the people were pleased to confer the office. Ends more noble than he pursued, or success more glorious than their attainment, cannot well be imagined. He was really in Prior's mind what he represents him in his verses; he considered him as a hero, and was accustomed to say, that he preceded others in compliance with the fashion; but that in celebrating William, he followed his inclinations.

In the parliament that met in 1701, he was chosen representative of East-Grinstead. His election was followed by a change of his party; for he joined the Tories in voting for the impeachment of Lord Somers, and the other Lords charged with advising the partition treaty, in which he himself had been ministerially employed.

By abandoning the Whigs, with whom he had hitherto avowedly acted upon principle, and to whom he owed his promotion, his character and conduct were chargeable with apparent inconsistency and ingratitude, which ingenuity has laboured in vain to justify or explain.

To whatever cause the notorious defection of his party may have been owing, he stuck at nothing to serve his new friends; and, with the zeal of a convert, became a Tory, so ardent and determinate, that he did not willingly associate with men of the opposite party.

Upon the success of the war with France, after the accession of Queen Anne, he showed his delight, with the poets of both parties, in the increasing honour of his country, by a *Letter to M. Boileau, occasioned by the victory at Blenheim, 1704*. On this occasion he had two formidable rivals in Addison and Philips.

He soon after published a volume of poems, with a dedication to Lionel Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, containing an elegant but encomiastic character of his deceased patron, Charles Earl of Dorset, which does honour to his gratitude. It began with the *College Exercise*, and ended with *Henry and Emma*.

As no prosperous event of that reign passed undignified by poetry, the battle of Ramillies soon afterwards excited him to another poetical effort in honour of his country, in his *Ode on the glorious Success of her Majesty's Arms in 1706*. It is written in Spenser's stanza, and is perhaps the only composition, produced by the battle of Ramillies, which is now remembered.

Yet he afterwards concurred with Harley and his friends, in condemning the war as burdensome, and the conduct of the Allies as unreasonable.

The intelligence of ministerial abuses, the avarice of generals, the tyranny of favourites, and the general danger of approaching ruin, was conveyed in a paper, called *The Examiner*, written by King, Swift, and other wits of the party, and sometimes by Mrs. Manley. One paper, in ridicule of Garth's verses on Godolphin, was written by Prior, and answered by Addison, in the *Whig-Examiner*.

The Tories, having driven the Whigs from court and from power, were in haste to end the war, and Prior was sent (July 1711) privately to Paris with propositions of peace; and, after returning with Mesnager, the French Plenipotentiary, was much employed in the negotiations at London; and again sent to Paris, in August 1712, to accommodate such matters as then remained unsettled in the Congress at Utrecht. From the end of August 1713, he had the appointment and rank of an Ambassador, though attended with some perplexities and mortifications, and continued till the Queen's death.

He remained at Paris also, in the character of a public Minister, some months after the accession of George I., and then was succeeded by the Earl of Stair.

He returned to England as soon as he was enabled to discharge the debts which he had found it necessary to contract; and, upon his arrival on the 25th March 1715, was immediately taken up by an order of the House of Commons, and soon after examined by a committee of the Privy Council.

On the 10th of June, Walpole moved the House for an impeachment against him, on a charge of high-treason, for holding clandestine conferences with the French Plenipotentiary; and on the 17th, he was ordered into close custody, which he made less tedious by writing his *Alma, or the Progress of the Mind*.

In 1717, when an act of grace was passed, he was excepted; but, at the close of the year, he was discharged.

He had now, at the age of fifty-three, his liberty; but he had nothing else; having yet no solid revenue, but from the fellowship of his college, which, when, in his exaltation, he was censured for retaining, he said, he could live on at last.

Having finished his *Solomon*, he was encouraged to make a collection of his poems, and to publish them in folio by subscription. The expedient succeeded by the industry and kindness of his friends. The price of the volume was two guineas; the whole collection was four thousand; to which Lord Harley, son of the Earl of Oxford, to whom he had invariably adhered, added an equal sum for the purchase of Downhall in Essex, which Prior was to enjoy during his life, and Harley after his decease.

Of any occurrences in his remaining life there is no account, except that he formed a design of writing a *History of his own Time*; but had made very little progress in it, when a lingering fever carried him off, the 18th of September 1721, in the 57th year of his age.

He died at Wimpole, a seat of the Earl of Oxford near Cambridge, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where, on a monument, for which he left five hundred pounds, is engraven this epitaph, written by Dr. Robert Freind.

Sui temporis Historiam meditantis
 Paulatim obrepens Febris
 Operi simul et vitæ filum abruptit,
 Sept. 18. An. Dom. 1721. Ætat. 57.
 H. S. E.
 Vir eximius
 Serenissimis
 Regi GULIELMO Reginæque MARIE,
 In Congressione Fæderatorum
 Hagæ, anno 1690 celebrata,
 Deinde Magnæ Britanniz Legatis,
 Tum iis,
 Qui anno 1697, Pacem RYSWICKI confecerunt,
 Tum iis,
 Qui apud Gallos annis proximis legationem obierunt
 Eodem etiam, anno 1697, in Hibernia,
 SECRETARIUS;
 Nec non in utroque Honorabili concessu
 Eorum,
 Qui anno 1700, ordinandis commercii negotiis,
 Quique anno 1711, diregendis Portorii rebus,
 Presidebant,
 COMMISSIONARIUS;
 Portremo
 Ab ANNA
 Felicissimæ memoriæ Regina
 Ad LUDOVICUM XIV. Galliz Regem
 Missus anno 1711,
 De Pace stabilienda,
 (Pace etiamnum durante)
 Diuque ut boni jam omnes sperant duratura)
 Cum summa potestate Legatus
 MATHEWUS PRIOR, Armiger;
 Qui
 Hos omnes, quibus cumulatus est, Titulos
 Humanitatis, Ingenii, Eruditionis laude
 Superavit;
 Cui enim nascenti faciles arriserant Musæ.
 Hunc Puerum Schola hic Regia perpoliuit;
 Juvenem in Collegio Sti. Johannis
 Cantabrigia optimis scientiis instruxit;
 Virum denique auxit; et perfecit
 Multa cum viris Principibus consuetudo;
 Ita natus, ita institutus,
 A Vatum Choro avelli nunquam potuit,
 Sed solebat sæpe rerum civilium gravitatem
 Amæniorum Literarum studiis condire;
 Et cum omne adeo Poeticæ genus
 Haud infeliciter tentaret,
 Tum in Fabellis concinne lepideque texendis
 Mirus Artifex
 Neminem habuit parem.
 Hæc liberalis animi oblectamenta;
 Quam nullo Illi labore constiterent,
 Facile ii perpexere quibus usus est amici,
 Apud quos Urbanitatem et leporum plenus
 Cum ad rem, quæcunque forte inciderat
 Aptè varic copioseque alluderet,

Interea nihil quæsitum, nihil vi expressum
 Videbatur,
 Sed omnia ultro effluere,
 Et quasi jugi e fonte assatim exuberare,
 Ita suos tandem dubios reliquit,
 Effetne in scriptis, poeta elegantior
 An in convictu comes jucundior.

His poems were reprinted, with additions, by Samuel Humphreys, Esq., in 3 volumes 8vo., 1733; and in 1740, came out *The History of his own Time*; a performance little worthy of him, and undoubtedly little of it is his.

The character of Prior as a statesman belongs to general history. Of his private character, and familiar habits, very little is known. Tradition represents him as uniting the elegance and politeness of a courtier with the scholar and the man of genius; yet willing to descend from the dignity of the poet and statesman to the low delights of mean company. The *Cbloe*, whom he celebrates, was probably sometimes ideal; but the woman with whom he cohabited was of the lowest rank. "His opinions," says Dr. Johnson, "as far as the means of judging are left us, seem to have been right; but his life was, it seems, irregular, negligent, and sensual."

As a poet, he holds the first rank for elegance and correctness, by the suffrage of all men of taste.

His works may be distinctly considered as comprising *Tales*, *Love Verses*, *Occasional Poems*, *Alms*, and *Salomon*. His *Tales* are universally admired, being written with great familiarity and great sprightliness; the language is easy, but seldom gross, and the numbers smooth without the appearance of care.

In his *Love Verses* he is less happy; for they are not dictated by nature or by passion. They have the coldness of Cowley, without his wit, and abound in mythological fictions, which excite no tenderness. From this censure, however, the distressful dramatic dialogue of *Henry and Emma*, paraphrased from the "Not-browne Mayde," must be excepted.

The "Not-browne Mayde" first appeared in Arnolde's "Chronicle or Customs of London," printed in 1521. It was revived in a collection, called, "The Monthly Miscellany, or Memoirs for the Curious," printed in 1707, with a preface, in which it is said to have been three hundred years old. Fortunately for modern poetry, this republication suggested it to the notice of Prior, who, perhaps from the same source, might have adopted this hasty conjecture, that it was coeval with the commencement of the fifteenth century.

The author of this ancient ballad, has shown no common skill in contriving a dialogue, which powerfully detains the attention, and interests the passions by a constant succession of suspense and pleasure, of anxiety and satisfaction. Nor is his invention less commendable in imagining the modes of trying the Lady's patience, and in feigning so many new situations; which, at the same time, opens a way to description, and to a variety of new scenes and images.

Prior has not closely copied the cast of the original. He presupposes a long connection between the lovers, which is attended with the warmest professions of a reciprocal passion. *Henry's* hypocrisy is not characteristically nor consistently sustained. He frequently talks in too respectful and complaisant a style. After so many mutual promises and protestations, to have made him more obdurate, would have enhanced the sufferings and the sincerity of the amiable *Emma*.

Dr. Johnson has called *Henry and Emma* "a dull and tedious dialogue, which excites neither esteem for the man, nor tenderness for the woman." The writer of this narrative is not ashamed to confess that it has made him weep; nor prevented, by the appearance of some slight defects, from ranking it with the most beautiful and interesting poems in the English language.

His occasional poems necessarily lost part of their popularity with the fluctuation of public opinion; but the burlesque of *Boileau on Namur*, the *Epistle to Boileau*, the *Ode to the King*, the poem on the *Battle of Ramillies*, and the *Carmen Seculare*, are preserved by their inherent excellence; the last was translated into Latin by Mr. Dibben.

The *Epilogues to Smith's* "Phædra and Hippolitus," and to Mrs. Manley's "Lucius," are happily facetious. The *Epistles to Sir Fleetwood Shephard* are humorous and familiar. His *Epigrams* and lighter pieces are sometimes elegant and sometimes trifling. Among the best are the *Camelion*, and the epitaph on *John and Joan*. The *Ode on the death of Colonel Villiers* is tender and interesting. The

version of *Callimachus* is sufficiently licentious. The paraphrase on *St. Paul's exhortation to Charity* is eminently beautiful.

His *Alma* is a professed imitation of *Hudibras*, which it excels in versification, and is scarcely inferior to it in exuberance of matter and variety of illustration. It has as many admirers as readers, and was the only poem of Prior's, of which Pope said, that he should wish to be the author.

Solomon is his largest and most elaborate performance, and to which he entrusted the protection of his name. It cannot be denied, that he has infused into it much knowledge and much thought; that he has often polished it to elegance, often dignified it with splendor, and sometimes heightened it to sublimity; but the power of engaging attention and alluring curiosity is wanting. This defect does not proceed from the uniformity of the subject, for it is sufficiently diversified, but from the continued tenour of the narration, in which Solomon relates the successive vicissitudes of his own mind, without the intervention of any other speaker, or agent, except *Abram*.

"Yet is the work," says Dr. Johnson, "far from deserving to be neglected. He that shall peruse it will be able to mark many passages, to which he may recur for instruction or delight; many from which the poet may learn to write and the philosopher to reason.

Of Prior it is remarkable, that no eulogy is to be found in the writings of the contemporary poets. The prose writers, however, have made him ample amends for the envy or neglect of his brethren.

"Mr. Prior," says Dr. Felton, "enjoys the freest and easiest muse in the world, and perhaps is the only man who may rival Horace in an admirable felicity of expression, both in the sublime and familiar way. Like our celebrated Cowley he hath excelled in all kinds of poetry. In his works we meet an assembly of the muses. Since the *Roman Swan* expired, none hath taken bolder and happier flights, or touched the lyre with a more masterly hand; and since Chaucer's days, none hath told a merry or heroic tale so well."

His character is given by Dr. Johnson less favourably; but with admirable precision, discrimination, and force. He allows him wit, art, and laboured metre, but not genius; a judgment in which, it is believed, the readers of poetry will not generally acquiesce.

"If Prior's poetry be generally considered," says our great poetical biographer, "his praise will be that of correctness and industry, rather than of compass of comprehension or activity of fancy. He never made any effort of invention; his greater pieces are only tissues of common thoughts; and his smaller, which consist of light images or single conceits, are not always his own. What he has valuable, he owes to his diligence and his judgment. His diligence has justly placed him amongst the most correct of the English poets; and he was one of the first that resolutely endeavoured at correctness. He never sacrifices accuracy to haste, nor indulges himself in contemptuous negligence, or impatient idleness; he has no careless lines, or entangled sentiments; his words are nicely selected, and his thoughts fully expanded.

"Prior is never low, nor very often sublime. Whatever he obtains above mediocrity, seems the effort of struggle and of toil. He has many vigorous, but few happy lines; he has every thing by purchase, and nothing by gift; he had no *nightly visitations* of the muse, no infusions of sentiment or felicities of fancy. His diction, however, is more his own than that of any among the successors of Dryden; he borrows no lucky turns, or commodious modes of language from his predecessors. His phrases are original; but they are sometimes harsh; as he inherited no elegancies, none has he bequeathed. His expression has every mark of laborious study; the line seldom seems to have been formed at once; the words did not come till they were called, and were then put by constraint into their places, where they do their duty, but do it sullenly. In his greater compositions there may be found more rigid stateliness than graceful dignity.

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"A survey of the life and writings of Prior may exemplify a sentence which he doubtless understood well when he read Horace at his uncle's: "The vessel long retains the scent which it first receives." In his private relaxation, he revived the tavern; and in his amorous pedantries he exhibited the college; but on higher occasions, and nobler subjects, when habit was overpowered by the necessity of reflection, he wanted not wisdom as a statesman, nor elegance as a poet."

DEDICATION.

To the Right Honourable

LIONEL EARL OF DORSET AND MIDDLESEX.

It looks like no great compliment to your Lordship, that I prefix your name to this epistle; when, in the preface, I declare the book is published almost against my inclination. But, in all cases, my Lord, you have an hereditary right to whatever may be called mine. Many of the following pieces were written by the command of your excellent father; and most of the rest, under his protection and patronage.

The particular felicity of your birth, my Lord; the natural endowments of your mind, which, without suspicion of flattery, I may tell you, are very great; the good education with which these parts have been improved; and your coming into the world, and seeing men very early; make us expect from your Lordship all the good, which our hopes can form in favour of a young nobleman. "Tu Marcellus eris—" Our eyes and our hearts are turned on you: You must be a judge and master of polite learning; a friend and patron to men of letters and merit; a faithful and able counsellor to your prince; a true patriot to your country; an ornament and honour to the titles you possess; and, in one word, a worthy son to the great Earl of Dorset.

It is as impossible to mention that name, without desiring to commend the person, as it is to give him the commendations which his virtues deserved. But I assure myself, the most agreeable compliment I can bring your Lordship, is to pay a grateful respect to your father's memory: and my own obligations to him were such, that the world must pardon my endeavouring at his character, however I may miscarry in the attempt.

A thousand ornaments and graces met in the composition of this great man, and contributed to make him universally beloved and esteemed. The figure of his body was strong, proportionable, beautiful: and were his picture well drawn, it must deserve the praise given to the portraits of Raphael; and, at once, create love and respect.

While the greatness of his mien informed men, they were approaching the nobleman; the sweetness of it invited them to come nearer to the patron. There was in his look and gesture something that is more easily conceived than described; that gained upon you in his favour, before he spoke one word. His behaviour was easy and courteous to all; but distinguished and adapted to each man in particular, according to his station and quality. His civility was free from the formality of rule, and flowed immediately from his good sense.

Such were the natural faculties and strength of his mind, that he had occasion to borrow very little from education; and he owed those advantages to his own good parts, which others acquire by study and imitation. His wit was abundant, noble, bold, Wit in most writers is like a fountain in a garden, supplied by several streams brought through artificial pipes, and playing sometimes agreeably. But the Earl of Dorset's was a source rising from the top of a mountain, which forced its own way, and with inexhaustible supplies delighted and enriched the country through which it passed. This extraordinary genius was accompanied with so true a judgment in all parts of fine learning, that, whatever subject was before him, he discoursed as properly of it, as if the peculiar bent of his study had been applied that way: and he perfected his judgment by reading and digesting the best authors, though he quoted them very seldom.

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THE WORKS OF PRIOR.

mination. Waller thought it an honour to consult him in the softness and harmony of his verse : and Dr. Sprat, in the delicacy and turn of his prose. Dryden determines by him, under the character of Eugenius, as to the laws of dramatic poetry. Butler owed it to him, that the court tasted his Hudibras: Wycherley, that the town liked his Plain Dealer : and the late Duke of Buckingham deferred to publish his Rehearsal, till he was sure (as he expressed it) that my Lord Dorset would not rehearse upon him again. If we wanted a foreign testimony, La Fontaine and St. Evremont have acknowledged, that he was a perfect master in the beauty and fineness of their language, and of all that they call *les Belles Lettres*. Nor was this nicety of his judgment confined only to books and literature; but was the same in statuary, painting, and all other parts of art. Bernini would have taken his opinion upon the beauty and attitude of a figure; and King Charles did not agree with Lely, that my Lady Cleve and's picture was finished, till it had the approbation of my Lord Buckhurst.

As the judgment which he made of others writings could not be refused, the manner in which he wrote will hardly ever be equalled. Every one of his pieces is an ingot of gold, intrinsically and solidly valuable; such as, wrought or beaten thinner, would shine through a whole book of any other author. His thought was always new; and the expression of it so particularly happy, that every body knew immediately it could only be my Lord Dorset's: and yet it was so easy too, that every body was ready to imagine himself capable of writing it. There is a lustre in his verses, like that of the sun in Claude Lorrain's landscapes: it looks natural, and is inimitable. His love verses have a mixture of delicacy and strength: they convey the wit of Petronius in the softness of Tibullus. His satire indeed is so severely pointed, that in it he appears, what his great friend the earl of Rochester (that other prodigy of the age) says he was,

"The best good man, with the worst-natur'd
"muse:

Yet even here, that character may justly be applied to him, which Persius gives of the best writer of this kind that ever lived:

"Omne vafer vitium ridenti Placcus amico
"Tangit, et admissis circum præcordia ludit:"

And the gentleman had always so much the better of the satirist, that the persons touched did not know where to fix their resentments; and were forced to appear rather ashamed than angry. Yet so far was this great author from valuing himself upon his works, that he cared not what became of them, though every body else did. There are many things of his not extant in writing, which, however, are always repeated: like the verses and sayings of the ancient Druids, they retain an universal veneration, though they are preserved only by memory.

As it is often seen, that those men who are least qualified for business love it most; my Lord Dorset's character was, that he certainly understood it, but did not care for it.

Coming very young to the possession of two plentiful estates, and in an age when pleasure was more in fashion than business, he turned his parts rather to books and conversation, than to politics and what more immediately related to the public. But, whenever the safety of his country demanded his assistance, he readily entered into the most active parts of life; and underwent the greatest dangers, with a constancy of mind, which showed, that he had not only read the rules of philosophy, but understood the practice of them.

In the first Dutch war, he went a volunteer under the Duke of York: his behaviour, during that campaign, was such, as distinguished the Sackville descended from that Hildebrand of the name, who was one of the greatest captains that came into England with the Conqueror. But his making a song the night before the engagement (and it was one of the prettiest that ever was made) carries with it so sedate a presence of mind, and such an unusual gallantry, that it deserves as much to be recorded, as Alexander's jesting with his soldiers before he passed the Granicus; or William the First of Orange giving orders over-night for a battle, and desiring to be called in the morning, lest he should happen to sleep too long.

From hence, during the remaining part of King Charles's reign, he continued to live in honourable leisure. He was of the bed-chamber to the king, and possessed not only his master's favour, but (in a great degree) his familiarity; never leaving the court, but when he was sent to that of France, on some short commissions and embassies of compliment: as if the king designed to show the French (who would be thought the politest nation) that one of the finest gentlemen in Europe was his subject; and that we had a prince who understood his worth so well, as not to suffer him to be long out of his presence.

The succeeding reign neither relished my Lord's wit, nor approved his maxims: so he retired altogether from court. But, as the irretrievable mistakes of that unhappy government went on to threaten the nation with something more terrible than a Dutch war, he thought it became him to resume the courage of his youth, and once more to engage himself in defending the liberty of his country. He entered in the Prince of Orange's interest, and carried on his part of that great enterprise here in London, and under the eye of the court, with the same resolution, as his friend and fellow-patriot, the late Duke of Devonshire, did in open arms at Nottingham, till the dangers of these times increased to extremity, and just apprehensions arose for the safety of the princess, our present glorious queen: then the Earl of Dorset was thought the properest guide of her necessary flight, and the person under whose courage and direction the nation might most safely trust a charge so precious and important.

After the establishment of their late majesties upon the throne, there was room again at court

for men of my Lord's character. He had a part in the councils of those princes, a great share in their friendship, and all the marks of distinction with which a good government could reward a patriot. He was made chamberlain of their majesties household, a place which he so eminently adorned by the grace of his person, the fineness of his breeding, and the knowledge and practice of what was decent and magnificent, that he could only be rivalled in these qualifications by one great man, who has since held the same staff.

The last honours he received from his sovereign (and indeed they were the greatest which a subject could receive) were, that he was made knight of the garter, and constituted one of the regents of the kingdom during his majesty's absence. But his health, about that time, sensibly declining, and the public affairs not threatened by any imminent danger, he left the business to those who delighted more in the state of it, and appeared only sometimes at council, to show his respect to the commission; giving as much leisure as he could to the relief of those pains with which it pleased God to afflict him, and indulging the reflections of a mind, that had looked through the world with too piercing an eye, and was grown weary of the prospect. Upon the whole, it may very justly be said of this great man, with regard to the public, that through the course of his life, he acted like an able pilot in a long voyage; contented to sit quiet in the cabin, when the winds were allayed, and the waters smooth; but vigilant and ready to resume the helm when the storm arose, and the sea grew tumultuous.

I ask your pardon, my Lord, if I look yet a little more nearly into the late Lord Dorset's character; if I examine it not without some intention of finding fault, and (which is an odd way of making a panegyric) set his blemishes and imperfections in open view.

The fire of his youth carried him to some excesses; but they were accompanied with a most lively invention, and true humour. The little violences and easy mistakes of a night too gaily spent (and that too in the beginning of life) were always set right the next day, with great humanity, and ample retribution. His faults brought their excuse with them; and his very failings had their beauties. So much sweetness accompanied what he said, and so great generosity what he did, that people were always prepossessed in his favour: and it was in fact true, what the late earl of Rochester said in jest to King Charles, that he did not know how it was, but my Lord Dorset might do any thing, yet was never to blame.

He was naturally very subject to passion: but the short gust was soon over, and served only to set off the charms of his temper, when more composed. That very passion broke out with a force of wit, which made even anger agreeable: while it lasted, he said and forgot a thousand things, which other men would have been glad to have studied and wrote; but the impetuosity was corrected upon a moment's reflection, and the mea-

sure altered with such grace and delicacy, that you could scarce perceive where the key was changed.

He was very sharp in his reflections; but never in the wrong place. His darts were sure to wound; but they were sure too to hit none, but those whose follies gave him very fair aim. And, when he allowed no quarter, he had certainly been provoked by more than common error; by men's tedious and circumstantial recitals of their affairs; or by their multiplied questions about his own; by extreme ignorance and impertinence; or the mixture of these, an ill-judged and never-ceasing civility; or, lastly, by the two things which were his utter aversion, the insinuation of a flatterer, and the whisper of a tale-bearer.

If therefore we set the piece in its worst position, if its faults be most exposed, the shades will still appear very finely joined with their lights, and every imperfection will be diminished by the lustre of some neighbouring virtue. But, if we turn the great drawings and wonderful colourings to their true light, the whole must appear beautiful, noble, admirable.

He possessed all those virtues, in the highest degree, upon which the pleasure of society, and the happiness of life, depend: and he exercised them with the greatest decency, and best manners. As good-nature is said, by a great author, to belong more particularly to the English, than any other nation; it may again be said, that it belonged more particularly to the late Earl of Dorset, than to any other Englishman.

A kind husband he was, without fondness: and an indulgent father, without partiality. So extraordinary good a master, that this quality ought indeed to have been numbered among his defects; for he was often served worse than became his station, from his unwillingness to assume an authority too severe. And, during those little transports of passion, to which I just now said he was subject, I have known his servants get into his way that they might make a merit of it immediately after; for he, that had the good fortune to be chid, was sure of being rewarded for it.

His table was one of the last that gave us an example of the old house-keeping of an English nobleman. A freedom reigned at it, which made every one of his guests think himself at home; and an abundance, which showed that the master's hospitality extended to many more than those who had the honour to sit at the table with him.

In his dealings with others, his care and exactness, that every man should have his due, was such, that you would think he had never seen a court: the politeness and civility, with which this justice was administered, would convince you he never had lived out of one.

He was so strict an observer of his word, that no consideration whatever could make him break it; yet so cautious, lest the merit of his act should arise from that obligation only, that he usually did the greatest favours, without making any previous promise. So inviolable was he in his friendship,

and so kind to the character of those whom he had once honoured with a more intimate acquaintance, that nothing less than a demonstration of some essential fault could make him break with them; and then too, his good-nature did not consent to it, without the greatest reluctance and difficulty. Let me give one instance of this amongst many. When, as lord chamberlain, he was obliged to take the king's pension from Mr. Dryden, who had long before put himself out of a possibility of receiving any favour from the court; my Lord allowed him an equivalent out of his own estate. However displeased with the conduct of his old acquaintance, he relieved his necessities; and, while he gave him his assistance in private, in public he extenuated and pitied his error.

The foundation indeed of these excellent qualities, and the perfection of my Lord Dorset's character, was that unbounded charity which ran through the whole tenor of his life, and sat as visibly predominant over the other faculties of his soul, as she is said to do in heaven above her sister-virtues.

Crowds of poor daily thronged his gates, expecting thence their bread; and were still lessened by his sending the most proper objects of his bounty to apprenticeships or hospitals. The lazy and the sick, as he accidentally saw them, were removed from the street to the physician; and many of them not only restored to health, but supplied with what might enable them to resume their former callings, and make their future life happy. The prisoner has often been released, by my Lord's paying the debt; and the condemned has been saved, by his intercession with the sovereign, where he thought the letter of the law too rigid. To those whose circumstances were such as made them ashamed of their poverty, he knew how to bestow his munificence, without offending their modesty; and, under the notion of frequent presents, gave them what amounted to a subsistence. Many yet alive know this to be true; though he told it to none, nor ever was more uneasy than when any one mentioned it to him.

We may find, among the Greeks and Latins, Tibullus and Gallus, the noblemen that writ poetry; Augustus and Mæcenæ, the protectors of learning; Aristides the good citizen; and Atticus, the well-bred friend; and bring them in as examples of my Lord Dorset's wit, his judgment, his justice, and his civility. But for his charity, my Lord, we can scarce find a parallel in history itself.

Titus was not more the "*deliciæ humani generis*," on this account, than my Lord Dorset was.

And, without any exaggeration, that prince did not do more good in proportion out of the revenue of the Roman empire, than your father, out of the income of a private estate. Let this, my Lord, remain to you and your posterity a possession for ever; to be imitated, and, if possible, to be excelled.

As to my own particular, I scarce knew what life was, sooner than I found myself obliged to his favour; nor have had reason to feel any sorrow so sensibly as that of his death.

"Ille dies—quem semper acerbum

"Semper honoratum (sic Di voluisti) habebō."

Æneas could not reflect upon the loss of his own father with greater piety, my Lord; than I must recal the memory of your's; and, when I think whose son I am writing to, the least I promise myself from your goodness, is an uninterrupted continuance of favour, and a friendship for life. To which, that I may with some justice entitle myself, I send your Lordship a dedication, not filled with a long detail of your praises, but with my sincerest wishes that you may deserve them; that you may employ those extraordinary parts and abilities, with which heaven has blessed you, to the honour of your family, the benefit of your friends, and the good of your country; that all your actions may be great, open, and noble, such as may tell the world whose son and whose successor you are.

What I now offer to your Lordship is a collection of poetry, a kind of garland of good-will. If any verses of my writing should appear in print under another name and patronage than that of an Earl of Dorset, people might suspect them not to be genuine. I have attained my present end, if these poems prove the diversion of some of your youthful hours, as they have been occasionally the amusement of some of mine; and I humbly hope, that, as I may hereafter bind up my fuller sheaf, and lay some pieces of a very different nature (the product of my severer studies) at your Lordship's feet, I shall engage your more serious reflection; happy, if in all my endeavours I may contribute to your delight, or to your instruction.

I am, with all duty and respect,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's
most obedient, and
most humble servant.

MAT. PRIOR.

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P R E F A C E.

THE greatest part of what I have written having been already published, either singly or in some of the miscellanies, it would be too late for me to make any excuse for appearing in print. But a collection of poems has lately appeared under my name, though without my knowledge, in which the publisher has given me the honour of some things that did not belong to me; and has transcribed others so imperfectly, that I hardly knew them to be mine. This has obliged me, in my own defence, to look back upon some of those lighter studies, which I ought long since to have quitted; and to publish an indifferent collection of poems, for fear of being thought the author of a worse.

Thus I beg pardon of the public for reprinting some pieces, which, as they came singly from their first impression, have (I fancy) lain long and quietly in Mr. Tonson's shop; and adding others to them, which were never before printed, and might have lain as quietly, and perhaps more safely, in a corner of my own study.

The reader will, I hope, make allowance for their having been written at very distant times, and on very different occasions; and take them as they happen to come. Public panegyrics, amorous odes, serious reflections, or idle tales, the product of his leisure hours, who had business enough upon his hands, and was only a poet by accident.

I own myself much obliged to Mrs. Singer, who has given me leave to print a pastoral of her writing, that poem having produced the verses immediately following it. I wish she might be prevailed upon to publish some other pieces of that kind, in which the softness of her sex, and the fineness of her genius, conspire to give her a very distinguishing character.

POSTSCRIPT.

I MUST help my preface by a postscript, to tell the reader, that there is ten years distance between my writing one and the other; and that (whatever I thought then, and have somewhere said, that I would publish no more poetry) he will find several copies of verses scattered through this edition, which were not printed in the first. Those relating to the public, stand in the order they did before, according to the several years in which they were written; however the disposition of

our national affairs, the actions or the fortunes of some men, and the opinions of others, may have changed. Prose and other human things may take what turn they can; but poetry, which pretends to have something of divinity in it, is to be more permanent. Odes once printed cannot well be altered, when the author has already said, that he expects his works should live for ever: and it had been very foolish in my friend Horace, if, some years after his "Exegi Monumentum," he should have desired to see his building taken down again.

The dedication likewise is reprinted, to the Earl of Dorset, in the foregoing leaves, without any alteration, though I had the fairest opportunity, and the strongest inclination, to have added a great deal to it. The blooming hopes, which I said the world expected from my then very young patron, have been confirmed by most noble and distinguished first-fruits; and his life is going on towards a plentiful harvest of all accumulated virtues. He has, in fact, exceeded whatever the fondness of my wishes could invent in his favour; his equally good and beautiful lady enjoys in him an indulgent and obliging husband; his children, a kind and careful father; and his acquaintance, a faithful, generous, and polite friend. His fellow-peers have attended to the persuasion of his eloquence; and have been convinced by the solidity of his reasoning. He has long since deserved and attained the honour of the garter. He has managed some of the greatest charges of the kingdom with known ability; and laid them down with entire disinterestedness. And as he continues the exercises of these eminent virtues (which that he may to a very old age, shall be my perpetual wish) he may be one of the greatest men that our age, or possibly our nation, has bred; and leave materials for a panegyric, not unworthy the pen of some future Pliny.

From so noble a subject as the Earl of Dorset, to so mean a man as myself, is (I confess) a very Pindaric transition: I shall only say one word, and trouble the reader no further. I published my poems formerly, as Monsieur Jourdan sold his silk: he would not be thought a tradesman; but ordered some pieces to be measured out to his particular friends. Now, I give up my shop, and dispose of all my poetical goods at once: I must therefore desire, that the public would please to take them in the gross; and that every body would turn over what he does not like.

P O E M S.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF

GEORGE PRINCE OF DENMARK, AND
THE LADY ANNE. *

By Mr. Prior, 1683.

CONJUNCTUM Veneri Martem, Danosque Bri-
tannis

Dum canit altisonis docta caterva modis,
Affero sincerum culto pro carmine votum,
Quod minus ingenii, plus pietatis habet.
Vivant Ambo diu, vivant felicitur, opto;
Diligat hic Sponsam, diligat illa Virum.
Junctos perpetua teneas, Hymenæe, catenâ;
Junctos, Juno, diæ protege; nocte, Venus!
Exultent simili felices prole Parentes,
Ut petat hinc multos natio bina duces!
Cumque senes pariter cupiant valedicere terris,
Nè mors augustum dividat atra jugum:
Sed qualis raptum transvexit curris Elijam,
Transvehat ad superas talis utrumque domos!

A. PRIOR, *Coll. Div. Job. Alumn.*

AN ODE.

ON EXODUS III. 14. "I AM THAT I AM."

Written 1688, as an Exercise at St. John's College,
Cambridge.

I.

MAN! foolish man!
Scarce know'st thou how thyself began;
Scarce hast thou thought enough to prove thou art;
Yet, steel'd with study'd boldness, thou dar'st try
To send thy doubting reason's dazzled eye
Through the mysterious gulf of vast immensity.
Much thou canst there discern, much thence im-
part.

Vain wretch! suppress thy knowing pride;
Mortify thy learned lust.

Vain are thy thoughts, while thou thyself art dust.

* From the "Hymenæus Cantabrigiænsis, Cantabrigiæ,
1683."

II.

Let wit her sails, her oars let wisdom lend;
The helm let politic experience guide:
Yet cease to hope thy short-liv'd bark shall ride
Down spreading fate's unnavigable tide.

What though still it farther tend,
Still 'tis farther from its end;
And, in the bosom of that boundless sea,
Still finds its error lengthen with its way.

III.

With daring pride and insolent delight,
Your doubts resolv'd you boast, your labours
crown'd,

And, "ΕΤΡΗΚΑ! your God, forsooth, is found
Incomprehensible and infinite.
But is he therefore found? vain searcher! no:
Let your imperfect definition show
That nothing you, the weak definer, know.

IV.

Say, why should the collected main
Itself within itself contain!
Why to its caverns should it sometimes creep,
And with delighted silence sleep,
On the lov'd bosom of its parent deep?

Why should its numerous waters stay
In comely discipline, and fair array,
Till winds and tides exert their high commands!

Then, prompt and ready to obey,
Why do the rising furies spread
Their opening ranks o'er earth's submissive head,
Marching through different paths to different
lands!

V.

Why does the constant fun
With measur'd steps his radiant journies run?
Why does he order the diurnal hours
To leave earth's other part, and rise in ours?
Why does he wake the correspondent moon,
And fill her willing lamp with liquid light,
Commanding her with delegated powers
To beautify the world, and bless the night?

Why does each animated star
Love the just limits of its proper sphere?

Why does each consenting sign
With prudent harmony combine

In turns to move, and subsequent appear,
To gird the globe, and regulate the year?

VI.

Man does with dangerous curiosity
These unfathom'd wonders try :
With fancied rules and arbitrary laws
Matter and motion he restrains;
And studied lines and fictitious circles draws :
Then with imagin'd sovereignty
Lord of his new hypothesis he reigns.
He reigns : how long ? till some usurper rise ;
And he too, mighty thoughtful, mighty wise,
Studies new lines, and other circles feigns.
From this last toil again what knowledge flows ?

Just as much, perhaps, as shows
That all his predecessor's rules
Were empty cant, all jargon of the schools ;
That he on t'other's ruin rears his throne ;
And shows his friend's mistake, and thence con-
firms his own.

VII.

On earth, in air, amidst the seas and skies,
Mountainous heaps of wonders rise ;
Whose towering strength will ne'er submit
To reason's batteries, or the mines of wit ;
Yet still inquiring, still mistaken man,
Each hour repuls'd, each hour dares onward press ;
And, levelling at God his wandering guess
(That feeble engine of his reasoning war,
Which guides his doubts, and combats his des-
pair),
Laws to his Maker the learn'd wretch can give :
Can bound that nature, and prescribe that will,
Whose pregnant word did either ocean fill :
Can tell us whence all beings are, and how they
move and live.
Through either ocean, foolish man !
That pregnant word sent forth again,
Might to a world extend each atom there ;
For every drop call forth a sea, a heaven for every
star.

VIII.

Let cunning earth her fruitful wonders hide ;
And only lift thy staggering reason up,
To trembling Calvary's astonish'd top ;
Then mock thy knowledge, and confound thy pride,
Explaining how Perfection suffer'd pain,
Almighty languish'd, and Eternal died :
How by her patient victor death was slain ;
And earth profan'd, yet bless'd, with Deicide.
Then down with all thy boasted volumes, down ;
Only reserve the sacred one :
Low, reverently low,
Make thy stubborn knowledge bow ;
Weep out thy reason's and thy body's eyes ;
Deject thyself, that thou may'st rise ;
To look to heaven, be blind to all below.

IX.

Then faith, for reason's glimmering light, shall give
Her immortal perspective ;
And grace's presence nature's loss retrieve :
Then thy enliven'd soul shall see,
That all the volumes of philosophy,
With all their comments, never could invent
So politic an instrument,

To reach the heaven of heavens, the high abode,
Where Moses places his mysterious God,
As was the ladder which old Jacob rear'd,
When light divine had human darkness clear'd ;
And his enlarg'd ideas found the road,
Which faith had dictated, and angels trod.

CONSIDERATIONS ON

PART OF THE EIGHTY-EIGHTH PSALM.

A COLLEGE EXERCISE, 1690.

I.

HEAVY, O Lord, on me thy judgments lie,
Accurs'd I am, while God rejects my cry.
O'erwhelm'd in darkness and despair I groan ;
And every place is hell ; for God is gone.
O ! Lord, arise, and let thy beams control
Those horrid clouds, that press my frighted soul
Save the poor wanderer from eternal night,
Thou that art the God of light.

II.

Downward I hasten to my destin'd place ;
There none obtain thy aid, or sing thy praise.
Soon I shall lie in death's deep ocean drown'd :
Is mercy there, or sweet forgiveness found ?
O save me yet, whilst on the brink I stand ;
Rebuke the storm, and waft my soul to land.
O let her rest beneath thy wing secure,
Thou that art the God of power.

III.

Behold the prodigal : to thee I come,
To hail my father, and to seek my home.
Nor refuge could I find, nor friend abroad,
Straying in vice, and destitute of God.
O let thy terrors, and my anguish end !
Be thou my refuge and be thou my friend :
Receive the son thou didst so long reprove,
Thou that art the God of Love.

TO THE REV. DR. F. TURNER,

BISHOP OF ELY,

Who had advised a translation of Prudentius.

IF poets, ere they cloth'd their infant thought,
And the rude work to just perfection brought,
Did still some god, or godlike man invoke,
Whose mighty name their sacred silence broke :
Your goodness, Sir, will easily excuse
The bold requests of an aspiring muse ;
Who, with your blessing, would your aid implore,
And in her weakness justify your power.—
From your fair pattern she would strive to write,
And with unequal strength pursue your flight ;
Yet hopes she ne'er can err that follows you, [too.
Led by your blest commands, and great example
Then smiling and aspiring influence give,
And make the muse and her endeavours live ;
Claim all her future labours as your due,
Let every song begin and end with you :

B b ij

So to the blest retreat she'll gladly go,
Where the faints' palm and muses' laurel grow;
Where kindly both in glad embrace shall join,
And round your brow their mingled honours twine;
Both to the virtue due, which could excel,
As much in writing, as in living well—
So shall she proudly press the tuneful string,
And mighty things in mighty numbers sing;
Nor doubt to strike Prudentius' daring lyre,
And humbly bring the verse which you inspire.

A PASTORAL.

TO THE BISHOP OF ELY, ON HIS DEPARTURE
FROM CAMBRIDGE.

DAMON.

TELL, dear Alexis, tell thy Damon, why
Dost thou in mournful shades obscurely lie?
Why dost thou sigh, why strike thy panting breast?
And steal from life the needful hours of rest?
Are thy kids starv'd by winter's early frost?
Are any of thy bleating stragglers lost? [groun'd?
Have strangers' cattle trod thy new-plough'd
Has great Joanna, or her greater shepherd frown'd?

ALEXIS.

See my kids browse, my lambs securely play:
(Ah! were their master unconcern'd as they!)
No beasts (at noon I look'd) had trod my ground;
Nor has Joanna, or her shepherd, frown'd.

DAMON.

Then stop the lavish fountain of your eyes,
Nor let those sighs from your swollen bosom rise;
Chase sadness, friend, and solitude away;
And once again rejoice, and once again look gay.

ALEXIS.

Say what can more our tortur'd souls annoy,
Than to behold, admire, and lose our joy?
Whose fate more hard than those who sadly run,
For the last glimpse of the departing sun?
Or what severer sentence can be given,
Than, having seen, to be excluded heaven?

DAMON.

None, shepherd, none—

ALEXIS.

Then cease to chide my cares!

And rather pity than restrain my tears;
Those tears, my Damon, which I justly shed,
To think how great my joys; how soon they fled.
I told thee, friend (now blest the shepherd's name,
From whose dear care the kind occasion came),
That I, even I, might happily receive [give:
The sacred wealth, which Heaven and Daphnis
That I might see the lovely awful swain,
Whose holy crosser guides our willing plain;
Whose pleasing power and ruling goodness keep
Our souls with equal care as we our sheep;
Whose praise excites each lyre, employs each
tongue:

Whilst only he who caus'd, dislikes the song.
To this great, humble, parting man I gain'd
Access, and happy for an hour I reign'd;
Happy as new-form'd man in paradise,
Ere sin debauch'd his inoffensive bliss;

Happy as heroes after battles won,
Prophets entranc'd, or monarchs on the throne;
But (oh, my friend!) those joys with Daphnis flew;
To them these tributary tears are due.

DAMON.

Was he so humble then? these joys so vast?
Cease to admire that both so quickly past.
Too happy should we be, would smiling fate
Render one blessing durable and great;
But (oh the sad vicissitude!) how soon
Unwelcome night succeeds the cheerful noon;
And rigid winter nips the flowery pomp of
June!

Then grieve not, friend, like you, since all man-
kind

A certain change of joy and sorrow find.
Suppress your sigh, your down-cast eyelids raise,
Whom present you revere, him absent praise.

TO THE COUNTESS OF EXETER,

PLAYING ON THE LUTE.

WHAT charms you have, from what high race
you sprung,

Have been the pleasing subjects of my song:
Unskill'd and young, yet something still I writ,
Of Ca'ndish' beauty join'd to Cecil's wit.
But when you please to show the labouring muse,
What greater theme your music can produce;
My babbling praises I repeat no more,
But hear, rejoice, stand silent, and adore.

The Persians thus, first gazing on the sun,
Admir'd how high 'twas plac'd, how bright it
shone:

But, as his power was known, their thoughts were
rais'd;

And soon they worship'd, what at first they prais'd:
Eliza's glory lives in Spenser's song;
And Cowley's verse keeps fair Orinda young.
That as in birth, in beauty you excel,
The muse might dictate, and the poet tell:
Your art no other art can speak; and you,
To show how well you play, must play anew:
Your music's power your music must disclose;
For what light is, 'tis only light that shows.

Strange force of harmony, that thus controls
Our thoughts, and turns and sanctifies our souls:
While with its utmost art your sex could move
Our wonder only, or at best our love:

You far above both these your God did place,

That your high power might worldly thoughts
destroy;

That with your numbers you our zeal might raise,

And, like himself, communicate your joy.
When to your native heaven you shall repair,
And with your presence crown the blessings there;
Your lute may wind its strings but little higher,
To tune their notes to that immortal quire.

Your art is perfect here; your numbers do,
More than our books, make the rude Athiest
know

That there's a heaven by what he hears below.

As in some piece, while Luke his skill exprest,
A cunning' angel came, and drew the rest :
So when you play, some godhead does impart
Harmonious aid, divinity helps art;
Some cherub finishes what you begun,
And to a miracle improves a tune.

To burning Rome, when frantic Nero play'd,
Viewing that face, no more he had survey'd
The raging flames; but, struck with strange sur-
prise,

Confess'd them less than those of Anna's eyes:
But, had he heard thy lute, he soon had found
His rage eluded, and his crime aton'd :
Thine, like Amphion's hand, had wak'd the stone,
And from destruction call'd the rising town :
Malice to music had been forc'd to yield ;
Nor could he burn so fast, as thou could'st build.

ON A

PICTURE OF SENECA DYING IN A BATH;

BY JORDAIN :

At the Earl of Exeter's, at Burleigh-House.

WHILE cruel Nero only drains
The mortal Spaniard's ebbing veins,
By study worn, and slack with age,
How dull, how thoughtless, is his rage !
Heighten'd revenge would he have took,
He should have burnt his tutor's book ;
And long have reign'd supreme in vice :
One nobler wretch can only rise ;
'Tis he whose fury shall deface
The stoic's image in this piece ;
For while unhurt, divine Jordain,
Thy work and Seneca's remain,
He still has body, still has soul,
And lives and speaks, restor'd and whole.

AN ODE.

I.

WHILE blooming youth and gay delight
Sit on thy rosy cheeks confess,
Thou hast, my dear, undoubted right
To triumph o'er this destin'd breast.
My reason bends to what thy eyes ordain ;
For I was born to love, and thou to reign.

II.

But would you meanly thus rely
On power you know I must obey ?
Exert a legal tyranny,
And do an ill because you may ?
Still must I thee, as Atheists Heaven, adore ;
Not see thy mercy, and yet dread thy power ?

III.

Take heed, my dear : youth flies apace ;
As well as Cupid, time is blind :
Soon must those glories of thy face
The fate of vulgar beauty find :

The thousand loves, that arm thy potent eye,
Must drop their quivers, flag their wings, and die.

IV.

Then wilt thou sigh, when in each frown
A hateful wrinkle more appears ;
And putting peevish humours on,
Seems but the sad effect of years :
Kindness itself too weak a charm will prove
To raise the feeble fires of aged love.

V.

Forc'd compliments, and formal bows,
Will show thee just above neglect :
The heat with which thy lover glows,
Will settle into cold respect :
A talking dull Platonic I shall turn :
Learn to be civil, when I cease to burn.

VI.

Then shun the ill, and know, my dear,
Kindness and constancy will prove
The only pillars, fit to bear
So vast a weight as that of love.
If thou canst wish to make my flames endure,
Thine must be very fierce, and very pure.

VII.

Haste, Celia, haste, while youth invites,
Obey kind Cupid's present voice ;
Fill every sense with soft delights,
And give thy soul a loose to joys :
Let millions of repeated blisses prove
That thou all kindness art, and I all love.

VIII.

Be mine, and only mine; take care
Thy looks, thy thoughts, thy dreams, to
guide
To me alone ; nor come so far,
As liking any youth beside :
What men e'er court thee, fly them, and believe
They're serpents all, and thou the tempted Eve.

IX.

So shall I court thy dearest truth,
When beauty ceases to engage ;
So, thinking on thy charming youth,
I'll love it o'er again in age :
So time itself our raptures shall improve,
While still we wake to joy, and live to love.

AN EPISTLE

TO

FLEETWOOD SHEPHARD, Esq.

WHEN crowding folks, with strange ill faces,
Were making legs, and begging places,
And some with patents, some with merit,
Tir'd out my good Lord Dorset's spirit ;
Sneaking I stood amongst the crew,
Desiring much to speak with you.
I waited while the clock struck thrice,
And footman brought out fifty lies ;
Till, patience vex'd, and legs grown weary,
I thought it was in vain to tarry :
But did opine it might be better,
By penny-post to send a letter ;

B b iii

Now, if you miss of this epistle,
 I'm baulk'd again, and may go whistle.
 My business, Sir, you'll quickly guess,
 Is to desire some little place;
 And fair pretensions I have for't,
 Much need, and very small desert.
 Whene'er I writ to you, I wanted;
 I always begg'd, you always granted.
 Now, as you took me up when little,
 Gave me my learning and my vittle;
 Ask'd for me, from my lord, things fitting,
 Kind as I 'ad been your own begetting;
 Confirm what formerly you've given,
 Nor leave me now at six and seven,
 As Sunderland has left Mus Stephen.

No family, that takes a whelp
 When first he laps, and scarce can yelp,
 Neglects or turns him out of gate
 When he's grown up to dog's estate:
 Nor parish, if they once adopt
 The spurious brats of strollers dropt,
 Leave them, when grown up lusty fellows,
 To the wide world, that is, the gallows:
 No, thank them for their love, that's worse,
 Than if they 'ad throttled them at nurse.

My uncle, rest his soul! when living,
 Might have contriv'd me ways of thriving;
 Taught me with cyder to replenish
 My vats, or ebbing tide of Rhenish.
 So when for hock I drew prick white-wine,
 Swear 't had the flavour, and was right wine.
 Or sent me with ten pounds to Furni-
 wal's inn, to some good rogue attorney;
 Where now, by forging deeds, and cheating,
 I 'ad found some handsome ways of getting.

All this you made me quit, to follow
 That sneaking whey-fac'd god Apollo;
 Sent me among a fiddling crew
 Of folks, I 'ad never seen nor knew,
 Calliope, and God knows who.
 To add no more investives to it,
 You spoil'd the youth, to make a poet.
 In common justice, Sir, there's no man
 That makes the whore, but keeps the woman.
 Among all honest Christian people,
 Whoe'er breaks limbs, maintains the cripple.

The sum of all I have to say,
 Is, that you'd put me in some way;
 And your petitioner shall pray—

There's one thing more I had almost slipt,
 But that may do as well in postscript:
 My friend Charles Montague's preferr'd;
 Nor would I have it long observ'd,
 That one mouse eats, while t' other's starv'd.

ANOTHER EPISTLE TO THE SAME.

SIR,

Burlingh, May 14. 1689.

As once a twelvemonth to the priest,
 Holy at Rome, here Antichrist,
 The Spanish king presents a jennet,
 To show his love;—that's all that's in it:

For if his holiness would thump
 His reverend bum 'gainst horse's rump,
 He might b'equipt from his own stable
 With one more white, and eke more able.

Or as, with gondolas and men, his
 Good excellence the Duke of Venice
 (I wish, for rhyme, 't had been the king)
 Sails out, and gives the gulf a ring;
 Which trick of state, he wisely maintains,
 Keeps kindness up 'twixt old acquaintance;
 For else, in honest truth, the sea
 Has much less need of gold than he.

Or, not to rove, and pump one's fancy
 For Popish similes beyond sea;
 As folks from mud-wall'd tenement
 Bring landlords pepper-corn for rent;
 Present a turkey, or a hen,
 To those might better spare them ten;
 Ev'n so, with all submission, I
 (For first men instance, then apply)
 Send you each year a homely letter,
 Who may return me much a better.

Then take it, Sir, as it was writ,
 To pay respect, and not show wit:
 Nor look askew at what it saith;
 There's no petition in it—faith.

Here some would scratch their heads, and
 try

What they should write, and how, and why;
 But I conceive, such folks are quite in
 Mistakes, in theory of writing.
 If once for principle 'tis laid,
 That thought is trouble to the head;
 I argue thus: the world agrees
 That he writes well, who writes with ease:
 Then he, by sequel logical,
 Writes best, who never thinks at all.

Verse comes from heaven, like inward light;
 Mere human pains can ne'er come by 't;
 The god, not we, the poem makes;
 We only tell folks what he speaks.
 Hence, when anatomists discourse,
 How like brutes' organs are to ours;
 They grant, if higher powers think fit,
 A bear might soon be made a wit;
 And that, for any thing in nature,
 Pigs might squeak love-odes, dogs bark satire.

Memnon, though stone, was counted vocal;
 But 'twas the god, meanwhile, that spoke all.
 Rome oft has heard a cross haranguing,
 With prompting priest behind the hanging:
 The wooden head resolv'd the question;
 While you and Pettis help'd the jest on.

Your crabbed rogues, that read Lucretius,
 Are against gods, you know; and teach us,
 The gods make not the poet; but
 The thesis, vice-versa put,
 Should Hebrew-wife be understood;
 And means, the poet makes the god.

Egyptian gardeners thus are said to
 Have set the leeks they after pray'd to:
 And Romish bakers praise the deity
 They chipp'd while yet in its pancey.

That when you poets swear and cry,
 The god inspires; I rave, I die;

If inward wind does truly swell ye,
 'T must be the cholick in your belly :
 That writing is but just like dice,
 And lucky mains make people wise :
 That jumbled words, if fortune throw 'em,
 Shall, well as Dryden, form a poem ;
 Or make a speech, correct and witty,
 As you know who—at the committee.

So atoms dancing round the centre,
 They urge, made all things at a venture.

But, granting matters should be spoke
 By method, rather than by luck ;
 This may confine their younger style,
 Whom Dryden pedagogues at Will's ;
 But never could be meant to tie
 Authentic wits, like you and I :
 For as young children, who are tied in
 Go-carts, to keep their steps from sliding ;
 When members knit, and legs grow stronger,
 Make use of such machine no longer ;
 But leap *pro libitu*, and scout
 On horse call'd hobby, or without ;
 So when at school we first declaim,
 Old Busby walks us in a theme,
 Whose props support our infant vein,
 And help the rickets in the brain :
 But, when our souls their force dilate,
 And thoughts grow up to wit's estate ;
 In verse or prose, we write or chat,
 Not fixpence matter upon what.

'Tis not how well an author says ;
 But 'tis how much, that gathers praise.
 Tonson, who is himself a wit,
 Counts writers' merits by the sheet.
 Thus each should down with all he thinks,
 As boys eat bread, to fill up chinks.

Kind Sir, I should be glad to see you ;
 I hope y' are well ; so God be wi' you ;
 Was all I thought at first to write ;
 But things since then are alter'd quite ;
 Fancies flow in, and muse flies high :
 So God knows when my clack will lie :
 I must, Sir, prattle on, as afore,
 And beg your pardon yet this half-hour.

So at pure barn of loud Non-con,
 Where with my granam I have gone,
 When Lobb had sifted all his text,
 And I well hop'd the pudding next ;
 " Now to apply," has plagu'd me more
 Than all his villain cant before.

For you religion, first, of her
 Your friends do savoury things aver :
 They say, she's honest as your claret,
 Not sour'd with cant, nor stumm'd with merit ;
 Your chamber is the sole retreat
 Of chaplains every Sunday night :
 Of grace, no doubt, a certain sign,
 When layman herds with man divine ;
 For if their fame be justly great,
 Who would no Popish nuncio treat ;
 That his is greater, we must grant,
 Who will treat nuncios Protestant.
 One single positive weighs more,
 You know, than negatives a score.

In politics, I hear, you're stanch,
 Directly bent against the French ;
 Deny to have your free-born toe
 Dragoon'd into a wooden shoe :
 Are in no plots ; but fairly drive at
 The public welfare, in your private ;
 And will for England's glory try
 Turks, Jews, and Jesuits, to defy,
 And keep your places till you die.

For me, whom wandering fortune threw
 From what I lov'd, the town and you :
 Let me just tell you how my time is
 Past in a country life.—Imprimis,
 As soon as Phoebus' rays inspect us,
 First, Sir, I read, and then I breakfast ;
 So on, till foresaid god does fet,
 I sometimes study, sometimes eat.
 Thus, of your heroes and brave boys,
 With whom old Homer makes such noise,
 The greatest actions I can find,
 Are, that they did their work, and din'd.

The books, of which I'm chiefly fond,
 Are such as you have whilom conn'd ;
 That treat of China's civil law,
 And subjects' right in Golconda ;
 Of highway elephants at Ceylan,
 That rob in clans, like men o' th' Highland ;
 Of apes that storm, or keep a town,
 As well almost as Count Lauzun ;
 Of unicorns and alligators,
 Elks, mermaids, mummies, witches, satyrs,
 And twenty other stranger matters ;
 Which, though they're things I've no concern in,
 Make all our grooms admire my learning.

Critics I read on other men,
 And hypers upon them again ;
 From whose remarks I give opinion
 On twenty books, yet ne'er look in one.

Then all your wits that flatter and sham,
 Down from Don Quixote to Tom Tram ;
 From whom I jests and puns purloin,
 And slyly put them off for mine :
 Fond to be thought a country wit :
 The rest—when fate and you think fit.

Sometimes I climb my mare, and kick her
 To bottled ale, and neighbouring vicar ;
 Sometimes at Stamford take a quart,
 Squire Shephard's health—With all my heart.

Thus, without much delight or grief,
 I fool away an idle life :

Till Shadwell from the town retires
 (Chok'd up with fame and sea-coal fires),
 To bless the wood with peaceful lyric :

Then hey for praise and panegyric ;
 Justice restor'd, and nations freed,
 And wreaths round William's glorious head.

TO THE COUNTESS OF DORSET.

WRITTEN IN HER MILTON.

By Mr. Bradbury.

SEE here how bright the first-born virgin shone,
 And how the first fond lover was undone.

B b iij

Such charming words, our beauteous mother spoke,
As Milton wrote, and such as yours her look.
Yours, the best copy of th' original face,
Whose beauty was to furnish all the race:
Such chains no author could escape but he;
There's no way to be safe, but not to see.

TO THE LADY DURSLEY.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

HERE reading how fond Adam was betray'd,
And how by sin Eve's blasted charms decay'd;
Our common loss unjustly you complain;
So small that part of it, which you sustain.

You still, fair mother, in your offspring trace
The stock of beauty destin'd for the race:
Kind nature, forming them, the pattern took
From Heaven's first work, and Eve's original look.

You, happy saint, the serpent's power control:
Scarce any actual guilt defiles your soul;
And hell does o'er that mind vain triumph boast,
Which gains a Heaven, for earthly Eden lost.

With virtue strong as yours had Eve been arm'd,
In vain the fruit had blush'd, or serpent charm'd;
Nor had our bliss by penitence been bought;
Nor had frail Adam fall'n, nor Milton wrote.

TO MY LORD BUCKHURST,

VERY YOUNG, PLAYING WITH A CAT.

THE amorous youth, whose tender breast
Was by his darling cat possess'd,
Obtain'd of Venus his desire,
Howe'er irregular his fire:
Nature the power of love obey'd,
The cat became a blushing maid;
And, on the happy change, the boy
Employ'd his wonder and his joy.

Take care, O beauteous child, take care,
Lest thou prefer so rash a prayer:
Nor vainly hope, the queen of love
Will e'er thy favourite's charms improve.
O quickly from her shrine retreat;
Or tremble for thy darling's fate.

The queen of love, who soon will see
Her own Adonis live in thee,
Will lightly her first loss deplore;
Will easily forgive the boar:
Her eyes with tears no more will flow;
With jealous rage her breast will glow:
And, on her tabby rival's face,
She deep will mark her new disgrace.

AN ODE.

I.

FILE from our looks, fair nymph, you guess
The secret passions of our mind;

My heavy eyes, you say, confess
A heart to love and grief inclin'd.

II.

There needs, alas! but little art,
To have this fatal secret found;
With the same ease you threw the dart,
'Tis certain you can show the wound.

III.

How can I see you, and not love,
While you as opening east are fair?
While cold as nothern blasts you prove,
How can I love, and not despair?

IV.

The wretch in double fetters bound
Your potent mercy may release:
Soon, if my love but once were crown'd,
Fair prophetess, my grief would cease.

A SONG.

IN vain you tell your parting lover,
You wish fair winds may waft him over.
Alas! what winds can happy prove,
That bear me far from what I love?
Alas! what dangers on the main
Can equal those that I sustain,
From slighted vows, and cold disdain?

Be gentle, and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempest loose:
That, thrown again upon the coast
Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain;
Once more in dying notes complain
Of slighted vows, and cold disdain.

THE DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

ALEXIS shunn'd his fellow-swains,
Their rural sports, and jocund strains:
(Heaven guard us all from Cupid's bow!)
He lost his crook, he left his flocks;
And, wandering through the lonely rocks,
He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came:
His grief some pity, others blame;
The fatal cause all kindly seek:
He mingled his concern with theirs;
He gave them back their friendly tears;
He sigh'd, but would not speak.

Clorinda came among the rest:
And she too kind concern express'd,
And ask'd the reason of his woe:
She ask'd, but with an air and mien,
That made it easily foreseen,
She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head;
And will you pardon me, he said,

While I the cruel truth reveal?
Which nothing from my breast should tear;
Which never should offend your ear.
But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain;
You are the cause of all my care;
Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart;
Ten thousand torments vex my heart:
I love, and I despair.

Too much, Alexis, I have heard:
'Tis what I thought; 'tis what I fear'd:
And yet I pardon you, she cried:
But you shall promise ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or speak your pain;
He bow'd, obey'd, and died.

TO THE

HON. CHARLES MONTAGUE, ESQ.

AFTERWARDS EARL OF HALIFAX.

I.

Howe'er, 'tis well, that while mankind
Through fate's perverse meander errs,
He can imagin'd pleasures find,
To combat against real cares.

II.

Fancies and notions he pursues.
Which ne'er had being but in thought;
Each, like the Grecian artist, woos
The image he himself has wrought.

III.

Against experience he believes;
He argues against demonstration;
Pleas'd, when his reason he deceives;
And sets his judgment by his passion.

IV.

The hoary fool, who many days
Has struggled with continued sorrow,
Renews his hope, and blindly lays
The desperate bett upon to-morrow.

V.

To-morrow comes; 'tis noon, 'tis night;
This day like all the former flies:
Yet on he runs, to seek delight
To-morrow, till to-night he dies.

VI.

Our hopes, like towering falcons, aim
At objects in an airy height:
The little pleasure of the game
Is from afar to view the flight.

VII.

Our anxious pains we, all the day,
In search of what we like, employ;
Scorning at night the worthless prey,
We find the labour gave the joy.

VIII.

At distance through an artful glass
To the mind's eye things will appear:
They lose their forms, and make a mass
Confus'd and black, if brought too near.

5

IX.

If we see right, we see our woes:
Then what avails it to have eyes?
From ignorance our comfort flows:
The only wretched are the wise.

X.

We wearied should lie down in death:
This cheat of life would take no more,
If you thought fame but empty breath,
I, Phillis but a perjurd whore.

VARIATIONS IN A COPY, PRINTED 1694.

Our hopes, like towering falcons, aim
At objects in an airy height;
But all the pleasure of the game
Is afar off to view the flight.

The worthless prey but only shows
The joy consisted in the strife;
Whate'er we take, as soon we lose
In Homer's riddle and in life.

So, whilst in feverish sleeps we think
We taste what waking we desire,
The dream is better than the drink,
Which only feeds the sickly fire.

To the mind's eye things will appear,
At distance through an artful glass;
Bring but the flattering objects near,
They're all a senseless gloomy mass.

Seeing aright, we see our woes:
Then what avails it to have eyes?
From ignorance our comfort flows,
The only wretched are the wise.

We wearied should lie down in death.
This cheat of life would take no more;
If you thought fame but stinking breath,
And Phillis but a perjurd whore.

AD VIRUM DOCTISSIMUM DOMINUM SAMUELEM
SHAW, CUM THESES DE ICTERO PRO GRADU
DOCTORIS DEFENDERET, 4 JUNII, 1692.

PHOEBE potens sævis morbis vel lædere gentes,
Læsas solerti vel relevare manu,
Aspice tu decus hoc nostrum, placidusque fatere
Indomitus quantum profit in arte labor:
Non icterum posthac postemve minaberis orbi,
Fortius hic juvenis dum medicamen habet:
Mitte dehinc iras, et nato carmina dona;
Neglectum telum dejice, fume lyram.

TRANSLATION.

BY MR. COOKE.

O! PHOEBUS, deity, whose powerful hand
Can spread diseases through the joyful land,

Alike all powerful to relieve the pain,
 And bid the groaning nations smile again;
 When this our pride you see, confess you find
 In him what art can do with labour join'd:
 No more the world thy direful threats shall fear,
 While he, the youth, our remedy, is near;
 Suppress thy rage; with verse thy son inspire,
 The dart neglected, to assume the lyre.

ON THE TAKING OF NAMUR.

THE town which Louis bought, Nassau reclaims,
 And brings instead of bribes avenging flames.
 Now, Louis, take thy titles from above,
 Boileau shall sing, and we'll believe thee Jove:
 Jove gain'd his mistress with alluring gold,
 But Jove like thee was impotent and old!
 Active and young did he like William stand,
 He 'ad slunn'd the dame, his thunder in his hand.

O D E,

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, III. OD. II.

Written in 1692.

I.

How long, deluded Albion, wilt thou lie
 In the lethargic sleep, the sad repose,
 By which thy close, thy constant enemy,
 Has softly lull'd thee to thy woes?
 Or wake, degenerate isle, or cease to own
 What thy old kings in Gallic camps have done;
 The spoils they brought thee back, the crowns
 they won;
 William (so fate requires) again is arm'd;
 Thy father to the field is gone:
 Again Maria weeps her absent lord,
 For thy repose content to rule alone.
 Are thy enervate sons not yet alarm'd?
 When William fights, dare they look tamely on,
 So slow to get their ancient fame restor'd,
 As not to melt at beauty's tears, nor follow va-
 lour's sword?

II.

See the repenting isle awakes,
 Her vicious chains the generous goddess breaks:
 The fogs around her temples are dispell'd;
 Abroad she looks, and sees arm'd Belgia stand
 Prepar'd to meet their common Lord's command;
 Her lions roaring by her side, her arrow in her
 hand:
 And, blushing to have been so long with-held,
 Weeps off her crime, and hastens to the field.
 Henceforth her youth shall be innur'd to bear
 Hazardous toil and active war;
 To march beneath the dog-star's raging heat,
 Patient of summer's drougth, and martial sweat;
 And only grieve in winter's camp to find
 Its days too short for labours they design'd:
 All night beneath hard heavy arms to watch;
 All day to mount the trench, to storm the breach;

And all the rugged paths to tread,
 Where William and his virtue led.

III.

Silence is the soul of war;
 Deliberate counsel must prepare
 The mighty work, which valour must complete:
 Thus William rescued, thus preserves the state:
 Thus teaches us to think and dare.
 As whilst his cannon just prepar'd to breathe
 Avenging anger and swift death,
 In the tried metal the close dangers glow,
 And now, too late, the dying foe
 Perceives the flame, yet cannot ward the blow;
 So whilst in William's breast ripe counsels lie,
 Secret and sure as brooding fate,
 No more of his design appears,
 Than what awakens Gallia's fears;
 And (though guilt's eye can sharply penetrate)
 Distracted Louis can descry
 Only a long unmeasur'd ruin nigh.

IV.

On Norman coasts and banks of frighted Seine
 Lo! the impending storms begin:
 Britannia safely through her master's sea
 Plows up her victorious way,
 The French Salmoncus throws his bolts in vain,
 Whilst the true thunderer asserts the main:
 'Tis done! to shelves and rocks his fleets retire,
 Swift victory in vengeful flames
 Burns down the pride of their presumptuous names.
 They run to shipwreck to avoid our fire,
 And the torn vessels that regain their coast
 Are but sad marks to show the rest are lost:
 All this the mild, the beauteous Queen has done,
 And William's softer half shakes Louis's throne:
 Maria does the sea command
 Whilst Gallia flies her husband's arms by land.
 So, the sun absent, with full sway the moon
 Governs the isles, and rules the waves alone:
 So Juno thunders when her Jove is gone.
 To Britannia! loose thy ocean's chains,
 Whilst Ruffel strikes the blow thy queen ordains;
 Thus rescued, thus rever'd, for ever stand,
 And bless the counsel, and reward the hand,
 To Britannia! thy Maria reigns.

V.

From Mary's conquests, and the rescued main,
 Let France look forth to Sambre's armed shore,
 And boast her joy for William's death no more.
 He lives; let France confess, the victor lives:
 Her triumphs for his death were vain,
 And spoke her terror of his life too plain.
 The mighty, years begin, the day draws nigh,
 In which that one of Louis' many wives,
 Who, by the baleful force of guilty charms,
 Has long enthrall'd him in her wither'd arms,
 Shall o'er the plains, from distant towers on high,
 Cast around her mournful eye,
 And with prophetic sorrow cry;
 "Why does my ruin'd lord retard his flight?
 Why does despair provoke his age to fight?
 As well the wolf may venture to engage
 The angry lion's generous rage;
 The ravenous vulture, and the bird of night,
 As safely tempt the stooping eagle's flight;

As Louis to unequal arms defy
Yon' hero, crown'd with blooming victory,
Just triumphing o'er rebel-rage restrain'd,
And yet unbreath'd from battles gain'd.
See! all yon' dusty field's quite cover'd o'er
With hostile troops, and Orange at their head;
Orange, destin'd to complete
The great designs of labouring fate;
Orange, the name that tyrants dread:
He comes; our ruin'd empire is no more:
Down, like the Persian, goes the Gallic throne;
Darius flies, young Ammon urges on."

VI.

Now from the dubious battle's mingled heat,
Let fear look back, and stretch her hasty wing,
Impatient to secure a base retreat:
Let the pale coward leave his wounded king,
For the vile privilege to breathe,
To live with shame in dread of glorious death!
In vain; for fate has swifter wings than fear,
She follows hard, and strikes him in the rear;
Dying and mad the traitor bites the ground,
His back transfix'd with a dishonest wound;
Whilst through the fiercest troops, and thickest
press,

Virtue carries on success;
Whilst equal heaven guards the distinguish'd brave,
And armies cannot hurt whom angels save.

VII.

Virtue to verse immortal lustre gives,
Each by the other's mutual friendship lives;
Æneas suffer'd, and Achilles fought,
The hero's acts enlarg'd the poet's thought,
Or Virgil's majesty, and Homer's rage,
Had ne'er, like lasting nature, vanquish'd age.
Whilst Louis then his rising terror drowns
With drums' alarms, and trumpets' sounds,
Whilst, hid in arm'd retreats, and guarded towns,
From danger as from honour far,
He bribes close murder against open war:
In vain you Gallic muses strive
With labour'd verse to keep his fame alive:
Your mouldering monuments in vain ye raise
On the weak basis of the tyrant's praise:
Your songs are sold, your numbers are profane,
'Tis incense to an idol given,
Meat offer'd to Prometheus' man
That had no soul from heaven.
Against his will, you chain your frighted king
On rapid Rhine's divided bed;
And mock your hero, whilst ye sing
The wounds for which he never bled;
Falsehood does poison on your praise diffuse,
And Louis' fear gives death to Boileau's muse.

VIII.

On its own worth true majesty is rear'd,
And virtue is her own reward;
With solid beams and native glory bright,
She neither darkness dreads, nor covets light;
True to herself, and fix'd to inborn laws,
Nor sunk, by spite, not lifted by applause,
She from her settled orb looks calmly down,
On life or death, a prison or a crown.
When bound in double chains poor Belgia lay,
To foreign arms and inward strife a prey,

Whilst one good man buoy'd up her sinking state,
And virtue labour'd against fate;
When fortune basely with ambition join'd,
And all was conquer'd but the patriot's mind;
When storms let loose, and raging seas,
Just ready the torn vessel to o'erwhelm,
Forc'd not the faithful pilot from his helm,
Nor all the Syren songs of future peace,
And dazzling prospect of a promis'd crown,
Could lure his stubborn virtue down;
But against charms, and threats, and hell, he stood,
To that which was severely good;
Then, had no trophies justified his fame,
No poet blest his song with Nassau's name,
Virtue alone did all that honour bring,
And heaven as plainly pointed out the king,
As when he at the altar stood
In all his types and robes of power,
Whilst at his feet religious Britain bow'd,
And own him next to what we there adore.

IX.

See, joyful Maese, and Boyne's victorious flood,
(For each has mixt his waves with royal blood)
When William's armies past, did he retire,
Or view from far the battle's distant fire?
Could he believe his person was too dear?
Or use his greatness to conceal his fear?
Could prayers or sighs the dauntless hero move?
Arm'd with heaven's justice, and his people's love,
Through the first waves he wing'd his venturous
way,

And on the adverse shore arose,
(Ten thousand flying deaths in vain oppose).
Like the great ruler of the day,
With strength and swiftness mounting from the sea;
Like him all day he toil'd; but long in night
The god has eas'd his wearied light,
Ere vengeance left the stubborn foes,
Or William's labours found repose!
When his troops falter'd, slept not he between?
Restor'd the dubious fight again,
Mark'd out the coward that durst fly,
And led the fainting brave to victory?
Still as he fled him, did he not o'ertake
Her doubtful course still brought her bleeding back?
By his keen sword did not the boldest fall?
Was he not king, commander, soldier, all?—
His dangers such as, with becoming dread,
His subjects yet unborn shall weep to read:
And were not those the only days that e'er
The pious prince refus'd to hear
His friends' advices, or his subjects' prayer?

X.

Where'er old Rhine his fruitful water turns,
Or fills his vassals' tributary urns;
To Belgia's fav'd dominions, and the sea,
Whose righted waves rejoice in William's sway;
Is there a town where children are not taught,
Here Holland prosper'd, for here Orange fought;
Through rapid waters, and through flying fire;
Here rush'd the prince, here made whole France
retire?

By different nations be his valour blest,
In different languages confess;
And then let Shannon speak the rest:

Let Shannon speak, how on her wondering shore,
When conquest hovering on his arms did wait,
And only ask'd some lives to bribe her o'er;
The god-like man, the more than conqueror,
With high contempt sent back the specious bait:
And, scorning glory at a price too great,
With so much power, such piety did join,
As made a perfect virtue fear
A pitch unknown to man before;
And lifted Shannon's waves o'er those of Boyne.

XI.

Nor do his subjects only share
The prosperous fruits of his indulgent reign;
His enemies approve the pious war,
Which, with their weapon, takes away their chain.
More than his sword his goodness strikes his foes;
They bless his arms, and sigh they must oppose.
Justice and freedom on his conquests wait;
And 'tis for man's delight that he is great:
Succeeding times shall with long joy contend,
If he were more a victor, or a friend:
So much his courage and his mercy strive,
He wounds, to cure; and conquers, to forgive.

XII.

Ye heroes, that have fought your country's cause,
Redress'd her injuries, or form'd her laws,
To my adventurous song just witness bear,
Assist the pious muse, and hear her swear;
That 'tis no poet's thought, no slight of youth,
But solid story, and severest truth,
That William treasures up a greater name,
Than any country, any age, can boast:
And all that ancient stock of fame
He did from his fore-fathers take,
He has improv'd, and gives with interest back;
And in his constellation does unite
Their scatter'd rays of fainter light:
Above or Envy's lash, or Fortune's wheel
That settled glory shall for ever dwell:
Above the rolling orbs, and common sky,
Where nothing comes that e'er shall die.

XIII.

Where roves the muse? Where, thoughtless to return,

Is her short-liv'd vessel borne,
By potent winds too subject to be tost,
And in the sea of William's praises lost?
Nor let her tempt that deep, nor make the shore,
Where our abandon'd youth she sees,
Shipwreck'd in luxury, and lost in ease;
Whom nor Britannia's danger can alarm,
Nor William's exemplary virtue warm:
Tell them, howe'er, the king can yet forgive
Their guilty sloth, their homage yet receive,
And let their wounded honour live:
But sure and sudden be their just remorse;
Swift be their virtue's rise, and strong its course;
For though for certain years and destin'd times,
Merit has lain confus'd with crimes;
Though Jove seem'd negligent of human cares,
Nor scourg'd our follies, nor return'd our prayers,
His justice now demands the equal scales,
Sedition is suppress'd, and truth prevails:
Fate its great ends by slow degrees attains,
And Europe is redeem'd, and William reigns.

HYMN TO THE SUN.

Set by Dr. H. Purcell.

AND INTENDED TO BE SUNG BEFORE THEIR MAJESTIES ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1693-4.

I.

LIGHT of the world, and ruler of the year,
With happy speed begin thy great career;
And, as thou dost thy radiant journies run,
Through every distant climate own
That in fair Albion thou hast seen
The greatest prince, the brightest queen,
That ever sav'd a land, or blest a throne,
Since first thy beams were spread, or genial power
was known.

II.

So may thy godhead be confess'd,
So the returning year be blest,
As his infant months bestow
Springing wreaths for William's brow:
As his summer's youth shall shed
Eternal sweets around Maria's head.
From the blessings they bestow,
Our times are dated, and our æras move:
They govern and enlighten all below,
As thou dost all above.

III.

Let our hero in the war
Active and fierce, like thee, appear:
Like thee, great son of Jove, like thee
When, clad in rising majesty,
Thou marchest down o'er Delos' hill confess'd,
With all thy arrows arm'd, in all thy glory dress'd.
Like thee, the hero does his arms employ,
The raging Python to destroy,
And give the injur'd nations peace and joy.

IV.

From fairest years, and time's more happy stores,
Gather all the smiling hours;
Such as with friendly care have guarded
Patriots and kings in rightful wars;
Such as with conquest have rewarded
Triumphant victors' happy cares;
Such as story has recorded
Sacred to Nassau's long renown,
For countries sav'd, and battles won.

V.

March them again in fair array,
And bid them form the happy day,
The happy day design'd to wait
On William's fame, and Europe's fate.
Let the happy day be crown'd
With great event, and fair success:
No brighter in the year be found,
But that which brings the victor home in peace.

VI.

Again thy godhead we implore,
Great in wisdom as in power;
Again, for good Maria's sake, and ours,
Choose out other smiling hours;
Such as with joyous wings have fled,
When happy counsels were advising;

Such as have lucky omens shed
O'er forming laws, and empires rising;
Such as many courses ran,
Hand in hand a goodly train,
To bless the great Eliza's reign;
And in the typic glory show
What fuller bliss Maria shall bestow.

VII.

As the solemn hours advance,
Mingled send into the dance
Many fraught with all the treasures,
Which thy eastern travel views;
Many wing'd with all the pleasures,
Man can ask, or heaven diffuse:
That great Maria all those joys may know,
Which, from her cares, upon her subjects flow.

VIII.

For thy own glory sing our sovereign's praise,
God of verses and of days:
Let all thy tuneful sons adorn
Their lasting work with William's name;
Let chosen muses yet unborn
Take great Maria for their future theme:
Eternal structures let them raise
On William's and Maria's praise:
Nor want new subject for the song,
Nor fear they can exhaust the store,
Till nature's music lies unstrung;
Till thou, great god, shalt lose thy double power,
And touch thy lyre, and shoot thy beams no more.

THE LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

IN IMITATION OF A GREEK IDYLLIUM.

CELIA and I the other day
Walk'd o'er the sand-hills to the sea:
The setting sun adorn'd the coast,
His beams entire, his fierceness lost:
And, on the surface of the deep,
The winds lay only not asleep:
The nymph did like the scene appear,
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair:
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.
With secret joy I heard her say,
That she would never miss one day
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.

But, oh the change! the winds grow high;
Impending tempests charge the sky;
The lightning flies, the thunder roars;
And big waves lash the frighten'd shores.
Struck with the horror of the sight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight:
And, trembling, vows she'll ne'er again
Approach the shore, or view the main.

Once more at least look back, said I,
Thyself in that large glass descry:
When thou art in good-humour dress'd;
When gentle reason rules thy breast;
The sun upon the calmest sea
Appears not half so bright as thee:
'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of love:

I bless my chain; I hand my oar;
Nor think on all I left on shore.

But when vain doubt and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear;
When the big lip and watery eye
Tell me, the rising storm is nigh;
'Tis then, thou art you' angry main,
Deform'd by winds, and dash'd by rain;
And the poor sailor, that must try
Its fury, labours less than I.

Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make,
While love and fate still drive me back:
Forc'd to doat on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP:

A PASTORAL.

By Mrs. Elizabeth Singer, afterwards Rowan.

AMARYLLIS.

WHILE from the skies the ruddy sun descends,
And rising night the evening shade extends;
While pearly dews o'erspread the fruitful field,
And closing flowers reviving odours yield:
Let us, beneath these spreading trees, recite
What from our hearts our muses may indite.
Nor need we, in this close retirement, fear,
Lest any swain our amorous secrets hear.

SYLVIA.

To every shepherd I would mine proclaim;
Since fair Aminta is my softest theme:
A stranger to the loose delights of love,
My thoughts the nobler warmth of friendship prove:
And, while its pure and sacred fire I sing,
Chaste goddess of the groves, thy succour bring.

AMARYLLIS.

Propitious god of love, my breast inspire
With all thy charms, with all thy pleasing fire;
Propitious god of love, thy succour bring,
Whilst I thy darling, thy Alexis sing;
Alexis, as the opening blossoms fair,
Lovely as light, and soft as yielding air.
For him each virgin sighs; and on the plains
The happy youth above each rival reigns.
Nor to the echoing groves, and whispering spring,
In sweeter strains does artful Canon sing;
When loud applauses fill the crowded groves,
And Phœbus the superior song approves.

SYLVIA.

Beauteous Aminta is as early light,
Breaking the melancholy shades of night.
When she is near, all anxious trouble flies,
And our reviving hearts confess her eyes.
Young love, and blooming joy, and gay desires,
In every breast the beauteous nymph inspires;
And on the plain when she no more appears,
The plain a dark and gloomy prospect wears.
In vain the streams roll on: the eastern breeze
Dances in vain among the trembling trees:
In vain the birds begin their evening song,
And to the silent night their notes prolong:

Nor groves, nor crystal streams, nor verdant field,
Does wonted pleasure in her absence yield.

AMARYLLIS.

And, in his absence, all the pensive day
In some obscure retreat I lonely stray;
All day to the repeating caves complain,
In mournful accents, and a dying strain;
Dear lovely youth, I cry to all around;
Dear lovely youth, the flattering vales resound.

SYLVIA.

On flowery banks, by every murmuring stream,
Aminta is my muse's softest theme:
'Tis she that does my artful notes refine: [shine.
With fair Aminta's name my noblest verse shall

AMARYLLIS.

I'll twine fresh garlands for Alexis' brows,
And consecrate to him eternal vows:
The charming youth shall my Apollo prove;
He shall adorn my songs, and tune my voice to love.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE FOREGOING PASTORAL.

By Sylvia if thy charming self be meant;
If friendship be thy virgin vows extent:
Oh! let me in Aminta's praises join:
Her's my esteem shall be, my passion thine.
When for thy head the garland I prepare,
A second wreath shall bind Aminta's hair;
And, when thy choicest songs thy worth proclaim,
Alternate verse shall bless Aminta's name;
My heart shall own the justice of her cause,
And love himself submit to friendship's laws.

But if, beneath thy number's soft disguise,
Some favour'd swain, some true Alexis lies;
If Amaryllis breathes thy secret pains,
And thy fond heart beats measure to thy strains;
May'st thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find
The flame propitious, and the lover kind:
May Venus long exert her happy power,
And make thy beauty, like thy verse, endure!
May every god his friendly aid afford,
Pan guard thy flock, and Ceres bless thy board!

But, if by chance the series of thy joys
Permit one thought less cheerful to arise,
Piteous to transfer it to the mournful swain,
Who, loving much, who, not belov'd again,
Feels an ill-fated passion's last excess,
And dies in woe, that thou may'st live in peace.

TO A LADY:

*She refusing to continue a Dispute with me, and leaving
me in the Argument.*

AN ODE.

I.

SPARE, generous victor, spare the slave,
Who did unequal war pursue;
That more than triumph he might have,
In being overcome by you.

II.

In the dispute whate'er I said,
My heart was by my tongue belied;
And in my looks you might have read
How much I argued on your side.

III.

You, far from danger as from fear,
Might have sustain'd an open fight:
For seldom your opinions err,
Your eyes are always in the right.

IV.

Why, fair one, would you not rely
On reason's force with beauty's join'd?
Could I their prevalence deny,
I must at once be deaf and blind.

V.

Alas! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the fight aspir'd:
To keep the beauteous foe in view
Was all the glory I desir'd.

VI.

But she, howe'er of victory sure,
Contemns the wreath too long delay'd:
And, arm'd with more immediate power,
Calls cruel silence to her aid.

VII.

Deeper to wound, she shuns the fight;
She drops her arms, to gain the field;
Secures her conquest by her flight;
And triumphs, when she seems to yield.

VIII.

So when the Parthian turn'd his steed,
And from the hostile camp withdrew,
With cruel skill the backward reed
He sent; and, as he fled, he slew.

SEEING THE DUKE OF ORMOND'S PIC- TURE AT SIR GODFREY KNELLER'S.

OUT from the injur'd canvas, Kneller, strike
These lines too faint: the picture is not like.
Exalt thy thought, and try thy toil again:
Dreadful in arms, on Landen's glorious plain
Place Ormond's duke: impendent in the air
Let his keen sabre, comet-like appear,
Where'er it points, denouncing death: below
Draw routed squadrons, and the numerous foe,
Falling beneath, or flying from his blow:
Till, weak with wounds, and cover'd o'er with
blood,

Which from the patriot's breast in torrents flow'd,
He faints; his steed no longer feels the rein;
But stumbles o'er the heap, his hand had slain.
And now exhausted, bleeding, pale he lies;
Lovely, sad object! in his half-clos'd eyes,
Stern vengeance yet, and hostile terror stand:
His front yet threatens, and his frowns command.
The Gallic chiefs their troops around him call;
Fear to approach him, though they see him fall.—
O Kneller, could thy shades and lights express
The perfect hero in that glorious dress;
Ages to come might Ormond's picture know,
And palms for thee beneath his laurels grow:

In spite of time, thy work might ever shine;
Nor Homer's colours last so long as thine.

CELIA TO DAMON.

"Atque in amore mala hæc proprio, summæque
"secundo."
"Inveniuntur.—" LUCRET. lib. iv.

WHAT can I say, what arguments can prove
My truth, what colours can describe my love,
If its excess and fury be not known,
In what thy Celia has already done?
Thy infant flames, whilst yet they were conceal'd
In timorous doubts, with pity I beheld;
With easy smiles dispell'd the silent fear,
That durst not tell me what I dy'd to hear.
In vain I strove to check my glowing flame,
Or shelter passion under friendship's name,
You saw my heart, how it my tongue bely'd;
And when you press'd, how faintly I deny'd.—

Ere guardian thought could bring its scatter'd
aid,

Ere reason could support the doubting maid,
My soul, surpris'd, and from herself disjoin'd,
Left all reserve, and all the sex, behind:
From your command her motions she receiv'd;
And not for me, but you, she breath'd and liv'd.

But ever blest be Cytherea's shrine,
And fires eternal on her altars shine!
Since thy dear breast has felt an equal wound;
Since in thy kindness my desires are crown'd.
By thy each look, and thought, and care, 'tis
Thy joys are center'd all in me alone; [shown,
And sure I am, thou wouldst not change this hour
For all the white ones fate has in its power.—

Yet thus belov'd, thus loving to excess,
Yet thus receiving and returning bliss,
In this great moment, in this golden now,
When every trace of what, or when, or how,
Should from my soul by raging love be torn,
And far on swelling seas of rapture borne;
A melancholy tear afflicts my eye.
And my heart labours with a sudden sigh;
Invading fears repel my coward joy,
And ills foreseen the present blest destroy.

Poor as it is, this beauty was the cause,
That with first sighs your panting bosom rose:
But with no owner beauty long will stay,
Upon the wings of time borne swift away;
Pass but some fleeting years, and these poor eyes
(Where now without a boast some lustre lies)
No longer shall their little honours keep;
Shall only be of use to read or weep:
And on this forehead, where your verse has laid,
The loves delighted, and the graces play'd,
Insulting age will trace his cruel way,
And leave sad marks of his destructive sway.

Mov'd by my charms, with them your love
may cease,
And as the fuel sinks, the flame decrease:
Or angry heaven may quicker darts prepare,
And sickness strike what time a while would spare.

Then will my swain his glowing vows renew,
Then will his throbbing heart to mine beat true;
When my own face deters me from my glass,
And Kneller only shows what Celia was?

Fantastic fame may sound her wild alarms;
Your country, as you think, may want your
arms.

You may neglect, or quench, or hate the flame,
Whose smoke too long obscur'd your rising name;
And quickly cold indifference will ensue,
When you love's joys through honour's optic view,

Then Celia's loudest prayer will prove too weak,
To this abandon'd breast to bring you back;
When my lost lover the tall ship ascends,
With music gay, and wet with jovial friends,
The tender accent of a woman's cry
Will pass unheard, will unregarded die;
When the rough seamen's louder shouts prevail,
When fair occasion shows the springing gale,
And interest guides the helm, and honour swells
the sail.

Some wretched lines, from this neglected hand,
May find my hero on the foreign strand,
Warm with new fires, and pleas'd with new
command:

While she who wrote them, of all joy bereft,
To the rude censure of the world is left;
Her mangled fame in barbarous pastime lost,
The cockcomb's novel, and the drunkard's toast.

But nearer care (O pardon it!) supplies
Sighs to my breast, and sorrow to my eyes.
Love, love himself (the only friend I have)
May scorn his triumph, having bound his slave.
That tyrant-god, that restless conqueror,
May quit his pleasure, to assert his power;
For sake the provinces that blest'd his sway,
To vanquish those which will not yet obey.

Another nymph with fatal power may rise,
To damp the sinking beams of Celia's eyes;
With haughty pride may hear her charms confess,
And scorn the ardent vows that I have blest.
You every night may sigh for her in vain,
And rise each morning to some fresh disdain:
While Celia's softest look may cease to charm,
And her embraces want the power to warm:
While these fond arms, thus circling you, may
prove

More heavy chains than those of hopeless love.

Just gods! all other things their like produce;
The vine arises from her mother's juice:
When feeble plants or tender flowers decay,
They to their seed their images convey:
Where the old myrtle her good influence sheds,
Sprigs of like leaf erect their filial heads:
And when the parent rose decays and dies,
With a resembling face the daughter-buds arise.
That product only which our passions bear
Eludes the planter's miserable care.

While blooming love assures us golden fruit,
Some inborn poison taints the secret root:
Soon fall the flowers of joy, soon seeds of ha-
tred shoot.

Say, shepherd, say, are these reflections true?
Or was it but the woman's fear that drew
This cruel scene, unjust to love and you?

Will you be only and for ever mine?
 Shall neither time nor age our souls disjoin?
 From this dear bosom shall I ne'er be torn?
 Or you grow cold, respectful, and foreworn?
 And can you not for her you love do more
 Than any youth for any nymph before?

PROLOGUE

*Spoken by Lord Buckburgh, in Westminster-School, at
 a Representation of Mr. Dryden's Cleomenes, at
 Christmas: 1695.*

PISH, Lord, I wish this prologue was but Greek,
 Then young Cleonidas would boldly speak:
 But can Lord Buckhurst in poor English say,
 Gentle spectators, pray excuse the play?
 No, witness all ye gods of ancient Greece,
 Rather than condescend to terms like these,
 I'd go to school six hours on Christmas day,
 Or construe Persius while my comrades play.
 Such work by hiring actors should be done,
 Who tremble when they see a critic frown;
 Poor rogues, that smart like fencers for their
 bread,

And, if they are not wounded, are not fed.
 But, Sirs, our labour has more noble ends,
 We act our tragedy to see our friends:
 Our generous scenes are for pure love repeated,
 And if you are not pleas'd, at least you're treated.
 The candles and the clothes ourselves we bought,
 Our tops neglected, and our balls forgot.
 To learn our parts, we left our midnight-bed,
 Most of you snor'd whilst Cleomenes read:
 Not that from this confession we would sue
 Praise undeserv'd; we know ourselves and you:
 Resolv'd to stand or perish by our cause,
 We neither censure fear, nor beg applause,
 For these are Westminster and Sparta's laws.
 Yet, if we see some judgment well inclin'd,
 To young desert, and growing virtue kind,
 That critic by ten thousand marks should know,
 That greatest souls to goodness only bow;
 And that your little hero does inherit
 Not Cleomenes' more than Dorset's spirit.

A N O D E,

PRESENTED TO THE KING,

*On his Majesty's arrival in Holland after the Queen's
 Death, 1695.*

"Quis desiderio fit pudor aut modus
 "Tam cari capitis? præcipe lugubres
 "Cantus, Melpomene."

I.

At Mary's tomb (sad sacred place!)
 The virtues shall their vigils keep:
 And every muse, and every grace,
 In solemn state shall ever weep.

II.

The future pious, mournful fair,
 Oft as the rolling years return,
 With fragrant wreaths and flowing hair,
 Shall visit her distinguish'd urn.

III.

For her the wife and great shall mourn,
 When late records her deeds repeat:
 Ages to come, and men unborn,
 Shall bless her name, and sigh her fate.

IV.

Fair Albion shall, with faithful trust,
 Her holy queen's sad relics guard,
 Till heaven awakes the precious dust,
 And gives the saint her full reward.

V.

But let the king dismiss his woes,
 Reflecting on his fair renown;
 And take the cypress from his brows,
 To put his wonted laurels on.

VI.

If prest by grief our monarch stoops,
 In vain the British lions roar:
 If he, whose hand sustain'd them, droops,
 The Belgic darts will wound no more.

VII.

Embattled princes wait the chief,
 Whose voice should rule, whose arm should lead;
 And, in kind murmurs, chide that grief,
 Which hinders Europe being freed.

VIII.

The great example they demand
 Who still to conquest led the way;
 Wishing him present to command,
 As they stand ready to obey.

IX.

They seek that joy, which us'd to glow,
 Expanded on the hero's face;
 When the thick squadrons prest the foe,
 And William led the glorious chase.

X.

To give the mournful nations joy,
 Restore them thy auspicious light,
 Great sun: with radiant beams destroy
 Those clouds, which keep thee from our sight.

XI.

Let thy sublime meridian course
 For Mary's setting rays atone:
 Our lustre, with redoubled force,
 Must now proceed from thee alone.

XII.

See, pious king, with different strife
 Thy struggling Albion's bosom torn:
 So much she fears for William's life,
 That Mary's fate she dares not mourn.

XIII.

Her beauty, in thy foster half
 Bury'd and lost, she ought to grieve;
 But let her strength in thee be safe;
 And let her weep; but let her live.

XIV.

Thou, guardian angel, save the land
 From thy own grief, her fiercest foe:
 Lest Britain, rescued by thy hand,
 Should bend and sink beneath thy woe.

XV.

Her former triumphs all are vain,
Unless new trophies still be fought,
And hoary majesty sustain
The battles which thy youth has fought.

XVI.

Where now is all that fearful love,
Which made her hate the war's alarms?
That soft excess, with which she strove
To keep her hero in her arms?

XVII.

While still she chid the coming spring,
Which call'd him o'er his subject seas:
While, for the safety of the king,
She wish'd the victor's glory less.

XVIII.

'Tis chang'd; 'tis gone: sad Britain now
Hastens her lord to foreign wars:
Happy, if toils may break his woe,
Or danger may divert his cares.

XIX.

In martial din she drowns her sighs,
Lest he the rising grief should hear:
She pulls her helmet o'er her eyes,
Lest he should see the falling tear.

XX.

Go, mighty prince; let France be taught,
How constant minds by grief are try'd;
How great the land, that wept and fought;
When William led, and Mary dy'd.

XXI.

Fierce in the battle make it known,
Where death with all his darts is seen,
That he can touch thy heart with none,
But that which struck the beauteous queen.

XXII.

Belgia indulg'd her open grief,
While yet her master was not near:
With sullen pride refus'd relief,
And sat obdurate in despair.

XXIII.

As waters from her sluices, flow'd
Unbounded sorrow from her eyes:
To earth her bended front she bow'd,
And sent her wailings to the skies.

XXIV.

But when her anxious lord return'd,
Rais'd is her head, her eyes are dry'd;
She smiles, as William ne'er had mourn'd,
She looks, as Mary ne'er had dy'd.

XXV.

That freedom which all sorrows claim,
She does for thy content resign:
Her piety itself would blame,
If her regrets should weaken thine.

XXVI.

To cure thy woe, she shows thy fame:
Lest the great mourner should forget
That all the race, whence Orange came,
Made virtue triumph over fate.

XXVII.

William his country's cause could fight,
And with his blood her freedom seal:
Maurice and Henry guard that right,
For which their pious parents fell.

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XXVIII.

How heroes rise, how patriots set,
Thy father's bloom and death may tell:
Excelling others, these were great:
Thou, greater still, must these excel.

XXIX.

The last fair instance thou must give,
Whence Nassau's virtue can be try'd:
And show the world that thou canst live
Intrepid, as thy comfort dy'd;

XXX.

Thy virtue, whose restless force
No dire event could ever stay,
Must carry on its destin'd course,
Though death and envy stop the way.

XXXI.

For Britain's sake, for Belgia's, live:
Pierc'd by their grief, forget thy own;
New toils endure, new conquest give,
And bring them ease, though thou hast none.

XXXII.

Vanquish again; though she be gone,
Whose garland crown'd the victor's hair:
And reign, though she has left the throne,
Who made thy glory worth thy care.

XXXIII.

Fair Britain never yet before
Breath'd to her king an useless prayer:
Fond Belgia never did implore,
While William turn'd averse his ear.

XXXIV.

But, should the weeping hero now
Relentless to their wishes prove;
Should he recall, with pleasing woe,
The object of his grief and love;

XXXV.

Her face with thousand beauties blest,
Her mind with thousand virtues stor'd,
Her power with boundless joy confess,
Her person only not ador'd:

XXXVI.

Yet ought his sorrow to be checkt;
Yet ought his passions to abate;
If the great mourner would reflect,
Her glory in her death complete.

XXXVII.

She was instructed to command,
Great king, by long obeying thee;
Her sceptre, guided by thy hand,
Preserv'd the isles, and rul'd the sea.

XXXVIII.

But oh! 'twas little, that her life
O'er earth and water bears thy fame:
In death, 'twas worthy William's wife,
Amidst the stars to fix his name.

XXXIX.

Beyond where matter moves, or place
Receives its forms, thy virtues roll;
From Mary's glory, angels trace
The beauty of her partner's soul.

XL.

Wife fate, which does its heaven decree
To heroes, when they yield their breath,
Hastens thy triumph. Half of thee
Is deify'd before thy death.

© c

III.

Alone to thy renown 'tis given,
Unbounded through all worlds to go :
While the, great saint, rejoices heaven ;
And thou sustain'st the orb below.

IN IMITATION OF ANACREON.

LET them censure : what care I ?
The herd of critics I defy.
Let the wretches know, I write,
Regardless of their grace or spite.

No, no : the fair, the gay, the young,
Govern the numbers of my song ;
All that they approve is sweet ;
And all is sense that they repeat.

Bid the warbling Nine retire ;
Venus, string thy servant's lyre :
Love shall be my endless theme ;
Pleasure shall triumph over fame :
And, when these maxims I decline,
Apollo, may thy fate be mine !
May I grasp at empty praise ;
And lose the nymph, to gain the bays

O D E

SUR LA PRISE DE NAMUR, PAR LES ARMES DU ROI
L'ANNEE, 1692.

Par Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.

I.

QUELLE docte et saint yvresse
Aujourd'hui me fait la loi ?
Chastes Nymphes du Permesse,
N'est-ce pas vous que je voi ?
Accourez, troupe sçavante :
Des sons que ma lyre enfante ;
Ces arbres font rejouis :
Marquez en bien la cadence :
Et vous, vents, faites silence :
Je vais parler de Louis.

II.

Dans ses chansons immortelles,
Comme un aigle audacieux,
Pindare étendant ses ailes,
Fuit loin des vulgaires yeux.
Mais, ô ma fidele lyre,
Si, dans l'ardeur qui m'inspire,
Tu peux suivre mes transports :
Les chênes des monts de Thrace
N'ont rien ouï, que n'efface
La douceur de tes accords.

III.

Est-ce Apollon et Neptune,
Qui sur ces rocs fourcilleux
Ont, compagnons de Fortune,
Basté ces murs orgueilleux ?
De leur enceinte, fameuse
La Sambre unie à la Meuse,
Defend le fatal abord ;
Et par cens bouches horribles
L'airain sur ces monts terribles
Vendit à ser, et le mort,

AN ENGLISH BALLAD,

ON THE TAKING OF NAMUR, BY THE KING OF
GREAT BRITAIN, 1695.

" Dulce est desipere in loco."

I.

SOME folks are drunk, yet do not know it :
So might not Bacchus give you law ?
Was it a muse, O lofty poet,
Or virgin of St. Cyr, you saw ?
Why all this fury ? what's the matter,
That oaks must come from Thrace to dance ?
Must stupid stocks be taught to flatter ?
And is there no such wood in France ?
Why must the winds all hold their tongue ?
If they a little breath should raise,
Would that have spoil'd the poet's song,
Or puff'd away the monarch's praise ?

II.

Pindar, that eagle, mounts the skies,
While virtue leads the noble way :
Too like a vulture Boileau flies,
Where fordid interest shows the prey.
When once the poet's honour ceases,
From reason far his transports rove :
And Boileau, for eight hundred pieces,
Makes Louis take the wall of Jove.

III.

Neptune and Sol came from above,
Shap'd like Megrigny and Vauban :
They arm'd these rocks ; then show'd old Jove
Of Marl wood the wondrous plan.
Such walls, these three wise gods agreed,
By human force could ne'er be shaken :
But you and I in Homer read
Of gods, as well as men, mistaken.
Sambre and Maese their waves may join ;
But ne'er can William's force restrain :
He'll pass them both, who pass'd the Boyne :
Remember this, and arm the Seine.

IV.

Dix mille villans Alcides
Les bordant de toutes parts,
D'éclairs au loin homicides
Font petiller leurs remparts :
Et dans son sein infidèle
Par toute la terre y recèle
Un feu prêt à s'échapper,
Qui soudain percant son gôûfre,
Ouvre un sepulchre de souffre;
A quiconque ose avancer.

V.

Namur, devant tes murailles
Jadis la Grece eût vingt ans
Sans fruit vû les funeraillès
De ses plus fiers combattans.
Quelle effroyable puissance
Aujourd'hui pourtant s'avance,
Prête à foudroyer tes monts ?
Quel bruit, quel feu l'environne ?
C'est Jupiter en personne ;
Ou c'est le vainqueur de Mons.

VI.

N'en doute point : c'est lui-même ;
Tout brille en lui ; tout est roi.
Dans Bruxelles Nassau blème
Commence à trembler pour toi.
En vain il voit le Batave,
Deformais docile esclave,
Rangé sous ses étendards :
En vain au lion Belgique
Il voit l'aigle Germanique
Uni sous les leopards.

VII.

Plein de la frayeur nouvelle,
Dont ses sens sont agités,
A son secours il appelle
Les peuples les plus vantés.
Ceux-là viennent du rivage,
Où s'enorgueillit le Tage
De l'or, qui roule en ses eaux ;
Ceux-ci des champs, où la neige
Des marais de la Norvège
Neuf mois couvre les roseaux.

VIII.

Mais qui fait enfler la Sambre ?
Sous les Jumeaux effrayés,
Des froids torrens de Decembre
Les champs par tout sont noyés.
Ceres s'enfuit, éplorée
De voir en proie à Borée
Ses guerrets d'epics chargés,
Et sous les urns fangeuses
Des Hyades orangeuses
Tous ses trésors submergés.

IX.

Déployez toutes vos rages,
Princes, vents, peuples, frimats ;

IV.

Fall fifteen thousand lusty fellows
With fire and sword the fort maintain :
Each was a Hercules, you tell us ;
Yet out they march'd, like common men.
Cannons above, and mines below,
Did death and tombs for foes contrive :
Yet matters have been order'd so ;
That most of us are still alive.

V.

If Naniur be compar'd to Troy ;
Then Britain's boys excell'd the Greeks ;
Their siege did ten long years employ ;
We've done our business in ten weeks.
What godhead does so fast advance,
With dreadful power, those hills to gain ?
'Tis little Will, the scourge of France ;
No godhead, but the first of men.
His mortal arm exerts the power
To keep e'en Mons's victor under :
And that same Jupiter no more
Shall fright the world with impious thunder.

VI.

Our king thus trembles at Namur ;
Whilst Villeroy, who ne'er afraid is,
To Bruxelles marches on secure,
To bomb the monks, and scare the ladies.
After this glorious expedition,
One battle makes the marshal great :
He must perform the king's commission :
Who knows but Orange may retreat ?
Kings are allow'd to feign the gout,
Or be prevail'd with not to fight :
And mighty Louis hop'd, no doubt,
That William would preserve that right.

VII.

From Seine and Loire, to Rhone and Po,
See every mother's son appear :
In such a case ne'er blame a foe,
If he betrays some little fear.
He comes, the mighty Villeroy comes ;
Finds a small river in his way ;
So waves his colours, beats his drums,
And thinks it prudent there to stay ;
The Gallic troops breathe blood and war ;
The marshal cares not to march faster :
Poor Villeroy moves so slowly here,
We fancied all, it was his master.

VIII.

Will no kind flood, no friendly rain,
Disguise the marshal's plain disgrace ?
No torrents swell the low Mehayne ?
The world will say, he durst not pass.
Why will no Hyades appear,
Dear poet, on the banks of Sambre ;
Just as they did that mighty year,
When you turn'd June into Decembet ?
The water-nymphs are too unkind
To Villeroy ; ate the land-nymphs so ?
And fly they all, at once combin'd
To shame a general, and a beau ?

IX.

Truth, justice, sense, religion, fame,
May join to finish William's story ;
C e ij

THE WORKS OF PRIOR.

Rassemblez tous vos vœux ;
Rassemblez tous vos soldats ;
Malgré vous Namur en poudre
S'en va tomber sous la foudre.
Qui domta Lille, Courtray,
Gand la superbe Espagnole,
Saint-Omer, Bezançon, Dole,
Ypres, Mastricht, et Cambray.

Nations set free may bless his name ;
And France in secret own his glory ;
But Ypres, Mastricht, and Cambray,
Besançon, Ghent, St. Omer, Lille,
Courtray, and Dole—Ye critics, say,
How poor to this was Pindar's style ?
With eke's and alfo's tack thy strain,
Great bard . and sing the deathless prince,
Who lost Namur the same campaign
He bought Dixmuyd, and plunder'd Deynse,

Mes présages s'accomplissent :
Il commence à chanceler
Sous les coups qui retentissent
Ses murs s'en vont s'écrouler.
Mars en feu qui les domine,
Souffle à grand bruit leur ruine,
Et les bombes dans les airs
Allant chercher le tonnerre,
Semblent tombant sur la terre,
Vouloir s'ouvrir les enfers.

I'll hold ten pound my dream is out :
I'd tell it you, but for the rattle
Of those confounded drums ; no doubt
Yon' bloody rogues intend a battle.
Dear me ! a hundred thousand French
With terror fill the neighbouring field :
While William carries on the trench,
Till both the town and castle yield.
Villeroy to Boufflers should advance,
Says Mars, through cannons' mouths in fire ;
If eke, one marshal of France
Tells t' other, he can come no nigher.

Accourez, Nassau, Baviere,
De ces murs l'unique espoir
A couvert d'une rivière
Venez : vous pouvez tout voir.
Considérez ces approches
Voyez grimper sur ces roches
Ces athlètes belliqueux ;
Et dans les eaux, dans la flamme,
Louis tout donnant l'ame,
Marcher, courir avec eux.

Regain the lines the shortest way,
Villeroy ; or to Versailles take post ;
For, having seen it, thou canst say
The steps, by which Namur was lost.
The smoke and flame may vex thy sight :
Look not once back : but, as thou goest,
Quicken the squadrons in their flight,
And bid the devil take the slowest.
Think not what reason to produce,
From Louis to conceal thy fear.
He'll own the strength of thy excuse ;
Tell him that William was but there.

Contemplez dans la tempête,
Qui sort de ces boulevards,
La plume qui sur sa tête
Attire tous les regards.
A cet aître redoutable
Toujours un sort favorable
S'attache dans les combats :
Et toujours avec la gloire
Mars amenant la victoire
Vole, et le suit à grands pas.

Now let us look for Louis' feather,
That us'd to shine so like a star ;
The generals could not get together,
Wanting that influence, great in war.
O poet ! thou hadst been discreeter,
Hanging the monarch's hat so high,
If thou hadst dubb'd thy star, a meteor,
That did but blaze, and rove, and die.

Grands défenseurs de l'Espagne,
Montrez-vous : il en est tems :
Courage ; vers la Mahagne
Voilà vos drapeaux flottans.
Jamais ses ondes craintives
N'ont vu sur leurs foibles rives
Tant de guerriers s'amasser.
Courez donc : Qui vous retarde ?
Tout l'univers vous regarde,
N'osez vous la traverser ?

To animate the doubtful fight,
Namur in vain expects that ray ;
In vain France hopes, the sickly light
Should shine near William's fuller day :
It knows Versailles, its proper station ;
Nor cares for any foreign sphere :
Where you see Boileau's constellation,
Be sure no danger can be near.

Loin de fermer le passage
A vos nombreux bataillons,
Luxembourg a du rivage
Reculé ses pavillons.
Quoi ? leur seul aspect vous glace ?
Où font ces chafis pleins d'audace,

The French had gather'd all their force ;
And William met them in their way :
Yet off they brush'd both foot and horse,
What has friend Boileau left to say ?
When his high muse is bent upon't,
To sing her king—that great commander,

P O E M S.

Jadis si prompts à marcher,
Qui devoient de la Tamise,
Et de la Drave soumise,
Jusqu' à Paris nous chercher ?

xv.

Cependant l'effroi redouble
Sur les remparts de Namur.
Son gouverneur qui se trouble
S'enfuit sous son dernier mur.
Déjà jusques à ses portes
Je voi monter nos cohortes,
La flamme & le fer en main :
Et sur les monceaux de piques,
De corps morts, de rocs, de briques,
S'ouvrir un large chemin.

xvi.

C'en est fait. Je viens d'entendre
Sur ces rochers éperdus
Battre un signal pour se rendre ;
Le feu cesse. Ils sont rendus.
Dépouillez votre arrogance,
Fiers ennemies de la France,
Et désormais gracieux,
Allez à Liege, à Bruxelles.
Porter les humbles nouvelles
De Namur pris à vos yeux.

Or on the shores of Hellepont,
Or in the valleys near Scamander ;
Would it not spoil his noble task,
If any foolish Phrygian there is,
Impertinent enough to ask,
How far Namur may be from Paris ?

xv.

Two stanzas more before we end,
Of death, pikes, rocks, arms, bricks, and fires ;
Leave them behind you, honest friend ;
And with your countrymen retire,
Your ode is spoilt : Namur is freed ;
For Dixymud something yet is due ;
So good Count Guiscard may proceed ;
But Boufflers, Sir, one word with you—

xvi.

'Tis done. In sight of these commanders,
Who neither fight, nor raise the siege,
The foes of France march safe through Flanders ;
Divide to Bruxelles, or to Liege.
Send, fame, this news to Trianon,
That Boufflers may new honours gain ;
He the same play by land has shown,
As Tourville did upon the main.
Yet is the marshal made a peer :
O William, may thy arms advance !
That he may lose Dinant next year,
And so be constable of France.

AN ODE.

I.

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd name :
Euphelia serves to grace my measure ;
But Cloe is my real flame.

II.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay ;
When Cloe noted her desire,
That I should sing, that I should play.

III.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
But with my numbers mix my sighs ;
And, whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

IV.

Fair Cloe blush'd : Euphelia frown'd :
I sung, and gaz'd : I play'd, and trembled :
And Venus to the loves around
Remark'd, how ill we all dissembled.

PRESENTED TO THE KING,

AT HIS ARRIVAL IN HOLLAND, AFTER THE DIS-
COVERY OF THE CONSPIRACY, 1696.

" Serus in cælum redeas, diuque

" Lætus interis populo Quirini :

" Nève te nostris vitiis iniquum

" Ocyor aura

Tollat.—

Hor. ad Augustum.

YE careful angels, whom eternal fate
Ordains, on earth and human acts to wait ;
Who turn with secret power this restless ball,
And bid predestin'd empires rise and fall :
Your sacred aid religious monarchs own,
When first they merit, then ascend the throne :
But tyrants dread you, lest your just decree
Transfer the power, and set the people free.
See rescued Britain at your altars bow ;
And hear her hymns your happy care avow :
That still her axes and her rods support
The judge's frown, and grace the awful court ;

C c iij

That law with all her pompous terror stands,
To wrest the dagger from the traitor's hands;
And rigid justice reads the fatal word,
Poises the balance first, then draws the sword.

Britain her safety to your guidance owns;
That she can separate parricides from sons;
That, impious rage disarm'd, she lives and reigns,
Her freedom kept by him, who broke her chains.

And thou, great minister, above the rest
Of guardian spirits, be thou for ever blest;
Thou who of old was sent to Israel's court,
With secret aid great David's strong support,
To mock the frantic rage of cruel Saul,
And strike the useless javelin to the wall.
Thy later care o'er William's temples held,
On Boyne's propitious banks, the heavenly shield;
When power divine did sovereign right declare;
And cannons mark'd whom they were bid to spare.

Still, blessed angel, be thy care the same!
Be William's life untouch'd as is his fame!
Let him own thine, as Britain owns his hand:
Save thou the king, as he has sav'd the land!

We angels' forms in pious monarchs view;
We reverence William; for he acts like you;
Like you, commission'd to chastise and bless,
He must avenge the world, and give it peace.

Indulgent fate our potent prayer receives;
And still Britannia smiles, and William lives.
The hero dear to earth, by heaven belov'd,
By troubles must be vex'd; by dangers prov'd:
His foes must aid, to make his fame complete,
And fix his throne secure on their defeat.

So, though with sudden rage the tempest comes;
Though the winds roar; and though the water
foams;

Imperial Britain on the sea looks down,
And smiling sees her rebel subjects frown.
Striking her cliff, the storm confirms her power;
The waves but whiten her triumphant shore:
In vain they would advance, in vain retreat;
Broken they dash, and perish at her feet.

For William still new wonders shall be shown:
The powers, that rescued, shall preserve the
throne,

Safe on his darling Britain's joyful sea,
Behold, the monarch plows his liquid way:
His fleets in thunder through the world declare,
Whose empire they obey, whose arms they bear.
Bless'd by aspiring winds, he finds the strand
Blacken'd with crowds; he sees the nation stand,
Blessing his safety, proud of his command.
In various tongues he hears the captains dwell
On their great leader's praise; by turns they tell,
And listen, each with emulous glory fir'd,
How William conquer'd, and how France retir'd;
How Belgia, freed, the hero's arm confess'd,
But trembled for the courage which she blest.

O Louis, from this great example know,
To be at once a hero and a foe:
By sounding trumpets, hear, and rattling drums,
When William to the open vengeance comes:
And see the foldier plead the monarch's right,
Heading his troops, and foremost in the fight.

Hence then, close ambush and perfidious war,
Down to your native seats of night repair.

And thou, Bellona, weep thy cruel pride
Restrain'd, behind the victor's chariot tied
In brazen knots and everlasting chains
(So Europe's peace, so William's fate ordains),
While on the ivory chair, in happy state,
He sits, secure in innocence, and great
In regal clemency; and views beneath
Averted darts of rage, and pointless arms of death.

THE SECRETARY.

WRITTEN AT THE HAGUE, 1696.

WHILE with labour assiduous due pleasure I mix,
And in one day atone for the business of six,
In a little Dutch chaise on a Saturday night,
On my left hand my Horace, a nymph on my right:
No memoirs to compose, and no post-boy to move,
That on Sunday may hinder the softness of love;
For her, neither visits, nor parties at tea,
Nor the long-winded cant of a dull refugee.
This night and the next shall be hers, shall be mine,
To good or ill-fortune the third we resign:
Thus scorning the world and superior to fate,
I drive on my car in processional state.
So with Phia through Athens Pisistratus rode;
Men thought her Minerva, and him a new god.
But why should I stories of Athens rehearse,
Where people knew love, and were partial to verse;
Since none can with justice my pleasures oppose,
In Holland half drowned in interest and prose?
By Greece and past ages what need I be tried,
When the Hague and the present are both on my
side?

And is it enough for the joys of the day,
To think what Anacreon or Sappho would say?
When good Vandergoes, and his provident Vrow,
As they gaze on my triumph, do freely allow, [is,
That, search all the province, you'll find no man oar
So blest as the Englishen Heer Secretar' is.

TO CLOE WEeping.

SEE, whilst thou weep'st, fair Cloe, see
The world in sympathy with thee.
The cheerful birds no longer sing;
Each drops his head, and hangs his wing.
The clouds have bent their bosom lower,
And shed their sorrows in a shower.
The brooks beyond their limits flow;
And louder murmurs speak their woe.
The nymphs and swains adopt thy cares;
They heave thy sighs, and weep thy tears.
Fantastic nymph! that grief should move
Thy heart obdurate against love.
Strange tears! whose power can soften all,
But that dear break on which they fall.

TO MR. HOWARD.

AN ODE.

I.

DEAR Howard, from the soft assaults of love,
Poets and painters never are secure;

Can I untouch'd the fair one's passions move,
Or thou draw beauty, and not feel its power?

II.

To great Apelles when young Ammon brought
The darling idol of his captive heart;
And the pleas'd nymph with kind attention sat,
To have her charms recorded by his art:

III.

The amorous master own'd her potent eyes;
Sigh'd when he look'd, and trembled as he
drew;

Each flowing line confirm'd his first surprize,
And, as the piece advanc'd, the passion grew.

IV.

While Philip's son, while Venus' son, was near,
What different tortures does his bosom feel!
Great was the rival, and the god severe:
Nor could he hide his flame, nor durst reveal.

V.

The prince, renown'd in bounty as in arms,
With pity saw the ill-conceal'd distress;
Quitted his title to Campaspe's charms,
And gave the fair one to the friend's embrace.

VI.

Thus the more beauteous Cloe sat to thee,
Good Howard, emulous of the Grecian art:
But happy thou, from Cupid's arrow free,
And flames that pierc'd thy predecessor's heart!

VII.

Had thy poor breast receiv'd an equal pain;
Had I been vested with the monarch's power;
Thou must have sigh'd, unlucky youth, in vain;
Nor from my bounty hadst thou found a cure.

VIII.

Though, to convince thee that the friend did feel
A kind concern for thy ill-fated care,
I would have sooth'd the flame I could not heal;
Given thee the world; though I withheld the fair.

LOVE DISARMED.

BENEATH a myrtle's verdant shade
As Cloe half asleep was laid,
Cupid perch'd lightly on her breast,
And in that heaven desir'd to rest:
Over her paps his wings he spread;
Between he found a downy bed,
And nestled in his little head.

Still lay the god: she nymph, surpris'd,
Yet mistress of herself, devis'd
How she the vagrant might enthrall,
And captive him, who captives all.

Her bodice half-way she unlace'd;
About his arms she slyly cast
The silken bond, and held him fast.

The god awak'd; and thrice in vain
He strove to break the cruel chain;
And thrice in vain he shook his wing,
Incumber'd in the silken string.

Fluttering the god, and weeping, said,
Pity poor Cupid, generous maid,
Who happen'd, being blind, to stray,
And on thy bosom lost his way;

Who stray'd, alas! but knew too well,
He never there must hope to dwell:
Set an unhappy prisoner free,
Who ne'er intended harm to thee.

To me pertains not, the replica,
To know or care where Cupid flies;
What are his haunts, or which his way;
Where he would dwell, or whither stray:
Yet will I never set thee free;
For harm was meant, and harm to me.

Vain fears that vex thy virgin heart!
I'll give thee up my bow and dart;
Untangle but this cruel chain,
And freely let me fly again.

Agreed: secure my virgin heart:
Instant give up thy bow and dart:
The chain I'll in return untie;
And freely thou again shalt fly.

Thus she the captive did deliver;
The captive thus gave up his quiver.
The god disarm'd, e'er since that day,
Passes his life in harmless play;
Flies round, or sits upon her breast,
A little, fluttering, idle guest.

E'er since that day, the beauteous maid
Governs the world in Cupid's stead;
Directs his arrow as she wills;
Gives grief, or pleasure; spares, or kills.

CLOE HUNTING.

BEHIND her neck her comely tresses tied,
Her ivory quiver graceful by her side,
A hunting Cloe went: she lost her way,
And through the woods uncertain chanc'd to stray.
Apollo, passing by, beheld the maid;
And, sister dear, bright Cynthia, turn, he said:
The hunted hind lies close in yonder brake.

Loud Cupid laugh'd, to see the god's mistake;
And, laughing, cried, Learn better, great divine,
To know thy kindred, and to honour mine.

Rightly advis'd far hence thy sister seek,
Or on Meander's bank, or Latmus' peak.
But in this nymph, my friend, my sister know:
She draws my arrows, and she bends my bow:

Fair flames his haunts, and every neighbouring
grove,

Sacred to soft recess, and gentle love.
Go, with thy Cynthia, hurl the pointed spear
At the rough boar, or chase the flying deer:
I and my Cloe take a nobler aim:

At human hearts we sling, nor ever miss the game.

CUPID AND GANYMEDE.

IN heaven, one holy-day, you read
In wise Anacreon, Ganymede
Drew heedless Cupid in, to show
A main, to pass an hour, or so.
The little Trojan, by the way,
By Hermes taught, play'd all the play.

THE WORKS OF PRIOR.

The god unhappily engag'd,
By nature rash, by play enrag'd,
Complain'd, and sigh'd, and cried and fretted;
Lost every earthly thing he betted:
In ready money, all the store
Pick'd up long since from Danaë's shower;
A snuff-box, set with bleeding hearts,
Rubies, all pierc'd with diamond darts;
His nine-pins made of myrtle wood
(The tree in Ida's forest flood);
His bowl pure gold, the very same
Which Paris gave the Cyprian dame;
Two table books in shagreen covers,
Fill'd with good verse from real lovers;
Merchandise rare! a billet-doux,
Its matter passionate, yet true;
Heaps of hair-rings, and cypher'd seals;
Rich trifles; serious bagatelles.

What sad disorders play begets!
Desperate and mad, at length he sets
Those darts, whose points make gods adore
His might, and deprecate his power:
Those darts, whence all our joy and pain
Arise: those darts—Come, seven's the main,
Cries Ganymede: the usual trick:
Seven, slur a six; eleven: a nick.

All news goes fast: 'twas quickly known
That simple Cupid was undone.
Swifter than lightning, Venus flew:
Too late she found the thing too true.
Guess how the goddess greets her son:
Come hither, firrah; no, begone;
And, hark ye, is it so indeed?
A comrade you for Ganymede?
An imp as wicked, for his age,
As any earthly lady's page;
A scandal and a scourge to Troy;
A prince's son; a blackguard boy;
A sharper, that with box and dice
Draws in young deities to vice.
All heaven is by the ears together,
Since first that little rogue came hither:
Juno herself has had no peace:
And truly I've been favour'd less:
For Jove, as fame reports (but fame
Says things not fit for me to name),
Has acted ill for such a god,
And taken ways extremely odd.

And thou, unhappy child, the said,
(Her anger by her grief allay'd)
Unhappy child, who thus hast lost
All the estate we e'er could boast;
Whither, O whither wilt thou run,
Thy name despis'd, thy weakness known?
Nor shall thy shrine on earth be crown'd;
Nor shall thy power in heaven be own'd;
When thou nor man nor god canst wound.

Obedient Cupid kneeling cried,
Cease, dearest mother, cease to chide:
Gany's a cheat, and I'm a bubble:
Yet why this great excess of trouble?
The dice were false: the darts are gone:
Yet how are you, or I, undone?

The loss of these I can supply
With keener shafts from Cloe's eye:

Fear not we e'er can be disgrac'd
While that bright magazine shall last:
Your crowded altars still shall smoke;
And man your friendly aid invoke:
Jove shall again revere your power,
And rise a swan, or fall a shower.

CUPID MISTAKEN.

I.
As after noon, one summer's day,
Venus flood bathing in a river;
Cupid a-shooting went that way,
New strung his bow, new fill'd his quiver.

II.
With skill he chose his sharpest dart,
With all his might his bow he drew;
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too-well-guided arrow flew.

III.
I faint! I die! the goddess cried:
O cruel, could'st thou find none other,
To wreck thy spleen on? parricide!
Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.

IV.
Poor Cupid sobbing scarce could speak;
Indeed, Mamma, I did not know ye:
Alas! how easy my mistake!
I took you for your likeness Cloe.

VENUS MISTAKEN.

WHEN Cloe's picture was to Venus shown,
Surpris'd, the goddess took it for her own.
And what, said she, does this bold painter mean?
When was I bathing thus, and naked seen?
Pleas'd Cupid heard, and check'd his mother's
pride:
And who's blind now, Mamma? the urchin cried.
'Tis Cloe's eye, and cheek, and lip, and breast:
Friend Howard's genius fancied all the rest.

A SONG.

If wine and music have the power
To ease the sickness of the soul;
Let Phœbus every string explore,
And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.
Let them their friendly aid employ,
To make my Cloe's absence light;
And seek for pleasure, to destroy
The sorrows of this live-long night.

But she to-morrow will return:
Venus, be thou to-morrow great;
Thy myrtles throw, thy odours burn;
And meet thy favourite nymph in state.
Kind goddess, to no other powers
Let us to-morrow's blessings own:

Thy darling loves shall guide the hours;
And all the day be thine alone.

THE DOVE.

"—Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ? VING.

I.
In Virgil's sacred verse we find,
That passion can depress or raise
The heavenly, as the human mind:
Who dare deny what Virgil says?

II.
But, if they should, what our great master
Has thus laid down, my tale shall prove:
Fair Venus wept the sad disaster
Of having lost her favourite dove.

III.
In complaisance poor Cupid mourn'd;
His grief reliev'd his mother's pain;
He vow'd he'd leave no stone unturn'd,
But she should have her dove again.

IV.
Though none, said he, shall yet be nam'd,
I know the felon well enough:
But be she not, Mamma, condemn'd
Without a fair and legal proof.

V.
With that, his longest dart he took,
As constable would take his staff:
That gods desire like men to look,
Would make ev'n Heracitus laugh.

VI.
Love's subalterns, a deuteous band,
Like watchmen, round their chief appear:
Each had his lantern in his hand;
And Venus mask'd brought up the rear.

VII.
Accoutred thus, their eager step
To Cloe's lodging they directed:
(At once I writ, alas! and weep,
That Cloe is of theft suspected).

VIII.
Late they set out, had far to go:
St. Dunstan's as they pass'd struck one.
Cloe, for reasons good, you know,
Lives at the sober end o' th' town.

IX.
With one great peal they rap the door,
Like footmen on a visiting day.
Folks at her house at such an hour!
Lord! what will all the neighbours say?

X.
The door is open: up they run:
Nor prayers, nor threats, divert their speed:
Thieves! thieves! cries Susan; we're undone;
They'll kill my mistress in her bed.

XI.
In bed indeed the nymph had been
Three hours: for, all historians say,
She commonly went up at ten,
Unless piquet was in the way.

XII.
She wak'd, be sure, with strange surprise:
O Cupid, is this right or law,
Thus to disturb the brightest eyes,
That ever slept, or ever saw?

XIII.
Have you observ'd a sitting hare,
Listening, and fearful of the storm
Of horns and hounds, clap back her ear,
Afraid to keep, or leave her form?

XIV.
Or have you mark'd a partridge quake,
Viewing the towering falcon nigh?
She cuddles low behind the brake:
Nor would she stay, nor dares she fly.

XV.
Then have you seen the beauteous maid;
When gazing on her midnight face,
She turn'd each way her frighted head,
Then sunk it deep beneath the clothes.

XVI.
Venus this while was in the chamber
Incognito; for Susan said,
It smelt so strong of myrrh and amber—
And Susan is no lying maid.

XVII.
But, since we have no present need
Of Venus for an episode:
With Cupid let us e'en proceed;
And thus to Cloe spoke the god:

XVIII.
Hold up your head: hold up your hand:
Would it were my lot to show ye
This cruel writ, wherein you stand
Indicted by the name of Cloe!

XIX.
For that, by secret malice stirr'd,
Or by an emulous pride invited,
You have purloin'd the favourite bird,
In which my mother most delighted.

XX.
Her blushing face the lovely maid
Rais'd just above the milk-white sheet;
A rose-tree in a lilly bed
Nor glows so red, nor breathes so sweet.

XXI.
Are you not he whom virgins fear,
And widows court? is not your name
Cupid? If so, pray come not near—
Fair maiden, I'm the very same.

XXII.
Then what have I, good Sir, to say,
Or do with her you call your mother?
If I should meet her in my way,
We hardly court'sy to each other.

XXIII.
Diana chaste, and Hebe sweet,
Witness that what I speak is true:
I would not give my Parquet
For all the doves that ever flew.

XXIV.
Yet, to compose this midnight noise,
Go freely search where'er you please
(The rage that rais'd, adorn'd her voice)—
Upon yon' toilet lie my keys.

THE WORKS OF PRIOR.

Her keys he takes; her doors unlocks;
 Through wardrobe, and through closet bounces;
 Peeps into every chest and box;
 Turns all her furbelows and founcces.

But dove, depend on't, finds he none;
 So to the bed returns again:
 And now the maiden, bolder grown,
 Begins to treat him with disdain.

I marvel much, she smiling said,
 Your poultry cannot yet be found;
 Lies he in yonder slipper dead;
 Or, may be, in the tea-pot drown'd?

No, traitor, angry Love replies,
 He's hid somewhere about your breast;
 A place nor god nor man denies,
 For Venus' dove the proper nest.

Search then, she said, put in your hand,
 And Cynthia, dear protectress, guard me:
 As guilty I, or free may stand,
 Do thou or punish or reward me.

But ah! what maid to Love can trust!
 He scorns, and breaks all legal power:
 Into her breast his hand he thrust;
 And in a moment forc'd it lower.

O, whither do those fingers rove,
 Cries Cloe, treacherous urchin, whither?
 O Venus! I shall find the dove,
 Says he; for sure I touch his feather.

A LOVER'S ANGER.

As Cloe came into the room t' other day,
 I peevish began; where so long could you stay?
 In your life time you never regarded your hour;
 You promis'd at two; and (pray, look, child) tis
 four.

A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels;
 'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals.
 A temper so heedless no mortal can bear—
 Thus far I went on with a resolute air.

Lord bless me! said she; let a body but speak!
 Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fallen into my neck:
 It has hurt me, and vexed me to such a degree—
 See here! for you never believe me; pray see,
 On the left side my breast, what a mark it has
 made!

So saying, her bosom she careless display'd:
 That seat of delight I with wonder survey'd,
 And forgot every word I design'd to have said.

MERCURY AND CUPID.

In sullen humour one day Jove
 Sent Hermes down to Ida's grove,

Commanding Cupid to deliver
 His store of darts, his total quiver;
 That Hermes should the weapon break,
 Or throw them into Lethe's lake.

Hermes, you know, must do his errand:
 He found his man, produc'd his warrant;
 Cupid! your darts—this very hour—
 There's no contending against power!

How sullen Jupiter, just now,
 I think I said; and you'll allow
 That Cupid was as bad as he:
 Hear but the youngster's repartee.

Come kinsman (said the little god),
 Put off your wings, lay by your rod;
 Retire with me to yonder bower,
 And rest yourself for half an hour:
 'Tis far indeed from hence to heaven;
 But you fly fast: and 'tis but seven.
 We'll take one cooling cup of nectar;
 And drink to this celestial HecTOR.

He break my darts! or hurt my power!
 He, Leda's swan, and Danaë's shower!
 Go, bid him his wife tongue restrain,
 And mind his thunder, and his rain.—
 My darts! O certainly I'll give 'em:
 From Cloe's eyes he shall receive 'em.
 There's one, the best in all my quiver,
 Twang! through his very heart and liver;
 He then shall pine, and sigh, and rave:
 Good Lord! what bustle shall we have!

Neptune must straight be sent to sea,
 And Flora summon'd twice a-day:
 One must find shells, t' other flowers,
 For cooling grots, and fragrant bowers,
 That Cloe may be serv'd in state,
 The hours must at her toilet wait:
 Whilst all the reasoning fools below
 Wonder their watches go too slow.
 Lybs must fly south, and Eurus east,
 For jewels for her hair and breast.
 No matter, though this cruel haste
 Sink cities, and lay forests waste.
 No matter, though this fleet be lost;
 Or that lie wind-bound on the coast.
 What whispering in my mother's ear!
 What care, that Juno should not hear!
 What work among you scholar gods!
 Phæbus must write him amorous odes.
 And thou, poor cousin, must compose
 His letters in submissive prose:
 Whilst haughty Cloe, to sustain
 The honour of my mystic reign,
 Shall all his gifts and vows disdain,
 And laugh at your old bully's pain.
 Dear coz, said Hermes in a fright,
 For heaven's sake! keep your darts: good night.

ON BEAUTY,

A RIDDLE.

RESOLVE me, Cloe, what is this:
 Or forfeit me one precious kiss.

'Tis the first offspring of the græcs;
Bears different forms in different places;
Acknowledg'd fine, where'er beheld;
Yet fancied finer, when conceal'd.
'Twas Flora's wealth, and Circe's charm;
Pandora's box of hood and harm;
'Twas Mars's wish, Endymion's dream;
Apelles' draught, and Ovid's theme.
This guided Theseus through the maze;
And sent him home with life and praise:
But this undid the Phrygian boy;
And blew the flames that ruin'd Troy.
This show'd great kindness to old Greece,
And help'd rich Jason to the fleece.
This through the east just vengeance hurl'd,
And lost poor Anthony the world.
Injur'd, though Lucrece found her doom,
This banish'd tyranny from Rome.
Appeas'd, though Lais gain'd her hire;
This set Persepolis on fire.
For this Alcides learn'd to spin:
His club laid down, and lion's skin.
For this Apollo deign'd to keep,
With servile care a mortal's sheep.
For this the father of the gods,
Content to leave his high abodes,
In borrow'd figures loosely ran,
Europa's bull, and Leda's swan:
For this he re-assumes the nod
(While Semele commands the god);
Launches the bolt, and shakes the poles;
Though Momus laughs, and Juno scolds.
Here listening Cloc smil'd, and said;
Your riddle is not hard to read:
I guess it—Fair one, if you do,
Need I, alas! the theme pursue?
For this, thou seest, for this I leave
Whate'er the world thinks wise or grave,
Ambition, business, friendship, news,
My useful books, and serious muse.
For this, I willingly decline
The mirth of feasts, and joys of wine;
And choose to sit and talk with thee
(As thy great orders may decree)
Of cocks and bulls, and flutes and fiddles,
Of idle tales and foolish riddles.

THE QUESTION.

TO LISETTA.

WHAT Nymph should I admire, or trust,
But Cloc beauteous, Cloc just?
What Nymph should I desire to see,
But her who leaves the plain for me?
To whom should I compose the lay,
But her who listens when I play?
To whom in song repeat my cares,
But her who in my sorrow shares?
For whom should I the garland make,
But her who joys the gift to take,
And boasts she wears it for my sake?
In love am I not fully blest?
Lisetta, pr'ythee tell the rest.

LISETTA'S REPLY.

SURE Cloc just, and Cloc fair,
Deserves to be your only care:
But, when you and she to-day
Far into the wood did stray,
And I happen'd to pass by;
Which way did you cast your eye?
But, when your cares to her you sing,
Yet dare not tell her whence they spring;
Does it not more afflict your heart,
That in those cares she bears a part?
When you the flowers for Cloc twine,
Why do you to her garland join
The meanest bud that falls from mine?
Simplest of swains! the world may see,
Whom Cloc loves, and who loves me.

THE GARLAND.

I.
THE pride of every grove I chose,
The violet sweet and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Cloc's hair.
II.
AT morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flowers less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.
III.
THE flowers she wore along the day:
And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.
IV.
UNDREST at evening, when she found
Their odours lost, their colours past;
She chang'd her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.
V.
THAT eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
As any muse's tongue could speak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.
VI.
DISSEMBLING what I knew too well,
My love, my life, said I, explain
This change of humour: pr'ythee tell:
That falling tear—what does it mean?
VII.
SHE sigh'd; she smil'd: and to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely moralist said;
See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made.
VIII.
AH me! the blooming pride of May,
And that of Beauty, are but one:
At morn both flourish bright and gay;
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.
IX.
AT dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung;
The amorous youth around her bow'd;

THE WORKS OF PRIOR.

At night her fatal knell was rung;
I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

Such as she is, who died to-day;
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow:
Go, Damon, bid thy muse display
The justice of thy Cloe's sorrow.

THE LADY WHO OFFERS HER LOOKING-GLASS TO VENUS.

TAKEN FROM AN EPIGRAM OF PLATO.

VENUS, take my votive glass;
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see.

CLOE JEALOUS.

FORBEAR to ask me, why I weep;
Vex: Cloe to her shepherd said;
'Tis for my two poor straggling sheep,
Perhaps, or for my squirrel dead.

For mind I what you late have writ?
Your subtle questions and replies?
Emblems, to teach a female wit
The ways, where changing Cupid flies?

Your riddle purpos'd to rehearse
The general power that beauty has:
But why did no peculiar verse
Describe one charm of Cloe's face?

The glass, which was at Venus' shrine,
With such mysterious sorrow laid:
The garland (and you call it mine)
Which show'd how youth and beauty fade:

Ten thousand trifles light as these
Nor can my rage, nor anger, move:
She should be humble, who would please;
And she must suffer, who can love.

When in my glass I chanc'd to look;
Of Venus what did I implore?
That every grace, which thence I took,
Should know to charm my Damon more.

Reading thy verse; who heeds, said I,
If here or there his glances flew?
O, free for ever be his eye,
Whose heart to me is always true!

My bloom indeed, my little flower
Of beauty quickly lost its pride:
For, sever'd from its native bower,
It on thy glowing bosom dy'd.

Yet car'd I not what might preface
Or withering wreath, or fleeting youth;
Love I esteem'd more strong than age,
And time less permanent than truth.

Why then I weep, forbear to know:
Fall uncontroll'd, my tears, and free;
O Damon! 'tis the only woe,
I ever yet conceal'd from thee.

The secret wound with which I bleed
Shall lie wrapt up, ev'n in my hearse;
But on my tomb-stone thou shalt read
My answer to thy dubious verse.

ANSWER TO CLOE JEALOUS,

IN THE SAME STYLE; THE AUTHOR SING.

Yes, fairest proof of beauty's power,
Dear idol of my panting heart,
Nature points this my fatal hour:
And I have liv'd; and we must part.

While now I take my last adieu,
Heave thou no sigh, nor shed a tear;
Left yet my half-clos'd eye may view
On earth an object worth its care.

From jealousy's tormenting strife
For ever be thy bosom freed:
That nothing may disturb thy life,
Content I hasten to the dead.

Yet when some better-fared youth
Shall with his amorous parley move thee;
Reflect one moment on his truth
Who, dying thus, persists to love thee.

A BETTER ANSWER.

DEAR Cloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face!
Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd:
Pr'ythee quit this caprice; and (as old Falstaff says)
Let us ev'n talk a little like folks of this world.

How canst thou presume, thou hast leave to destroy
The beauties, which Venus but lent to thy keep-
ing?
Those looks were design'd to inspire love and joy:
More ordinary eyes may serve people for weep-
ing.

To be vex'd at a trifle or two that I writ,
Your judgment at once, and my passion you
wrong:
You take that for fact, which will scarce be found
Od's-life! must one swear to the truth of a song?

What I speak, my fair Cloe, and what I write,
shows

The difference there is betwixt nature and art:
I court others in verse; but I love thee in prose:
And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.

The god of us verse-men (you know, child) the
fun,

How after his journeys he sets up his rest:
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run;
At night he declines on his Thetis's breast.

So when I am weary'd with wandering all day,
To thee my delight in the evening I come:
No matter what beauties I saw in my way;
They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

Then finish, dear Cloe, this pastoral war;
And let us like Horace and Lydia agree:
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
As he was a poet sublimer than me.

PALLAS AND VENUS.

AN EPIGRAM.

THE Trojan swain had judg'd the great dispute,
And beauty's power obtain'd the golden fruit;
When Venus, loose in all her naked charms,
Met Jove's great daughter clad in shining arms.
The wanton goddess view'd the warlike maid
From head to foot, and tauntingly said:

Yield, sister; rival, yield: naked, you see,
I vanquish: guess how potent I should be,
If to the field I came in armour drest; [crest!
Dreadful, like thine, my shield, and terrible my

The warrior goddess with disdain reply'd:
Thy folly, child, is equal to thy pride:
Let a brave enemy for once advise,
And Venus (if 'tis possible) be wife.
Thou, to be strong, must put off every drest;
Thy only armour is thy nakedness:
And more than once (or thou art much believ'd)
By Mars himself that armour has been try'd.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN LOVE.

A TALE.

FROM public noise and seditious strife,
From all the busy ills of life,
Take me, my Celia, to thy breast;
And lull my wearied soul to rest.
For ever, in this humble cell,
Let thee and I, my fair one, dwell;
None enter else, but love—and he
Shall bar the door, and keep the key.

To painted roofs and shining spires
(Uneasy seats of high desires)

Let the unthinking many crowd,
That dare be covetous and proud:
In golden bondage let them wait,
And barter happiness for state.
But oh! my Celia, when thy swain
Desires to see a court again,
May heaven around this destin'd head
The choicest of its curses shed!
To sum up all the rage of fate
In the two things I dread and hate,
May'st thou be false, and I be great!
Thus, on his Celia's panting breast,
Fond Celadon his soul exprest:
While with delight the lovely maid
Receiv'd the vows she thus repaid:

Hope of my age, joy of my youth,
Blest miracle of love and truth;
All that could e'er be counted mine,
My love and life, long since are thine;
A real joy I never knew,
Till I believ'd thy passion true:
A real grief I ne'er can find,
Till thou prov'st perjur'd, or unkind.
Contempt, and poverty, and care,
All we abhor, and all we fear,
Blest with thy presence, I can bear.

Through waters and through flames I'll go,
Sufferer and solace of thy woe:
Trace me some yet unheard-of way,
That I thy ardour may repay;
And make my constant passion known
By more than woman yet has done.

Had I a wish that did not bear
The stamp and image of my dear;
I'd pierce my heart through every vein,
And die, to let it out again.
No: Venus shall my witness be
(If Venus ever lov'd like me),
That for one hour I would not quit
My shepherd's arms, and this retreat,
To be the Persian monarch's bride,
Partner of all his power and pride;
Or rule in regal state above,
Mother of gods, and wife of Jove.

"O happy these of human race!"
But soon, alas! our pleasures pass.
He thank'd her on his bended knee;
Then drank a quart of milk and tea;
And, leaving her ador'd embrace,
Hasten'd to court, to beg a place.
While she, his absence to bemoan,
The very moment he was gone,
Call'd Thyrsis from beneath the bed!
Where all this time he had been hid.

MORAL.

WHILE men have these ambitious fancies;
And wanton wenches read romances;
Our sex will—What? Out with it. —Lye;
And theirs in equal strains reply.
The moral of the tale I sing
(A posy for a wedding ring)
In this short verse will be confin'd:
Love is a jest, and vows are wind.

AN ENGLISH PADLOCK.

Miss Danaë, when fair and young,
(As Horace has divinely sung)
Could not be kept from Jove's embrace
By doors of steel, and walls of brass.
The reason of the thing is clear,
Would Jove the naked truth aver.
Cupid was with him of the party;
And show'd himself sincere and hearty;
For, give that whipster but his errand,
He takes my lord chief justice' warrant;
Dauntless as death away he walks;
Breaks the doors open, snaps the locks;
Searches the parlour, chamber, study;
Nor stops till he has culprit's body.

Since this has been authentic truth,
By age deliver'd down to youth;
Tell us, mistaken husband, tell us,
Why so mysterious, why so jealous?
Does the restraint, the bolt, the bar;
Make us less curious, her less fair?
The spy, which does this treasure keep,
Does she ne'er say her prayers, nor sleep?
Does she to no excess incline?
Does she fly music, mirth, and wine?
Or have not gold and flattery power
To purchase one unguarded hour?

Your care does further yet extend:
That spy is guarded by your friend.—
But has this friend nor eye nor heart?
May he not feel the cruel dart,
Which, soon or late, all mortals feel?
May he not, with too tender zeal,
Give the fair prisoner cause to see,
How much he wishes she were free?
May he not craftily infer
The rules of friendship too severe,
Which chain him to a hated trust;
Which make him wretched, to be just?
And may not she, this darling she,

Youthful and healthy, flesh and blood,
Easy with him, ill us'd by thee,
Allow this logic to be good?

Sir, will your questions never end?
I trust to neither spy nor friend.
In short, I keep her from the sight
Of every human face.—She'll write.
From pen and paper she's debarr'd.—
Has she a bodkin and a card?
She'll prick her mind.—She will, you say:
But how shall she that mind convey?
I keep her in one room: I lock it:
The key (look here) is in this pocket.
The key-hole, is that left? Most certain.
She'll thrust her letter through.—Sir Martin.

Dear angry friend, what must be done?
Is there no way?—There is but one.
Send her abroad: and let her see,
That all this mingled mase, which she,
Being forbidden, longs to know,
Is a dull farce, an empty show,
Powder, and pocket-glass, and beau;
A staple of romance and lies,
False tears and real perjuries;

Where sighs and looks are bought and sold,
And love is made but to be told:
Where the fat bawd and lavish heir
The spoils of ruin'd beauty share;
And youth, seduc'd from friends and fame,
Must give up age to want and shame.
Let her behold the frantic scene,
The women wretched, false the men:
And when, these certain ills to shun,
She would to thy embraces run;
Receive her with extended arms,
Seem more delighted with her charms;
Wait on her to the park and play,
Put on good-humour; make her gay;
Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind;
Let all her ways be unconfin'd;
And clap your padlock—on her mind.

HANS CARVEL.

HANS Carvel, impotent and old,
Married a lass of London mould:
Handsome? enough; extremely gay:
Lov'd music, company, and play:
High flights she had, and wit at will;
And so her tongue lay seldom still:
For in all visits who but she,
To argue, or to repartee?

She made it plain, that human passion
Was order'd by predestination;
That, if weak women went astray,
Their stars were more in fault than they:
Whole tragedies she had by heart;
Enter'd into Roxana's part:
To triumph in her rival's blood,
The action certainly was good.
How like a vine young Ammon curl'd!
Oh that dear conqueror of the world!
She pitied Betterton in age,
That ridicul'd the god-like rage.

She, first of all the town, was told,
Where newest India things were sold:
So in a morning, without bodice,
Slept some times out to Mrs. Thody's;
To cheapen tea, to buy a screen:
What else could so much virtue mean?
For, to prevent the least reproach,
Betty went with her in the coach.

But, when no very great affair
Excited her peculiar care,
She without fail was wak'd at ten;
Drank chocolate, then slept again:
At twelve she rose; with much ado
Her clothes were huddled on by two;
Then, does my lady dine at home?
Yes, sure!—But is the Colonel come?
Next, how to spend the afternoon,
And not come home again too soon:
The Change, the City, or the Play,
As each was proper for the day:
A turn in summer to Hyde-Park,
When it grew tolerably dark,

Wife's pleasure causes husband's pain :
 Strange fancies come in Hans's brain :
 He thought of what he did not name ;
 And would reform, but durst not blame.
 At first he therefore preach'd his wife
 The comforts of a pious life :
 Told her, how transient beauty was ;
 That all must die, and flesh was grass :
 He bought her sermons, psalms, and graces ;
 And doubled down the useful places.
 But still the weight of worldly care
 Allow'd her little time for prayer :
 And Cleopatra was read o'er ;
 While Scot, and Wake, and twenty more,
 That teach one to deny one's self,
 Stood unmolested on the shelf.
 An untouch'd bible grac'd her toilet :
 No fear that thumb of hers should spoil it.
 In short, the trade was still the same :
 The dame went out: the colonel came.

What's to be done ? poor Carvel cry'd :
 Another battery must be try'd :
 What if to spells I had recourse ?
 'Tis but to hinder something worse.
 The end must justify the means ;
 He only sins who ill intends :
 Since therefore 'tis to combat evil ;
 'Tis lawful to employ the devil.

Forthwith the devil did appear
 (For name him, and he's always near) ;
 Not in the shape in which he plies
 At Miss's elbow when she lies ;
 Or stands before the nursery doors,
 To take the naughty boy that roars :
 But, without lawcer-eye or claw,
 Like a grave barrister at law.

Hans Carvel, lay aside your grief,
 The devil says ; I bring relief.
 Relief ! says Hans : pray, let me crave
 Your name, Sir—Satan—Sir, your slave ;
 I did not look upon your feet :
 You'll pardon me :—Ay, now I see't :
 And pray, Sir, when came you from hell ?
 Our friends there, did you leave them well ?
 All well ; but pr'ythee, honest Hans,
 (Says Satan) leave your complaisance :
 The truth is this : I cannot stay
 Flaring in sun-shine all the day :
 For, *entre nous*, we hellish sprites
 Love more the fresco of the nights ;
 And oftener our receipts convey
 In dreams, than any other way.
 I tell you therefore as a friend,
 Ere morning dawns, your fears shall end :
 Go then this evening, master Carvel,
 Lay down your fowls, and broach your barrel ;
 Let friends and wine dissolve your care ;
 Whilst I the great receipt prepare :
 To-night I'll bring it, by my faith !
 Believe for once what Satan saith.

Away went Hans ; glad ? not a little ;
 Obey'd the devil to a tittle ;
 Invited friends some half a dozen,
 The colonel and my lady's cousin.
 The meat was serv'd ; the bowls were crown'd ;
 Catches were sung ; and healths went round ;

Barbadoes waters for the clofe ;
 Till Hans had fairly got his dose :
 The colonel toasted "to the best :"
 The dame mov'd off, to be undrest :
 The chimes went twelve : the guests withdrew :
 But, when, or how, Hans hardly knew.
 Some modern anecdotes aver,
 He nodded in his elbow chair ;
 From thence was carried off to bed :
 John held his heels, and Nan his head.
 My lady was disturb'd : new sorrow !
 Which Hans must answer for to-morrow.

In bed then view this happy pair ;
 And think how Hymen triumph'd there.
 Hans fast asleep as soon as laid ;
 The duty of the night unpaid :
 The waking dame, with thoughts oppress'd,
 That made her hate both him and rest :
 By such a husband, such a wife !
 'Twas Acme's and Septimius' life :
 The lady sigh'd : the lover snor'd :
 The punctual devil kept his word :
 Appear'd to honest Hans again ;
 But not at all by madam seen :
 And giving him a magic ring,
 Fit for the finger of a king ;
 Dear Hans, said he, this jewel take,
 And wear it long for Satan's sake :
 'Twill do your business to a hair :
 For, long as you this ring shall wear,
 As sure as I look over Lincoln,
 That ne'er shall happen which you think on.
 Hans took the ring with joy extreme
 (All this was only in a dream) ;
 And, thrusting it beyond his joint,
 'Tis done, he cry'd : I've gain'd my point.—
 What point, said she, you ugly beast ?
 You neither give me joy nor rest :
 'Tis done.—What's done, you drunken bear ?
 You've thrust your finger God knows where.

A DUTCH PROVERB.

FIRE, water, woman, are man's ruin ;
 Says wise Professor Vander Brûin.
 By flames a house I hir'd was lost
 Last year : and I must pay the cost.
 This spring the rains o'erflow'd my ground :
 And my best Flanders mare was drown'd.
 A slave I am to Clara's eyes :
 The gipsy knows her power, and flies.
 Fire, water, woman, are my ruin :
 And great thy wisdom, Vander Brûin.

PAULO PURGANTI AND HIS WIFE ;

AN HONEST, BUT A SIMPLE PAIR.

"Est enim quiddam, idque intelligitur in omni
 "virtute, quod deest : quod cogitatione magis
 "à virtute potest quam re separari."
 Cic. de Off. l. i.

BEYOND the fix'd and settled rules
 Of vice and virtue in the schools,

Beyond the letter of the law,
Which keeps our men and maids in awe;
The better sort should set before 'em
A grace, a manner, a decorum;
Something, that gives their acts a light;
Makes them not only just, but bright;
And sets them in that open fame,
Which witty malice cannot blame.

For 'tis in life, as 'tis in painting:
Much may be right, yet much be wanting;
From lines drawn true, our eye may trace
A foot, a knee, a hand, a face;
May justly own the picture wrought
Exact to rule, exempt from fault:
Yet, if the colouring be not there,
The Titian stroke, the Guido air;
To nicest judgment show the piece,
At best 'twill only not displease:
It would not gain on Jersey's eye;
Bradford would frown, and set it by.

Thus in the picture of our mind
The action may be well design'd;
Guided by law, and bound by duty;
Yet want this *je ne sçai quoi* of beauty:
And though its error may be such,
As Knags and Burgeses cannot hit;
It yet may feel the nicer touch

Of Wicherley's or Congreve's wit.
What is this talk? replies a friend,
And where will this dry moral end?
The truth of what you here lay down
By some example should be shown.—
With all my heart—for once; read on.
An honest, but a simple pair
(And twenty other I forbear)
May serve to make this thesis clear.

A doctor of great skill and fame,
Paulo Purganti was his name,
Had a good, comely, virtuous wife;
No woman led a better life:
She to intrigues was ev'n hard-hearted:
She chuckled when a bawd was carted;
And thought the nation ne'er would thrive,
Till all the whores were burnt alive.

On married men, that dar'd be bad,
She thought no mercy should be had;
They should be hang'd, or starv'd, or dead,
Or serv'd like Romish priests in Swede.—
In short, all lewdness she defied:
And stiff was her parochial pride.

Yet, in an honest way, the dame
Was a great lover of that same;
And could from scripture take her cue,
That husbands should give wives their due.

Her prudence did so justly steer
Between the gay and the severe,
That if in some regards she chose
To curb poor Paulo in too close;
In others she relax'd again,
And govern'd with a looser rein.

Thus though she strictly did confine
The doctor from excess of wine:
With oysters, eggs, and vermicelli,
She let him almost burst his belly:
Thus drying coffee was denied;
But chocolate that less supplied:

And for tobacco (who could bear it?)
Filthy concomitant of claret:
(Blest revolution!) one might see
Eringo roots, and Bohea tea.

She often set the doctor's band,
And strok'd his beard, and squeez'd his hand:
Kindly complain'd, that after noon
He went to pore on books too soon:
She held it wholesomer by much,
To rest a little on the couch:
About his waist in bed a-nights
She clung so close—for fear of sprites.

The doctor understood the call;
But had not always wherewithal.
The lion's skin too short, you know,
(As Plutarch's morals finely show)
Was lengthen'd by the fox's tail:
And art supplies, where strength may fail;

Unwilling then in arms to meet
The enemy he could not beat;
He strove to lengthen the campaign,
And save his forces by chicane.
Fabius, the Roman chief, who thus
By fair retreat grew Maximus,
Shows us, that all that warrior can do,
With force inferior, is *cunctando*.

One day then, as the foe drew near,
With love, and joy, and life, and dear;
Our Don, who knew this tittle-tattle
Did, sure as trumpet, call to battle,
Thought it extremely *a propos*,
To ward against the coming blow:
To ward: but how? Ay, there's the ques-
tion;

Fierce the assault, unarm'd the bastion.
The doctor feign'd a strange surprise:
He felt her pulse; he view'd her eyes:
That beat too fast, these roll'd to quick;
She was, he said, or would be sick:
He judg'd it absolutely good,
That she should purge, and cleanse her blood.
Spa waters for that end were got:
If they past easily or not,
What matters it? the lady's fever
Continued violent as ever.

For a distemper of this kind
(Blackmore and Hans are of my mind),
If once it youthful blood infects,
And chiefly of the female sex,
Is scarce remov'd by pill or potion;
Whate'er might be our doctor's notion.

One luckless night then, as in bed
The doctor and the dame were laid;
Again this cruel fever came,
High pulse, short breath, and blood in flame.
What measures shall poor Paulo keep
With Madam in this piteous taking?
She, like Macbeth, has murder'd sleep,
And won't allow him rest, though waking.
Sad state of matters! when we dare
Nor ask for peace, nor offer war;
Nor Livy nor Comines have shown
What in this juncture may be done.
Grotius might own, that Paulo's case is
Harder than any which he places
Amongst his *Belli*, and his *Pacis*.

He strove, alas! but strove in vain,
By dint of logic to maintain
That all the sex was born to grieve,
Down to her ladyship from Eve.
He rang'd his tropes, and preach'd up patience,
Back'd his opinion with quotations,
Divines and moralists; and run ye on
Quite through from Seneca to Bunyan.
As much in vain he bid her try
To fold her arms, to close her eye;
Telling her, rest would do her good,
If any thing in nature could:
So held the Greeks quite down from Galen,
Masters and princes of the calling:
So all our modern friends maintain
(Though no great Greeks) in Warwick-lane.
Reduce, my muse, the wandering song:
A tale should never be too long.

The more he talk'd, the more she burn'd,
And sigh'd, and toft, and groan'd, and turn'd:
At last, I wish, said she, my dear—
(And whisper'd something in his ear)
You wish! wish on, the doctor cries:
Lord! when will womankind be wise?
What, in your waters? are you mad?
Why poison is not half so bad.
I'll do it—but I give you warning:
You'll die before to-morrow morning.—
'Tis kind, my dear, what you advise;
The lady with a sigh replies!
But life, you know, at best is pain;
And death is what we should disdain.
So do it therefore, and adieu:
For I will die for love of you.—
Let wanton wives by death be fear'd:
But, to my comfort, I'm prepar'd.

THE LADLE.

The sceptics think, 'twas long ago,
Since gods came down incognito,
To see who were their friends or foes,
And how our actions fell or rose:
That since they gave things their beginning,
And set this whirligig a-spinning,
Supine they in their heaven remain,
Exempt from passion and from pain:
And frankly leave us human elves,
To cut and shuffle for ourselves;
To stand or walk; to rise or tumble,
As matter and as motion jumble.

The poets now and painters hold
This thesis both absurd and bold:
And your good-natur'd gods, they say,
Descend some twice or thrice a-day:
Else all these things we toil so hard in
Would not avail one single farthing:
For, when the hero we rehearse,
To grace his actions and our verse;
'Tis not by dint of human thought,
That to his Latium he is brought;
Iris descends by fate's command,
To guide his steps through foreign lands:

VOL. VII.

And Amphitrite clears the way
From rocks and quicksands in the sea.

And if you see him in a sketch
(Though drawn by Paulo or Carache),
He shows not half his force and strength,
Strutting in armour, and at length:
That he may make his proper figure,
The piece must yet be four yards bigger:
The nymphs conduct him to the field;
One holds his sword, and one his shield;
Mars, standing by, asserts his quarrel;
And fame flies after with a laurel.

These points, I say, of speculation
(As 'twere to save or sink the nation)
Men idly-learn'd will dispute,
Assert, object, confirm, refute:
Each mighty angry, mighty right,
With equal arms sustains the fight;
Till now no umpire can agree 'em:
So both draw off, and sing Te Deum.

Is it in equilibrio,
If deities descend or no?
Then let th' affirmative prevail,
As requisite to form my tale:
For by all parties 'tis confess'd,
That those opinions are the best,
Which in their nature most conduce
To present ends, and private use.

Two gods came therefore from above,
One Mercury, the other Jove:
The humour was (it seems) to know
If all the favours they bestow
Could from our own perverseness ease us;
And if our wish enjoy'd would please us.
Discourfing largely on this theme,
O'er hills and dales their godships came;
Till, well nigh tir'd at almost night,
They thought it proper to alight.
Note here, that it as true as odd is,
That in disguise a god or goddess
Exerts no supernatural powers;
But acts on maxims much like ours.
They spied at last a country farm,
Where all was snug, and clean, and warm;
For woods before, and hills behind,
Secur'd it both from rain and wind:
Large oxen in the field were lowing:
Good grain was sow'd: good fruit was grow-

ing:
Of last-year's corn in barns great store:
Fat turkeys gobbling at the door:
And wealth (in short) with peace consented
That people here should live contented:
But did they in effect do so!
Have patience, friend, and thou shalt know.

The honest farmer and his wife,
To years declin'd from prime of life,
Had struggled with the marriage noose;
As almost every couple does:
Sometimes, my plague! sometimes, my darling;
Kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling;
Jointly submitting to endure
That evil, which admits no cure.
Our gods the outward gate unbar'd
Our farmer met them in the yard;

D d

Thought they were folks that lost their way ;
And ask'd them civilly to stay :
Told them, for supper, or for bed,
They might go on, and be worse sped.—

So said, so done : the gods consent :
All three into the parlour went :
They compliment ; they sit ; they chat ;
Fight o'er the wars ; reform the state :
A thousand knotty points they clear,
Till supper and my wife appear.

Jove made his leg, and kiss'd the dame :
Obsequious Hermes did the same
Jove kiss'd the farmer's wife, you say !
He did—but in an honest way :
Oh ! not with half that warmth and life,
With which he kiss'd Amphitryon's wife.—

Well then, things handsomely were serv'd :
My mistress for the strangers carv'd.
How strong the beer, how good the meat,
How loud they laugh'd, how much they eat,
In epic sumptuous would appear :
Yet shall be pass'd in silence here :
For I should grieve to have it said,
That, by a fine description led,
I read my episode too long,
Or tir'd my friend, to grace my song.

The grace-cup serv'd, the cloth away,
Jove thought it time to show his play :
Landlord and landlady, he cried,
Folly and jessing laid aside,
That ye thus hospitably live,
And strangers with good cheer receive,
Is mighty grateful to your betters,
And makes e'en gods themselves your debtors.
To give this thesis plainer proof,
You have to-night beneath your roof
A pair of gods (nay never wonder) :
This youth can fly, and I can thunder.
I'm Jupiter, and he Mercurius,
My page, my son indeed, but spurious.
Form then three wishes, you and Madam ;
And sure as you already had 'em,
The things desir'd, in half an hour,
Shall all be here, and in your power.

Thank you, great gods, the woman says :
Oh ! may your altars ever blaze !
A ladle for our silver-dish
Is what I want, is what I wish—
A ladle ! cries the man, a ladle !
Odzooks, Corisca, you have pray'd ill ;
What should be great, you turn to farce ;
I wish the ladle in your arm—

With equal grief and shame, my muse
The sequel of the tale pursues ;
The ladle fell into the room,
And stuck in old Corisca's bum.
Our couple weep two wishes past,
And kindly join to form the last ;
To ease the woman's awkward pain,
And get the ladle out again.

M O R A L.

This commoner has worth and parts,
Is prais'd for arms, or lov'd for arts :

His head aches for a coronet :
And who is bless'd that is not great ?

Some sense, and more estate, kind Heaven
To this well-lotted peer has given :
What then ? he must have rule and sway :
And all is wrong, till he's in play.

The miser must make up his plumb,
And dares not touch the hoarded sum ;
The sickly dotard wants a wife,
To draw off his last dregs of life.

Against our peace we arm our will :
Amidst our plenty, something still
For horses, houses, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him, is wanting.
The cruel something unpossess'd
Corrodes, and leavens all the rest.
That something, if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future pain :
And to the coffin, from the cradle,
'Tis all a Wish, and all a Ladle.

WRITTEN AT PARIS, 1700,

IN THE BEGINNING OF ROBE'S GEOGRAPHY.

Of all that William rules, or Robe
Describes, great Rhéa, of thy globe ;
When or on post-horse, or in chaise,
With much expence, and little ease,
My destin'd miles I shall have gone,
By Thames or Maeße, by Po or Rhone,
And found no foot of earth my own ;
Great mother, let me once be able
To have a garden, house, and stable ;
That I may read, and ride, and plant,
Superior to desire or want ;
And as health fails, and years increase,
Sit down, and think, and die, in peace.
Oblige thy favourite undertakers
To throw me in but twenty acres :
This number sure they may allow ;
For pasture ten, and ten for plow :
'Tis all that I could wish or hope.
For me and John, and Nell and Crop.

Then, as thou wilt, dispose the rest
(And let not fortune spoil the rest)
To those who, at the market-rate,
Can barter honour for estate.

Now, if thou grant'st me my request,
To make thy votary truly blest,
Let curst revenge and saucy pride
To some black rock far off be tied ;
Nor e'er approach my rural seat,
To tempt me to be base and great.

And, goddess, this kind office done,
Charge Venus to command her son
(Wherever else she lets him rove)
To shun my house, and field, and grove :
Peace cannot dwell with hate or love.

Hear, gracious Rhéa, what I say :
And thy petitioner shall pray.

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF ME-
ZERAY'S HISTORY OF FRANCE.

I.

WHATE'ER thy countrymen have done,
By law and wit, by sword and gun,
In thee is faithfully recited:
And all the living world, that view
Thy work, give thee the praises due,
At once instructed and delighted.

II.

Yet for the fame of all these deeds
What beggar in the invalids,
With lameness broke, with blindness smitten,
Wish'd ever decently to die,
To have been either Mezeray,
Or any monarch he has written?

III.

It's strange, dear author, yet it true is,
That, down from Pharamond to Louis,
All covet life, yet call it pain;
All feel the ill, yet shun the cure:
Can sense this paradox endure?
Resolve me, Cambray or Fontaine.

IV.

The man, in graver tragic known
(Though his best part long since was done),
Still on the stage desires to tarry:
And he, who play'd the harlequin,
After the jest still loads the scene,
Unwilling to retire, though weary.

WRITTEN IN THE NOUVEAUX INTE-
RETS DES PRINCES DE L'EUROPE.

BLEST be the princes, who have fought
For pompous names, or wide dominion;
Since by their error we are taught
That happiness is but opinion!

ADRIANI MORIENTIS AD ANIMAM
SUAM.

ANIMULA vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula?
Nec, ut soles, dabis joca.

BY MONSIEUR FONTENELLE.

Ma petite ame, ma mignonne,
Tu t'en vas donc, ma fille, et Dieu sache où tu vas:
Tu pars seulette, nue, et tremblotante, hélas!
Que deviendra ton humeur folichonne!
Que deviendront tant de jolis ébats?

I M I T A T E D.

Door, little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Must we no longer live together?

And dost thou prune thy trembling wing,
To take thy flight thou know'st not whither?
Thy humorous vein, thy pleasing folly,
Lies all neglected, all forgot:
And, pensive, wavering, melancholy,
Thou dread'st it and hop'st it thou know'st not what.

A PASSAGE IN THE MORLE ENCOMIUM
OF ERASMUS IMITATED.

IN awful pomp and melancholy state,
See settled reason on the judgment seat:
Around her crowd distrust, and doubt, and fear,
And thoughtful foresight, and tormenting care:
Far from the throne, the trembling pleasures stand,
Chain'd up, or exil'd by her stern command.
Wretched her subjects, gloomy sits the queen;
Till happy chance reverts the cruel scene;
And apish folly, with her wild resort
Of wit and jest, disturbs the solemn court.
See the fantastic minstrelly advance,
To breathe the song, and animate the dance.
Blest the usurper! happy the surprisè!
Her mimic postures catch our eager eyes;
Her jingling bells affect our captive ear;
And in the sights we see, and sounds we hear,
Against our judgment, the our sense employs;
The laws of troubled reason she destroys,
And in their place rejoices to indite
Wild schemes of mirth, and plans of loose delight.

TO DR. SHERLOCK,

ON HIS PRACTICAL DISCOURSE CONCERNING
DEATH.

FORGIVE the muse, who, in unhallow'd strains,
The faint one moment from his god detains:
For sure, whate'er you are, where'er you are,
'Tis all but one good work, one constant prayer:
Forgive her; and entreat that God, to whom
Thy favour'd vows with kind acceptance come,
To raise her notes to that sublime degree,
Which suits a song of piety and thee.

Wondrous good man! whose labours may repel
The force of sin, may stop the rage of hell;
Thou, like the Baptist, from thy God wast sent,
The crying voice, to bid the world repent.

The youth shall study, and no more engage
Their flattering wishes for uncertain age;
No more, with fruitless care and cheated strife,
Chase fleeting pleasure through this maze of life;
Finding the wretched all they here can have,
But present food, and but a future grave:
Each, great as Philip's victor son, shall view
This abject world, and, weeping, ask a new.
Decrepit age shall read thee, and confess
Thy labours can assuage, where medicines cease;
Shall bless thy words, their wounded soul's relief,
The drops that sweeten their last dregs of life;
Shall look to Heaven, and laugh at all beneath;
Own riches gather'd, trouble, fame, a breath;
And life an ill, whose only cure is death.

D d j

Thy even thoughts with so much plainness flow,
 Their sense untutor'd infancy may know :
 Yet to such height is all that plainness wrought,
 Wit may admire, and letter'd pride be taught.
 Easy in words thy style, in sense sublime,
 On its blest steps each age and sex may rise ;
 'Tis like the ladder in the Patriarch's dream,
 Its foot on earth, its height above the skies :
 Diffus'd its virtue, boundless is its power ;
 'Tis public health, and universal cure :
 Of heavenly manna 'tis a second feast ;
 A nation's food, and all to every taste.

To its last height mad Britain's guilt was rear'd ;
 And various death for various crimes the fear'd.
 With your kind work her drooping hopes revive ;
 You bid her read, repent, adore, and live :
 You wrest the bolt from Heaven's avenging hand ;
 Stop ready death, and save a sinking land.

O ! save us still : still bless us with thy stay :
 O ! want thy heaven, till we have learnt the way :
 Refuse to leave thy destin'd charge too soon ;
 And, for the church's good, defer thy own.
 O ! live ; and let thy works urge our belief ;
 Live to explain thy doctrine by thy life ;
 Till future infancy, baptis'd by thee,
 Grow ripe in years, and old in piety ;
 Till Christians, yet unborn, be taught to die.

Then, in full age and hoary holiness,
 Retire, great teacher ! to thy promis'd bliss :
 Untouch'd thy tomb, uninjur'd be thy dust,
 As thy own fame among the future just ;
 Till in last sounds the dreadful trumpet speaks ;
 Till judgment calls, and quicken'd nature wakes ;
 Till, through the utmost earth, and deepest sea,
 Our scatter'd atoms find their destin'd way,
 In haste to clothe their kindred souls again,
 Perfect our state, and build immortal man :
 Then fearless thou, who well sustain'd'st the fight,
 To paths of joy, or tracts of endless light,
 Lead up all those who heard thee, and believ'd ;
 'Midst thy own flock, great shepherd ! be receiv'd ;
 And glad all heaven with millions thou hast

CARMEN SECULARE,

FOR THE YEAR 1700.

TO THE KING.

“ Aspicere, venturo latentur ut omnia seculo :
 “ O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ,
 “ Spiritus, et quantum sat erit tua dicere facta !”
 VIRG. Eclog. iv.

I.

THY elder look, great Janus, cast
 Into the long records of ages past :
 Review the years in fairest action dress'd
 With noted white, superior to the rest ;
 Æras deriv'd, and chronicles begun,
 From empires founded, and from battles won ;
 Show all the spoils by valiant kings achiev'd,
 And groaning nations by their arms reliev'd ;

The wounds of patriots in their country's cause
 And happy power sustain'd by wholesome laws ;
 In comely rank call every merit forth,
 Imprint on every act its standard-worth :
 The glorious parallels then downward bring
 To modern wonders, and to Britain's king ;
 With equal justice, and historic care,
 Their laws, their toils, their arms, with his compare ;

Confess the various attributes of fame
 Collected and complete in William's name ;
 To all the listening world relate
 (As thou dost his story read)
 That nothing went before so great,
 And nothing greater can succeed.

II.

Thy native Latium was thy darling care,
 Prudent in peace, and terrible in war :
 The boldest virtues that have govern'd earth
 From Latium's fruitful womb derive their birth :
 Then turn to her fair-written page ;
 From dawning childhood to establish'd age

The glories of her empire trace ;
 Confront the heroes of thy Roman race ;
 And let the justest palm the victor's temples
 grace.

III.

The son of Mars reduc'd the trembling swains,
 And spread his empire o'er the distant plains :
 But yet the Sabins violated charms
 Obscur'd the glory of his rising arms.
 Numa the rights of strict religion knew ;
 On every altar laid the incense due ;
 Unskill'd to dart the pointed spear,
 Or lead the forward youth to noble war.
 Stern Brutus was with too much horror good,
 Holding his fasces stain'd with filial blood.
 Fabius was wise, but with excess of care
 He sav'd his country, but prolong'd the war.
 While Decius, Paulus, Curius, greatly fought,
 And by their strict examples taught
 How wild desires should be controll'd,
 And how much brighter virtue was than gold ;
 They scarce their swelling thirst of fame could hide ;
 And boasted poverty with too much pride.
 Excess in youth made Scipio less rever'd ;
 And Cato, dying, seem'd to own he fear'd.
 Julius with honour tam'd Rome's foreign foes ;
 But patriots fell, ere the dictator rose :
 And, while with clemency Augustus reign'd,
 The monarch was ador'd ; the city chain'd.

IV.

With justest honour be their merits dress'd ;
 But be their failings too confess'd :
 Their virtue like their Tyber's flood
 Rolling, its course design'd their country's good.
 But oft' the torrent's too impetuous speed
 From the low earth tore some polluting weed ;
 And with the blood of Jove there always ran
 Some viler part, some tincture of the man.

V.

Few virtues after these so far prevail,
 But that their vices more than turn the scale :
 Valour, grown wild by pride, and power by rage,
 Did the true charms of majesty impair ;

Rome by degrees, advancing more in age,
Shew'd sad remains of what had once been fair;
Till Heaven a better race of men supplies:
And glory shoots new beams from western skies.

VI.

Turn then to Pharamond and Charlemain,
And the long heroes of the Gallic strain;
Experienc'd chiefs, for hardy prowess known,
And bloody wreaths in venturous battles won.
From the first William, our great Norman king,
The bold Plantagenets and Tudors bring;
Illustrious virtues, who by turns have rose
In foreign fields to check Britannia's foes;
With happy laws her empire to sustain,
And with full power assert her ambient main.
But sometimes, too industrious to be great,
Nor patient to expect the turns of fate,
They open'd camps, deform'd by civil fight,
And made proud conquest trample over right:
Disparted Britain mourn'd their doubtful sway,
And dreaded both, when neither would obey.

VII.

From Didier and imperial Adolph trace
The glorious offspring of the Nassau race,
Devoted lives to public liberty;
The chief still dying, or the country free.
Then see the kindred blood of Orange flow,
From warlike Cornet, through the lines of Beau;
Through Chalon next, and there with Nassau join,
From Rhone's fair banks transplanted to the Rhine.
Bring next the royal list of Stuarts forth,
Undaunted minds, that rul'd the rugged north:
Till Heaven's decrees by ripening times are
shown;
Till Scotland's kings ascend the English throne;
And the fair rivals live for ever one.

VIII.

Janus, mighty deity,
Be kind; and, as thy searching eye
Does our modern story trace,
Finding some of Stuart's race
Unhappy, pass their annals by:
No harsh reflection let remembrance raise:
Forbear to mention what thou canst not praise:
But, as thou dwell'st upon that heavenly name*,
To grief for ever sacred, as to fame,
Oh! read it to thyself; in silence weep;
And thy convulsive sorrows inward keep:
Lest Britain's grief should waken at the sound,
And blood gush fresh from her eternal wound.

IX.

Whither wouldst thou further look?
Read William's acts, and close the ample book:
Peruse the wonders of his dawning life:
How, like Alcides, he began;
With infant patience calm'd sedition's strife, [ran.
And quell'd the snakes which round his cradle

X.

Describe his youth, attentive to alarms,
By dangers form'd, and perfected in arms: grac'd;
When conquering, mild; when conquer'd, not dis-
By wrongs nor lessen'd, nor by triumphs rais'd:
Superior to the blind events
Of little human accidents;

* Mary,

And constant to his first decree,
To curb the proud, to set the injur'd free;
To bow the haughty neck, and raise the suppli-
ant knee.

XI.

His opening years to ripen manhood bring;
And see the hero perfect in the king:
Imperious arms by manly reason sway'd,
And power supreme by free consent obey'd;
With how much haste his mercy meets his foes,
And how unbounded his forgiveness flows;
With what desire he makes his subjects bless'd,
His favours granted ere his throne address'd:
What trophies o'er our captiv'd hearts he rears,
By arts of peace more potent than by wars:
How o'er himself as o'er the world he reigns,
His morals strengthening what his law ordains.

XII.

Through all his thread of life already spun,
Becoming grace and proper action run:
The piece by virtue's equal hand is wrought,
Mixt with no crime, and shaded with no fault;
No footsteps of the victor's rage
Left in the camp where William did engage:
No tincture of the monarch's pride
Upon the royal purple spy'd:
His fame, like gold, the more 'tis try'd,
The more shall its intrinsic worth proclaim;
Shall pass the combat of the searching flame,
And triumph o'er the vanquish'd heat,
For ever coming out the same,
And losing nor its lustre nor its weight.

XIII.

Janus, be to William just;
To faithful history his actions trust:
Command her, with peculiar care
To trace each toil, and comment every war:
His saving wonders bid her write
In characters distinctly bright;
That each revolving age may read
The patriot's piety, the hero's deed:
And still the fire inculcate to his son
Transmissive lessons of the king's renown;
That William's glory still may live;
When all that present art can give,
The pillar'd marble, and the tablet brass,
Mouldering, drop the victor's praise:
When the great monuments of his power
Shall now be visible no more;
When Sambre shall have chang'd her winding
flood;
And children ask, where Namur stood.

XIV.

Namur, proud city, how her towers were arm'd!
How she condemn'd th' approaching foe!
Till she by William's trumpets was alarm'd,
And shook, and sunk, and fell beneath his blow.
Jove and Pallas, mighty powers,
Guided the hero to the hostile towers.
Perseus seem'd less swift in war,
When, wing'd with speed, he flew through air.
Embattled nations strive in vain
The hero's glory to restrain: [fire,
Streams arm'd with rocks, and mountains red with
In vain against his force conspire.

Behold him from the dreadful height appear !
And lo ! Britannia's lions waving there.

XV.

Europe freed, and France repell'd,
The hero from the height beheld :
He spake the word, that war and rage should cease ;
He bid the Maese and Rhine in safety flow ;
And dictated a lasting peace
To the rejoicing world below.

To rescued states, and vindicated crowns,
His equal hand prescrib'd their ancient bounds ;
Ordain'd, whom every province should obey ;
How far each monarch should extend his sway ;
Taught them how clemency made power rever'd,
And that the prince below'd was truly fear'd.
Firm by his side unspotted honour stood,
Pleas'd to confess him not so great as good :
His head with brighter beams fair virtue deck'd,
Than those which all his numerous crowns re-
flect :

Establish'd freedom clapp'd her joyful wings ;
Proclaim'd the first of men, and best of kings.

XVI.

Whither would the muse aspire
With Pindar's rage, without his fire ?
Pardon me, Janus, 'twas a fault,
Created by too great a thought :
Mindless of the god and day,
I from thy altars, Janus, stray,
From thee, and from myself, borne far away.

The fiery Pegasus disdain's

To mind the rider's voice, or bear the reins :
When glorious fields and opening camps he views,
He runs with an unbounded loose ;
Hardly the muse can sit the headstrong horse ;
Nor would she, if she could, check his impetuous
force ;

With the glad noise the cliffs and vallies ring,
While she through earth and air pursues the king.

XVII.

She now beholds him on the Belgic shore,
Whilst Britain's tears his ready help implore :
Dissembling for her sake his rising cares,
And with wile silence pondering vengeful wars,
She through the raging ocean now
Views him advancing his auspicious prow ;
Combating adverse winds and winter seas,
Sighing the moments that defer our ease :
Daring to wield the sceptre's dangerous weight,
And taking the command, to save the state ;
Though, ere the doubtful gift can secur'd,
New wars must be sustain'd, new wounds endur'd.

XVIII.

Through rough Ierne's camps she sounds alarms,
And kingdoms yet to be redeem'd by arms ;
In the dark marshes finds her glorious theme,
And plunges after him through Boyne's fierce
stream.

She bids the Nereids run with trembling haste,
To tell old ocean how the hero past.
The god rebukes their fear, and owns the praise
Worthy that arm, whose empire he obeys.

XIX.

Back to his Albion she delights to bring
The humblest victor, and the kindest king.

Albion with open triumph would receive

Her hero, nor obtains his leave :
Firm he rejects the altars she would raise ;
And thanks the zeal, while he declines the praise.
Again she follows him through Belgia's land,
And countries often sav'd by William's hand ;
Hears joyful nations bless those happy toils,
Which freed the people, but return'd the spoils.
In various views she tries her constant theme ;
Finds him in councils, and in arms the same ;
When certain to o'ercome, inclin'd to save,
Tardy to vengeance, and with mercy brave.

XX.

Sudden another scene employs her sight ;
She sets her Hero in another light ;
Paints his great mind superior to success,
Declining conquest, to establish peace :
She brings Afræa down to earth again ;
And quiet, brooding o'er his future reign.

XXI.

Then with unwearied wing the goddess soars
East, over Danube and Propontis' shores ;
Where jarring empires, ready to engage,
Retard their armies, and suspend their rage ;
Till William's word, like that of fate, declares,
If they shall study peace, or lengthen wars.
How sacred his renown for equal laws,
To whom the world defers its common cause !
How fair his friendships, and his leagues how just,
Whom every nation courts, whom all religions
trust !

XXII.

From the Mæotis to the Northern sea,
The goddess wings her desperate way ;
Sees the young Muscovite, the mighty head,
Whose sovereign terror forty nations dread,
Inamour'd with a greater monarch's praise,
And passing half the earth to his embrace :
She in his rule beholds his Volga's force,
O'er precipices with impetuous sway
Breaking, and, as he rolls his rapid course, [way.
Drowning, or bearing down, whatever meets his
But her own king she likens to his Thames,
With gentle course devolving fruitful streams ;
Serene yet strong, majestic yet sedate,
Swift without violence, without terror great.
Each ardent nymph the rising current craves ;
Each shepherd's prayer retards the parting waves ;
The vales along the bank their sweets disclose ;
Fresh flowers for ever rise ; and fruitful harvest
grows.

XXIII.

Yet whither would th' adventurous goddess go ?
Sees she not clouds, and earth, and main, below ?
Minds she the dangers of the Lycian coast,
And fields, where mad Bellerophon was lost ?

Or is her towering flight reclaim'd
By seas from Icarus's downfall nam'd ?
Vain is the call, and useless the advice :
To wise persuasion deaf, and human cries,

Yet upward she incessant flies ;
Resolv'd to reach the high empyrean sphere,
And tell great Jove, she sings his image here ;
To ask for William an Olympic crown, [known :
To Chronius' strength, and Theron's speed un-

Till, lost in trackless fields of shining day,
 Unable to discern the way,
 Which Nassau's virtue only could explore,
 Untouch'd, unknown, to any muse before;
 She, from the noble precipices thrown,
 Comes rushing with uncommon ruin down.
 Glorious attempt! unhappy fate!
 The song too daring, and the theme too great!
 Yet rather thus she wills to die,
 Than in continued annals live, to sing
 A second hero, or a vulgar king;
 And with ignoble safety fly
 In sight of earth, along a middle sky.

XXIV.

To Janus' altars, and the numerous throng
 That round his mystic temple press,
 For William's life and Albion's peace,
 Ambitious muse, reduce the roving song.
 Janus, cast thy forward eye
 Future, into great Rhéa's pregnant womb;
 Where young ideas brooding lie,
 And tender images of things to come:
 Till, by thy high commands releas'd,
 Till, by thy hand in proper atoms dissolv'd,
 In decent order they advance to light;
 Yet then too swiftly fleet by human sight;
 And meditate too soon their everlasting flight.

XXV.

Nor beaks of ships in naval triumph borne,
 Nor standards from the hostile ramparts torn,
 Nor trophies brought from battles won,
 Nor oaken wreath, nor mural crown,
 Can any future honours give
 To the victorious monarch's name:
 The plenitude of William's fame
 Can no accumulated stores receive.
 Shut then, auspicious God, thy sacred gate,
 And make us happy, as our king is great.
 Be kind, and with a milder hand
 Closing the volume of the finish'd age
 (Though noble, 'twas an iron page),
 A more delightful leaf expand,
 Free from alarms, and fierce Bellóna's rage;
 Bid the great months begin their joyful round,
 By Flora some, and some by Ceres crown'd:
 Teach the glad hours to scatter, as they fly,
 Soft quiet, gentle love, and endless joy;
 Lead forth the years for peace and plenty fam'd,
 From Saturn's rule and better metal nam'd.

XXVI.

Secure by William's care let Britain stand;
 Nor dread the bold invader's hand:
 From adverse shores in safety let her hear
 Foreign calamity, and distant war;
 Of which let her, great heaven, no portion bear:
 Betwixt the nations let her hold her scale,
 And, as she wills, let either part prevail:
 Let her glad vallies smile with wavy corn;
 Let fleecy flocks her rising hills adorn;
 Around her coast let strong defence be spread;
 Let fair abundance on her breast be shed;
 And heavenly sweets bloom round the goddesses.

XXVII.

Where the white towers and ancient roofs did stand,
 Remains of Wolsey's or great Henry's hand,

To age now yielding, or devour'd by flame,
 Let a young phoenix raise her towering head;
 Her wings with lengthen'd honour let her spread;
 And by her greatness show her builder's fame:
 August and open as the hero's mind,
 Be her capacious courts design'd:
 Let every sacred pillar bear
 Trophies of arms, and monuments of war.
 The king shall there in Parian marble breathe,
 His shoulder bleeding fresh: and at his feet
 Disarm'd shall lie the threatening death
 (For so was saving Jove's decree complete).
 Behind, that angel shall be plac'd, whose shield
 Sav'd Europe, in the blow repell'd:
 On the firm basis, from his oozy bed,
 Boyne shall raise his laurel'd head;
 And his immortal stream be known,
 Artfully waving through the wounded stone.

XXVIII.

And thou, imperial Windsor, stand enlarg'd,
 With all the monarch's trophies charg'd:
 Thou, the fair heaven, that dost the stars enclose,
 Which William's bosom wears, or hand bestows
 On the great champions who support his throne,
 And virtues nearest to his own.

XXIX.

Round Ormond's knee, thou ty'st the mystic
 string,
 That makes the knight companion to the king.
 From glorious camps return'd, and foreign fields,
 Bowing before thy sainted warrior's shrine,
 Fast by his great forefather's coats, and shields
 Blazon'd from Bohun's or from Butler's line,
 He hangs his arms; nor fears those arms should
 shine

With an unequal ray; or that his deed
 With paler glory should recede,
 Eclips'd by theirs, or lessen'd by the fame
 Ev'n of his own maternal Nassau's name.

XXX.

Thou smiling seest great Dorset's worth confess,
 The ray distinguishing the patriot's breast;
 Born to protect and love, to help and please;
 Sovereign of wit, and ornament of peace,
 O! long as breath informs this fleeting frame,
 Ne'er let me pass in silence Dorset's name;
 Ne'er cease to mention the continued debt,
 Which the great patron only would forget,
 And duty, long as life, must study to acquit.

XXXI.

Renown'd in thy records shall Ca'ndish stand,
 Asserting legal power and just command:
 To the great house thy favour shall be shown,
 The father's star transmissive to the son.
 From thee the Talbot's and the Seymour's race
 Inform'd, their sire's immortal steps shall trace.
 Happy, may their sons receive
 The bright reward, which thou alone canst give!

XXXII.

And if a God these lucky numbers guide;
 If sure Apollo o'er the verse preside;
 Jersey, below'd by all (for all must feel
 The influence of a form and mind,
 Where comely grace and constant virtue dwell,
 Like mingled streams, more forcible when join'd) —

Jersey shall at thy altars stand;
 Shall there receive the azure band,
 That fairest mark of favour and of fame,
 Familiar to the Villiers' name.

XXXIII.

Science to raise, and knowledge to enlarge,
 Be our great master's future charge;
 To write his own memoirs, and leave his heirs
 High schemes of government, and plans of wars;
 By fair rewards our noble youth to raise
 To emulous merit, and to thirst of praise;
 To lead them out from ease ere opening dawn
 Through the thick forest and the distant lawn,
 Where the fleet stag employs their ardent care,
 And chaces give them images of war;
 To teach them vigilance by false alarms,
 Inure them in feign'd camps to real alarms;
 Praise them now to curb the turning steed,
 Mocking the foe; now to his rapid speed
 To give the rein, and in the full career
 To draw the certain sword, or send the pointed
 spear.

XLIV.

Let him unite his subjects hearts,
 Planting societies for peaceful arts;
 Some that in nature shall true knowledge found,
 And by experiment make precept sound;
 Some that to morals shall recal the age,
 And purge from vicious dross the sinking stage;
 Some that with care true eloquence shall teach,
 And to just idioms fix our doubtful speech;
 That from our writers distant realms may know
 The thanks we to our monarch owe;
 And schools profess our tongue through every land,
 That has invoc'd his aid, or blest his hand.

XXXV.

Let his high power the drooping muses rear;
 The muses only can reward his care:
 'Tis they that guard the great Atreides' spoils;
 'Tis they that still renew Ulysses' toils;
 To them by smiling Jove 'twas given to save
 Distinguish'd patriots from the common grave;
 To them, great William's glory to recal,
 When statues moulder, and when arches fall.
 Nor let the muses, with ungrateful pride,
 The sources of their treasure hide:
 The hero's virtue does the string inspire,
 When with big joy they strike the living lyre.
 On William's fame their fate depends;
 With him the song begins; with him it ends.
 From the bright effluence of his deed
 They borrow that reflected light,
 With which the lasting lamp they feed,
 Whose beams dispel the damps of envious night.

XXXVI.

Through various climes, and to each distant pole,
 In happy tides let active commerce roll:
 Let Britain's ships export an annual fleece,
 Richer than Argos brought to ancient Greece:
 Returning laden with the shining stores,
 Which lie profuse on either India's shores.
 As our high vessels pass their watery way,
 Let all the naval world due homage pay:
 With hasty reverence their top-honours lower,
 Confessing the asserted power,

To whom by fate 'twas given, with happy sway,
 To calm the earth, and vindicate the sea.

XXXVII.

Our prayers are heard; our master's fleets shall go
 As far as winds can bear, or waters flow,
 New lands to make, new Indias to explore,
 In worlds unknown to plant Britannia's power;
 Nations yet wild by precept to reclaim;
 And teach them arms and arts in William's name.

XXXVIII.

With humble joy, and with respectful fear,
 The listening people shall his story hear,
 The wounds he bore, the dangers he sustain'd,
 How far he conquer'd, and how well he reign'd;
 Shall own his mercy equal to his fame,
 And form their children's accents to his name,
 Inquiring how, and when, from heaven he came.
 Their regal tyrants shall with blushes hide.
 Their little lusts of arbitrary pride,
 Nor bear to see their vassals ty'd;
 When William's virtues raise their opening
 thought,

His forty years for public freedom sought,
 Europe by his hand sustain'd,
 His conquest by his piety restrain'd,
 And o'er himself the last great triumph gain'd.

XXXIX.

No longer shall their wretched zeal adore
 Ideas of destructive power,
 Spirits that hurt, and godheads that devour:
 New incense they shall bring, new altars raise,
 And fill their temples with a stranger's praise;
 When the great father's character they find
 Visibly stamp'd upon the hero's mind;
 And own a present Deity confess,
 In valour that preserv'd and power that blest.

XL.

Through the large convex of the azure sky
 (For thither nature casts our common eye)
 Fierce meteors shoot their arbitrary light;
 And comets march with lawless horror bright;
 These hear no rule, no righteous order own;
 Their influence dreaded as their ways unknown;
 Through threaten'd lands they wild destruction
 throw,
 Till ardent prayer averts the public woe.
 But the bright orb that blesses all above,
 The sacred fire, the real son of Jove,
 Rules not his actions by capricious will;
 Nor by ungovern'd power declines to ill:
 Fix'd by just laws, he goes for ever right;
 Man knows his course, and thence adores his light.

XLI.

O Janus! would entreated fate conspire
 To grant what Britain's wishes could require;
 Above, that sun should cease his way to go,
 Ere William cease to rule, and bless below:

But a relentless destiny

Urges all that e'er was born: [mourn
 Snatch'd from her arms, Britannia once must
 The demi-god; the earthly half must die.
 Yet if our incense can your wrath remove;
 If human prayers avail on minds above;
 Exert, great God! thy interest in the sky,
 Gain each kind power, each guardian Deity;

That, conquer'd by the public vow,
They bear the dismal mischief far away!
O! long as utmost nature may allow,
Let them retard the threaten'd day!
Still be our master's life thy happy care:
Still let his blessings with his years increase:
To his laborious youth, consum'd in war,
Add lasting age, adorn'd and crown'd with peace:
Let twisted olives bind those laurels fast,
Whose verdure must for ever last?

XLII.

Long let this growing ara bless his sway;
And let our sons his present rule obey:
On his sure virtue long let earth rely,
And late let the imperial eagle fly,
To bear the hero through his father's sky,
To Leda's twins, or he whose glorious speed
On foot prevail'd, or he who tam'd the steed;
To Hercules, at length absolv'd by fate
From earthly toil, and above envy great;
To Virgil's theme, bright Cytherea's son,
Sire of the Latian and the British throne:
To all the radiant names above.
Rever'd by men, and dear to Jove;
Late, Janus, let the Nassau-star
New-born, in rising majesty appear,
To triumph over vanquish'd night,
And guide the prosperous mariner
With everlasting beams of friendly light.

THE REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.

I SENT for Ratcliffe; was so ill,
That other doctors gave me over:
He felt my pulse, prescrib'd his pill,
And I was likely to recover.

But, when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warm'd the politician,
Cur'd yesterday of my disease,
I dy'd last night of my physician.

AN ODE,

Inscribed to the Memory of

THE HON. COL. GEORGE VILLIERS,

DROWNED IN THE RIVER PIAVA, 1703.

In Imitation of Horace, B. I. Od. xxviii.

"Te maris et terræ numeroque carentis arenæ
"Menforem cobibent, Archyta, &c."

SAY, dearest Villiers, poor departed friend
(Since fleeting life thus suddenly must end):
Say, what did all thy busy hopes avail,
That anxious thou from pole to pole didst fail,
Ere on thy chin the springing beard began
To spread a doubtful down, and promise man?
What profited thy thoughts, and toils, and cares,
In vigour more confirm'd, and riper years,

To wake, ere morning dawn, to loud alarms,
And march till close of night in heavy arms;
To scorn the summer's suns and winter's snows,
And search through every clime thy country's foes;
That thou might'st fortune to thy side engage;
That gentle peace might quell Bellona's rage;
And Anna's bounty crown her soldier's hoary
age?

In vain we think that free-will'd man has power,
To hasten or protract th' appointed hour.
Our term of life depends not on our deed:
Before our birth our funeral was decreed.
Nor aw'd by foresight, nor misled by chance,
Imperious death directs his ebony lance:
Peoples great Henry's tombs, and leads up
Holben's dance.

Alike must every state and every age
Sustain the universal tyrant's rage:
For neither William's power, nor Mary's charms,
Could or repel or pacify his arms.
Young Churchill fell, as life began to bloom;
And Bradford's trembling age expects the tomb:
Wisdom and eloquence in vain would plead
One moment's respite for the learned head:
Judges of writings and of men have dy'd;
Mæcenas, Sackville, Socrates, and Hyde:
And in their various turns the sons must tread
Those gloomy journals which their sires have led.

The ancient sage, who did so long maintain
That bodies die, but souls return again,
With all the births and deaths he had in store,
Went out Pythagoras, and came no more.
And modern Asgyl, whose capricious thought
Is yet with stores of wilder notions fraught,
Too soon convinc'd shall yield that fleeting breath,
Which play'd so idly with the darts of death.

Some from the stranded vessel force their way;
Fearful of fate, they meet it in the sea:
Some, who escape the fury of the wave,
Sicken on earth, and sink into a grave:
In journies or at home, in war or peace,
By hardships many, many fall by ease.
Each changing season does its poison bring:
Rheums chill the winter, agues blast the spring:
Wet, dry, cold, hot, at the appointed hour,
All act subservient to the tyrant's power:
And, when obedient nature knows his will,
A fly, a grape-stone, or a hair, can kill.

For restless Proserpine for ever treads
In paths unseen, o'er our devoted heads;
And on the spacious land, and liquid main,
Spreads slow disease, or darts afflictive pain:
Variety of deaths confirm her endless reign.

On curst Piava's banks the goddess stood,
Shew'd her dire warrant to the rising flood;
When what I long must love, and long must mourn,
With fatal speed was urging his return
In his dear country, to disperse his care,
And arm himself by rest for future war;
To chide his anxious friends officious fears,
And promise to their joys his elder years:

Oh! destin'd head! and oh! severe decree!
Nor native country thou, nor friend, shalt see;
Nor war hast thou to wage; nor year to come:
Impending death is thine, and instant doom.

Hark! the imperious goddesses are obey'd:
Winds murmur; snows descend; and waters
spread.

Oh! kinsman, friend—Oh! vain are all the cries
Of human voice, strong destiny replies:
Weep, you on earth; for he shall sleep below:
Thence none return, and thither all must go.

Whoe'er thou art, whom choice or business leads
To this sad river, or the neighbouring meads;
If thou may'st happen on the dreary shores
To find the object which this verse deplores,
Cleanse the pale corpse with a religious hand
From the polluting weed and common sand:
Lay the dead hero graceful in a grave
(The only honour he can now receive),
And fragrant mould upon his body throw,
And plant the warrior-laurel o'er his brow:
Light lie the earth, and flourish green the bough. }

So may just heaven secure thy future life
From foreign dangers and domestic strife!
And, when th' infernal judge's dismal power
From the dark urn shall throw thy destin'd hour;
When, yielding to the sentence, breathless thou
And pale shalt lie, as what thou buriest now;
May some kind friend the piteous object see,
And equal rites perform to that which once was
thee!

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN AT COURT BEFORE THE QUEEN,

On Her Majesty's Birth-day, 1704.

SHINE forth, ye planets, with distinguish'd light,
As when ye hallow'd first this happy night:
Again transmit your friendly beams to earth,
As when Britannia joy'd for Anna's birth.
And thou, propitious star, whose sacred power
Presided o'er the monarch's natal hour,
Thy radiant voyages for ever run,
Yielding to none but Cynthia and the Sun;
With thy fair aspect still illustrate heaven;
Kindly preserve what thou hast greatly given;
Thy influence for thy Anna we implore:
Prolong one life; and Britain asks no more.
For virtue can no ampler power express,
Than to be great in war, and good in peace:
For thought no higher wish of bliss can frame,
Than to enjoy that virtue still the same.
Entire and sure the monarch's rule must prove,
Who founds her greatness on her subjects' love;
Who does our homage for our good require;
And orders that which we should first desire:
Our vanquish'd wills that pleasing force obey,
Her goodness takes our liberty away,
And haughty Britain yields to arbitrary sway. }

Let the young Austrian then her terrors bear,
Great as he is, her delegate in war:
Let him in thunder speak to both his Spains,
That in these dreadful isles a woman reigns:
While the bright queen does on her subjects shower,
The gentle blessings of her softer power;

Gives sacred morals to a vicious age,
To temples zeal, and manners to the stage;
Bids the chaste muse without a blush appear;
And wit be that which heaven and she may hear.
Minerva thus to Perseus lent her shield;
Secure of conquest, sent him to the field:
The hero acted what the queen ordain'd;
So was his fame complete, and Andromeda un-
chain'd.

Mean time, amidst her native temple's fate
The goddess, studious of her Grecian's fate,
Taught them in laws and letters to excel,
In acting justly, and in writing well.
Thus whilst she did her various power dispose,
The world was freed from tyrants, wars, and
wars: [rose.]
Virtue was taught in verse, and Athen's glory }

A LETTER

TO MONSIEUR BOILEAU DESPREAUX;

Occasioned by the victory at Blenheim, 1704.

"—Cupidum, Pater optime, vires
"Deficient: neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
"Agmina, nec fracta percuntes cuspidae Gallos."—
HOR. SAT. I.

SINCE, hir'd for life, thy servile muse must sing
Successive conquests, and a glorious king;
Must of a man immortal vainly boast,
And bring him laurels, whatsoe'er they cost:
What turn wilt thou employ, what colours lay
On the event of that superior day,
In which one English subject's prosperous hand
(So Jove did will; so Anna did command)
Broke the proud column of thy master's praise,
Which sixty winters had conspir'd to raise?

From the lost field a hundred standards brought
Must be the work of chance, and fortune's fault:
Bavaria's stars must be accus'd, which shone,
That fatal day the mighty work was done
With rays oblique upon the Gallic sun:
Some demon, envying France, misled the fight;
And Mars mistook, though Louis order'd right.

When thy young muse invoc'd the tune-
ful nine,
To say how Louis did not pass the Rhine;
What work had we with Wageningen, Arnheim,
Places that could not be reduc'd to rhyme!
And, though the poet made his last efforts,
Wurts—who could mention in heroic—Wurts?
But, tell me, hadst thou reason to complain
Of the rough triumphs of the last campaign?
The Danube rescued, and the empire sav'd,
Say, is the majesty of verse retriev'd?
And would it prejudice thy softer vein,
To sing the princes, Louis and Eugene?
Is it too hard in happy verse to place
The Vans and Vanders of the Rhine and Maese?
Her warriors Anna sends from Tweed and Thames,
That France may fall by more harmonious names?

† "En vain, pour te louer," &c, Ep. 4.

Canst thou not Hamilton or Lumley bear?
Would Ingoldsby or Palmes offend thy ear?
And is there not a found in Marlborough's
name,

Which thou and all thy brethren ought to
Sacred to verse, and sure of endless fame?

Cutts is in metre something harsh to read;
Place me the valiant Gouran in his stead;
Let the intention make the number good:
Let generous Sylvius speak for honest Wood.
And though rough Churchill scarce in verse will
stand,

So as to have one rhyme at his command,
With ease the bard, reciting Blenheim's plain,
May close the verse, remembering but the Dane.

I grant, old friend, old foe (for such we are
Alternate as the chance of peace and war),
That we poetic folks, who must restrain
Our measur'd sayings in an equal chain,
Have troubles utterly unknown to those,
Who let their fancy loose in rambling prose.

For instance now, how hard is it for me
To make my matter and my verse agree!

"In one great day on Hochstet's fatal plain,
"French and Bavarians twenty thousand slain:
"Push'd through the Danube to the shores of Styx
"Squadrons eighteen, battalions twenty-six:
"Officers captive made, and private men,
"Of these twelve hundred, of those thousands ten.
"Tents, ammunition, colours, carriages, [these]
"Cannon, and kettle drums!"—sweet numbers
But is it thus you English bards compose?
With Runic lays thus tag insipid prose?
And, when you should your hero's deeds rehearse,
Give us a commissary's list in verse?

Why, faith! Despereaux, there's sense in what
you say;

I told you where my difficulty lay:

So vast, so numerous, were great Blenheim's spoils,
They scorn the bounds of verse, and mocks the
muse's toils.

To make the rough recital aptly chime,
Or bring the sum of Gallia's loss to rhyme,
'Tis mighty hard: what poet would essay
To count the streamers of my lord mayor's day?
To number all the several dishes drest
By honest Lamb, last coronation feast?
Or make arithmetic and epic meet,
And Newton's thoughts in Dryden's style repeat?

O poet, had it been Apollo's will,
That I had shar'd a portion of thy skill;
Had this poor breast receiv'd the heavenly beam;
Or could I hope my verse might reach my theme;
Yet, Boileau, yet the labouring muse should strive
Beneath the shades of Marlborough's wreaths
to live;

Should call aspiring gods to bless her choice,
And to their favourite strains exalt her voice,
Arms and a queen to sing; who, great and good,
From peaceful Thames to Danube's wondering
flood

Sent forth the terror of her high commands,
To save the nations from invading hands,
To prop fair liberty's declining cause,
And fix the jarring world with equal laws.

The queen should sit in Windsor's sacred grove,
Attended by the gods of war and love:
Both should with equal zeal her smiles implore,
To fix her joys, or to extend her power.

Sudden, the Nymphs and Tritons should appear;
And, as great Anna's smiles despoil their fear,
With active dance should her observance claim;
With vocal shell should sound her happy name;
Their master Thames should leave the neighbour-
ing shore,

By his strong anchor known, and silver oar;
Should lay his ensigns at his sovereign's feet;
And audience mild with humble grace entreat.

To her, his dear defence, he should complain,
That, while he blesses her indulgent reign,
Whilst furthest seas are by his fleets survey'd,
And on his happy banks each India laid; [Saar,
His brethren Maese, and Waal, and Rhine, and
Feel the hard burthen of oppressive war;
That Danube scarce retains his rightful course
Against two rebel armies neighbouring force;
And all must weep sad captives to the Seine,
Unless unchain'd and freed by Britain's queen.

The valiant sovereign calls her general forth;
Neither recites her bounty, nor his worth:
She tells him, he must Europe's fate redeem,
And by that labour merit her esteem:
She bids him wait her to the sacred hall;
Shows him prince Edward, and the conquer'd
Gaul;

Fixing the bloody cross upon his breast,
Says, he must die, or succour the distress'd;
Placing the faint an emblem by his side, [pride.
She tells him, virtue arm'd must conquer lawless

The hero bows obedient, and retires:
The queen's commands exalt the warrior's fires;
His steps are to the silent woods inclin'd,
The great design revolving in his mind;
When to his sight a heavenly form appears:
Her hand a palm, her head a laurel wears.

Me, she begins, the fairest child of Jove,
Below for ever fought, and bless'd above;
Me, the bright source of wealth, and power,
and fame

(Nor need I say, Victoria is my name);
Me the great father down to thee has sent:
He bids me wait at thy distinguish'd tent,
To execute what Anna's wish would have:
Her subject thou, I only am her slave.

Dare then, thou much below'd by smiling fate,
For Anna's sake, and in her name be great:
Go forth, and be to distant nations known
My future favourite, and my darling Son:
At Schellenbergh I'll manifest sustain [again]
Thy glorious cause; and spread my wings
Conspicuous o'er thy helm, in Blenheim's plain.
The goddess said, nor would admit reply;
But cut the liquid air, and gain'd the sky.

His high commission is through Britain known,
And thronging armies to his standard run;
He marches thoughtful, and he speedy falls:
(Bless him, ye seas! and prosper him, ye gales!)
Belgia receives him welcome to her shores;
And William's death with lessen'd grief de-
plores:

His presence only must retrieve that loss;
 Marlborough to her must be what William was.
 So when great Atlas, from these low abodes
 Recall'd, was gather'd to his kindred gods;
 Alcides, respited by prudent fate, [weight.

Sustain'd the ball, nor droop'd beneath the
 Secret and swift behold the chief advance;
 Sees half the empire join'd and friend to France:
 The British general dooms the fight; his sword
 Dreadful he draws; the captains wait the word.
 Anne and St. George the charging hero cries:
 Shrill echo from the neighbouring wood replies
 Anne and St. George.—At that auspicious sign
 The standards move; the adverse armies join.
 Of eight great hours, time measures out the sands;
 And Europe's fate in doubtful balance stands:
 The ninth, Victoria comes:—o'er Marlbo-
 rough's head

Confess'd she sits; the hostile troops recede:
 Triumphs the goddess, from her promise freed.

The eagle, by the British lion's might
 Unchang'd and free, directs her upward flight:
 Nor did she e'er with stronger pinions soar
 From Tyber's bank, than now from Danube's shore.
 Fir'd with the thoughts which these ideas raise,
 And great ambition of my country's praise;
 The English muse should like the Mantuan rife,
 Scornful of earth and clouds, should reach the
 skies,
 With wonder (though with envy still) pursued
 by human eyes.

But we must change the style—just now I said,
 I ne'er was master of the tuneful trade;
 Or the small genius which my youth could boast,
 In prose and business lies extinct and lost:
 Bless'd, if I may some younger muse excite;
 Point out the game, and animate the flight;
 That, from Marcellus to Calais, France may
 know,

As we have conquerors, we have poets too;
 And either laurel does in Britain grow;
 That, though among ourselves, with too much heat,
 We sometimes wrangle, when we should debate
 (A consequential ill which freedom draws;
 A bad effect, but from a noble cause);
 We can with universal zeal advance,
 To curb the faithless arrogance of France;
 Nor ever shall Britannia's sons refuse
 To answer to thy master or thy muse;
 Nor want just subject for victorious strains,
 While Marlborough's arm eternal laurels gains;
 And where old Spenser sung, a new Eliza
 reigns.

UPON THIS PASSAGE IN THE SCAL- GERIANA.

"Les Allemands ne se soucient pas quel Vin il
 "boivent pourveau que ce soit Vin, ni que,
 "Latin ils parlent pourveau que ce soit Latin."

WHEN you with High-Dutch Heeren dine,
 Expect false Latin, and stumm'd wine:
 They never taste, who always drink;
 They always talk, who never think,

TO A CHILD OF QUALITY,

FIVE YEARS OLD, 1704;

The Author then Forty.

I.
 LORDS, knights, and 'squires, the numerous band,
 That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
 Were summon'd by her high command,
 To show their passions by their letters.

II.
 My pen amongst the rest I took,
 Left those bright eyes that cannot read
 Should dart their kindling fires, and look
 The power they have to be obey'd.

III.
 Nor quality, nor reputation,
 Forbid me yet my flame to tell;
 Dear five years old befriends my passion,
 And I may write till she can spell.

IV.
 For, while she makes her silk-worms beds
 With all the tender things I swear;
 Whilst all the house my passion reads,
 In papers round her baby's hair;

V.
 'She may receive and own my flame,
 For, though the strictest prudes should know it,
 She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
 And I for an unhappy poet.

VI.
 Then, too, alas! when she shall tear
 The lines some younger rival sends;
 She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
 And we shall still continue friends.

VII.
 For, as our different ages move,
 'Tis so ordain'd, (would fate but mend it!)
 That I shall be past making love,
 When she begins to comprehend it.

PARTIAL FAME.

I.
 THE sturdy man, if he in love obtains,
 In open pomp and triumph reigns:
 The subtle woman, if she should succeed,
 Disowns the honour of the deed.

II.
 Though he, for all his boast, is forc'd to yield,
 Though she can always keep the field:
 He vaunts his conquests, she conceals her shame;
 How partial is the voice of fame!

FOR THE PLAN OF A FOUNTAIN.

ON WHICH ARE

*The Effigies of the Queen on a Triumphal Arch;
 The Figure of the Duke of Marlborough beneath;
 And the chief Rivers of the World round the noble Work.*

YE active streams, where'er your waters flow,
 Let distant climes and furthest nations know

What ye from Thames and Danube have been
taught, [fought,
How Anne commanded, and how Marlborough

Quocunque aeterno properatis, flumina, lapsu,
Divis latè terris, populisque remotis,
Dicite, nam vobis Tamefis narravit et Ister,
Anna quid imperiis potuit, quid Marlburus armis.

THE CAMELEON.

As the Cameleon, who is known
To have no colours of his own;
But borrows from his neighbours hue
His white or black, his green or blue;
And struts as much in ready light,
Which credit gives him upon fight,
As if the rainbow were in tail
Settled on him and his heirs male;
So the young 'quire, when first he comes
From country school to Will's or Tom's,
And equally, in truth, is fit
To be a statesman, or a wit;
Without one nation of his own,
He saunters wildly up and down,
Till some acquaintance, good or bad,
Takes notice of a staring lad,
Admits him in among the gang;
They jest, reply, dispute, harangue:
He acts and talks, as they befriend him,
Smear'd with the colours which they lend him.

Thus, merely as his fortune chances,
His merit or his vice advances.

If haply he the sect pursues,
That read and comment upon news;
He takes up their mysterious face;
He drinks his coffee without lace;
This week his mimic tongue runs o'er
What they have said the week before;
His wisdom sets all Europe right,
And teaches Marlborough when to fight.

Or if it be his fate to meet
With folks who have more wealth than wit;
He loves cheap port, and double bub;
And settles in the Hum-drum club:
He learns how stocks will fall or rise;
Holds poverty the greatest vice;
Thinks wit the bane of conversation;
And says that learning spoils a nation.

But if, at first, he minds his hits,
And drinks champagne among the wits;
Five deep he toasts the towering lasses;
Repeats you verses wrote on glasses;
Is in the chair; prescribes the law;
And lies with those he never saw.

MERRY ANDREW.

SLY Merry Andrew, the last Southwark fair
(At Barthol'mew he did not much appear,
So pceivish was the edict of the mayor);

At Southwark, therefore, as his tricks he shew'd,
To please our masters, and his friends the crowd;
A huge neat's-tongue he in his right-hand held,
His left was with a good black-pudding fill'd.
With a grave look, in this odd equipage,
The clownish mimic traverses the stage.
Why how now, Andrew! cries his brother droll;
To-day's conceit, methinks, is something dull:
Come on, sir, to our worthy friends explain,
What does your emblematic worship mean?
Quoth Andrew, honest English let us speak:
Your emble (what d'ye call 't) is heathen Greek;
To tongue or pudding thou hast no pretence:
Learning thy talent is, but mine is sense.
That busy fool I was, which thou art now;
Desirous to correct, not knowing how;
With very good design, but little wit,
Blaming or praising things, as I thought fit.
I for this conduct had what I deserv'd;
And, dealing honestly, was almost starv'd.
But, thanks to my indulgent stars, I eat;
Since I have found the secret to be great.
O, dearest Andrew, says the humble droll,
Henceforth may I obey, and thou control;
Provided thou impart thy useful skill.—
Bow then, says Andrew; and, for once, I will.—
Be of your patron's mind, whate'er he says;
Sleep very much; think little; and talk less:
Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong;
But eat your pudding, slave; and hold your tongue.
A reverend prelate flopt his coach and fix,
To laugh a little at our Andrew's tricks.
But, when he heard him give this golden rule,
Drive on (he cried); this fellow is no fool.

A SIMILE.

DEAR Thomas, didst thou never pop
Thy head into a tinman's shop?
There, Thomas, didst thou never see
('Tis but by way of simile)
A squirrel spend his little rage,
In jumping round a rolling cage;
The cage, as either side turn'd up,
Striking a ring of bells at top?—
Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes;
The foolish creature thinks he climbs:
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
He never gets two inches higher.
So fares it with those merry blades,
That frisk it under Pindus' shades.
In noble song, and lofty odes,
They tread on stars, and talk with gods;
Still dancing in an airy round,
Still pleas'd with their own verses' sound;
Brought back, how fast soe'er they go,
Always aspiring, always low.

THE FLIES.

SAY, sire of insects, mighty Sol,
(A fly upon the chariot-pole

Cries out) what blue-bottle alive
Did ever with such fury drive?
Tell, Beelzebub, great father, tell,
(Says t'other, perch'd upon the wheel)
Did ever any mortal fly
Raise such a cloud of dust as I?

My judgment turn'd the whole debate:
My valour sav'd the sinking state,
So talk two idle buzzing things;
Toss up their heads, and stretch their wings.
But, let the truth to light be brought,
This neither spoke, nor t'other fought:
No merit in their own behaviour:
Both rais'd, but by their party's favour.

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE FRENCH.

In grey-hair'd Celia's wither'd arms
As mighty Lewis lay,
She cry'd, "If I have any charms,
My dearest, let's away!
For you, my love, is all my fear,
Hark how the drums do rattle;
Alas, sir! what should you do here
In dreadful day of battle?
Let little Orange stay and fight,
For danger's his diversion;
The wife will think you in the right,
Not to expose your person:
Nor vex your thoughts how to repair
The ruins of your glory:
You ought to leave to mean a care
To those who pen your story.
Are not Boileau and Corneille paid
For panegyric writing?
They know how heroes may be made,
Without the help of fighting.
When foes too faulcily approach,
'Tis best to leave them fairly;
Put six good horses in your coach,
And carry me to Marly.
Let Boufflers, to secure your fame,
Go take some town, or buy it;
Whilst you, great sir, at Nostredame,
Te Deum sing in quiet!"

FROM THE GREEK.

GREAT Bacchus, born in thunder and in fire,
By native heat asserts his dreadful fire.
Nourish'd near shady rills and cooling streams,
He to the nymphs avows his amorous flames.
To all the brethren at the Bell and Vine,
The moral says; mix water with your wine.

EPIGRAM.

FRANK carves very ill, yet will palm all the meats;
He eats more than six, and drinks more than he
eats,

Four pipes after dinner he constantly smokes;
And seasons his whiffs with impertinent jokes.
Yet sighing, he says, we must certainly break;
And my cruel unkindness compels him to speak;
For of late I invite him—but four times a week.

ANOTHER.

To John I ow'd great obligation;
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation:
Sure John and I are more than quit.

ANOTHER.

Yes, every poet is a fool,
By demonstration Ned can show it.
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
Prove every fool to be a poet.

ANOTHER.

Thy nags, the leanest things alive!
So very hard thou lov'st to drive;
I heard thy anxious coachman say,
It cost thee more in whips than hay.

TO A PERSON WHO WROTE ILL, AND
SPOKE WORSE AGAINST ME.

LYE, Philo, untouch'd, on my peaceable shelf;
Nor take it amiss, that so little I heed thee:
I've no envy to thee, and some love to myself:
Then why should I answer; since first I must
read thee?

Drunk with Helicon's waters and double-brew'd
Be a linguist, a poet, a critic, a wag; [bub,
To the solid delight of thy well-judging club,
To the damage alone of thy bookseller Brag.

Pursue me with satire: what harm is there in't?
But from all *viva voce* reflection forbear:
There can be no danger from what thou shalt
print: [swear.
There may be a little from what thou may'st

ON THE SAME PERSON.

WHILE, faster than his costive brain indites,
Philo's quick hand in flowing letters writes:
His case appears to me like honest Teague's,
When he was run away with by his legs.
Phœbus, give Philo o'er himself command;
Quicken his senses, or restrain his hand;

Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink :
So may he cease to write, and learn to think.

" QUID SIT FUTURUM CRAS FUGE
QUÆRERE—"

For what to-morrow shall disclose
May spoil what you to-night propose :
England may change; or Cloe stray :
Love and life are for to-day.

A BALLAD
OF THE
NOTBROWNE MAYDE.

WRITTEN THREE HUNDRED YEARS SINCE.

A.
Be it ryght, or wrong, these men among on wo-
men do complayne; [vayne,
Affyrmyng this, how that it is a labour spent in
To love them wele; for never a dele they love a
man agayne: [attayne,
For late a man do what he can, theyr favour to
Yet, yf a newe do them pursue, theyr fyrst true
lover than
Labourerth for nought; for from her thought he
is a banyshed man.

B.
I say nat, nay, but that all day it is bothe writ and
sayd, [decayed :
That womens sayth is, as who sayth, all utterly
But, neverthelesse, ryght good wytnesse in this
case might be layed,
That they love true; and continue; record the
notbrowne mayde;
Which, when her love came, her to prove, to her
to make his mone,
Wolde nat depart; for in her hart she loved but
hymn alone.

A.
Than betwayne us late us dyscus what was all the
manere
Betwayne them two; we wyll also tell all the
payne, and fere
That she was in : nowe I begyn, so that ye me
answere;— [an ere :—
Wherefore, all ye, that present be, I pray you gyve
I am the knyght; I come by nyght, as secret as I
can; [nyshed man.
Sayinge, Alas, thus standeth the case, I am a ba-

B.
And I your wyll for to fulfill in this wyll nat re-
fuse; [an yll use
Trustyng to shewe in wordes fewe, that men have
(To theyr own shame) women to blame, and
causelesse them accuse: [cuse :—
Therefore to you I answer nowe, all women to ex-
Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere? I
pray you, tell anone; [you alone
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but

A.
It standeth so; a dede is do, whereof grete harme
shall growe;
My destiny is for to dy a shamefull deth, I trow :
Or elles to fle : the one must be; none other way
I knowe, [my bowe.
But to withdrawe as an outlawe, and take me to
Wherefore, adue, my owne hart true! none other
rede I can; [ed man.
For I must to the grene wode go, alone, a banysh-

B.
O Lorde, what is this worldys blyffe, that chaung-
eth as the mone! [none.
The somers day in lusty May is derked before the
I here you say, farewell, nay, nay, we depart not
so sone :
Why say ye so? wheder wyll ye go : alas, what
have ye done?
All my welfare to sorowe and care sholde change,
yf ye were gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but
you alone.

A.
I can beleve, it shall you greve, and somewhat you
dysfrayne:
But, aftyward, your paynes harde within a day
or twayne
Shall sone aslake; and ye shall take comfort to you
agayne.
Why sholde ye ought? for, to make thought, your
labour were in vayne.
And thus I do; and pray you to, as hartely as I
can; [ed man.
For I must to the grene wode go, alone, a banysh-

B.
Now, syth that ye have shewed to me the secret
of your mynde, [synde :
I shall be playne to you agayne, lyke as ye shall me
Syth it is so that ye wyll go, I wolde not leve be-
hynde;
Shall it never be sayd, the notbrowne mayd was
to her love unkynde : [anone;
Make you redy; for so am I, although it were
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone.

A.
Yet I you rede to take good hede what men wyll
thynke and say :
Of yonge and olde it shall be tolde, that ye be
gone away : [to play;
Your wanton wyll for to fulfill, in grene wode you
And that ye myght from your delyght no lenger
make delay :
Rather than ye sholde thus for me be called an
yll womān, [ed man.
Yet wolde I to the grene wode go, alone, a banysh-

B.
Though it be songe of olde and yonge, that I
should be to blame,
Theyrs be the charge that speke so large in hurt-
ynge of my name :
For I wyll prove, that saythfull love it is devoyd
of shame;
In your dystresse, and hevynesse, to part with you,
the same;

To shewe all tho that do nat so, true lovers are
they none : [you alone.
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but

A.

I counceyle you, remember howe it is no maydens
lawe, [an outlawe :
Nothyng to doubt, but to renne out to wode with
For ye must there in your hand bere a bowe, redy
to drawe ; [and awe ;
And, as a thefe, thus must you lyve, ever in drede
Wherby to you grete harme myght growe : yet
had I lever than, [ed man.
That I had to the grene wode go, alone, a banysh-

B.

I say nat, nay, but as he say, it is no maydens lore :
But love may make me, for your sake, as I have
sayd before,

To come on fote, to hunt, and shote, to get us mete
in store ; [no more :

For so that I your company may have, I aske
From which to part, it maketh my hart as colde as
ony stone ; [alone.

For in my mynde, of all mankynde, I love but you

A.

For an outlawe, this is the lawe,—that men hymn
take and hynde ; [wynde.

Without pyte, hanged to be, and waver with the
Yf I had neede, (as God forbode !) what focours
coude ye fynde ? [drawe behynde :

For sothe I trowe, ye and your bowe for fere wolde
And no mervayle ; for lytell avayle were in your
counceyle than : [ed man.

Wherfore I'll to the grene wode go, alone, a banysh-

B.

Right wele knowe ye, that women be but feble for
to fyght ; [knyght :

No womanhede it is, indede, to he bolde as a
Yet, in such fere yf that ye were with enemyes
day and night,

I wolde withstande, with bow in hande, to helpe
you with my myght,

And you to save ; as women have from deth man-
ny a one ; [you alone.

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but

A.

Yet take good hede ; for ever I drede that ye coude
nat sustayne

The thornie wayes, the depe valdeies, the snowe,
the frost, the rayne,

The colde, the hete : for, dry, or wete, we must
lodge on the playne ; [or twayne :

And, as above, none other rose but a brake, bush,
Which sone shold greve you, I beleve ; and ye
wolde gladly than [ed man.

That I had to the grene wode go, alone, a banysh-

B.

Syth I have here been partynere with you of joy
and blyffe,

I must also parte of your wo endure, as reson is :
Yet am I sure of one plecture ; and, shortly, it is
this,— [fare amyffe.

That, where ye be, me semeth, pardè, I coude not
Without more speche, I you besече that we were
shortely gone ; [you alone.

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but

A.

Yf ye goo thyder, ye must consider,—whan ye have
lust to dyne,

There shall no mete, be for to gete, neyther bere,
ale, ne wine ; [and twyne ;

Ne shetes clene to lye betwene, maden of threde
None other house, but leves and bowes, to cover
your hed and myne :

O myne hart swete, this evyll dyete sholde make
you pale and wan ; [nyshed man.

Wherfore I'll to the grene wode go, alone, a ba-

B.

Amonge the wyldere, such an archere as men
say that ye be, [plente :

May ye nat fayle of good vitayle, where is so grete
And water clere of the ryvère shall be full swete
to me :

With which in hele I shall ryght wele endure, as
ye shall see : [none ;

And, or we go, a bedde or two I can provyde a-
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone.

A.

Lo yet, before, ye must do more, yf ye wyll go
with me : [the knee :

As cut your here above y our ere, your kyrtel above
With bowe in hande, for to withstande your ene-
myes, yf nede be :

And, this same nyght, before day-lyght, to wode-
warde wyll I fle.

Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill, do it shortly as ye
can ; [ed man.

Els wyll I to the grene wode go, alone, a banysh-

B.

I shall as nowe do more for you than longeth to
womanhede ; [of nede :—

To shorte my here, a bow to bere, to shote in tyre
O my swete mother, before all other for you I have
most drede.—

But nowe, adue ! I must ensue where fortune doth
me lede.— [fast upon ;

All this make ye : nowe let us fle ; the day cometh
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone.

A.

Nay, nay, nat so ; ye shal nat go, and I shall tell
you why,—

Your appetyght is to be lyght of love, I wele espy :
For, lyke as ye have sayed to me, in-lyke wyse
hardely [company.

Ye wolde answer, whosoever it were, in way of
It is fayd of olde,—sone hote, sone colde ; and so is
a woman : [man.

For I must to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed

B.

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede such wordes to say
by me ; [pardè :

For oft ye prayed, and longe essayed, or I you loved
And though that I of auncestry a baron's daughter
be,

Yet have you proved howe I you loved, a squyer
of lowe degre ; [none ;

And ever shall, whatso befall ; to dy therefore a-
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone.

A. A baron's chyld to be begylde ! it were a curfed dede : [bede !

To be felawe with an outlawe ! Almighty God for-
Yea, better were, the pore squyere alone to foreft yede, [dede

Than ye sholde fay another day, that by that curfed
Ye were betrayed : wherfore, good mayd, the beft rede that I can, [man.

Is, that I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyfhed B.

Whatever befall, I never shall of this thyng you upbrayd : [trayed.

But yf ye go, and leve me fo, than have ye me be-
Remember you wele howe that ye dele ; for, yf ye be as ye fayd,

Ye were unkynde, to leve behynde, your love, the not-browne mayd. [gone ;

Trust me truly, that I shall dy fone after ye be-
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A. Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent : for in the foreft nowe [than you ;

I have purvayd me of a mayd, whom I love more
Another fayrere than ever ye were, I dere it wele avowe ;

And of you bothe eche sholde be wrothe with o-
ther, as I trowe : [can ;

It were myne efe, to lyve in pefe ; fo wyll I, yf I
Wherfore I to the wode wyll go, alone, a banyfhed man.

B. Though in the wode I undyrftode ye had a para-
mour,

All this may nought remove my thought, but that I will be your :

And fhe shall fynde me foft, and kynde, and cour-
teys every hour ;

Glad to fulfill all that fhe wyll commaunde me, to my power .

For had ye, lo, an hundred mo, yet wolde I be that one ; [you alone.

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but A.

Myne own dere love, I fe the prove that ye be kynde and true ;

Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe, the beft that ever I knewe.

Be mery and glad, be no more fad, the cafe is chaunged newe ;

For it were ruthe, that, for your truth, ye sholde have caufe to rewe :

Be nat difmayed ; whatfoever I fayd to you, whan I began,

I wyll not to the grene wode go, I am no banyfhed man.

B. Thefe tydings be more gladder to me than to be made a quene. [fene,

Yf I were fure they sholde endure : but it is often
Whan men wyll breke promyfe, they fpeke the wordes on the fplene :

Ye fhape fome wyle, me to begyle, and ftele from me I wene :

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Than were the cafe worfe than it was, and I mora wo-begone ; [alone.

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you A.

Ye shall nat nede further to drede ; I will not dys-
parage [a lynage.

You, (God defende !) fych you defcend of fo grete
Nowe underftande—to Weftmarlande, which is myne herytage, [maryage

I wyll you bringe ; and with a ryng, by way of I wyll you take, and lady make, as shortly as I can : [ed man.

Thus have ye won an erlys fon, and not a banyfhed B.

Here may ye fe, that women be, in love, mcke kynde, and ftale :

Late never man reprove them than,

But, rather, pray God, that we may to them be comfortable,

Which fometyne proved fuch as he loved, yf they be charytable.

Forfoth, men wolde that women sholde be mcke to them ech one ;

Moeche more ought they to God obey, and ferve but hym alone.

HENRY AND EMMA.

A POEM,

Upon the Model of the Nut-Brown Maid.

TO CLOE.

THOU, to whose eyes I bend, at whose command
(Though low my voice, though artlefs be my hand)
I take the fprightly reed, and fmg, and play ;
Carelefs of what the cenfuring world may fay :
Bright Cloe, object of my conftant vow,
Wilt thou awhile unbend thy ferious brow ?
Wilt thou with pleafure hear thy lover's ftrains,
And with one heavenly fmile o'erpay his pains ?
No longer fhall the nut-brown maid be old ;
Though fince her youth three hundred years have roll'd :

At thy defire, fhe fhall again be rais'd ;
And her reviving charms in lafting verfe be prais'd.

No longer man of woman fhall complain,
That he may love, and not be lov'd again :

That we in vain the fickle fex purfue,
Who change the conftant lover for the new.

Whatever has been writ, whatever faid,
Of female paffion feign'd, or faith decay'd :

Henceforth fhall in my verfe refuted ftand,
Be faid to winds, or writ upon the fand.

And, while my notes to future times proclaim
Unconquer'd love and ever-during flame ;

O faireft of the fex ! be thou my mufe :
Deign on my work thy influence to diffufe.

Let me partake the bleffings I rehearfe,
And grant me, love, the juft reward of verfe !

As beauty's potent queen, with every grace
That once was Emma's, has adorn'd thy face ;

E c

And as her son has to my bosom dealt
That constant flame, which faithful Henry felt
O let the story with thy life agree :
Let men once more the bright example see ;
What Emma was to him, be thou to me.
Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,
Distant and sad, a banish'd man to rove.
But oh ! with pity long-entreated crown
My pains and hopes ; and when thou say'st that
one [alone.
Of all mankind thou lov'st, oh ! think on me]

WHERE beauteous Isis and her husband Tame
With mingled waves for ever flow the same,
In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd ;
Great gifts bestow'd, and great respect receiv'd.

When dreadful Edward with successful care
Led his free Britons to the Gallic war ;
This lord had headed his appointed bands,
In firm allegiance to his king's commands ;
And (all due honours faithfully discharg'd)
Had brought back his paternal coat enlarg'd
With a new mark, the witness of his toil,
And no inglorious part of foreign spoil.

From the loud camp retir'd and noisy court,
In honourable ease and rural sport,
The remnant of his days he safely past ;
Nor found they lagg'd too slow, and flew too fast.
He made his wish with his estate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter chaste and fair,
His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir.
They call'd her Emma ; for the beauteous dame,
Who gave the virgin birth, had borne the name :
The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd ;
For in the child the mother's charms improv'd.
Yet as, when little round his knees she play'd,
He call'd her oft' in sport his nut-brown maid,
The friends and tenants took the fondling word
(As still they please, who imitate their lord) ;
Usage confirm'd what fancy had begun ;
The mutual terms around the lands were known ;
And Emma and the nut-brown maid were one.

As with her stature, still her charms increas'd ;
Through all the isle her beauty was confest'd.
Oh ! what perfections must that virgin share,
Who fairest is esteem'd, where all are fair !
From distant shires repair the noble youth,
And find report for once had less'n'd truth.
By wonder first, and then by passion mov'd
They came ; they saw ; they marvel'd ; and they
lov'd.

By public praises, and by secret sighs,
Each own'd the general power of Emma's eyes.
In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove
By glorious deeds to purchase Emma's love.
In gentle verse the witty told their flame,
And grac'd their choicest songs with Emma's
name.

In vain they combated, in vain they writ :
Useless their strength, and impotent their wit.
Great Venus only must direct the dart,
Which else will never reach the fair one's heart,
Spite of the attempts of force, and soft effects of
art.

Great Venus must prefer the happy one :

In Henry's cause her favour must be shown :
And Emma, of mankind, must love but him alone.

While these in public to the castle came,
And by their grandeur justified their flame ;
More secret ways the careful Henry takes ;
His squires, his arms, and equipage forsakes :
In borrow'd name and false attire array'd,
Oft' he finds means to see the beauteous maid.

When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit dress'd,
Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast.
In his right hand his beechen pole he bears ;
And graceful at his side his horn he wears.
Still to the glade, where she has bent her way,
With knowing skill he drives the future prey ;
Bids her decline the hill, and shun the brake ;
And shows the path her steed may safest take ;
Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound ;
Pleas'd in his toils to have her triumph crown'd :
And blows her praises in no common sound.

A falconer Henry is, when Emma hawks :
With her of tartsels and of lures he talks.
Upon his wrist the towering merlin stands,
Practis'd to rise, and stoop at her commands.
And when superior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down ;
With humble reverence he accosts the fair,
And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.
Yet still, as from the sportive field she goes,
His down-cast eye reveals his inward woes ;
And by his look and sorrow is express'd,
A nobler game pursued than bird or beast.

A shepherd now along the plain he roves :
And, with his jolly pipe, delights the groves.
The neighbouring swains around the stranger
throng,

Or to admire, or emulate his song :
While with soft sorrow he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praise.
But, soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raises to a nobler strain,
With dutiful respect and studious fear ;
Lest any careless sound offend her ear.

A frantic gipsy now, the house he haunts,
And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants.
With the fond maids in palmistry he deals :
They tell the secret first, which he reveals ;
Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguil'd ;
What groom shall get, and squire maintain the
child.

But, when bright Emma would her fortune know,
A softer look unbends his opening brow ;
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
And in soft accents forms the kind reply ;
That she shall prove as fortunate as fair ;
And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserv'd for
her.

Now oft' had Henry chang'd his fly disguise,
Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes :
Oft' had found means alone to see the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his amorous flame ;
And oft' the pangs of absence to remove
By letters, soft interpreters of love :
Till time and industry (the mighty two
That bring our wishes nearer to our view)

Made him perceive, that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear;
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign. [pain.
And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's

While Cupid smil'd, by kind occasion blest'd,
And, with the secret kept, the love increas'd;
The amorous youth frequents the silent groves;
And much he meditates, for much he loves.
He loves, 'tis true; and is belov'd again:
Great are his joys: but will they long remain?
Emma with smiles receives his present flame;
But, smiling, will she ever be the same?
Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds;
And summer seas are turn'd by sudden winds.
Another love may gain her easy youth:
Time changes thought; and flattery conquers truth.

O impotent estate of human life!
Where hope and fear maintain eternal strife;
Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire;
And most we question, what we most desire!
Amongst thy various gifts, great Heaven, bestow
Our cup of love unmix'd; forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in; nor pall the draught
With nauseous grief: for our ill-judging thought
Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste;
Or deems it not sincere; or fears it cannot last.

With wishes rais'd, with jealousies oppress'd,
(Alternate tyrants of the human breast)
By one great trial he resolves to prove
The faith of woman, and the force of love.
If scanning Emma's virtues he may find
That beauteous frame enclose a steady mind,
He'll fix his hope, of future joy secure;
And live a slave to Hymen's happy power.
But if the fair-one, as he fears, is frail;
If, pois'd aright in reason's equal scale,
Light fly her merit, and her faults prevail;
His mind he vows to free from amorous care,
The latent mischief from his heart to tear,
Resume his azure arms, and shine again in war.

South of the castle in a verdant glade
A spreading beech extends her friendly shade:
Here oft' the nymph his breathing vows had heard;
Here oft' her silence had her heart declar'd.
As active spring awak'd her infant buds,
And genial life inform'd the verdant woods;
Henry in knots involving Emma's name,
Had half express'd and half conceal'd his flame
Upon this tree: and, as the tender mark
Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,
Venus had heard the virgin's soft address,
That, as the wound, the passion might increase.
As potent nature shed her kindly showers,
And deck'd the various mead with opening flowers,
Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care
Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair;
Which as with gay delight the lover found,
Pleas'd with his conquest, with her present crown'd,
Glorious through all the plains he oft' had gone,
And to each swain the mystic honour shown;
The gift still prais'd, the giver still unknown.

His secret not the troubled Henry writes:
To the known tree the lovely maid unites:
Imperfect words and dubious terms express,
That unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace;

That he must something to her ear commend,
On which her conduct and his life depend.

Soon as the fair-one had the note receiv'd,
The remnant of the day alone she griev'd:
For different this from every former note,
Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote:
Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear bosom of his nut-brown maid;
Which always blest'd her eyes, and own'd her
power;

And bid her oft' adieu, yet added more. [laid;
Now night advanc'd. The house in sleep were
The nurse experienc'd, and the prying maid:
And, last, that sprite, which does incessant haunt
The lover's steps, the ancient maiden-aunt.
To her dear Henry Emma wings her way,
With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay;
For love, fantastic power, that is afraid
To stir abroad till watchfulness be laid,
Undaunted then o'er cliffs and valleys strays,
And leads his votaries safe through pathless ways.
Not Argus with his hundred eyes shall find
Where Cupid goes, though he, poor guide! is blind.

The maiden first arriving, sent her eye
To ask, if yet its chief delight were nigh:
With fear and with desire, with joy and pain,
She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain.
But oh! his steps proclaim no lover's haste:
On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast;
His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs;
And tears suborn'd fall copious from his eyes.

With ease, alas! we credit what we love:
His painted grief does real sorrow move
In the afflicted fair; adown her cheek
Trickling the genuine tears their current break;
Attentive stood the mournful nymph: the man
Broke silence first: the tale alternate ran.

HENRY.

SINCERE, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign?
Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
With the first tumults of a real love?
Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest his sway,
By turns averse, and joyful to obey?
Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd;
As reason yielded, and as love prevail'd?
And wept the potent god's resistless dart,
His killing pleasure, his ecstatic smart,
And heavenly poison thrilling through thy heart?
If so, with pity view my wretched state;
At least deplore, and then forget my fate:
To some more happy knight reserve thy charms;
By fortune favour'd, and successful arms:
And only, as the sun's revolving ray
Brings back each year this melancholy day,
Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear,
To an abandon'd exile's endless care.
For me, alas! out-cast of human race,
Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace;
For lo! these hands in murder are imbrued;
These trembling feet by justice are pursued;
Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away;
A shameful death attends my longer stay;
And I this night must fly from thee and love,
Condemn'd in lonely woods, a banish'd man, to rove!

E c ij

EMMA.

What is our bliss, that changeth with the moon;
 And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon?
 What is true passion, if unblest it dies?
 And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?
 If love, alas! be pain; the pain I bear
 No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
 Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd,
 The flames which long have in my bosom reign'd:
 The god of love himself inhabits there,
 With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
 His complement of stores, and total war.
 O! cease then coldly to suspect my love;
 And let my deed at least my faith approve.
 Alas! no youth shall my endearments share
 Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care;
 No future story shall with truth upbraid
 The cold indifference of the nut-brown maid;
 Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run:
 While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
 View me resolv'd, where-e'er thou lead'st, to go,
 Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe;
 For I attest fair Venus and her son,
 That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

HENRY.

Let prudence yet obstruct thy venturous way;
 And take good heed, what men will think and say:
 That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took;
 Her father's house and civil life forsook;
 That, full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
 She to the wood-land with an exile ran.
 Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd;
 And virgin honour, once, is always stain'd:
 Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun:
 Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
 No penance can absolve our guilty fame;
 Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame.
 Then fly the sad effects of desperate love; [rove.
 And leave a banish'd man through lonely woods to

EMMA.

Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told
 By the rash young, or the ill-natur'd old:
 Let every tongue its various censures choose;
 Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse:
 Fair truth at last her radiant beams will raise;
 And malice vanquish'd heightens virtue's praise.
 Let then thy favour but indulge my flight;
 O! let my presence make thy travels light;
 And potent Venus shall exalt my name
 Above the rumours of censorious fame;
 Nor from that busy demon's restless power
 Will ever Emma other grace implore,
 Than that this truth should to the world be known,
 That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou wield the sword, and bend the
 With active force repel the sturdy foe? [bow?
 When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,
 And winged deaths in whistling arrows fly;
 Wilt thou, though wounded, yet undaunted stay,
 Perform thy part, and share the dangerous day?
 Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail,
 Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale;
 With fruitless sorrow, thou, inglorious maid,
 Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betray'd:

Then to thy friend, by foes o'er-charg'd, deny
 Thy little useless aid, and coward fly:
 Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee
 love
 A banish'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to
 rove.

EMMA.

With fatal certainty Thalestris knew
 To send the arrow from the twanging yew;
 And, great in arms, and foremost in the war,
 Bonduca brandish'd high the British spear.
 Could thirst of vengeance and desire of fame
 Excite the female breast with martial flame?
 And shall not love's diviner power inspire
 More hardy virtue, and more generous fire?
 Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
 And fall, or vanquish, fighting by thy side.
 Though my inferior strength may not allow
 That I should bear or draw the warrior bow;
 With ready hand I will the shaft supply,
 And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.
 Touch'd in the battle by the hostile reed,
 Should'st thou (but Heaven avert it!) should'st thou
 bleed;

To stop the wounds, my finest lawn I'd tear,
 Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my
 hair;
 Blest, when my dangers and my toils have shown
 That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou, tender maid, canst thou sustain
 Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain?
 Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk array'd,
 From sun-beams guarded, and of winds afraid;
 Can they bear angry Jove? can they resist
 The parching dog-star, and the bleak north-east?
 When, chill'd by adverse snows and beating rain,
 We tread with weary steps the longsome plain;
 When with hard toil we seek our evening food,
 Berries and acorns from the neighbouring wood;
 And find among the cliffs no other house,
 But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs;
 Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
 Around the dreary waste: and weeping try
 (Though then, alas! that trial be too late)
 To find thy father's hospitable gate,
 And seats, where ease and plenty brooding fate?
 Those seats, whence long excluded thou must
 mourn;
 That gate, for ever barr'd to thy return:
 Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
 And hate a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods
 to rove?

EMMA.

Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
 From its decline determin'd to recede;
 Did I but purpose to embark with thee
 On the smooth surface of a summer's sea;
 While gentle Zephyrs play in prosperous gales,
 And fortune's favour fills the swelling sails;
 But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,
 When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar?
 No, Henry, no: one sacred oath has tied
 Our loves; one destiny our life shall guide;
 Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.

When from the cave thou risest with the day,
To beat the woods, and rouse the bounding prey;
The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,
And cheerful sit, to wait my lord's return:
And, when thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer
(For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err),
Ill fetch quick fuel from the neighbouring wood,
And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food;
With humble duty, and officious haste,
I'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast;
The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring,
And draw thy water from the freshest spring:
And, when at night with weary toil oppress'd,
Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st, and wholesome rest;
Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight prayer
Weary the gods to keep thee in their care;
And joyous ask, at morn's returning ray,
If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.
My thoughts shall fix, my latest wish depend,
On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend:
By all these sacred names be Henry known
To Emma's heart; and grateful let him own
That she, of all mankind, could love but him
alone!

HENRY.

Vainly thou tell'st me, what the woman's care
Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare:
Thou, ere thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,
Must leave the habit and the sex behind.
No longer shall thy comely tresses break
In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck;
Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful braids with various ribbon bound:
No longer shall the bodice aptly lac'd,
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less:
Nor shall thy lower garments artful plait,
From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,
Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
And double every charm they seek to hide.
Th' ambrosial plenty of thy shining *hair*,
Crop'd off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear
Shall stand untouch'd: a horseman's coat shall hide
Thy taper shape, and comeliness of side:
The short trunk-hose shall shew thy foot and knee
Licentious, and to common eye-sight free:
And, with a bolder stride and looser air,
Mingled with men, a man thou must appear.

Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Mistaken maid, shalt thou in forests find:
Tis long since Cynthia and her train were there,
Or guardian gods made innocence their care.
Vagrants and outlaws shall offend thy view:
For such must be my friends, a hideous crew
By adverse fortune mix'd in social ill,
Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill:
Their common loves, a lewd abandon'd pack,
The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back:
By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread:
With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,
Assist their violence, and divide their prey:
With such she must return at setting light,
Though not partaker, witness of their night!

Thy ear, inur'd to charitable sounds
And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds
Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill-bred question, and the lewd reply:
Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,
That latest weapon of the wretches' war,
And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.

Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,
What thou would'st follow, what thou must for-
sake:

By our ill-omen'd stars, and adverse heaven,
No middle object to thy choice is given.
Or yield thy virtue, to attain thy love;
Or leave a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to
rove.

EMMA.

O grief of heart! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to suffer what thy honour hates:
Mix thee amongst the bad; or make thee run
Too near the paths which virtue bids thee shun.
Yet with her Henry still let Emma go;
With him abhor the vice, but share the woe:
And sure my little heart can never err
Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there.

Our outward act is prompted from within;
And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin:
By her own choice free virtue is approv'd;
Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd.
Who has assay'd no danger, gains no praise.
In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,
Triumphant constancy has fix'd her seat:
In vain the Syrens sing, the tempests beat:
Their flattery she rejects, nor fears their threat.

For thee alone these little charms I dress:
Condemn'd them, or absolv'd them by thy test.
In comely figure rang'd my jewels shone,
Or negligently plac'd for thee alone:
For thee again they shall be laid aside;
The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride
For thee: my clothes, my sex, exchange'd for
thee,

I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee;
O line extreme of human infamy!
Wanting the scissors, with these hands I'll tear
(If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair.
Black foot, or yellow walnut, shall disgrace
This little red and white of Emma's face.

These nails with scratches shall deform my
breast,
Left by my look or colour be express'd
The mark of aught high-born, or ever better
dress'd.

Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,
Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes;
Lost to the world, let me to him be known:
My fate I can absolve, if he shall own
That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

HENRY.

O wildest thought of an abandon'd mind?
Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,
Ev'n honour dubious, thou prefer'st to go
Wild to the woods with me: said Emma so?
Or did I dream what Emma never said?
O guilty error! and O wretched maid!

E c iij

Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
With him, who next should tempt her easy fame;
And blow with empty words the susceptible
flame.

Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex
Confess thy frailty, and avow the sex:
No longer loose desire for constant love [to rove.
Mistake; but say, 'tis man with whom thou long'st

EMMA.

Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and
swords,

That Emma thus must die by Henry's words?
Yet what could swords or poison, racks or flame,
But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame!
More fatal Henry's words; they murder Em-
ma's fame.

And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,
Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung;
Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain,
Court'ing my grace, yet court'ing it in vain,
Call'd sighs, and tears, and wishes, to its aid;
And, whilst it Henry's glowing flame convey'd,
Still blam'd the coldness of the nut-brown maid?

Let envious jealousy and canker'd spite
Produce my actions to severest light,
And tax my open day, or secret night.
Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart
The least inclin'd to play the wanton's part?
Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell!
And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known
One fault, but that which I must never own,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee
alone?

HENRY.

Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone:
Each man is man; and all our sex is one.
False are our words, and fickle is our mind:
Nor in love's ritual can we ever find
Vows made to left, or promises to bind.

By nature prompted, and for empire made,
Alike by strength or cunning we invade:
When arm'd with rage we march against the foe,
We lift the battle axe, and draw the bow:
When, fir'd with passion, we attack the fair,
Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear;
Our falsehood and our arms have equal use;
As they our conquest or delight produce.
The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive,
The only boon departing love can give.
To be less wretched, be no longer true;
What strives to fly thee, why should'st thou
pursue?

Forget the present flame, indulge a new;
Single the loveliest of the amorous youth;
Ask for his vow; but hope not for his truth.
The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)
Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive;
Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave.
Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right;
Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight;
Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's flight.

Why should'st thou weep? let nature judge our
case:

I saw thee young and fair; pursued the chase

Of youth and beauty: I another saw
Fairer and younger: yielding to the law
Of our all-ruling mother, I pursued
More youth, more beauty: blest vicissitude!
My active heart still keeps its pristine flame;
The object alter'd, the desire the same.

This younger, fairer, pleads her rightful charms;
With present power compels me to her arms.
And much I fear, from my subjeçt mind
(If beauty's force to constant love can bind),
That years may roll, ere in her turn the maid
Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd;
And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
With idle clamours of a broken vow.

Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err
So wide, to hope that thou may'st live with her,
Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows:
Cupid averse rejects divided vows:
Then from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove
An useless sorrow, and an ill-star'd love;
And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods
to rove.

EMMA.

Are we in life through one great error led?
Is each man perjur'd, and each nymph betray'd?
Of the superior sex art thou the worst?
Am I of mine the most completely curst?
Yet let me go with thee: and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love.

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our different care,
Her let me follow; her let me attend
A servant (she may storm the name of friend).
What she demands, incessant I'll prepare:
I'll weave her garlands; and I'll plait her hair:
My busy diligence shall deck her board
(For there at least I may approach my lord);
And, when her Henry's softer hours advise
His servant's absence, with dejected eyes
Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.

Yet, when increasing grief brings slow disease;
And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,
Will have its little lamp no longer fed;
When Henry's mistress shows him Emma dead;
Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect;
With virgin honours let my hearse be deckt,
And decent emblem; and at least persuade
This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid
Where thou, dear author of my death, where she,
With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.
The nymph amidst her joys may haply breathe
One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,
And the sad fate which she may one day prove,
Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.
And thou forsworn, thou cruel, as thou art,
If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart;
Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one
tear

To her, whom love abandon'd to despair;
To her, who, dying, on the wounded stone
Bid it in lasting characters be known,
That, of mankind, the lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

Hear, solemn Jove; and conscious Venus, hear;
And thou, bright maid, believe me whilst I swear;

No time, no change, no future flame, shall move
The well-plac'd basis of my lasting love.
O powerful virtue! O victorious fair!
At least excuse a trial too severe:
Receive the triumph; and forget the war.

No banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
Entreats thy pardon, and implores thy love:
No perjur'd knight desires to quit thy arms,
Fairest collection of thy sex's charms,
Crown of my love, and honour of my youth!
Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,
As thou may'st wish, shall all his life employ,
And found his glory in his Emma's joy.

In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
Illustrious earl: him terrible in war
Let Loyre confess, for she has felt his sword,
And trembling fled before the British lord,
Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows;
For she amidst his spacious meadows flows;
Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands;
And sees his numerous herds imprint her sands.

And thou, my fair, my dove, shalt raise thy
thought

To greatness next to empire: shalt be brought
With solemn pomp to my paternal seat;
Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait.
Music and song shall wake the marriage-day:
And, whilst the priests accuse the bride's delay,
Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.

Friendship shall still thy evening feasts adorn;
And blooming peace shall ever bless thy morn.
Succeeding years their happy race shall run,
And age unheeded by delight come on:
While yet superior love shall mock his power:
And when old time shall turn the fated hour,
Which only can our well-tied knot unfold;
What rests of both, one sepulchre shall hold.

Hence then for ever from my Emma's breast
(That heaven of softness, and that seat of rest)
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love,
Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in forests
rove.

EMMA.

O day the fairest sure that ever rose!
Period and end of anxious Emma's woes!
Sire of her joy, and source of her delight;
O! wing'd with pleasure, take thy happy flight,
And give each future morn a tincture of thy
white.

Yet tell thy votary, potent queen of love,
Henry, my Henry, will he never rove?
Will he be ever kind, and just, and good?
And is there yet no mistress in the wood?
None, none there is; the thought was rash and
vain;

A false idea, and a fancy'd pain.
Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart,
And anxious jealousy's corroding smart;
Nor other inmate shall inhabit there,
But soft belief, young joy, and pleasing care.

Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
And fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
If at my feet the suppliant goddess stands,
And sheds her treasure with-unweary'd hands;

Her present favour cautious I'll embrace,
And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace:
If she reclaims the temporary boon,
And tries her pinions, fluttering to be gone;
Secure of mind, I'll obviate her intent,
And unconcern'd return the goods she lent.
Nor happiness can I, nor misery feel,
From any turn of her fantastic wheel:
Friendship's great laws, and love's superior powers,
Must mark the colour of my future hours.
From the events which thy commands create
I must my blessings or my sorrows date;
And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate.

Yet while with close delight and inward pride
(Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)
I see thee, lord and end of my desire,
Exalted high as virtue can require;
With power invested, and with pleasure cheer'd;
Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd;
Loaded and blest with all the affluent store,
Which human vows at smoking shrines implore;
Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My life subservient only to thy joy;
And at my death to bless thy kindness shown
To her, who of mankind could love but thee alone.

While thus the constant pair alternate said,
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and sportive loves, a numerous crowd;
Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they bow'd:
They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
To choose propitious shafts, a precious store;
That, when their god should take his future darts,
To strike (however rarely) constant hearts,
His happy skill might proper arms employ,
All tipt with pleasure, and all wing'd with joy:
And those, they vow'd, whose lives should imitate
These lovers' constancy, should share their fate.

The queen of beauty stopt her bridled doves;
Approv'd the little labour of the Loves;
Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear;
And to the triumph call'd the god of war:
Soon as she calls, the god is always near.

Now, Mars, she said, let fame exalt her voice:
Nor let thy conquests only be her choice:
But, when she sings great Edward from the field
Return'd, the hostile spear and captive shield
In concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught to
yield;

And when, as prudent Saturn shall complete
The years design'd to perfect Britain's state,
The swift-wing'd power shall take her trump again,
To sing her favourite Anna's wondrous reign;
To recollect unweary'd Marlborough's toils,
Old Rufus' hall unequal to his spoils;
The British soldier from his high command
Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquish'd by his hand:
Let her at least perform what I desire;
With second breath the vocal brass inspire;
And tell the nations, in no vulgar strain,
What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain.
And, when thy tumults and thy fights are past;
And when thy laurels at my feet are cast;
Faithful may'st thou, like British Henry, prove:
And, Emma-like, let me return thy love.

Renown'd for truth, let all thy sons appear;
And constant beauty shall reward their care.

Mars smil'd, and bow'd: the Cyprian deity
Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the sky;
And thou, the smiling said, great God of days
And verse, behold my deed, and sing my praise;
As on the British earth, my favourite isle,
Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile,
Through all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
Proclaim with joy these memorable loves.
From every annual course let one great day
To celebrated sports and floral play
Be set aside; and, in the softest lays
Of thy poetic sons, be solemn praise
And everlasting marks of honour paid
To the true lover, and the nut-brown maid.

AN ODE,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE QUEEN,

On the glorious success of her Majesty's Arms, 1706.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF SPENSER'S STYLE.

"Te non paventis funera Gallix,
"Duræque tellus audit Iberix:
"Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri
"Compositis venerantur armis." HOR.

PREFACE.

WHEN I first thought of writing upon this occasion, I found the ideas so great and numerous, that I judged them more proper for the warmth of an ode, than for any other sort of poetry: I therefore set Horace before me for a pattern, and particularly his famous ode, the fourth of the fourth book,

"Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem," &c.

which he wrote in praise of Drusus after his expedition into Germany, and of Augustus upon his happy choice of that general. And in the following poem, though I have endeavoured to imitate all the great strokes of that ode, I have taken the liberty to go off from it, and to add variously, as the subject and my own imagination carried me. As to the style, the choice I made of following the ode in Latin, determined me in English to the stanza; and herein it was impossible not to have a mind to follow our great countryman Spenser; which I have done (as well at least as I could) in the manner of my expression, and the turn of my number: having only added one verse to his stanza, which I thought made the number more harmonious; and avoided such of his words as I found too obsolete. I have, however, retained some few of them, to make the colouring look more like Spenser's. *Behest*, command; *band*, army; *proweiss*, strength; *I weet*, I know; *I ween*, I think; *woilom*, heretofore; and two or three more of that kind, which I hope the ladies will pardon me, and not judge my muse less handsome, though

for once she appears in a farthingale. I have also in Spenser's manner, used Cæsar for the emperor, Boya for Bavaria, Bavara for that prince, Ister for Danube, Iberia for Spain, &c.

That noble part of the ode which I just now mentioned,

"Gens, quæ cremato fortis ab Illo
"Jactata Tuscis æquoribus, &c.

where Horace praises the Romans as being descended from Æneas, I have turned to the honour of the British nation, descended from Brute, likewise a Trojan. That this Brute, fourth or fifth from Æneas, settled in England, and built London, which is called Troja Nova, or Troynovante, is a story which (I think) owes its original, if not to Geoffry of Monmouth, at least to the Monkish writers; yet it not rejected by our great Camden; and is told by Milton, as if (at least) he was pleased with it, though possibly he does not believe it: however, it carries a poetical authority, which is sufficient for our purpose. It is as certain that Brute came into England, as that Æneas went into Italy; and, upon the supposition of these facts, Virgil wrote the best poem that the world ever read, and Spenser paid Queen Elizabeth the greatest compliment.

I need not obviate one piece of criticism, that I bring my hero

"From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood:

whereas he was not born when that city was destroyed. Virgil, in the case of his own Æneas relating to Dido, will stand as a sufficient proof, that a man in his poetical capacity is not accountable for a little fault in chronology.

My two great examples, Horace and Spenser, in many things resemble each other: both have a height of imagination, and a majesty of expression, in describing the sublime; and both know to temper those talents, and sweeten the description, so as to make it lovely as well as pompous: both have equally that agreeable manner of mixing morality with their story, and that Curiosa Felicitas in the choice of their diction, which every writer aims at, and so very few have reached: both are particularly fine in their images, and knowing in their numbers. Leaving therefore our two masters to the consideration and study of those who design to excel in poetry, I only beg leave to add, that it is long since I have (or at least ought to have) quitted Parnassus, and all the flowery roads on that side the country; though I thought myself indispensably obliged, upon the present occasion, to take a little journey into those parts.

1.

WHEN great Augustus govern'd ancient Rome,
And sent his conquering bands to foreign wars;
Abroad when dreaded, and belov'd at home,
He saw his fame increasing with his years;

Horace, great bard ! (so fate ordain'd) arose,
And, bold as were his countrymen in fight,
Snatch'd their fair actions from degrading prose,
And set their battles in eternal light :
High as their trumpets tune his lyre he strung,
And with his prince's arms he moraliz'd his song.

II.

When bright Eliza rul'd Britannia's state,
Widely distributing her high commands,
And boldly wife, and fortunately great,
Freed the glad nations from tyrannic bands ;
An equal genius was in Spenser found ;
To the high theme he match'd his noble lays :
He travel'd England o'er on fairy ground,
In mystic notes to sing his monarch's praise :
Reciting wondrous truths in pleasing dreams,
He deck'd Eliza's head with Gloriana's beams.

III.

But, greatest Anna ! while thy arms pursue
Paths of renown, and climb ascents of fame,
Which nor Augustus, nor Eliza knew ;
What poet shall be found to sing thy name ?
What numbers shall record, what tongue shall say,
Thy wars on land, thy triumphs on the main ?
O fairest model of imperial sway !
What equal pen shall write thy wondrous reign ?
Who shall attempt and feats of arms rehearse,
Nor yet by story told, nor parallel'd by verse ?

IV.

Me all too mean for such a task I weet :
Yet, if the sovereign lady deigns to smile,
I'll follow Horace with impetuous heat,
And clothe the verse in Spenser's native style.
By these examples rightly taught to sing,
And suit with pleasure of my country's praise,
Stretching the plumes of an uncommon wing,
High as Olympus I my flight will raise ;
And latest times shall in my numbers read [deed.
Anna's immortal fame, and Marlborough's hardy

V.

As the strong eagle in the silent wood,
Mindless of warlike rage and hostile care,
Plays round the rocky cliff or crystal flood,
Till by Jove's high behests call'd out to war,
And charg'd with thunder of his angry king,
His bosom with the vengeful message glows ;
Upward the noble bird directs his wing,
And, towering round his master's earth-born foes,
Swift he collects his fatal stock of ire,
Lifts his fierce talon high, and darts the forked fire.

VI.

Sedate and calm thus victor Marlborough fate,
Shaded with laurels, in his native land,
Till Anna calls him from his soft retreat,
And gives her second thunder to his hand.
Then, leaving sweet repose and gentle ease,
With ardent speed he seeks the distant foe ;
Marching o'er hills and vales, o'er rocks and seas,
He meditates, and strikes the wondrous blow.
Our thought flies slower than our general's fame :
Grasps he the bolt ? we ask—when he has hurl'd
the flame.

VII.

When fierce Bavar on Judoign's spacious plain
Did from afar the British chief behold,

Betwixt despair, and rage, and hope, and pain,
Something within his warring bosom roll'd :
He views that favourite of indulgent fame,
Whom whilom he had met on sister's shore ;
Too well, alas ! the man he knows the same,
Whose prowess there repell'd the Boyan power,
And sent them trembling through the frighted
lands, [sands.
Swift as the whirlwind drives Arabia's scatter'd

VIII.

His former losses he forgets to grieve :
Absolves his fate, if with a kinder ray
It now would shine, and only give him leave
To balance the account of Blenheim's day.
So the fell lion in the lonely glade,
His side still smarting with the hunter's spear,
Though deeply wounded, no way yet dismay'd,
Roars terrible, and meditates new war ;
In fullen fury traverses the plain,
To find the venturous foe, and battle him again.

IX.

Misguided prince, no longer urge thy fate,
Nor tempt the hero to unequal war ;
Fam'd in misfortune, and in ruin great,
Confess the force of Marlborough's stronger star.
Those laurel groves (the merits of thy youth),
Which thou from Mahomet didst greatly gain,
While, bold assertor of resistless truth,
Thy sword did godlike liberty maintain,
Must from thy brow their falling honours shed,
And their transplanted wreaths must deck a wor-
thier head.

X.

Yet cease the ways of Providence to blame,
And human faults with human grief confess ;
'Tis thou art chang'd, while Heaven is still the
same ;
From thy ill councils date thy ill success.
Impartial justice holds her equal scales,
Till stronger virtue does the weight incline :
If over thee thy glorious foe prevails,
He now defends the cause that once was thine.
Righteous the war, the champion shall subdue ;
For Jove's great handmaid Power must Jove's de-
crees pursue.

XI.

Hark ! the dire trumpets sound their shrill alarms !
Auverquerque, branch'd from the renown'd Nas-
saus,
Hoary in war, and bent beneath his arms,
His glorious sword with dauntless courage draws.
When anxious Britain mourn'd her parting lord,
And all of William that was mortal died ;
The faithful hero had receiv'd this sword
From his expiring master's much-lov'd side.
Ost' from his fatal ire has Louis flown,
Where'er great William led, or Maese and Sambre
run.

XII.

But brandish'd high, in an ill-omen'd hour
To thee, proud Gaul, behold thy justest fear,
The master-sword, disposer of thy power :
'Tis that which Cæsar gave the British peer.
He took the gift : Nor ever will I sheathe
This steed (so Anna's high behests ordain)

The general said, unless by glorious death
Absolv'd, till conquest has confirm'd your reign.
Returns like these our mistress bids us make,
When from a foreign prince a gift her Britons take.

XIII.

And now fierce Gallia rushes on her foes,
Her force augmented by the Boyan bands;
So Volga's stream, increas'd by mountain snows,
Rolls with new fury down through Russia's lands.
Like two great rocks against the raging tide
(If virtue's force with nature's we compare),
Unmov'd the two united chiefs abide,
Sustain the impulse, and receive the war.
Round their firm sides in vain the tempest beats;
And still the foaming wave with lessen'd power
retreats.

XIV.

The rage dispers'd, the glorious pair advance,
With mingled anger and collected might,
To turn the war, and tell aggressing France,
How Britain's sons and Britain's friends can fight.
On conquest fix'd, and covetous of fame,
Behold them rushing through the Gallic host:
Through standing corn so runs the sudden flame,
Or eastern winds along Sicilia's coast.
They deal their terrors to the adverse nation:
Pale death attends their arms, and ghastly desolation.

XV.

But while with fiercest ire Bellona glows,
And Europe rather hopes than fears her fate;
While Britain presses her afflicted foes;
What horror damps the strong, and quells the great!
Whence look the soldiers' cheeks dismay'd and
pale?
Ere ever dreadful, know they now to dread?
The hostile troops, I ween, almost prevail;
And the pursuers only not recede.
Alas! their lessen'd rage proclaims their grief!
For, anxious, lo! they crowd around their falling
chief.

XVI.

I thank thee, fate, exclaims the fierce Bavar;
Let Boya's trumpet grateful to's found:
I saw him fall, their thunderbolt of war:—
Ever to vengeance sacred be the ground.—
Vain wish! short joy! the hero mounts again
In greater glory, and with fuller light:
The evening star so falls into the main,
To rise at morn more prevalently bright.
He rises safe, but near, too near his side,
A good man's grievous loss, a faithful servant died.

XVII.

Propitious Mars! the battle is regain'd:
The foe with lessen'd wrath disputes the field:
The Briton fights, by favouring gods sustain'd:
Freedom must live; and lawless power must yield.
Vain now the tales which fabling poets tell,
That wavering conquest still desires to rove!
In Marlborough's camp the goddess knows to
dwell:
Long as the hero's life remains her love.
Again France flies, again the duke pursues,
And on Ramilia's plains he Blenheim's fame re-
news.

XVIII.

Great thanks, O captain great in arms! receive
From thy triumphant country's public voice:
Thy country greater thanks can only give
To Anne, to her who made those arms her choice.
Recording Schellenberg's and Blenheim's toils,
We dreaded lest thou should'st those toils repeat:
We view'd the palace charg'd with Gallic spoils,
And in those spoils we thought thy praise complete.
For never Greek we deem'd, nor Roman knight,
In characters like these did e'er his acts indite.

XIX.

Yet, mindless still of ease, thy virtue flies
A pitch to old and modern times unknown:
Those goodly deeds which we so highly prize
Imperfect seem, great chief, to thee alone. [staid,
Those heights, where William's virtue might have
And on the subject world look'd safely down,
By Marlborough pass'd, the props and steps were
made
Sublimed yet to raise his queen's renown:
Still gaining more, still slighting what he gain'd,
Nought done the hero deem'd while aught undone
remain'd.

XX.

When swift-wing'd rumour told the mighty Gaul,
How lessen'd from the field Bavar was fled;
He wept the swiftness of the champion's fall;
And thus the royal treaty-breaker said:
And lives he yet, the great, the lost Bavar,
Ruin to Gallia in the name of friend?
I'll me, how far has fortune been severe?
Has the foe's glory, or our grief, an end?
Remains there, of the fifty thousand lost, [coast?
To save our threaten'd realm, or guard our shatter'd

XXI.

To the close rock the frighted raven flies,
Soon as the rising eagle cuts the air:
The shaggy wolf unseen and trembling lies,
When the hoarse roar proclaims the lion near.
Ill-starr'd did we our forts and lines forsake,
To dare our British foes to open fight:
Our conquest we by stratagem should make:
Our triumph had been founded in our flight.
'Tis ours by craft and by surprise to gain:
'Tis theirs, to meet in arms, and battle in the plain.

XXII.

The ancient father of this hostile brood,
Their boasted Brute, undaunted snatch'd his gods
From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood,
And fix'd on silver Thames his dire abodes:
And this be Troynovante, he said, the seat
By Heaven ordain'd, my sons, your lasting place:
Superior here to all the bolts of fate
Live, mindful of the author of your race.
Whom neither Greece, nor war, nor want, nor
flame, [same,
Nor great Pelides' arm, nor Juno's rage, could

XXIII.

Their Tudors hence, and Stuarts offspring flow:
Hence Edward, dreadful with his sable shield,
Talbot to Gallia's power eternal foe,
And Seymour, fam'd in council or in field:
Hence Nevil, great to settle or dethrone,
And Drake, and Candish, terrors of the sea:

Hence Butler's sons, o'er land and ocean known,
Herbert's and Churchill's warring progeny:
Hence the long roll which Gallia should conceal:
For, oh! who, vanquish'd, loves the victor's fame
to tell?

XXIV.

Envy'd Britannia, sturdy as the oak,
Which on her mountain top she proudly bears,
Eludes the ax, and sprouts against the stroke;
Strong from her wounds, and greater by her wars.
And as those teeth, which Cadmus sow'd in
earth,
Produce'd new youth, and furnish'd fresh supplies:
So with young vigour, and succeeding birth,
Her losses more than recompens'd arise;
And every age she with a race is crown'd,
For letters more polite, in battles more renown'd.

XXV.

Obstinate power, whom nothing can repel;
Not the fierce Saxon, nor the cruel Dane,
Nor deep impression of the Norman steel,
Nor Europe's force amass'd by envious Spain.
Nor France on universal sway intent,
Of breaking leagues, and of renewing wars;
Nor (frequent bane of weaken'd government)
Their own intestine feuds and mutual jars:
Those feuds and jars, in which I trusted more,
Than in my troops, and fleets, and all the Gallic
power.

XXVI.

To fruitful Rheims, or fair Lutetia's gate,
What tidings shall the messenger convey?
Shall the loud herald our success relate,
Or mitred priest appoint the solemn day?
Alas! my praises they no more must sing;
They to my statue now must bow no more:
Broken, repuls'd is their immortal king:
Fall'n, fall'n for ever, is the Gallic power.—
The woman chief is master of the war:
Earth she has freed by arms, and vanquish'd Hea-
ven by prayer.

XXVII.

While thus the ruin'd foe's despair commends
Thy council and thy deed, victorious queen,
What shall thy subjects say, and what thy friends?
How shall thy triumphs in our joy be seen?
Oh! deign to let the eldest of the nine
Recite Britannia great, and Gallia free:
Oh! with her sister Sculpture let her join
To raise, great Anne, the monument to thee;
To thee, of all our good the sacred spring;
To thee, our dearest dread; to thee, our softer
king.

XXVIII.

Let Europe sav'd the column high erect,
Than Trojan's higher, or than Antonine's;
Where sembling art may carve the fair effect
And full atchievement of thy great designs.
In a calm heaven, and a serene air,
Sublime the queen shall on the summit stand,
From danger far, as far remov'd from fear,
And pointing down to earth her dread command.
All winds, all storms, that threaten human woe,
Shall sink beneath her feet, and spread their rage
below.

XXIX.

Their fleets shall strive, by winds and waters tost,
Till the young Austrian on Iberia's strand,
Great as Æneas on the Latian coast,
Shall fix his foot: and this, be this the land,
Great Jove, where I for ever will remain,
(The empire's other hope shall say) and here
Vanquish'd, intomb'd I'll lie; or, crown'd, I'll
reign—

O virtue to thy British mother dear!
Like the fam'd Trojan suffer and abide;
For Anne is thine, I ween, as Venus was his guide.

XXX.

There, in eternal characters engrav'd,
Vigo, and Gibraltar, and Barcelona,
Their force destroy'd, their privileges sav'd,
Shall Anna's terrors and her mercies own:
Spain, from th' usurper Bourbon's arms retriev'd,
Shall with new life and grateful joy appear,
Numbering the wonders which that youth achiev'd,
Whom Anna clad in arms, and set to war;
Whom Anna sent to claim Iberia's throne;
And made him more than king, in calling him
her son.

XXXI.

There Ister, pleas'd by Blenheim's glorious field,
Rolling shall bid his eastern waves declare
Germania sav'd by Britain's ample shield,
And bleeding Gaul afflicted by her spear;
Shall bid them mention Marlborough on that shore,
Leading his islanders, renown'd in arms,
Through climes, where never British chief before
Or pitch'd his camp, or founded his alarms;
Shall bid them bless the queen, who made his
streams [Thames,
Glorious as those of Boyne, and safe as those of

XXXII.

Brabantia, clad with fields, and crown'd with
towers,
With decent joy shall her deliverer meet;
Shall own thy arms, great queen, and bless thy
powers,
Laying the keys beneath thy subject's feet.
Flandria, by plenty made the home of war,
Shall weep her crime, and bow to Charles restor'd;
With double vows shall bless thy happy care,
In having drawn, and having sheath'd the sword;
From these their sister provinces shall know,
How Anne supports a friend, and how forgives
a foe.

XXXIII.

Bright swords, and crested helms, and pointed
spears,
In artful piles around the work shall lie;
And shields indented deep in ancient wars,
Blaz'd with signs of Gallic heraldry;
And standards with distinguish'd honours bright,
Marks of high power and national command,
Which Valois' sons, and Bourbon's bore in fight,
Or gave to Foix, or Montmorancy's hand:
Great spoils, which Gallia must to Britain yield,
From Cressy's battle sav'd to grace Ramilia's field.

XXXIV.

And, as fine art the spaces may dispose,
The knowing thought and curious eye shall see

Thy emblem, gracious queen, the British rose,
 Type of sweet rule and gentle majesty :
 The northern thistle, whom no hostile hand
 Unhurt too rudely may provoke, I ween ;
 Hibernia's harp, device of her command,
 And parent of her mirth, shall there be seen :
 Thy vanquish'd lilies, France, decay'd and torn,
 Shall with disorder'd pomp the lasting work adorn.

XXXV.

Beneath, great queen, oh ! very far beneath,
 Next to the ground and on the humble base,
 To save herself from darkness and from death,
 That muse defires the last, the lowest place ;
 Who, though unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling
 string,

For the fair fame of Anne and Albion's land,
 Who durst of war and martial fury sing ;
 And when thy will, and when thy subject's hand,
 Had quell'd those wars, and bid that fury cease,
 Hangs up her grateful harp to conquest, and to
 peace.

HER RIGHT NAME.

As Nancy at her toilet sat,
 Admiring this, and blaming that,
 Tell me, she said ; but tell me true ;
 The nymph who could your heart subdue,
 What sort of charms does she possess ?
 Absolve me, fair-one ; I'll confess
 With pleasure, I reply'd. Her hair,
 In ringlets rather dark than fair,
 Does down her ivory bosom roll,
 And, hiding half, adorns the whole.
 In her high forehead's fair half round
 Love sits in open triumph crown'd :
 He in the dimple of her chin,
 In private state, by friends is seen.
 Her eyes are neither black nor gray ;
 Nor fierce nor feeble is their ray ;
 Their dubious lustre seems to show
 Something that speaks nor yes, nor no.
 Her lips no living bard, I weat,
 May say, how red, how round, how sweet ;
 Old Homer only could indite
 Their vagrant grace and soft delight :
 They stand recorded in his book,
 When Helen smil'd, and Hebe spok—
 The gipsy, turning to her glass,
 Too plainly show'd she knew the face ;
 And which am I most like, she said,
 Your Cloe, or your nut-brown maid ?

CANTATA.

SET BY MONSIEUR GALLIARD.

RECIT.

BENEATH a verdant laurel's ample shade,
 His lyre to mournful numbers strung,
 Horace, immortal bard, supinely laid,
 To Venus thus address'd the song :

Ten thousand little Loves around,
 Lifting, dwell on every sound.

ARIET.

Potent Venus, bid thy son
 Sound no more his dire alarms.
 Youth on silent wings is flown :
 Graver years come rolling on.
 Spare my age, unfit for arms :
 Safe and humble let me rest,
 From all amorous care releas'd.
 Potent Venus, bid thy son
 Sound no more his dire alarms.

RECIT.

Yet, Venus, why do I each morn prepare
 The fragrant wreath for Cloe's hair ?
 Why do I all day lament and sigh,
 Unless the beauteous maid be nigh ?
 And why all night pursue her in my dreams,
 Through flowery meads and crystal streams ?
 Thus sung the bard ; and thus the goddess spoke :
 Submissive bow to love's imperious yoke :

Every state, and every age,
 Shall own my rule, and fear my rage :
 Compell'd by me, thy muse shall prove,
 That all the world was born to love.

ARIET.

Bid thy destin'd lyre discover
 Soft desire and gentle pain :
 Often praise, and always love her :
 Through her ear, her heart obtain.
 Verse shall please, and sighs shall move her ;
 Cupid does with Phæbus reign.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN OVID :

A TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH.

OVID is the surest guide
 You can name, to show the way
 To any woman, maid, or bride,
 Who resolves to go astray.

A TRUE MAID.

No, no ; for my virginity,
 When I lose that, says Rose, I'll die :
 Behind the elms, last night, cry'd Dick,
 Rose, were you not extremely sick ?

ANOTHER.

TEN months after Florimel happen'd to wed,
 And was brought in a laudable manner to bed,
 she warbl'd her groans with so charming a voice,
 That one half of the parish was stunn'd with the
 noise.
 But, when Florimel deign'd to lie privately in,
 Ten months before she and her spouse were a-kin ;

She chose with such prudence her pangs to conceal,
That her nurse, nay her midwife, scarce heard
her once squeal.
Learn, husbands, from hence, for the peace of
your lives, [wives.
That maids make not half such a tumult as

A REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

ON his death-bed poor Lubin lies;
His spouse is in despair:
With frequent sobs, and mutual cries,
They both express their care.

A different cause, says parson Sly,
The same effect may give:
Poor Lubin fears that he shall die;
His wife, that he may live.

ANOTHER REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

FROM her own native France as old Alison past,
She reproach'd English Nell with neglect or with
malice,
That the flatterer had left, in the hurry and haste,
Her lady's complexion and eye-brows at Calais.

ANOTHER.

HER eye-brow-box one morning lost,
(The best of folks are ofteneft crost)
Sad Helen thus to Jenny said
(Her careless but afflicted maid),
Put me to bed then, wretched Jane;
Alas! when shall I rise again?
I can behold no mortal now:
For what's an eye without a brow?

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

IN a dark corner of the house
Poor Helen sits, and sobs, and cries;
She will not see her loving-spouse,
Nor her more dear picquet allies:
Unless she find her eye-brows,
She'll e'en weep out her eyes.

ON THE SAME.

HELEN was just slept into bed:
Her eye-brows on the toilet lay;
Away the kitten with them fled,
As fees belonging to her prey.

For this misfortune careless Jane,
Assure yourself, was loudly rated:
And madam getting up again,
With her own hand the mouse-trap baited.

On little things, as fages write,
Depends our human joy or sorrow:
If we don't catch a mouse to-night,
Alas! no eye-brows for to-morrow.

PHYLLIS'S AGE.

How old may Phyllis be, you ask,
Whose beauty thus all hearts engages
To answer is no easy task:
For she has really two ages.

Stiff in brocade, and pinch'd in stays,
Her patches, paint, and jewels on;
All day let envy view her face,
And Phyllis is but twenty-one.

Paint, patches, jewels laid aside,
At night astronomers agree,
The evening has the day bely'd;
And Phyllis is some forty-three.

FORMA BONUM FRAGILE.

WHAT a frail thing is beauty! says Baron Is
Cras,
Perceiving his mistress had one eye of glass:
And scarcely had he spoke it,
When she more confus'd, as more angry she grew,
By a negligent rage prov'd the maxim too true:
She dropt the eye, and broke it.

AN EPIGRAM.

WRITTEN TO THE DUKE DE NOAILLES.

VAIN the concern which you express,
That uncall'd Alard will possess
Your house and coach, both day and night,
And that Macbeth was haunted less
By Banquo's restless spirit.

With fifteen thousand pounds a-year,
Do you complain, you cannot bear
An ill, you may so soon retrieve?
Good Alard, faith, is modefter
By much than you believe.

Lend him but fifty Louis-d'or;
And you shall never see him more:
Take the advice; *probatum est*.
Why do the gods indulge our store,
But to secure our rest?

EPILOGUE

TO SMITH'S PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLYTUS,
Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield, who acted Ismena.

LADIES, to-night your pity I implore
For one, who never troubled you before:

An Oxford man, extremely read in Greek,
Who from Euripides makes Phædra speak;
And comes to town to let us moderns know,
How women lov'd two thousand years ago.

If that be all, said I, e'en burn your play:
Egad! we know all that as well as they:
Show us the youthful, handsome charioteer,
Firm in his seat; and running his career;
Our souls would kindle with as generous flames,
As e'er inspir'd the ancient Grecian dames:
Every Ismena would resign her breast;
And every dear Hippolytus be blest.

But, as it is, fix flouncing Flanders mares
Are e'en as good as any two of theirs:
And, if Hippolytus can but contrive
To buy the gilded chariot, John can drive.

Now of the bustle you have seen to-day,
And Phædra's morals in this scholar's play,
Something at least in justice should be said;
But this Hippolytus so fills one's head—
Well! Phædra liv'd as chaste as she cou'd;
For she was father Jove's own flesh and blood.
Her awkward love indeed was oddly fated;
She and her Poly were too near related;
And yet that scruple had been laid aside,
If honest Theseus had but fairly died:
But when he came, what needed he to know,
But that all matters stood *in statu quo*?
There was no harm, you see; or, grant there were,
She might want conduct; but he wanted care.
'Twas in a husband little less than rude,
Upon his wife's retirement to intrude—
He should have sent a night or two before,
That he would come exact at such an hour;
Then he had turn'd all tragedy to jest;
Found every thing contribute to his rest;
The picquet friend dismiss'd, the coast all clear,
And spouse alone impatient for her dear.

But, if these gay reflections come too late,
To keep the guilty Phædra from her fate;
If your more serious judgment must condemn
The dire effects of her unhappy flame:
Yet, ye chaste matrons, and ye tender fair,
Let love and innocence engage your care:
My spotless flames to your protection take;
And spare poor Phædra for Ismena's sake.

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

How capricious were nature and art to poor Nell!
She was painting her cheeks at the time her nose
fell.

EPILOGUE

TO MRS. MANLEY'S LUCIUS.

THE female author who recites to-day,
Trusts to her sex the merit of her play.
Like father Bayes securely she sits down:
Pit, box, and gallery, 'gad! all's our own.

In ancient Greece, she says, when Sappho writ,
By their applause the critics shew'd their wit,
They tun'd their voices to her Lyric string;
Though they could all do something more than sing.
But one exception to this fact we find;
That booby Phaon only was unkind,
An ill-bred boat-man, rough as waves and wind.
From Sappho down through all succeeding ages,
And now on French or on Italian stages,
Rough satyrs, fly remarks, ill-natur'd speeches,
Are always aim'd at poets that wear breeches.
Arm'd with Longinus, or with Rapin, no man
Drew a sharp pen upon a naked woman.
The blustering bully in our neighbouring streets
Scorns to attack the female that he meets:
Fearless the petticoat contemns his frowns:
The hoop secures whatever it surrounds.
The many-coloured gentry there above,
By turns are rul'd by tumult and by love:
And, while their sweethearts their attention fix,
Suspend the din of their damn'd clattering sticks,
Now, Sirs—

To you our author makes her soft request,
Who speak the kindest, and who write the best,
Your sympathetic hearts she hopes to move,
From tender friendship, and endearing love.
If Petrarch's muse did Laura's wit rehearse;
And Cowley flatter'd dear Orinda's verse;
She hopes from you—Pox take her hopes and
fears;

I plead her sex's claim; what matters hers?
By our full power of beauty we think fit
To damn the Salique law impos'd on wit:
We'll try the empire who so long have boasted;
And, if we are not prais'd, we'll not be toast'd.
Approve what one of us presents to-night,
Or every mortal woman here shall write:
Rural, pathetic, narrative, sublime, [rhyme];
We'll write to you, and make you write in
Female remarks shall take up all your time.
Your time, poor souls! we'll take your very
money;

Female third-days shall come so thick upon ye,
As long as we have eyes, or hands, or breath,
We'll look, or write, or talk you all to death.
Unless you yield for better and for worse:
Then the she-Pegasus shall gain the course.
And the grey mare will prove the better horse.

THE THIEF AND THE CORDELIER,

A BALLAD.

To the Tune of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.

Who has e'er been at Paris, must needs know
the Greve,
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave;
Where honour and justice most oddly contribute
To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There death breaks the shackles which force
had put on, [begun;
And the hangman completes what the judge but

There the 'squire of the pad, and the knight of
the post,
Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes
no more crost
Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets
are known; [own :
And the king, and the law, and the thief, has his
But my hearers cry out, What a duce dost thou ail?
Cut off thy reflections, and give us thy tale.
Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,
A Norman, though late, was oblig'd to appear :
And who to assist, but a grave Cordelier?
Derry down, &c.

The 'squire, whose good grace was to open the
scene, [begin :
Seem'd not in great haste that the show should
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart;
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.
Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good son? says
the priest?
You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confess.
O father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon;
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was
taken.
Derry down, &c.

Pough! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with
such fancies;
Rely on the aid you shall have from Saint Francis :
If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest,
You have only to die : let the church do the rest.
Derry down, &c.

And what will folks say, if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade :
Courage, friend; for to-day is your period of for-
row : [row.
And things will go better, believe me, to-mor-
Derry down, &c.

To-morrow! our hero replied in a fright :
He that's hang'd before noon, ought to think of
to-night. [truss'd up
Tell your beads, quoth the priest, and be fairly
For you surely to-night shall in paradise sup.
Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the 'squire, howe'er sumptuous
the treat,
Parbleu! I shall have little stomach to eat;
I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace,
Would you be so kind as to go in my place.
Derry down, &c.

That I would, quoth the father, and thank
you to boot; [suit,
But our actions, you know, with our duty must

The feast I propos'd to you, I cannot taste;
For this night, by our order, is mark'd for a fast.
Derry down, &c.

Then, turning about to the hangman, he said,
Dispatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome blade;
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie,
And we live by the gold for which other men die.
Derry down, &c.

TO CHLOE.

WHILST I am scorch'd with hot desire,
In vain cold friendship you return;
Your drops of pity on my fire,
Alas! but make it fiercer burn.

Ah! would you have the flame suppress,
That kills the heart it heats too fast,
Take half my passion to your breast :
The rest in mine shall ever last.

AN EPITAPH.

" Stet quicunque volet potens
" Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c." SENTE.

INTERR'D beneath this marble stone
Lie sauntering Jack and idle Joan.
While rolling threecore years and one
Did round this globe their courses run;
If human things went ill or well,
If changing empires rose or fell,
The morning past, the evening came,
And found this couple still the same.
They walk'd, and eat, good folks: what then?
Why then they walk'd and eat again :
They soundly slept the night away;
They did just nothing all the day :
And, having bury'd children four,
Would not take pains to try for more.
Nor sister either had nor brother;
They seem'd just tally'd for each other.

Their moral and economy
Most perfectly they made agree :
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor trespass'd on the other's ground.
Nor fame nor censure they regarded;
They neither punish'd nor rewarded.
He car'd not what the footman did;
Her maids she neither prais'd nor chid :
So every servant took his course;
And, bad at first, they all grew worse.
Slothful disorder fill'd his stable,
And fluttish plenty deck'd her table.
Their beer was strong; their wine was port;
Their meal was large; their grace was short.
They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat.

They paid the church and parish rate,
And took, but read not, the receipt;

For which they claim'd their Sunday's due,
Of slumbering in an upper pew.

No man's defects fought they to know;
So never made themselves a foe.
No man's good deeds did they commend;
So never rais'd themselves a friend.
Nor cherish'd they relations poor;
That might decrease their present store:
Nor barn nor house did they repair;
That might oblige their future heir.

They neither added nor confounded;
They neither wanted nor abounded.
Each Christmas they accounts did clear,
And wound their bottom round the year.
Nor tear nor smile did they employ
At news of public grief or joy.

When bells were rung and bonfires made,
If ask'd, they ne'er deny'd their aid:
Their jug was to the ringers carried,
Whoever either did or married.
Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was depos'd or crown'd.

Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise;
They would not learn, nor could advise:
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were:
Nor with'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cried:
And so they liv'd, and so they died.

WRITTEN IN MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS,

Given to the Duke of Shrewsbury in France, after the Peace, 1713.

DICTATE, O mighty judge, what thou hast seen,
Of cities and of courts, of books and men;
And deign to let thy servant hold the pen.

Through ages thus I may presume to live,
And from the transcript of thy prose receive
What my own short-liv'd verse can never give.

Thus shall fair Britain with a gracious smile
Accept the work; and the instructed isle,
For more than treaties made, shall bless my toil.

Nor longer hence the Gallic style preferr'd,
Wisdom in English idiom shall be heard, [err'd.
While Talbot tells the world, where Montaigne

AN EPISTLE,

DESIRING THE QUEEN'S PICTURE:

Written at Paris, 1714; but left unfinished, by the sudden news of her Majesty's death.

THE train of equipage and pomp of state,
The shining side-board, and the burnish'd plate,
Let other ministers, great Anne, require;
And partial fall thy gift to their desire.
To the fair portrait of my sovereign dame,
To that alone, eternal be my claim.

My bright defender, and my dread delight;
If ever I found favour in thy sight;
If all the pains that for thy Britain's sake
My past has took, or future life may take,
Be grateful to my queen; permit my prayer,
And with this gift reward my total care.

Will thy indulgent hand, fair saint, allow
The boon? and will thy ear accept the vow?
That, in despite of age, of impious flame,
And eating time, thy picture, like thy fame,
Entire may last; that, as their eyes survey
The semblant shade, men yet unborn may say,
Thus great, thus gracious, look'd Britannia's queen;
Her brow thus smooth, her look was thus serene;
When to a low, but to a loyal hand
The mighty empress gave her high command,
That he to hostile camps and kings should haste,
To speak her vengeance, as their danger, past;
To say, she wills detested wars to cease;
She checks her conquest, for her subjects ease,
And bids the world attend her terms of peace.

Thee, gracious Anne, thee present I adore,
Thee, queen of peace—if time and fate have power
Higher to raise the glories of thy reign,
In words sublimer, and a nobler strain,
May future bards the mighty theme rehearse:
Here, Stator Jove, and Phœbus king of verse,
The votive tablet I suspend * * * *

To the Right Honourable the COUNTESS DOWAGER OF DEVONSHIRE;

ON A PIECE OF WIESSEN'S,

Whereon were all her Grandsons painted.

WIESSEN and nature held a long contest,
If she created, or he painted best;
With pleasing thought the wondrous combat grew,
She still form'd fairer; he still liker drew.

In these seven brethren they contended last,
With art increas'd, their utmost skill they tried,
And, both well pleas'd they had themselves sur-
pass'd,

The goddess triumph'd, and the painter dy'd.
That both their skill to this vast height did raise,
Be ours the wonder, and be yours the praise:
For here, as in some glass, is well describ'd
Only yourself thus often multiply'd.

When Heaven had you and gracious Anna * made,
What more exalted beauty could it add?
Having no nobler images in store,

It but kept up to these, nor could do more
Than copy well what it had fram'd before.
If in dear Burghley's generous face we see

Obliging truth and handsome honesty, [move
With all that world of charms, which soon will
Reverence in men, and in the fair-ones love;

His very grace his fair descent assures,
He has his mother's beauty, she has yours.
If every Cecil's face had every charm,
That thought can fancy, or that heaven can form
Their beauties all become your beauty's due,
They are all fair, because they're all like you.

* Eldest daughter of the Countess,

If every Ca'ndish great and charming look;
From you that air, from you the charms they took.
In their each limb your image is exprest,
But on their brow firm courage stands confest;
There, their great father, by a strong increase,
Adds strength to beauty, and completes the piece:
Thus still your beauty, in your sons, we view,
Wieffen seven times one great perfection drew:
Whoever sat, the picture still is you.

So when the parent-sun, with genial beams,
Has animated many goodly gems,
He sees himself improv'd, while every stone,
With a resembling light, reflects a sun.

So when great Rhea many births had given,
Such as might govern earth, and people heaven;
Her glory grew diffus'd, and, fuller known,
She saw the Deity in every son:

And to what god soe'er men altars rais'd,
Honouring the offspring, they the mother prais'd.

In short-liv'd charms let others place their joys,
Which sickness blasts, and certain age destroys:
Your stronger beauty time can ne'er deface,
'Tis still renew'd, and stamp'd in all your race.

Ah! Wieffen, had thy art been so refin'd,
As with their beauty to have drawn their mind,
Through circling years thy labours would sur-
And living rules to fairest virtue give, *vive* }
To men unborn and ages yet to live:
'Twould still be wonderful, and still be new,
Against what time, or spite, or fate, could do;
Till thine confus'd with nature's pieces lie,
And Cavendish's name and Cecil's honour die.

A F A B L E,

FROM PHÆDRUS.

To the Author of the Medley, 1710.

THE fox an actor's vizard found,
And peer'd, and felt, and turn'd it round;
Then threw it in contempt away,
And thus old Phædrus heard him say:
"What noble part caus't thou sustain,
"Thou specious head without a brain?"

TO THE RIGHT HON. MR. HARLEY.

HORACE, I. EP. IX. IMITATED.

"Septimius, Claudi, nimiram intelligit unus,
"Quanti me facias," &c.

DEAR Dick*, howe'er it comes into his head,
Believes as firmly as he does his creed,
That you and I, Sir, are extremely great;
Though I plain Mat, you minister of state:
One word from me, without all doubt, he says,
Would fix his fortune in some little place,
Thus better than myself, it seems, he knows,
How far my interest with my patron goes;

* Richard Shelton, Esq.

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And, answering all objections I can make,
Still plunges deeper in his dear mistake.

From this wild fancy, Sir, there may proceed
One wilder yet, which I foresee and dread;
That I, in fact, a real interest have,
Which to my own advantage I would save,
And, with the usual courtier's trick, intend
To serve myself, forgetful of my friend.

To shun this censure, I all shame lay by,
And make my reason with his will comply;
Hoping, for my excuse, 'twill be confest,
That of two evils I have chose the least.
So, Sir, with this epistolary scroll,
Receive the partner of my inmost soul:
Him you will find in letters and in laws
Not unexpert, firm to his country's cause,
Warm in the glorious interest you pursue,
And, in one word, a good man and a true.

TO MR. HARLEY,

WOUNDED BY GUISCARD, 1711.

"Ab ipso

Ducit opes animumque ferro." HOR.

I.

IN one great *now*, superior to an age,
The full extremes of nature's force we find:
How heavenly virtue can exalt, or rage
Infernal how degrade the human mind.

II.

While the fierce monk does at his trial stand
He chews revenge, abjuring his offence:
Guile in his tongue, and murder in his hand,
He stabs his judge, to prove his innocence.

III.

The guilty stroke and torture of the steel
Infus'd, our dauntless Briton scarce perceives:
The wounds his country from his death must feel,
The patriot views; for those alone he grieves.

IV.

The barbarous rage that durst attempt thy life,
Harley, great counsellor, extends thy fame;
And the sharp point of cruel Guiscard's knife,
In brass and marble carves thy deathless name.

V.

Faithful assertor of thy country's cause,
Britain with tears shall bathe thy glorious wound:
She for thy safety shall enlarge her laws,
And in her statutes shall thy worth be found.

VI.

Yet 'midst her sighs the triumphs, on the hand
Reflecting, that diffus'd the public woe;
A stranger to her altars, and her land;
No son of hers could meditate this blow.

VII.

Meantime thy pain is gracious Anna's care:
Our queen, our saint, with sacrificing breath,
Softens thy anguish: in her powerful prayer
She pleads thy service, and forbids thy death.

VIII.

Great as thou art, thou canst demand no more,
O breast bewail'd by earth, preserv'd by Heaven!

F f

THE WORKS OF PRION.

No higher can aspiring virtue soar :
Enough to thee of grief and fame is given.

AN EXTEMPORE INVITATION

TO THE
EARL OF OXFORD,
LORD HIGH TREASURER, 1712.

MY LORD,
Our weekly friends to morrow meet
At Matthew's palace in Duke-street,
To try for once if they can dine
On bacon-ham and mutton-chine.
If, weary'd with the great affairs
Which Britain trusts to Harley's cares,
Thou, humble statesman, may'st descend
Thy mind one moment to unbend,
To see thy servant from his stool
Crown with thy health the sprightly bow;
Among the guests which e'er my house
Receiv'd, it never can produce
Of honour a more glorious proof—
Though Dorset us'd to bless the roof.

ERLE ROBERT'S MICE.

IN CHAUCER'S STYLE.

TWAY mice, full blythe and amicable,
Baten beside Erle Robert's table.
Lies there ne trap their necks to catch,
Ne old black cat their steps to watch,
Their fill they eat of fowl and fish;
Feast lyche as heart of mouse mote wish,
As guests fat jovial at the board,
Forth leap'd our mice: eftsoons the lord
Of Boling, whilome John the Saint,
Who maketh oft' propos full quaint,
Laugh'd jocund, and aloud he cried,
To Matthew seated on t'oth' side;
To thee, lean Bard, it doth pertain
To understand these creatures tweine.
Come frame us now some clean device,
Or pleasant rhyme on yonder mice:
They seem, God shield me! Mat and Charles.
Bad as Sir Topas, or Squire Quarles,
(Matthew did for the nonce reply)
At emblem, or device am I:
But, could I chaunt, or rhyme, pardie,
Clear as Dan Chaucer, or as thee,
Ne verse from me (so God me thrive)
On mouse, or other beast alive.
Certes I have this many days
Sent myne poetic herd to graze.
Ne armed knight ydrad in war
With lion fierce will I compare;
Ne judge unjust, with furred fox,
Harming in secret guise the flocks;
Ne priest unworth of goddess coat,
To wine ydrunk, or filthy float:

Elk simile farewell for aye,
From elephant, I trowe, to flea.
Reply'd the friendlike peer, I weene
Matthew is angered on the spleen.
Ne so, quoth Mat, ne shall be e'er,
With wit that falleth all so fair:
Eftsoons, well weet ye, mine intent
Boweth to your commaundement.
If by these creatures ye have seen,
Pourtrayed Charles and Matthew been;
Behoveth neet to wreck my brain,
The rest in order to explain.

That cup-board, where the mice disport,
I liken to St Stephen's Court:
Therein is space enough, I trow,
For elke comrade to come and go:
And therein eke may both be fed
With shiver of the wheaten bread.
And when, as these mine cyne surtey,
They cease to skip, and squeak, and play;
Return they may to different cells.

Auditing one, whilst t'other tells.

Dear Robert, quoth the Saint, whose mind
In bounteous deed no mean can bind;
Now, as I hope to grow devout,
I deem this matter well made out.
Laugh I, whilst thus I serious pray?
Let that be wrought which Mat doth say:
Yea, quoth the ERLE, but not to-day.

IN THE SAME STYLE.

FULL oft' doth Mat with Topaz + dine,
Eateth bak'd meats, dri keth Greek wine;
But Topaz his own werke rehearseth,
And Mat mote praise what Topaz verseth.
Now, sure as priest did e'er thrive sinner,
Full hardly earneth Mat his dinner.

IN THE SAME STYLE.

FAIR Susan did her wise-hede well menteine,
Algates assaulted sore by lorchours tweine:
Now, and I read aright that auncient song,
Olde were the paramours, the dame full yong.
Had thilke same tale in other guise been tolde;
Had they been young (pardie) and she been olde;
That, by St. Kit, had wrought much forer trial;
Full marvellous, I vote, were silk denial.

A FLOWER PAINTED BY SIMON VARELST.

WHEN sam'd Varelst this little wonder drew,
Flora vouchsaf'd the growing work to view:
Finding the painter's science at a stand,
The goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand;
And, finishing the piece, the smiling said,
Behold one work of mine, that ne'er shall fade,

* The Exchequer. † Sir Richard Blackmore.

TO THE LADY ELIZABETH HARLEY,

AFTERWARDS MARCHIONESS OF CARMARTHEN.

On a Column of her Drawing.

WHEN future ages shall with wonder view
These glorious lines, which Harley's daughter drew,
They shall confess, that Britain could not raise
A fairer column to the father's praise,

PROTOGENES AND APELLES.

WHEN poets wrote, and painters drew,
As nature pointed out the view;
Ere Gothic forms were known in Greece
To spoil the well-proportion'd piece;
And in our verse ere monkish rhymes
Had jangled their fantastick chimes.
Ere on the flowery lands of Rhodes
Those knights had fix'd their dull abodes,
Who knew not much to paint or write,
Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight:
Protopogenes, historians note,
Liv'd there, a burghess, foot and lot;
And, as old Pliny's writings show,
Apelles did the same at Co.
Agreed these points of time and place,
Proceed we in the present case.

Piqu'd by Protopogenes's fame,
From Co to Rhodes Apelles came,
To see a rival and a friend,
Prepar'd to censure, or commend;
Here to absolve, and there object,
As art with condour might direct.
He sails, he lands, he comes, he rings;
His servants follow with the things:
Appears the governante of th' house;
For such in Greece were much in use:
If young or handsome, yea or no,
Concerns not me or thee to know.

Does Squire Protopogenes live here?
Yes, Sir, says she, with gracious air,
And court'fey low, but just call'd out
By lords peculiarly devout,
Who came on purpose, Sir, to borrow
Our Venus for the feast to-morrow,
To grace the church; 'tis Venus' day:
I hope, Sir, you intend to stay,
To see our Venus; 'tis the piece
The most renown'd throughout all Greece;
So like th' original, they say:
But I have no great skill that way.
But, Sir, at six ('tis now past three)
Dromo must make my master's tea:
At six, Sir, if you please to come,
You'll find my master, Sir, at home.
Tea, says a critic big with laughter,
Was found some twenty ages after;
Authors, before they write, should read.
'Tis very true; but we'll proceed;

And, Sir, at present would you please
To leave your name—Fair maiden, yes.
Reach me that board. No sooner spoke
But done. With one judicious stroke,
On the plain ground Apelles drew
A circle regularly true:

And will you please, sweet-heart, said he,
To show your master this from me?
By it he presently will know
How painters write their names at Co.

He gave the pannel to the maid.
Smiling and court'fying, Sir, she said,
I shall not fail to tell my master:
And, Sir, for fear of all disaster,
I'll keep it my ownself: safe bind,
Says the old proverb, and safe find.
So, Sir, as sure as key or lock—
Your servant, Sir,—at six o'clock.

Again at six Apelles came,
Found the same prating civil dame.
Sir, that my master has been here,
Will by the board itself appear.
If from the perfect line be found
He has presum'd to swell the round,
Or colours on the draught to lay,
'Tis thus (he order'd me to say),
Thus write the painters of this isle:
Let those of Co remark the style.

She said; and to his hand restor'd
The rival pledge, the missive board.
Upon the happy line were laid
Such obvious light, and easy shade,
That Paris' apple stood confess,
Or Leda's egg, or Cloe's breast.
Apelles view'd the finish'd piece:
And live, said he, the arts of Greece!
Howe'er Protopogenes and I
May in our rival talents vie;
Howe'er our works may have express'd
Who trust'd drew, or colour'd best,
When he beheld my flowing line,
He found at least I could design:
And from his artful round, I grant
That he with perfect skill can paint.

The dullest genius cannot fail
To find the moral of my tale;
That the distinguish'd part of men,
With compass, pencil, sword, or pen,
Should in life's visit leave their name,
In characters which may proclaim
That they with ardour strove to raise
At once their arts, and country's praise;
And in their working took great care;
That all was full, and round, and fair.

DEMOCRITUS AND HERACLITUS.

DEMOCRITUS, dear droll, revisit earth,
And with our follies glut thy heighten'd mirth:
Sad Heraclitus, serious wretch, return,
In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
Between you both I unconcern'd stand by:
Hurt, can I laugh? and honest, need I cry?

F f ij

ON MY BIRTH-DAY, JULY 21.

I.

I, my dear, was born to-day,
So all my jolly comrades say;
They bring me music, wreaths, and mirth,
And ask to celebrate my birth:
Little, alas! my comrades know
That I was born to pain and woe;
Better I had ne'er been born:
I wish to die ev'n whilst I say,
I, my dear, was born to-day.

II.

I, my dear, was born to-day;
Shall I salute the rising ray?
Well-spring of all my joy and woe,
Clotilda, * thou alone dost know:
Shall the wreath surround my hair?
Or shall the music please my ear?
Shall I my comrades mirth receive,
And bless my birth, and wish to live?
Then let me see great Venus chase
Imperious anger from thy face;
Then let me hear thee smiling say,
Thou, my dear, wert born to-day.

EPITAPH, EXTEMPORE.

NOBLES and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve;
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?

FOR MY OWN TOMBSTONE.

To me 'twas given to die: to thee 'tis given
To live: alas! one moment sets us even.
Mark! how impartial is the will of heaven!

FOR MY OWN MONUMENT.

I.

As doctors give physic by way of prevention,
Mat, alive and in health, of his tombstone took
care;

For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
May haply be never fulfill'd by his heir.

II.

Then take Mat's word for it, the sculptor is paid;
That the figure is fine, pray believe your own
eye;

Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.

III.

Yet, counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are;
High hopes he conceiv'd, and he smother'd great
fears,
In a life party-colour'd, half pleasure, half care.

* Mrs. Anne Durham.

IV.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make interest and freedom agree;
In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, lord, how merry
was he!

V.

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he try'd, but to neither would
trust; [bout,
And whirl'd in the round, as the wheel turn'd a-
He found riches had wings, and knew man was
but dust.

VI.

This verse little polish'd, though mighty sincere,
Sets neither his titles nor merit to view;
It says that his relics collected lie here, [true,
And no mortal yet knows too if this may be

VII.

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway,
So Mat may be kill'd, and his bones never found;
False witness at court, and fierce tempests at sea,
So Mat may yet chance to be hang'd, or be
drown'd.

VIII.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
To fate we must yield, and the thing is the same.
And if passing thou giv'st him a smile, or a tear,
He cares not—yet pr'ythee be kind to his fame.

GUALTERUS DANISTONUS AD AMICOS.

Dum studeo fungi fallentis munere vitæ,
Adfectoque viam sedibus Elysiis,
Arctoa florens sophiâ, Samisque superbus
Discipulis, animas morte carere cano.
Has ego corporibus profugas ad sidera mitto;
Sideraque ingressis otia blanda dico;
Qualia conveniunt Divis, quæ fata volebant
Vitæ faciles molliter ire vias:
Vinaque Cœlicolis media inter gaudia libo;
Et me quid majus suspicor esse viro.
Sed fuerint nulli forsitan, quos spondeo, cœli;
Nullaque sint Ditis numina, nulla Jovis:
Fabula sit terris agitur quæ vita relictis;
Quique superstes, Homo; qui nihil, esto Deus.
Attamen esse hilares, et inanes mittere curas
Proderit, ac vitæ commoditate frui,
Et festos agitare dies, ævique fugacis
Tempora perpetuis detinuisse jocis.
His me parentem præceptis occupit Orcus.
Et Mors; seu Divum, seu nihil, esse velit:
Nam sophia ars illa est, quæ fallere suaviter horas
Admonet, atque Orci non timuisse minas.

IMITATED.

STUDIOUS the busy moments to deceive,
That fleet between the cradle and the grave,
I credit what the Grecian dictates say,
And Samian sounds o'er Scotia's hills convey.

When mortal man resigns his transient breath,
 The body only I give o'er to death;
 The parts dissolv'd and broken frame I mourn:
 What came from earth I see to earth return.
 The immaterial part, th' æthereal soul,
 Nor can change vanquish, nor can death control.
 Glad I release it from its partner's cares,
 And bid good angels waft it to the stars.
 Then in the flowing bowl I drown those sighs,
 Which, spite of wisdom, from our weakness rise.
 The draught to the dead's memory I commend,
 And offer to thee now, immortal friend.
 But if, oppos'd to what my thoughts approve,
 Nor Pluto's rage there be, nor power of Jove;
 On its dark side if thou the prospect take;
 Grant all forgot beyond black Lethe's lake;
 In total death suppose the mortal lie,
 No new hereafter, nor a future sky:
 Yet bear thy lot content; yet cease to grieve:
 Why, ere death comes, dost thou forbear to live?
 The little time thou hast, 'twixt instant now
 And fate's approach, is all the gods allow:
 And of this little hast thou ought to spare
 To sad reflection, and corroding care?
 The moments pass, if thou art wise, retrieve
 With pleasant memory of the bliss they gave.
 The present hours in present mirth employ,
 And bribe the future with the hopes of joy:
 The future (few or more, howe'er they be)
 Were destin'd erst; nor can by fate's decree
 Be now cut off betwixt the grave and thee.

THE FIRST HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS.

TO JUPITER.

WHILE we to Jove select the holy victim,
 Whom after shall we sing, than Jove himself,
 The god for ever great, for ever king,
 Who slew the earth-born race, and measures right
 To heaven's great habitants? Didstean hear'st thou
 More joyful, or Lycean, long dispute
 And various thought has trac'd. On Ida's mount,
 Or Dictæ, studious of his country's praise,
 The Cretan boasts thy natal place: but oft
 He meets reproof deserv'd: for he presumptuous
 Has built a tomb for thee, who never know'st
 To die, but liv'st the same to-day and ever.
 Arcadian therefore be thy birth: Great Rhea,
 Pregnant to high Parrhasia's cliffs retir'd,
 And wild Lycæus, black with shading pines:
 Holy retreat! thence no female hither,
 Conscious of social love and nature's rites,
 Must dare approach, from the inferior reptile
 To woman, form divine. There the blest parent
 Ungirt her spacious bosom, and discharg'd
 The ponderous birth; she sought a neighbouring
 spring
 To wash the recent babe; in vain: Arcadia,
 (However streamy) now arid and dry,
 Deny'd the goddess water; where deep Melas
 And rocky Cratis flow, the chariot smok'd,
 Obscure with rising dust: the thirsty traveller

In vain requir'd the current, then imprison'd
 In subterraneous caverns: forests grew
 Upon the barren hollows, high o'erhading
 The haunts of savage beasts, where now Iacon
 And Erimanth incline their friendly urns.

Thou too, O earth, great Rhea said, bring forth;
 And short shall be thy pangs. She said; and high
 She rear'd her arm, and with her sceptre struck
 The yawning cliff: from its disparted height
 Adown the mount the gushing torrent ran,
 And cheer'd the vallies: there the heavenly mother
 Bath'd, mighty king, thy tender limbs: she wrapt
 them

In purple bands: she gave the precious pledge
 To prudent Neda, charging her to guard thee,
 Careful and secret; Neda, of the nymphs
 That tender the great birth, next Philyre
 And Styx, the eldest. Smiling, she receiv'd thee,
 And, conscious of the grace, absolv'd her trust:
 Not unrewarded; since the river bore
 The favourite virgin's name; fair Neda rolls
 By Leprius's ancient walls, a fruitful stream.
 Fast by her flowery bank the fons of Arcas,
 Favourites of Heaven, with happy care protect
 Their fleecy charge; and joyous drink her wave.

Thee, god, to Cnosus Neda brought; the
 nymphs

And Corybantes thee, their sacred charge,
 Receiv'd: Adraсте rock'd thy golden cradle:
 The goat, now bright amidst her fellow-stars,
 Kind Amalthea, reach'd her teat distant
 With milk, thy early food: the sedulous bee,
 Distill'd her honey on thy purple lips.

Around, the fierce Curetes (order solemn
 To thy fore-knowing mother!) trod tumultuous
 Their mystic dance; and clang'd their sounding
 arms,

Industrious with the warlike din to quell
 Thy infant cries, and mock the ear of Saturn:
 Swift growth and wondrous grace, O heavenly Jove,
 Waited thy blooming years: inventive wit,
 And perfect judgment, crown'd thy youthful act.
 That Saturn's sons receiv'd the three-fold empire
 Of heaven, of ocean, and deep hell beneath,
 As the dark urn and chance of lot determin'd,
 Old poets mention, fabling. Things of moment,
 Well nigh equivalent and neighbouring value,
 By lot are parted: but high heaven, thy share,
 In equal balance laid 'gainst sea or hell,
 Flings up the adverse scale, and thuns proportion.
 Wherefore not chance, but power above thy
 brethren,

Exalted thee their king. When thy great will
 Commands thy chariot forth, impetuous strength
 And fiery swiftness wing the rapid wheels,
 Incessant; high the eagle flies before thee.
 And oh! as I and mine consult thy augur,
 Grant the glad omen; let thy favourite rise
 Propitious, ever soaring from the right.

Thou to the lesser gods hast well assign'd
 Their proper shares of power: thy own, great Jove,
 Boundless and universal. Those who labour
 The sweaty forge, who edge the crooked scythe,
 Bend stubborn steel, and harden gleeking armour,
 Acknowledge Vulcan's aid. The early hunter

F f iij

Blesses Diana's hand, who leads him safe
O'er hanging cliffs, who spreads his net successful,
And guides the arrow through the panther's heart.
The soldier, from successful camps returning
With laurel wreath'd, and rich with hostile spoil,
Severs the bull to Mars. The skilful bard,
Striking the Thracian harp, invokes Apollo,
To make his hero and himself immortal.
Those, mighty Jove, mean time, thy glorious care,
Who model nations, publish laws, announce
Or life or death, and found or change the empire.
Man owns the power of kings; and kings of Jove.

And, as their actions tend subordinate
To what thy will designs, thou giv'st the means
Proportion'd to the work; thou seest impartial
How they those means employ. Each monarch rules
His different realm, accountable to thee,
Great ruler of the world: these only have
To speak and be obey'd; to those are given
Assistant days to ripen the design;
To some whole months, revolving years to some;
Others, ill-fated, are condemn'd to toil
Their tedious life, and mourn their purpose blasted
With fruitless act, and impotence of council.

Hail! greatest son of Saturn, wise disposer
Of every good: thy praise what man yet born
Has sung? or who that may be born shall sing?
Again, and often hail! indulge our prayer,
Great father! grant us virtue, grant us wealth:
For, without virtue, wealth no man avails not;
And virtue without wealth exerts less power,
And less diffuses good. Then grant us, gracious,
Virtue and wealth; for both are of thy gift!

THE SECOND HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS.

TO APOLLO.

HA! how the laurel, great Apollo's tree,
And all the cavern shakes! far off, far off,
The man that is unhallow'd: for the god,
The god approaches. Hark! he knocks; the gates
Feel the glad impulse; and the sever'd bars
Submissive clink against their brazen portals.
Why do the Delian palms incline their boughs,
Self-mov'd? and hovering swans, their throats re-
leas'd

From native silence, carol sounds harmonious?

Begin, young men, the hymn: let all your harps
Break their inglorious silence; and the dance,
In mystic numbers trod, explain the music.
But first, by ardent prayer, and clear lustration,
Purge the contagious spots of human weakness:
Impure no mortal can behold Apollo.
So may ye flourish, favour'd by the god,
In youth with happy nuptials; and in age
With silver hair, and fair descent of children!
So lay foundations for aspiring cities,
And bless your spreading colonies increase!

Pay sacred reverence to Apollo's song;
Left wrathful the far-shooting god emit
His fatal arrows. Silent nature stands;
And seas subside, obedient to the sound

Of Iö, Iö Pean! nor dares Thetis
Longer bewail her lov'd Achilles' death;
For Phœbus was his foe. Nor must sad Niobe
In fruitless sorrow persevere, or weep
Ev'n through the Phrygian marble. Hapless mo-
ther!

Whose fondness could compare her mortal offspring
To those which fair Latona bore to Jove.

Iö! again repeat ye, Iö Pean!

Against the Deity 'tis hard to strive.
He, that resists the power of Ptolemy,
Resists the power of heaven; for power from heaven
Derives; and monarchs rule by gods appointed.

Recite Apollo's praise, till night draws on,
The ditty still unfinish'd; and the day
Unequal to the godhead's attributes
Various, and matter copious of your songs.

Sublime at Jove's right hand Apollo sits,
And thence distributes honour, gracious king,
And theme of verse perpetual. From his robe
Flows light ineffable: his harp, his quiver,
And Liétian bow, are gold: with golden sandals
His feet are shod; how rich: how beautiful!
Beneath his steps the yellow mineral rises,
And earth reveals her treasures. Youth and beauty
Eternal deck his cheeks: from his fair head
Perfumes distill their sweets; and cheerful health,
His duteous handmaid, through the air improv'd,
With lavish hand diffuses scents ambrosial.

The spearman's arm by thee, great god, directed,
Sends forth a certain wound. The laurel'd bard,
Inspir'd by thee, composes verse immortal.
Taught by thy art divine, the sage physician
Eludes the urn; and chains or exiles death.

Thee, Nomian, we adore; for that, from heaven
Descending, thou on fair Amphrysus' banks
Didst guard Admetus' herds. Since the cow
Produc'd an ampler store of milk; the she-goat
Not without pain dragg'd her distended udder;
And ewes, that erst brought forth but single lambs,
Now dropp'd their two-fold burthens. Bless the
cattle,

On which Apollo cast his favouring eye!

But, Phœbus, thou to man beneficent,
Delight'st in building cities. Bright Diana,
Kind sister to thy infant deity,
New-wean'd, and just arising from the cradle,
Brought hunted wild-goats heads, and branching
antlers

Of flags, the fruit and honour of her toil.

Thee with discerning hand thou knew'st to range
(Young as thou wast), and in the well-fram'd
models,

With emblematic skill, and mystic order,
Thou show'st where towers or battlements should
rise, [compass]

Where gates should open, or where walls should
While from thy childish pastime man receiv'd
The future strength and ornament of nations.

Battus, our great progenitor, now touch'd
Thy Libyan strand; when the foreboding crow
Flew on the right before the people, marking
The country destin'd the auspicious seat
Of future kings, and favour of the god,
Whose oath is sure, and promise stands eternal.

Or Boëdromian hear'st thou pleas'd, or Clarian
Phœbus, great king? for different are thy names,
As thy kind hand has founded many cities,
Or dealt benign thy various gifts to man.
Carnean let me call thee; for my country
Calls thee Carnean: the fair colony
Thrice by thy gracious guidance was transported,
Ere settled in Cryene; there w' appointed
Thy annual feasts, kind god, and bless thy altars
Smoking with hecatombs of slaughter'd bulls,
As Carnus, thy high priest and favour'd friend,
Had erst ordain'd: and with mysterious rites,
Our great forefathers taught their sons to worship.
Iō Carnean Phœbus! Iō Pean!

The yellow corocus there and fair narcissus
Reserve the honours of their winter-store,
To deck thy temple; till returning spring
Diffuses Nature's various pride; and flowers
Innumerable, by the soft south-west
Open'd, and gather'd by religious hands,
Rebound their sweets from th' odoriferous pave-
ment.

Perpetual fires shine hallow'd on thy altars,
When annual the Carnean feast is held;
The warlike Libyans, clad in armour, lead [beat
The dance; with clanging swords and shields they
The dreadful measure: in the chorus join
Their women, brown but beautiful: such rites
To thee well pleasing. Nor had yet thy votaries,
From Greece transplanted, touch'd Cyrene's banks,
And lands determin'd for their last abodes;
But wander'd through Azilis' horrid forest
Dispers'd: when from Myrtusa's craggy brow,
Fond of the maid, auspicious to the city,
Which must hereafter bear her favour'd name,
Thou gracious deign'st to let the fair one view
Her typic people; thou with pleasure taught'st her
To draw the bow, to slay the shaggy lion,
And stop the spreading ruin of the plains.
Happy the nymph, who, honour'd by thy passion,
Was aided by thy power! The monstrous Python
Durst tempt thy wrath in vain: for dead he fell,
To thy great strength and golden arms unequal.

Iō! while thy unerring hand elanc'd
Another, and another dart; the people
Joyfully repeated Iō! Iō Pean!
E lance the dart, Apollo: for the safety
And health of man, gracious thy mother bore thee.

Envy, thy latest foe, suggested thus:
Like thee I am a power immortal; therefore
To thee dare speak. How canst thou favour partial
Those poets who write little? Vast and great
Is what I love: the far-extended ocean
To a small rivulet I prefer. Apollo
Spurn'd Envy with his foot; and thus the god:
Dæmon, the head-long current of Euphrates,
Assyrian river, copious runs, but muddy;
And carries forward with his stupid force
Polluting dirt; his torrent still augmenting,
His wave still more defil'd: meanwhile the nymphs
Melissæ, sacred and recluse to Ceres,
Studios to have their offerings well receiv'd,
And fit for heavenly use, from little urns
Pour streams select, and purity of waters.

Iō! Apollo, mighty king, let envy

Ill-judging and verbose, from Lethe's lake
Draw tuns unmeasurable; while thy favour
Administers to my ambitious thirst
The wholesome draught from Aganippe's spring
Genuine, and with soft murmurs gently rilling
Adown the mountains where thy daughters haunt,

CHARITY.

A PARAPHRASE ON THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER
OF THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS.

Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,
Than ever man pronounc'd, or angels sung;
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or science can define;
And had I power to give that knowledge birth,
In all the speeches of the babbling earth;
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
Or had I faith like that which Israel saw
When Moses gave them miracles and law:
Yet, gracious Charity: indulgent guest,
Were not thy power exerted in my breast,
Those speeches would send up unheeded prayer;
That scorn of life would be but wild despair;
A tymbal's sound were better than my voice;
My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.

Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind,
Knows with just reins and gentle hand to guide
Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride.
Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives;
And much she suffers, as she much believes.
Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives;
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heaven.

Each other gift, which God on man bestows,
Its proper bound and due restriction knows;
To one fixt purpose dedicates its power,
And, finishing its act, exists no more.
Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees,
Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease;
But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live, [ceive,
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise re-

As, through the artist's intervening glass,
Our eye observes the distant planets pass,
A little we discover, but allow
That more remains unseen, than art can show:
So, whilst our mind its knowledge would improve
(Its feeble eye intent on things above),
High as we may, we lift our reason up,
By faith directed, and confirm'd by hope:
Yet we are able only to survey
Dawning of beams, and promises of day.
Heaven's fuller effulgence mocks our dazzled sight;
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd;
The sun shall soon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian throng.

Then constant faith and holy hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy :
Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
Shalt still survive—
Shalt stand before the host of heaven confest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

CUPID IN AMBUSH.

It oft' to many has successful been,
Upon his arm to let his mistress lean,
Or with her airy fan to cool her heat,
Or gently squeeze her knees, or press her feet.
All public sports, to favour young desire,
With opportunities like this conspire.
Ev'n where his skill the gladiator shows,
With human blood where the Arena flows ;
There oftentimes love's quiver-bearing boy
Prepares his bow and arrow to destroy :
While the spectator gazes on the sight,
And sees them wound each other with delight ;
While he his pretty mistress entertains,
And wagers with her who the conquest gains ;
Silently the God takes aim, and hits his heart,
And in the wounds he sees he bears his part.

ENGRAVED ON A COLUMN

IN THE

CHURCH OF HALLSTEAD IN ESSEX ;

The Spire of which, burnt down by lightning, was rebuilt at the expense of Mr. Samuel Jukes, 1717.

VIEW not this spire by measure made,
To buildings rais'd by common hands :
That fabric rises high as heaven,
Whose basis on devotion stands.
While yet we draw this vital breath,
We can our faith and hope declare ;
But charity beyond our death
Will ever in our works appear.
Best be he call'd among good men,
Who to his God this column rais'd :
Though lightning strike the dome again,
The man, who built it, shall be prais'd :
Yet spires and towers in dust shall lie,
The weak efforts of human pain ;
And faith and hope themselves shall die,
While deathless charity remains.

ALMA:

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF THE MIND.

IN THREE CANTOS.

Πάντα γίγναι, καὶ πάντα κίεαι, καὶ πάντα τὸ μηδὲν
Πάντα γὰρ ἔξ ἀλόγων ἐστὶ τὰ γινόμενα.

Incert. ap. Stobæum.

CANTO I.

MATTHEW * met Richard †, when or were
From story is not mighty clear :

* Himself.

† Mr. Shelton.

Of many knotty points they spoke,
And *pro* and *con* by turns they took.
Rats half the manuscript have eat :
Dire hunger ! which we still regret.
O ! may they ne'er again digest
The horrors of so sad a feast !
Yet less our grief, if what remains,
Dear Jacob ‖, by thy care and pains
Shall be to future times convey'd.
It thus begins :

* * * * Here Matthew said,

Alma in verse, in prose the mind,
By Aristotle's pen defin'd,
Throughout the body squat or tall,
Is, *bonâ fide*, all in all.
And yet, slap-dash, is all again
In every sinew, nerve, and vein :
Runs here and there, like Hamlet's ghost ;
While every where she rules the roast.

This *system*, Richard, we are told,
The men of Oxford firmly hold.
The Cambridge wits, you know, deny
With *ipse dixit* to comply.
They say (for in good truth they speak
With small respect of that old Greek),
That, putting all his words together,
'Tis three blue beans in one blue bladder.

Alma, they strenuously maintain,
Sits cock-horse on her throne the brain ;
And from that seat of thought dispenses
Her sovereign pleasure to the senses.
Two *optic* nerves, they say, she ties,
Like spectacles, across the eyes ;
By which the spirits bring her word,
Whene'er the balls are fix'd or stirr'd,
How quick at park and play they strike :
The duke they court ; the toast they like ;
And at St. James's turn their grace
From former friends now out of place.

Without these aids, to be more serious,
Her power, they hold, had been precarious ;
The eyes might have conspir'd her ruin,
And she not known what they were doing.
Foolish it had been, and unkind,
That they should see, and she be blind.

Wise nature likewise, they suppose,
Has drawn two conduits down our nose :
Could Alma else, with judgment tell
When *cabbage* stinks, or *roses* smell ?
Or who would ask for her opinion
Between an *oyster* and an *onion* ?

For from moist bodies, Dick, you know,
Some little bits ask leave to flow ;
And, as through these canals they roll,
Bring up a sample of the whole ;
Like footmen running before coaches,
To tell the Inn, what lord approaches.

By nerves about our palate plac'd,
She likewise judges of the taste.
Else (dismal thought !) our warlike men
Might drink thick *port* for fine *champagne* ;
And our ill-judging wives and daughters
Mistake small-beer for *citron*-waters.

‖ Tonson.

Hence too, that she might better hear,
She sets a drum at either ear:

And, loud or gentle, harsh or sweet,
Are but th' *alarums* which they beat.

Last, to enjoy her sense of feeling
(A thing the much delights to deal in),
A thousand little nerves she sends
Quite to our toes, and fingers' ends;
And these in gratitude again
Return their spirits to the brain;
In which their figure being printed
(As just before, I think, I hinted),
Alma inform'd can try the case,
As she had been upon the place.

Thus, while the judge gives different journeies
To country council and attorneys,
He on the bench in quiet sits,
Deciding, as they bring the writs.
The Pope thus prays and sleeps at Rome,
And very seldom stirs from home:
Yet, sending forth his holy spies,
And having heard what they advise,
He rules the church's blest dominions,
And sets men's faith by his opinions.

The scholars of the Stagyrte,
Who for the old opinion fight,
Would make their modern friends confess
The difference but from more to less.
The mind, say they, while you sustain
To hold her station in the brain;
You grant, at least, she is extended:
Ergo the whole dispute is ended.
For till to-morrow should you plead,
From form and structure of the head,
The mind as visibly is seen
Extended through the whole *machine*.
Why should all honour then be ta'en
From lower parts to load the brain,
When other limbs we plainly see,
Each in his way, as brisk as he?
For music, grant the head receive it,
It is the artist's hand that gave it;
And, though the skull may wear the laurel,
The soldier's arm sustains the quarrel.
Besides, the nostrils, ears, and eyes,
Are not his parts, but his allies;
Ev'n what you hear the tongue proclaim
Comes *ab origine* from them.
What could the head perform alone,
If all their friendly aids were gone?
A foolish figure he must make;
Do nothing else but sleep and ake.

Nor matters it, that you can show
How to the head the spirits go;
Those spirits started from some goal,
Before they through the veins could roll.
Now, we should hold them much to blame,
If they went back, before they came.

If therefore, as we must suppose,
They came from fingers, and from toes;
Or toes, or fingers, in this case,
Of *Num's* self should take the place;
Disputing fair, you grant thus much,
That all sensation is but touch.
Dip but your toes into cold water,
Their correspondent teeth will chatter;

And, strike the bottom of your feet,
You set your head into a heat.
The bully beat, and happy lover,
Confess that feeling lies all over.

Note here, Lucretius dares to teach
(As all our youth may learn from Creech)
That eyes were made, but could not view,
Nor hands embrace, nor feet pursue:
But heedless nature did produce
The members first, and then the use.
What each must act was yet unknown,
Till all is mov'd by chance alone.

A man first builds a country-seat,
Then finds the walls not good to eat.
Another plants, and wandering sees
Nor books nor medals on his trees.
Yet poet and philosopher

Was he, who durst such whims aver,
Blest, for his sake, be human reason,
That came at all, though late in season.
But no man sure e'er left his house,

And saddled Ball, with thoughts so wild,
To bring a midwife to his spouse,

Before he knew she was with-child.
And no man ever reapt his corn,

Or from the oven drew his bread,
Ere hinds and bakers yet were born.

That taught them both to sow and knead.
Before they're ask'd, can maids refuse?
Can—Pray, says Dick, hold in your muse.
While you Pindaric truths rehearse,
She hobbles in *ternate* verse.

Verse! Mat *quid*; is that my care?
Go on, quoth Dick, hard, fast and fair.

This looks, says Dick, as nature had
But exercis'd *man's* trade;
As if she hap'd to flat down,
And cut out clothes for all the town;
Then sent them out to Monmouth-street,
To try what persons they would fit.
But every free and licens'd taylor
Would in this *case* find a failure.
Should whims like these his head perplex,
How could he work for either sex?

His clothes, as atoms might prevail,
Might fit a pismire, or a whale.
No, no: he views with studious pleasure
Your shape, before he takes your measure.
For real Kate he made the boddice;

And not for an *ideal* goddess.
No error near his shop-board lurk'd:
He knew the form for whom he work'd;
Still to their size he aim'd his skill:

Else, pr'ythee, who would pay his bill?
Next, Dick, if chance herself should vary,
Observe, how matters would miscarry:
Across your eyes, friend, place your shoes;
Your spectacles upon your toes:

Then you and Memmius shall agree
How nicely men would walk, or see.

But wisdom, peevish and cross-grain'd,
Must be oppos'd, to be sustain'd;
And still your knowledge will increase,
As you make other people's less.
In arms and science 'tis the same:
Our rival's hurts create our fame.

At Faubert's, if disputes arise
Among the champions for the prize,
To prove who gave the fairer butt,
John shows the chalk on Robert's coat.
So, for the honour of your book,
It tells where other folks mistook:
And, as their notions you confound,
Those you invent get farther ground.

The commentators on old Aristotle ('tis urg'd) in judgment vary:
They to their own conceits have brought
The image of his general thought;
Just as the melancholic eye
Sees fleets and armies in the sky;
And to the poor apprentice ear
The bells found, "Whittington lord mayor."
The conjuror thus explains his *scheme*;
Thus spirits walk, and prophets dream;
North Britons thus have *second-fight*;
And Germans, free from gun-shot, fight.

Theoderet and Origen,
And fifty other learned men,
Attest, that, if their comments find
The traces of their master's mind,
Alma can ne'er decay nor die!
This flatly t'other sect deny;
Simplicius, Theophrast, Durand,
Great names, but hard in verse to stand.
They wonder men should have mistook
The *tenets* of their master's book,
And hold, that Alma yields her breath,
O'ercome by age, and seiz'd by death.
Now which were wise? and which were fools?
Poor Alma sits between two stools:
The more she reads, the more perplex;
The comment ruining the text:
Now fears, now hopes, her doubtful fate:
But, Richard, let her look to that—
Whilst we our own affairs pursue.

These different *systems*, old or new,
A man with half an eye may see,
Were only form'd to disagree.
Now, to bring things to fair conclusion,
And save much Christian ink's effusion,
Let me propose an healing *scheme*,
And sail along the middle stream:
For, Dick, if we could reconcile
Old Aristotle with Gassendus,

How many would admire our toil!
And yet how few would comprehend us!
Here, Richard, let my *sch-me* commence:

Oh! may my words be lost in sense!
While pleas'd Thalia deigns to write
The slips and bounds of Alma's flight,

My simple *system* shall suppose
That Alma enters at the toes,
That then the mounts by just degrees
Up to the ancles, legs, and knees;
Next, as the sap of life does rise,
She lends her vigour to the thighs;
And, all these under-regions past,
She nestles somewhere near the waist;
Gives pain or pleasure, grief or laughter,
As we shall show at large hereafter.
Mature, if not improv'd by time,
Up to the heart she loves to climb;

From thence, compell'd by craft and age,
She makes the head her latest stage.

From the feet upward to the head—
Pithy and short, says Dick, proceed.

Dick, this is not an idle notion:
Observe the progress of the motion.
First, I demonstratively prove
That feet were only made to move;
And legs desire to come and go,
For they have nothing else to do.

Hence, long before the child can crawl,
He learns to kick, and wince, and sprawl:
To hinder which, your midwife knows
To bind those parts extremely close;
Left Alma, newly enter'd in,
And stunn'd at her own christening's din,
Fearful of future grief and pain,
Should silently sneak out again.
Full piteous seems young Alma's case;
As in a luckless gamester's place,
She would not play, yet must not pass.

Again; as she grows something stronger,
And master's feet are swath'd no longer,
If in the night too oft he kicks,
Or shows his *loco-motive* tricks;
These first assaults, fat Kate repays him;
When half asleep, she overlays him.

Now mark, dear Richard, from the age
That children tread this worldly stage,
Broom-staff or poker they bestride,
And round the parlour love to ride;
Till thoughtful father's pious care
Provides his brood, next Smithfield fair,
With supplemental hobby-horses:
And happy be their infant courses!

Hence for some years they ne'er stand
still:

Their legs, you see, direct their will;
From opening morn till setting sun,
Around the fields and woods they run;
They frisk, and dance, and leap, and play,
Nor heed what Friend or Snake can say.

To her next stage as Alma flies,
And likes, as I have said, the thighs,
With *sympathetic* power the warms
Their good allies and friends, the arms;
While Betty dances on the green,
And Susan is at stool-ball seen;
While John for nine-pins does declare,
And Roger loves to pitch the bar:
Both legs and arms spontaneous move;
Which was the thing I meant to prove.

Another motion now she makes:
O need I name the seat she takes?
His thought quite chang'd the stripling finds;
The sport and race no more he minds;
Neglected Tray and Pointer lie,
And covies unmolested fly.
Sudden the jocund plain he leaves,
And for the nymph in secret grieves.
In dying accents he complains
Of cruel fires, and raging pains.
The nymph too longs to be alone,
Leaves all the swains and sighs for one:
The nymph is warm'd with young desire
And feels, and dies to quench his fire.

They meet each evening in the grove ;
 Their parley but augments their love :
 So to the priest their case they tell :
 He ties the knot ; and all goes well.

But, O my muse, just distance keep ;
 Thou art a maid, and must not peep.
 In nine months time the boddice loose,
 And petticoats too short, disclose
 That at this age the active mind
 About the waist lies most confin'd ;
 And that young life and quickening sense
 Spring from his influence darted thence,
 So from the middle of the world
 The sun's prolific rays are hurl'd :
 'Tis from that seat he darts those beams,
 Which quicken earth with genial flames.

Dick, who thus long had passive sat,
 Here strok'd his chin, and cock'd his hat ;
 Then slapp'd his hand upon the board,
 And thus the youth put in his word.
 Love's advocates, sweet Sir, would find him
 A higher place than you assign'd him.

Love's advocates ! Dick, who are those ?—
 The poets, you may well suppose.

I'm sorry, Sir, you have discarded
 The men with whom till now you herded.

Prose-men alone for private ends,
 I thought, forsook their ancient friends.

In cor fillavit, cries Lucretius ;
 If he may be allow'd to teach us.

The self-same thing soft Ovid says
 (A proper judge in such a case).

Horace's phrase is, *torret jecur* ;
 And happy was that curious speaker.

Here Virgil too has plac'd this passion.
 What signifies too long quotation ?

In ode and epic, plain the case is,
 That love holds one of these two places.

Dick, without passion or reflection,
 I'll strait demolish this objection.

First, poets, all the world agrees,
 Write half to profit, half to please.

Matter and figure they produce ;

For garnish this, and that for use ;

And, in the structure of their feasts,

They seek to feed and please their guests ;

But one may balk this good intent,

And take things otherwise than meant.

Thus, if you dine with my lord mayor,

Roast beef and venison is your fare ;

Thence you proceed to swan and bustard,

And persevere in tart and custard :

But *tullip-leaves* and *lemon-peel*

Help only to adorn the meal ;

And painted flags, superb and neat,

Proclaim you welcome to the treat.

The man of sense his meat devours,

But only smells the peel and flowers ;

And he must be an idle dreamer,

Who leaves the pie, and gnaws the streamer.

That Cupid goes with bow and arrows,
 And Venus keeps her coach and sparrows,

Is all but emblem, to acquaint one,
 The son is sharp, the mother wanton.

Such images have sometimes shown

A mystic sense, but oftener none.

For who conceives, what bards devise,

That heaven is plac'd in Celia's eyes ;

Or where's the sense, direct and moral,

That teeth are pearl, or lips are coral ?

Your Horace owns, he various writ,

As wild or sober maggots bit :

And, where too much the poet ranted,

The sage philosopher recanted.

His grave epistles may disprove

The wanton odes he made to love.

Lucretius keeps a mighty pother

With Cupid and his fancy'd mother ;

Calls her great queen of earth and air,

Declares that winds and seas obey her ;

And, while her honour he rehearset,

Implores her to inspire his verses.

Yet, free from this poetic madness,

Next page he says, in sober sadness,

That she and all her fellow-gods

Sit idling in their high abodes,

Regardless of this world below,

Our health or hanging, weal or woe ;

Nor once disturb their heavenly spirits

With Scapin's cheats, or Caesar's merits.

Nor e'er can Latin poets prove

Where lies the real seat of love.

Jecur they burn, and *Cor* they pierce,

As either best supplies their verse ;

And, if folks ask the reason for't,

Say, one was long, and t'other short,

Thus, I presume, the British muse

May take the freedom strangers use.

In prose our property is greater :

Why should it then be less in metre ?

If Cupid throws a single dart,

We make him wound the lover's heart ;

But, if he takes his bow and quiver ;

'Tis sure, he must transfix the liver :

For rhyme with reason may dispense,

And sound has right to govern sense.

But let your friends in verse suppose,

What ne'er shall be allow'd in prose ;

Anatomists can make it clear,

The *liver* minds his own affair ;

Kindly supplies our public uses,

And parts and strains the vital juices ;

Still lays some useful bile aside,

To tinge the chyle's insipid tide ;

Else we should want both gibe and satire ;

And all be burst with pure good-nature.

Now gall is bitter with a witness,

And love is all delight and sweetness.

My *logic* then has lost its aim,

If sweet and bitter be the same :

And he, methinks, is no great scholar,

Who can mistake desire for choler.

The like may of the *heart* be said ;

Courage and terror there are bred.

All those, whose *heart* are loose and low,

Start, if they hear but the *tattoo* :

And mighty physical their fear is ;

For, soon as noise of combat near is,

Their heart, descending to their breeches,
Must give their stomach cruel twitches.
But heroes, who o'ercome or die,
Have their hearts hung extremely high;
The strings of which, in battles heat,
Against their very *constits* beat;
Keep time with their own trumpet's measure,
And yield them most excessive pleasure.

Now, if 'tis chiefly in the heart
That courage does itself exert,
'Twill be prodigious hard to prove
That this is eke the throne of Love.
Would nature make one place the seat
Of fond desire, and fell debate?
Must people only take delight in
Those hours, when they are tir'd of fighting?
And has no man, but who has kill'd
A father, right to get a child?
These notions then I think but idle;
And love shall still possess the middle.

This truth more plainly to discover,
Suppose your hero were a lover.
Though he before had gall and rage,
Which death or conquest must assuage,
He grows dispirited and low;
He hates the fight, and shuns the foe.

In scornful sloth Achilles slept,
And for his wench, like Tail-boy, wept:
Nor would return to war and slaughter,
Till they brought back the parson's daughter.

Antoni'us fled from Actium's coast,
Augustus pressing, Asia lost:
His sails by Cupid's hands unfurl'd,
To keep the fair, he gave the world.
Edward our Fourth, rever'd and crown'd,
Vigorous in youth, in arms renown'd;
While England's voice, and Warwick's care,
Design'd him Gallia's beauteous heir;
Chang'd peace and power, for rage and wars,
Only to dry one widow's tears.—

France's fourth Henry we may see
A servant to the fair d'Estree;
When, quitting Coutras' prosperous field,
And fortune taught at length to yield,
He from his guards and midnight tent
Disguis'd o'er hills and vallies went,
To wanton with the sprightly dame;
And in his pleasure lost his fame.

Bold is the critic who dares prove
These heroes were no friends to love;
And bolder he, who dares aver
That they were enemies to war.
Yet, when their thought should, now or never,
Have rais'd their *heart*, or fir'd their *liver*,
Fond Alma to those parts was gone,
Which love more justly calls his own.

Examples I could cite you more;
But be contented with these four:
For, when one's proofs are aptly chosen,
Four are as valid as four dozen.
One came from Greece, and one from Rome;
The other two grew nearer home.
For some in ancient books delight;
Others prefer what moderns write:
Now I should be extremely loth,
Not to be thought expert in both.

CANTO II.

BUT shall we take the muse abroad,
To drop her idly on the road?
And leave our subject in the middle,
As Butler did his bear and fiddle?
Yet he, consummate master, knew
When to recede, and where pursue:
His noble negligences teach
What others toils despair to reach.
He, perfect dancer, climbs the rope,
And balances your fear and hope:
If, after some distinguish'd leap,
He drops his pole, and seems to slip,
Straight gathering all his active strength,
He rises higher half his length.
With wonder you approve his slight,
And owe your pleasure to your fright.
But like poor Andrew I advance,
False *mimic* of my master's dance;
Around the cord awhile I sprawl,
And thence, though low, in earnest fall.

My preface tells you, I digress'd:
He's half absolv'd who has confess'd.
I like, quoth Dick, your *simile*,
And, in return, take two from me.
As masters in the *clerc obscure*
With various light your eyes allure,
A flaming yellow here they spread,
Draw off in blue, or charge in red;
Yet, from these colours oddly mix'd,
Your sight upon the whole is fix'd:
Or, as, again, your courtly dames
(Whose clothes returning birth-day claims)
By arts improve the stuffs they vary,
And things are best as most contrary;
The gown, with stiff embroidery shining,
Looks charming with a slighter lining;
The out-, if Indian figure stain,
The in-side must be rich and plain.
So you great authors have thought fit
To make digression temper wit:
When arguments too fiercely glare,
You calm them with a milder air:
To break their points, you turn their force,
And *subelate* the plain discourse.

Richard, quoth Mat, these words of thine
Speak something sly, and something fine:
But I shall e'en resume my *theme*,
However thou may'st praise or blame.

As people marry now, and settle,
Fierce love abates his usual mettle:
Worldly desires, and household cares,
Disturb the godhead's soft affairs:
So now, as health or temper changes,
In larger compass Alma ranges,
This day below, the next above,
As light or solid whimsies move.
So merchant has his house in town,
And country-seat near Bansted-down:
From one he dates his foreign letters,
Sends out his goods, and duns his debtors:
In t'other, at his hours of leisure,
He smokes his pipe, and takes his pleasure.

And now your matrimonial Cupid,
Lash'd on by time, grows tir'd and stupid.
For story and experience tell us
That man grows old, and woman jealous.
Both would their little ends secure;
He sighs for freedom, she for power:
His wishes tend abroad to roam,
And hers to domineer at home.
Thus passion flags by slow degrees,
And, ruffled more, delighted less,
The busy mind does seldom go
To those once-charming seats below;
But, in the breast incamp'd, prepares
For well-bred feints and future wars.
The man suspects his lady's crying
(When he last autumn lay a-dying)
Was but to gain him to appoint her
By codicil a larger jointure.
The woman finds it all a trick,
That he could swoon when she was sick;
And knows that in that grief he reckon'd
On black-ey'd Susan for his second.

Thus, having strove some tedious years
With feign'd desires, and real fears;
And, tir'd with answers and replies
Of John affirms, and Martha lies,
Leaving this endless altercation,
The mind affects a higher station.

Politis, that generous king of Thrace,
I think, was in this very case.
All Asia now was by the ears,
And gods beat up for volunteers
To Greece and Troy; while Politis sat
In quiet governing his state.
And whence, said the pacific king,
Does all this noise and discord spring?
Why, Paris took Atreides' wife—
With ease I could compose this strife:
The injur'd hero should not lose,
Nor the young lover want a spouse.
But Helen chang'd her first condition,
Without her husband's just permission.
What from the dame can Paris hope?
She may as well from him elope.
Again, how can her old good man
With honour take her back again?
From hence I logically gather,
The woman cannot live with either.
Now, I have two right honest wives,
For whose possession no man strives:
One to Atreides I will send,
And t'other to my Trojan friend.
Each prince shall thus with honour have
What both so warmly seem to crave:
The wrath of gods and man shall cease,
And Politis live and die in peace.

Dick, if this story pleases thee,
Pray thank Dan Pope, who told it me.

Howe'er swift Alma's flight may vary,
(Take this by way of *corollary*)
Some limbs she finds the very same,
In place, and dignity, and name:
These dwell at such convenient distance,
That each may give his friend assistance.
Thus he who runs or dances begs
The equal vigour of two legs;

So much to both does Alma trust;
She ne'er regards which goes the first.
Teague could make neither of them stay,
When with himself he ran away.
The man who struggles in the fight
Fatigues left arm as well as right;
For, whilst one hand exalts the blow,
And on the earth extends the foe,
T'other would take it wondrous ill,
If in your pocket he lay still.
And, when you shoot, and shut one eye,
You cannot think he would deny
To lend the other friendly aid,
Or wink as coward, and afraid.
No, Sir; whilst he withdraws his flame,
His comrade takes the surer aim.
One moment if his beams recede;
As soon as e'er the bird is dead,
Opening again, he lays his claim
To half the profit, half the fame,
And helps to pocket up the game.
'Tis thus one tradesman slips away,
To give his partner fairer play.

Some limbs again, in bulk or stature
Unlike, and not a-kin by nature,
In concert act, like modern friends,
Because one serves the other's ends.
The arm thus waits upon the heart,
So quick to take the bully's part,
That one, though warm, decides more slow
Than t'other executes the blow.
A slander-by may chance to have it,
Ere Hack himself perceives he gave it.

The amorous eyes thus always go
A-strolling for their friends below;
For, long before the 'squire and dame
Have *tête à tête* reliev'd their flame,
Ere visits yet are brought about,
The eye by sympathy looks out,
Knows Florimel, and longs to meet her,
And, if he sees, is sure to greet her,
Though at fast-window, on the stairs,
At court, nay (authors say) at prayers.—

The funeral of some valiant knight
May give this thing its proper light.
View his two gauntlets; these declare
That both his hands were us'd to war.
And from his two gilt spurs 'tis learn'd
His feet were equally concern'd.
But have you not with thought beheld
The sword hang dangling o'er the shield?
Which shows the breast, that plate was us'd

to,
Had an ally right arm to trust to:
And, by the peep-holes in his crest,
Is it not virtually confess
That there his eyes took distant aim,
And glanc'd respect to that bright dame,
In whose delight his hope was center'd,
And for whose glove his life he ventur'd?

Objections to my general *system*
May rise perhaps; and I have mist them:
But I can call to my assistance
Proximity (mark that!) and distance;
Can prove that all things, on occasion,
Love union, and desire adhesion;

That Alma merely is a scale,
And motives, like the weights, prevail.
If neither side turn down nor up,
With loss or gain; with fear or hope,
The balance always would hang even,
Like Mah'met's tomb, 'twixt earth and hea-
ven.

This, Richard, is a curious case:
Suppose your eyes sent equal rays
Upon two distant pots of ale,
Not knowing which was mild or stale:
In this sad state your doubtful choice
Would never have the casting voice;
Which best or worst you could not think,
And die you must for want of drink;
Unless some chance inclines your sight,
Setting one pot in fairer light;
Then you prefer or A, or B,
As lines and angles best agree:
Your sense resolv'd impels your will:
She guides your hand—so drink your fill.

Have you not seen a baker's maid
Between two equal banniers sway'd?
Her tallies useless lie, and idle,
If plac'd exactly in the middle:
But, forc'd from this unactive state
By virtue of some casual weight,
On either side you hear them clatter,
And judge of right and left hand matter.

Now, Richard, this coercive force,
Without your choice, must take its course;
Great kings to wars are pointed forth,
Like loaded needles to the north.
And thou and I, by power unseen,
'Are barely passive, and suck'd-in
To Henault's vaults, or Celia's chamber,
As straw and paper are by amber.
If we sit down to play or set
(Suppose at *ombre* or *buffet*),
Let people call us cheats or fools,
Our cards and we are equal tools.
We sure in vain the cards condemn:
Ourselves both cut and shuffled them.
In vain on fortune's aid rely:
She only is a slander by.

Poor men! poor papers! we and they
Do some impulsive force obey:
And are but play'd with—do not play.
But space and matter we should blame;
They palm'd the trick that lost the game.

Thus, to save further contradiction
Against what you may think but fiction,
I for attraction, Dick, declare:
Deny it those bold men that dare.
As well your motion, as your thought,
Is all by hidden impulse wrought:
Ev'n saying that you think or walk,
How like a country 'squire you talk!

Mark then;—Where fancy, or desire,
Collects the beams of vital fire;
Into that limb fair Alma slides,
And there, *pro tempore*, resides.
She dwells in Nicolini's tongue,
When Pyrrhus chaunts the heavenly song.
When Pedro does the lute command,
She guides the cunning artist's hand.

Through Macer's gullet she runs down;
When the vile glutton dines alone.
And, void of modesty and thought,
She follows Bibb's endless draught.
Through the soft sex again the ranges,
As youth, caprice, or fashion, changes.
Fair Alma, careless and serene,
In Fanny's sprightly eyes is seen;
While they diffuse their infant beams,
Themselves not conscious of their flames;
Again fair Alma sits confest

On Florimel's experter breast;
When she the rising sigh constrains,
And by concealing speaks her pains.
In Cynthia's neck fair Alma glows,
When the vain thing her jewels shows;
When Jenny's stays are newly lac'd,
Fair Alma plays about her waist;
And when the swelling hoop sustains
The rich brocade, fair Alma deigns
Into that lower space to enter,
Of the large round herself the centre.

Again: that single limb or feature
(Such is the cogent force of nature);
Which most did Alma's passion move
In the first object of her love,
For ever will be found confest,
And printed on the amorous breast.

O Abelard! ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth:
But well I weep, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet's song.
Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and skill has weav'd
A silken web; and ne'er shall fade
Its colours; gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
And Venus shall the texture bless.
He o'er the weeping nun has drawn
Such artful folds of sacred lawn,
That love, with equal grief and pride,
Shall see the crime he strives to hide,
And, softly drawing back the veil,
The god shall to his votaries tell
Each conscious tear, each blushing grace,
That deck'd dear Eloisa's face.
Happy the poet, blest the lays,
Which Buckingham has deign'd to praise!

Next, Dick, as youth and habit sways,
A hundred gambols Alma plays.
If, whilst a boy, Jack ran from school,
Fond of his hunting-horn and pole;
Though gout and age his speed detain,
Old John halloos his hounds again;
By his fire-side he starts the hare,
And turns her in his wicker-chair;
His feet, however lame, you find
Have got the better of his mind.

If, while the mind was in her leg,
The dance affected nimble Peg;
Or Madge, bewitch'd at sixty-one,
Calls for Green Sleeves, and Jumping Joan.
In public mask, or private ball,
From Lincoln's-inn to Goldsmith's-hall,
All Christmas long away she trudges,
Trips it with 'prentices and judges:

In vain her children urge her stay,
And age or palsy bar the way.
But, if those images prevail
Which whilom did affect the tail,
She still renews the ancient scene,
Forgets the forty-years between :
Aukwardly gay, and oddly merry,
Her scarf pale pink, her head-knot cherry;
O'er-heated with *ide l* rage,
She cheats her son, to wed her page.

If Alma, whilst the man was young,
Slipp'd up too soon into his tongue,
Pleas'd with his own fantastic skill,
He lets that weapon ne'er lie still.
On any point if you dispute,
Depend upon it, he'll confute :
Change sides, and you increase your pain,
For he'll confute you back again.
For one may speak with Tully's tongue,
Yet all the while be in the wrong.
And 'tis remarkable that they
Talk most, who have the least to say.
Your dainty speakers have the curse,
To plead bad causes down to worse :
As dames, who native beauty want,
Still uglier look, the more they paint.

Again : if in the female sex
Alma should on this member fix
(A cruel and a desperate case,
From which Heaven shield my lovely lass !)
For ever more all care is vain,
That would bring Alma down again.
As, in habitual gout or stone,
The only thing that can be done,
Is to correct your drink and diet,
And keep the inward foe in quiet ;
So, if for any sins of ours,
Or our forefathers, higher powers,
Severe, though just, afflict our life
With that prime ill, a talking wife ;
Till death shall bring the kind relief,
We must be patient, or be deaf.

You know a certain lady, Dick,
Who saw me when I last was sick :
She kindly talk'd, at least three hours,
Of *plastic* forms, and *mental* powers ;
Describ'd our pre-existing station
Before this vile terrene creation ;
And lest I should be weary'd, madam,
To cut things short, came down to Adam ;
From whence, as fast as she was able,
She drowns the world, and builds up Babel :
Through Syria, Persia, Greece, she goes,
And takes the Romans in the close.

But we'll descant on general nature ;
This is a system, not a satire.

Turn we this globe, and let us see
How different nations disagree
In what we wear, or eat and drink ;
Nay, Dick, perhaps in what we think.
In water as you smell and taste
The soils through which it rose and pass ;
In Alma's manners you may read
The place where she was born and bred.

One people from their swaddling bands
Release'd their infants' feet and hands :

Here Alma to these limbs was brought,
And Sparta's offspring kick'd and fought ;
Another taught their babes to talk,
Ere they could yet in go-carts walk :
There Alma settled in the tongue,
And orators from Athens sprung.

Observe but in these neighbouring lands
The different use of mouths and hands ;
As men repos'd their various hopes,
In battles these, and those in tropes.

In Britain's isles, as Heylin notes,
The ladies trip in petticoats ;
Which, for the honour of their nation,
They quit but on some great occasion.
Men there in breeches clad you view :
They claim that garment as their due.
In Turkey the reverse appears ;
Long coats the haughty husband wears,
And greets his wife with angry speeches,
If she be seen without her breeches.

In our fantastic climes the fair
With cleanly powder dry their hair :
And round their lovely breast and head
Fresh flowers their mingled odours shed.
Your nicer Hottentots think meet
With guts and tripe to deck their feet :
With down-cast looks on Totta's legs
The ogling youth most humbly begs
She would not from his hopes remove
At once his breakfast and his love :
And, if the skittish nymph should fly,
He in a double sense must die.

We simple toasters take delight
To see our women's teeth look white,
And every faucy ill-bred fellow
Sneers at a mouth profoundly yellow.
In China none hold women sweet,
Except their snags are black as jett.
King Chihu put nine queens to death,
Convict on statute, *Ivory Teeth*.

At Tonquin, if a prince should die
(As Jesuits write, who never lie),
The wife, and counsellor, and priest,
Who serv'd him most, and lov'd him best,
Prepare and light his funeral fire,
And cheerful on the pile expire.
In Europe 'twould be hard to find
In each degree one half so kind.

Now turn we to the farthest east,
And there observe the gentry dress.
Prince Giolo, and his royal sisters,
Scarr'd with ten thousand comely blisters ;
The marks remaining on the skin,
To tell the quality within.
Distinguish'd slashes deck the great :
As each excels in birth or state,
His oylet-holes are more and ampler :
The king's own body was a sampler.
Happy the climate, where the beau
Wears the same suit for use and show :
And at a small expence your wife,
If once well pink'd, is cloth'd for life.

Westward again, the Indian fair
Is nicely smear'd with fat of bear :
Before you see, you smell your toast ;
And sweetest she who stinks the most.

THE WORKS OF PRIOR.

The finest sparks and cleanest beaux
Drip from the shoulders to the toes :
How sleek their skins ! their joints how easy !
There slovens only are not greasy.

I mention'd different ways of breeding :
Begin we in our children's reading.
To master John the English maid
A horn-book gives of gingerbread ;
And, that the child may learn the better,
As he can name, he eats the letter.
Proceeding thus with vast delight,
He spells, and gnaws, from left to right.
But, shew a Hebrew's hopeful son
Where we suppose the book begun,
The child would thank you for your kindness,
And read quite backward from our *finis*.
Devour he learning ne'er so fast,
Great A would be reserv'd the last.

An equal instance of this matter
Is in the manners of a daughter.
In Europe if a harmless maid,
By nature and by love betray'd,
Should, ere a wife, become a nurse,
Her friends would look on her the worse.
In China, Dampier's travels tell ye
(Look in his Index for Pagelli),
Soon as the British ships unmoor,
And jolly long-boat rows to shore,
Down come the nobles of the land :
Each brings his daughter in his hand,
Beseeching the imperious tar
To make her but one hour his care.
The tender mother stands affrighted,
Left her dear daughter should be slighted :
And poor miss Yaya dreads the shame
Of going back the maid she came.

Observe how custom, Dick, compels
The lady that in Europe dwells :
After her tea, she slips away,
And what to do, one need not say.
Now see how great Pomonque's queen
Behav'd herself amongst the men :
Pleas'd with her punch, the gallant soul
First drank, then water'd in the bowl ;
And sprinkled in the captain's face
The marks of her peculiar grace—

To close this point, we need not roam
For instances so far from home.
What parts gay France from sober Spain ?
A little rising rocky chain.
Of men born south or north o' th' hill,
Those seldom move, these ne'er stand still.
Dick, you love maps, and may perceive
Rome not far distant from Geneve.
If the good Pope remains at home,
He's the first prince in Christendom.
Choose then, good Pope, at home to stay,
Nor westward curious take thy way :
Thy way unhappy should'st thou take,
From Tyber's bank to Leman lake,
Thou art an aged priest no more,
But a young flaring painted whore :
Thy sex is lost, thy town is gone ;
No longer Rome, but Babylon.
That some few leagues should make this change,
To men unclear'd seems mighty strange.

But need we, friend, insist on this ?
Since, in the very Cantons Swift,
All your philosophers agree,
And prove it plain, that one may be
A heretic, or true believer,
On this, or t'other side a river.

Here, with an artful smile, quoth Dick,
Your proofs come mighty full and thick—

The bard, on this extensive chapter
Wound up into poetic rapture,
Continued : Richard, cast your eye
By night upon a winter-sky :
Cast it by day-light on the strand,
Which compasses fair Albion's land :
If you can count the stars that glow
Above, or sands that lie below,
Into those common places look,
Which from great authors I have took,
And count the proofs I have collected ;
To have my writings well protected.
These I lay by for time of need,
And thou may'st at thy leisure read.
For standing every critic's rage,
I safely will to future age
My *system*, as a gift, bequeath,
Victorious over spite and death.

CANTO III.

RICHARD, who now was fast asleep,
Rous'd, nor would longer silence keep ;
And sense like this, in vocal breath,
Broke from his two-fold hedge of teeth.
Now, if this phrase too harsh be thought,
Pops, tell the world, 'tis not my fault.
Old Homer taught us thus to speak ;
If 'tis not sense, at least 'tis Greek.

As folks, quoth Richard, prone to leasing,
Say things at first, because they're pleasing,
Then prove what they have once asserted,
Nor care to have their lie deserted,
Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em ;
And, oft' repeating, they believe 'em :
Or as, again, those amorous blades,
Who trifle with their mother's maids,
Though at the first their wild desire
Was but to quench a present fire ;
Yet if the object of their love
Chance by Lucina's aid to prove,
They seldom let the bantling roar
In basket at a neighbour's door ;
But, by the flattering glass of nature
Viewing themselves in *cake bread's* feature,
With serious thought and care support
What only was begun in sport :

Just so with you, my friend, it fares,
Who deal in philosophic wares.
Atoms you cut, and forms you measure,
To gratify your private pleasure ;
Till airy feeds of casual wit
Do some fantastic birth beget ;
And, pleas'd to find your system mended
Beyond what you at first intended,

The happy whimsey you pursue,
Till you at length believe it true.
Caught by your own delusive art,
You fancy first, and then assert.

Quoth Matthew: Friend, as far as I
Through art or nature cast my eye,
This axiom clearly I discern,
That one must teach, and t'other learn.
No fool Pythagoras was thought;
Whilst he his weighty doctrines taught,
He made his listening scholars stand,
Their mouth still cover'd with their hand:
Else, may be, some odd-thinking youth,
Lest friend to doctrine than to truth,
Might have refus'd to let his ears
Attend the music of the spheres;
Deny'd all transmigrating scenes,
And introduc'd the use of beans.
From great Lucretius take his void,
And all the world is quite destroy'd.
Deny Des-cart his subtil matter,
You leave him neither fire nor water.
How oddly would Sir Isaac look,
If you, in answer to his book,
Say in the front of your discourse,
That things have no elastic force!
How could our *chemic* friends go on,
To find the *philosophic* stone,
If you more powerful reasons bring,
To prove that there is no such thing?

Your chiefs in sciences and arts
Have great contempt of Alma's parts.
They find the giddy is, or dull;
She doubts if things are void, or full:
And who should be presum'd to tell
What she herself should see, or feel?
She doubts if two and two make four,
Though she has told them ten times o'er.
It can't—it may be—and it must:
To which of these must Alma trust?
Nay further yet they make her go—
In doubting, if she doubts, or no.
Can *sylogism* set things right?
No: *majors* soon with *minors* fight;
Or, both in friendly consort join'd,
The *consequence* limps false behind.
So to some cunning man she goes,
And asks of him, how much she knows.
With patience grave he hears her speak,
And from his short notes gives her back
What from her tale he comprehended:
Thus the dispute is wisely ended.

From the account the loser brings,
The conjuror knows who stole the things.
'Squire (interrupted Dick) since when
Were you amongst these cunning men?

Dear Dick, quoth Mat, let not thy force
Of eloquence spoil my discourse.
I tell thee, this is Alma's case,
Still asking what some wise man says.
Who does his mind in words reveal,
Which all must grant, though few can spell.
You tell your doctor that y^e are ill:
And what does he, but write a bill?
Of which you need not read one letter:
The worse the scrawl, the dose the better.

VOL. VII.

For if you knew but what you take,
Though you recover, he must break.

Ideas, forms, and intellects,
Have furnish'd out three different sects.
Substance, or accident, divides
All Europe into adverse sides.

Now, as, engag'd in arms or laws,
You must have friends to back your cause;
In *philosophic* matters so
Your judgment must with others' go:
For as in senates, so in schools,
Majority of voices rules.

Poor Alma, like a lonely deer,
O'er hills and dales does doubtful err:
With panting haste, and quick surprise,
From every leaf that stirs, she flies;
Till, mingled with the neighbouring herd,
She slights what erst she singly fear'd:
And now, exempt from doubt and dread,
She dares pursue, if they dare lead;
As their example still prevails,
She tempts the stream, or leaps the pales.

He then, quoth Dick, who by your rule
Thinks for himself, becomes a fool;
As party man, who leaves the rest,
Is call'd but *whimsical* † at best.

Now, by your favour, master Mat,
Like Ralpho, here I smell a rat.
I must be lifted in your sect,
Who, though they teach not, can protect.
Right, Richard, Mat in triumph cry'd:
So put off all mistrust and pride.
And, while my principles I beg,
Pray answer only with your leg.
Believe what friendly I advise:
Be first secure, and then be wise.
The man within the coach that sits,
And to another's skill submits,
Is safer much (what'er arrives),
And warmer too, than he that drives.

So Dick *Adept*, tuck back thy hair,
And I will pour into thy ear
Remarks, which none did e'er disclose
In smooth-pac'd verse, or hobbling prose.
Attend, dear Dick; but don't reply:
And thou may'st prove as wise as I.

When Alma now, in different ages,
Has finish'd her ascending stages,
Into the head at length she gets,
And there in public grandeur sits,
To judge of things, and censure with.

Here, Richard, how could I explain
The various labyrinths of the brain!
Surprise my readers, whilst I tell 'em
Of *cerebrum*, and *cerebellum*!
How could I play the commentator
On *dura* and on *pia mater*!
Where hot and cold, and dry and wet,
Strive each the other's place to get;
And, with incessant toil and strife,
Would keep possession during life.
I could demonstrate every pore,
Where memory lays up all her store;

† Some of the Tories, in the Queen's reign, were distinguished by that appellation.

And to an inch compute the station
 'Twixt judgment and imagination.
 O friend! I could display much learning,
 At least to men of small discerning.
 The brain contains ten thousand cells:
 In each some active fancy dwells;
 Which always is at work, and framing
 The several follies I was naming.
 As in a hive's vinous dome
 Ten thousand bees enjoy their home,
 Each does her studious actions vary,
 To go and come, to fetch and carry;
 Each still renews her little labour,
 Nor jumbles her assiduous neighbour:
 Each—whilst this *system* I maintain,
 I fancy, Dick, I know thy brain.
 O, with the mighty *theme* affected,
 Could I but see thy head dissected!

My head! quoth Dick, to serve your whim!
 Spare that, and take some other limb.
 Sir, in your nice affairs of *system*,
 Wife men propose; but fools assist 'em.
 Says Matthew, Richard, keep thy head,
 And hold thy peace; and I'll proceed.
 Proceed! quoth Dick: Sir, I aver,
 You have already gone too far.
 When people once are in the wrong,
 Each line they add is much too long.
 Who fastest walks, but walks astray,
 Is only furthest from his way.
 Bless your conceits: must I believe,
 Howe'er absurd, what you conceive;
 And, for your friendship, live and die
 A papist in philosophy?

I say, whatever you maintain
 Of Alma in the heart or brain,
 The plainest man alive may tell ye,
 Her seat of empire is the belly:
 From hence she sends out those supplies,
 Which makes us either stout or wise;
 The strength of every other member
 Is founded on your belly-timber;
 The qualms or raptures of your blood
 Rise in proportion to your food;
 And, if you would improve your thought,
 You must be fed as well as taught.
 Your stomach makes your fabric roll,
 Just as the bias rules the bowl.
 The great Achilles might employ
 The strength design'd to ruin Troy;
 He diu'd on lion's marrow, spread
 On toasts of ammunition bread:
 But, by his mother sent away,
 Amongst the Thracian girls to play,
 Effeminate he sat, and quiet:
 Strange product of a cheese-cake diet!

Now give my argument fair play,
 And take the thing the other way:
 The youngster, who at nine and three
 Drinks with his sisters milk and tea,
 From breakfast reads till twelve o'clock,
 Burnet, and Heylin, Hobbes, and Locke:
 He pays due visits after noon
 To cousin Alice and uncle John;
 At ten from coffee-house or play
 Returning, finishes the day.

But, give him port and potent sack,
 From *millslop* he starts up *M. back*;
 Holds that the happy know no hours;
 So through the street at midnight scowrs,
 Breaks watchmen's heads and chairmen's glasses,
 And thence proceeds to nicking fashies;
 Till, by some tougher hand o'ercome,
 And first knock'd down, and then led home,
 He damns the footman, strikes the maid,
 And decently reels up to bed.

Observe the various operations
 Of food and drink in several nations.
 Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
 Upon the strength of water-gruel?
 But who shall stand his rage and force,
 If first he rides, then eats his horse?
 Sallads and eggs, and lighter fare,
 Tune the Italian spark's guitar.
 And, if I take Dan Congreve right,
 Fudding and beef make Britons fight.
 Tokay and coffee cause this work
 Between the German and the Turk;
 And both, as they provisions want,
 Chicane, avoid, retire and faint.

Hunger and thirst, or guns and swords,
 Give the same death in different words.
 To push this argument no further;
 To starve a man, in law is murder.

As in a watch's fine machine,
 Though many artful springs are seen;
 The added movements, which declare
 How full the moon, how old the year,
 Derive their secondary power
 From that which simply points the hour.
 For, though whose gim-cracks were away,
 (Quare would not swear, but Quare would say)
 However more reduc'd and plain,
 The watch would still a watch remain:
 But, if the *boral* orbit ceases,
 The whole stands still, or breaks to pieces;
 Is now no longer what it was,
 And you may *even* go sell the case.
 So, if unprejudic'd you scan
 The goings of this clock-work man,
 You find a hundred movements made
 By fine devices in his head;
 But 'tis the stomach's solid stroke
 That tells his being what's o'clock.
 If you take off this *retoric* trigger,
 He talks no more in mode and figure;
 Or, clog his *mathematic*-wheel,
 His buildings fall, his ship stands still;
 Or, lastly break his *politia*-weight,
 His voice no longer rules the state.
 Yet, if these finer whims are gone,
 Your clock, though plain, would still go on;
 But spoil the engine of digestion,
 And you entirely change the question.
 Alma's affairs no power can mend;
 The jest, alas! is at an end:
 Soon ceases all the worldly bustle,
 And you consign the corpse to Ruffel.

Now make your Alma come or go
 From leg to hand, from top to toe,
 Your *system*, without my addition,
 Is in a very sad condition.

So Harlequin extoll'd his horse,
Fit for the war, or road, or course;
His mouth was soft, his eye was good;
His foot was sure as ever trod:
One fault he had (a fault indeed!);
And what was that? the horse was dead.

Dick, from these instances and fetches,
Thou mak'st of horses, clocks, and watches;
Quoth Mat, to me thou seem'st to mean,
That Alma is a mere *machine*:
That, telling others what's o'clock,
She knows not what herself has struck;
But leaves to flanders by the trial
Of what is mark'd upon her dial.

Here hold a blow, good friend, quoth Dick,
And rais'd his voice exceeding quick.
Fight fair, Sir: what I never meant
Don't you infer. In argument
Similies are like songs in love:
They must describe; they nothing prove.

Mat, who was here a little gravel'd,
Took up his nose, and would have cavill'd;
But, calling Hermes to his aid,
Half pleas'd, half angry, thus he said:
(Where mind ('tis for the author's fame)
That Matthew call'd, and Hermes came:
In danger heroes, and in doubt
Poets find gods to help them out.)

Friend Richard, I begin to see,
That you and I shall scarce agree.
Observe how oddly you behave:
The more I grant, the more you crave.
But, comrade, as I said just now,
I should affirm, and you allow.
We *system*-makers can sustain
The *thesis*, which you grant was plain;
And with remarks and comments tease ye,
In case the thing before was easy.
But, in a point obscure and dark,
We fight as Leibnitz did with Clarke;
And, when no reason we can show,
Why matters this or that way go,
The shortest way the thing we try,
And what we know not, we deny;
True to our own o'erbearing pride,
And false to all the world beside.

That old philosopher grew cross,
Who could not tell what motion was:
Because he walk'd against his will,
He fac'd men down, that he stood still.
And he who, reading on the heart
(When all his *quodlibets* of art
Could not expound its pulse and heat),
Swore he had never felt it beat.
Chryippus, foil'd by Epicurus,
Makes bold (Jove bless him!) to assure us,
That all things, which our mind can view,
May be at once both false and true.
And Malebranche has an odd conceit,
As ever enter'd Frenchman's pate:
Says he, so little can our mind
Of matter or of spirit find
That we by guess at least may gather
Something, which may be both, or neither.
Faith, Dick, I must confess, 'tis true
But this is only *entre nous*,

That many knotty points there are,
Which all discuss but few can clear;
As nature slyly had thought fit,
For some bye-ends, to cross-bite wit:
Circles to square, and cubes to double,
Would give a man excessive trouble;
The longitude uncertain roams,
In spite of Whiston and his bombs.
What *system*, Dick, has right averr'd
The cause why woman has no beard?
Or why, as years our frame attack,
Our hairs grow white, our teeth grow black?
In points like these we must agree,
Our barbers know as much as we.
Yet still, unable to explain,
We must persist the best we can;
With care our *system* still renew,
And prove things likely, though not true.

I could, thou seest, in quaint dispute,
By dint of *logic*, strike thee mute;
With learned skill, now push, now parry,
From Darii to Bocardo vary,
And never yield; or, what is worst,
Never conclude the point discuss'd.
Yet, that you *lie et que* may know
How much you to my candour owe,
I'll from the disputant descend,
To show thee, I assume the friend:
I'll take thy notion for my own—
(So most philosophers have done)
It makes my *system* more complete:
Dick, can it have a nobler fate?

Take what thou wilt, said Dick, dear friend;
But bring thy matters to an end.

I find, quoth Mat, reproof is vain:
Who first offend will first complain.
Thou wishest I should make to shore;
Yet still putt'st in thy thwarting oar.
What I have told thee fifty times
In prose, receive for once in rhymes:
A huge fat man in country-fair,
Or city-church (no matter where),
Labour'd and push'd amidst the crowd,
Still bawling out extremely loud,
Lord save us! why do people press!
Another, marking his distress,
Friendly reply'd, plump gentleman,
Get out as fast as e'er you can;
Or cease to push, or to exclaim:
You make the very crowd you blame.

Says Dick, your moral does not need
The least return; so e'en proceed:
Your tale, howe'er apply'd, was short:
So far, at least, I thank you for't.

Mat took his thanks; and, in a tone
More magisterial, thus went on.

Now, Alma settles in the head,
As has before been sung, or said:
And here begins this farce of life;
Enter revenge, ambition, strife:
Behold on both sides men advance,
To form in earnest Bays's dance.
L'Avare, not using half his store,
Still grumbles that he has no more;
Strikes not the present tun, for fear
The vintage should be bad next year;

And eats to-day with inward sorrow,
And dread of fancy'd want to-morrow.
Abroad if the *furout* you wear
Repels the rigour of the air;
Would you be warmer, if at home
You had the fabric and the loom?
And, if two boots keep out the weather,
What need you have two hides of leather?
Could Pedro, think you, make no trial
Of a *sonata* on his viol,
Unless he had the total gut
Whence every string at first was cut?

When Rarus shows you his cartone,
He always tells you, with a groan,
Where two of that same hand were torn
Long before you or he were born.

Poor Vento's mind so much is cross'd,
For part of his Petronius lost,
That he can never take the pains
To understand what yet remains.

What toil did honest Curio take,
What strict inquiries did he make,
To get one medal wanting yet,
And perfect all his Roman set!
'Tis found: and, O his happy lot!
'Tis bought, lock'd up, and lies forgot:
Of these no more you hear him speak:
He now begins upon the Greek.
These, rang'd and show'd, shall in their turns
Remain obscure as in their urns.
My copper-lamps at any rate,

For being true antique, I bought;
Yet wisely melted down my plate,

On modern models to be wrought:
And trifles I alike pursue,
Because they're old, because they're new.

Dick, I have seen you with delight
For Georgy * make a paper kite.
And simple odes too many show ye
My servile complaisance to Chloe.
Parents and lovers are decreed
By nature fools—That's brave indeed!
Quoth Dick: such truths are worth receiving.
Yet still Dick look'd as not believing.

Now, Alma, to divines and prose
I leave thy frauds, and crimes, and woes;
Nor think to-night of thy ill-nature,
But of thy follies, idle creature!
The turns of thy uncertain wing,
And not the malice of thy sting:
Thy pride of being great and wise
I do but mention, to despise;
I view with anger and disdain
How little gives thee joy or pain;
A print, a *bronze*, a flower, a root,
A shell, a butterfly, can do't;
Ev'n a romance, a tune, a rhyme,
Help thee to pass the tedious time,
Which else would on thy hand remain;
Though, flown, it ne'er looks back again;
And cards are dealt, and chess-boards brought,
To ease the pain of coward thought:
Happy result of human wit!
That Alma may herself forget.

* Mr. Shelton's son,

Dick, thus we act; and thus we are,
Or tofs'd by hope, or sunk by care.
With endless pain this man pursues
What, if he gain'd, he could not use:
And t' other fondly hopes to see
What never was, nor e'er shall be.
We err by use, go wrong by rules,
In gesture grave, in action fools:
We join hypocrisy to pride,
Doubling the faults we strive to hide.
Or grant that, with extreme surprise,
We find ourselves at sixty wife,
And twenty pretty things are known,
Of which we can't accomplish one;
Whilst, as my *system* says, the mind
Is to these upper rooms confin'd.
Should I, my friend, at large repeat
Her borrow'd sense, her fond conceit,
The bead-roll of her vicious tricks,
My poem would be too prolix.
For, could I my remarks sustain,
Like Socrates, or Miles Montaigne,
Who in these times would read my books,
But Tom o'Stiles, or John o'Nokes?

As Brentford kings, discreet and wise,
After long thought and grave advice,
Into Lardella's coffin peeping,
Saw nought to cause their mirth or weeping:
So Alma, now to joy or grief
Superior, finds her late relief:
Weary'd of being high or great,
And nodding in her chair of state;
Stunn'd and worn out with endless chat
Of Will did this, and Nan said that;
She finds, poor thing, some little crack,
Which nature, forc'd by time, must make,
Through which she wings her destin'd way
Upward she fears, and down drops clay:
While some surviving friend supplies
Hic jacet, and a hundred lies.

O Richard, till that day appears,
Which must decide our hopes and fears,
Would fortune calm her present rage,
And give us play-things for our age:
Would Clotho wash her hands in milk,
And twist our thread with gold and silk;
Would she, in friendship, peace and plenty,
Spin out our years to four times twenty;
And should we both in this condition
Have conquer'd love, and worse ambition
(Else those two passions, by the way,
May chance to show us scurvy play);
Then, Richard, then should we sit down,
Far from the tumult of this town;
I fond of my well-chosen seat,
My pictures, medals, books complete.
Or, should we mix our friendly talk,
O'er shaded in that favourite walk,
Which thy own hand had whilom planted,
Both pleas'd with all we thought we want-
ed:

Yet then, ev'n then, one cross reflection
Would spoil thy grove, and my collection:
Thy son, and his, ere that, may die,
And time some uncouth heir supply,

Who shall for nothing else be known
But spoiling all that thou hast done.
Who set the twigs shall he remember
That is in haste to fell the timber?
And what shall of thy woods remain,
Except the box that threw the main?

Nay, may not time and death remove
The near relations whom I love?
And my coz Tom, or his coz Mary,
(Who hold the plough, or skim the dairy)
My favourite books and pictures sell
To Smart, or Doiley, by the ell?
Kindly throw in a little figure,
And set the price upon the bigger?
Those who could never read the grammar,
When my dear volumes touch the hammer,
May think books best, as richest bound;
My copper medals by the pound
May be with learned justice weigh'd;
To turn the balance, Otho's head
May be thrown in; and, for the metal,
The coin may mend a tinker's kettle—
Tir'd with these thoughts—Less tir'd than I,
Quoth Dick, with your philosophy—
That people live and die, I knew
An hour ago, as well as you.
And, if fate spins us longer years,
Or is in haste to take the shears,
I know we must both fortunes try,
And bear our evils wet or dry.

Yet, let the goddesses smile or frown,
Bread we shall eat, or white or brown;
And in a cottage, or a court,
Drink fine *campaign* or muddled *port*.
What need of books these truths to tell,
Which folks perceive who cannot spell?
And must we spectacles apply,
To view what hurts our naked eye?
Sir, if it be your wisdom's aim
To make me merrier than I am,
I'll be all night at your devotion—
Come on, friend; broach the pleasing notion:
But, if you would depress my thought,
Your *system* is not worth a groat—
For Plato's fancies what care I?
I hope you would not have me die,
Like simple Cato in the play,
For any thing that he can say?
E'en let him of ideas speak
To heathens in his native Greek.
If to be sad is to be wise,
I do most heartily despise
Whatever Socrates has said,
Or Tully writ, or Wanley read.
Dear Drift*, to set our matters right,
Remove these papers from my sight;
Burn Mat's Des-cart, and Aristotle:
Here! Jonathan, your master's bottle.

* Prior's secretary and executor,
G g ij

SOLOMON

ON THE

VANITY OF THE WORLD.

A POEM IN THREE BOOKS.

‘Ο Βίος γὰρ ὅσους ὄχλου, πόσις δ’ ἴσως πῶσις.

EURIP.

* Siquis Deus mihi largiatur, ut ex hac ætate repuerascam, et in cunis vagiam, valde recusem.

CIC. de Senect.

* The bewailing of man's miseries hath been elegantly and copiously set forth by many in the writings
“ as well of philosophers as divines; and is both a pleasant and a profitable contemplation.”

BACON.

P R E F A C E.

It is hard for a man to speak of himself with any tolerable satisfaction or success: he can be more pleased in blaming himself, than in reading a satire made on him by another: and though he may justly desire that a friend should praise him; yet, if he makes his own panegyric, he will get very few to read it. It is harder for him to speak of his own writings. An author is in the condition of a culprit: the public are his judges: by allowing too much, and condescending too far, he may injure his own cause, and become a kind of *felo de se*; and, by pleading and asserting too boldly, he may displease the court that sits upon him: his apology may only heighten his accusation. I would avoid these extremes: and though, I grant, it would not be very civil to trouble the reader with a long preface, before he enters upon an indifferent poem; I would say something to persuade him to take it as it is, or to excuse it for not being better.

The noble images and reflections, the profound reasonings upon human actions, and excellent precepts for the government of life, which are found in the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and other books commonly attributed to Solomon, afford subjects for finer poems in every kind, than have, I think, as

yet, appeared in the Greek, Latin, or any modern language: how far they were verse in their original is a dissertation not to be entered into at present.

Out of this great treasure, which lies heaped up together in a confused magnificence, above all order, I had a mind to collect and digest such observations and apophthegms, as most particularly tend to the proof of that great assertion, laid down in the beginning of the Ecclesiastes, ALL IS VANITY.

Upon the subject thus chosen, such various images present themselves to a writer's mind, that he must find it easier to judge what should be rejected, than what ought to be received. The difficulty lies in drawing and disposing; or (as the painters term it) in *grouping* such a multitude of different objects, preserving still the justice and conformity of style and colouring, the “*simplex duntaxat et unum*,” which Horace prescribes, as requisite to make the whole picture beautiful and perfect.

As precept, however true in theory, or useful in practice, would be but dry and tedious in verse, especially if the recital be long, I found it necessa-

ry to form some story, and give a kind of body to the poem. Under what species it may be comprehended, whether Didactic or Heroic, I leave to the judgment of the critics, desiring them to be favourable in their censure: and not solicitous what the poem is called, provided it may be accepted.

The chief personage, or character, in the epic is always proportioned to the design of the work, to carry on the narration and the moral. Homer intended to show us, in his *Iliad*, that dissensions amongst great men obstruct the execution of the noblest enterprises, and tend to the ruin of a state or kingdom. His Achilles, therefore, is haughty and passionate, impatient of any restraint by laws, and arrogant in arms. In his *Odyssey*, the same poet endeavours to explain, that the hardest difficulties may be overcome by labour, and our fortune re-ored after the severest afflictions. Ulysses therefore is valiant, virtuous, and patient. Virgil's design was to tell us how, from a small colony established by the Trojans in Italy, the Roman empire rose; and from what ancient families Augustus (who was his prince and patron) descended. His hero therefore was to fight his way to the throne, still distinguished and protected by the favour of the gods. The poet to this end takes off from the vices of Achilles, and adds to the virtues of Ulysses; from both perfecting a character proper for his work in the person of *Æneas*.

As Virgil copied after Homer, other epic poets have copied after them both. Tasso's *Gierusalem Liberata* is directly Troy town sacked; with this difference only, that the two chief characters in Homer, which the Latin poet had joined in one, the Italian has separated in his Godfrey and Rinaldo: but he makes them both carry on his work with very great success. Renard's *Franciade* (incomparably good as far as it goes) is again Virgil's *Æneis*. His hero comes from a foreign country, settles a colony, and lays the foundation of a future empire. I instance in these, as the greatest Italian and French poets in the epic. In our language, Spenser has not contented himself with this submissive manner of imitation: he launches our into very flowery paths, which still seem to conduct him into one great road. His *Faery Queen* (had it been finished) must have ended in the account which every knight was to give of his adventures, and in the accumulated praises of his heroine Gloriana. The whole would have been an heroic poem, but in another cast and figure than any that ever had been written before. Yet it is observable, that every hero (as far as we can judge by the books still remaining) bears his distinguished character, and represents some particular virtue conducive to the whole design.

To bring this to our present subject. The pleasures of life do not compensate the miseries: age steals upon us unawares; and death, as the only cure of our ills, ought to be expected, but not feared. This instruction is to be illustrated by the action of some great person. Who, therefore, more proper for the business, than Solomon himself? And why may he not be supposed now to repeat

what, we take it for granted, he acted almost three thousand years since? If, in the fair situation where this prince was placed, he was acquainted with sorrow; if, endowed with the greatest perfections of nature, and possessed of all the advantages of external condition, he could not find happiness; the rest of mankind may safely take the monarch's word for the truth of what he asserts. And the author who would persuade that we should bear the ills of life patiently, merely because Solomon felt the same, has a better argument than Lucretius had, when, in his imperious way, he at once convinces and commands, that we ought to submit to death without repining, because Epicurus died.

The whole poem is a soliloquy: Solomon is the person that speaks; he is at once the hero and the author, but he tells us very often what others say to him. Those chiefly introduced are his rabbies and philosophers in the first book; and his women and their attendants in the second: with these the sacred history mentions him to have conversed; as likewise with the angel brought down in the third book, to help him out of his difficulties, or at least to teach him how to overcome them.

"Nec Deus interfit nisi dignus vindice nodus—"

I presume this poetical liberty may be very justly allowed me on so solemn an occasion.

In my description, I have endeavoured to keep to the notions and manners of the Jewish nation at the time when Solomon lived; and, where I allude to the customs of the Greeks, I believe I may be justified by the strictest chronology, though a poet is not obliged to the rules that confine an historian. Virgil has anticipated two hundred years; or the Trojan hero and Carthaginian queen could not have been brought together; and without the same anachronism several of the finest parts of his *Æneis* must have been omitted. Our countryman Milton goes yet further. He takes up many of his material images some thousands of years after the fall of man: nor could he otherwise have written, or we read, one of the sublimest pieces of invention that was ever yet produced. This likewise takes off the objection, that some names of countries, terms of art, and notions in natural philosophy, are otherwise expressed than can be warranted by the geography or astronomy of Solomon's time. Poets are allowed the same liberty in their descriptions and comparisons, as painters in their draperies and ornaments: their personages may be dressed, not exactly in the same habits which they wore, but in such as make them appear most graceful. In this case probability must atone for the want of truth. This liberty has indeed been abused by eminent masters in either science. Raphael and Tasso have shown their discretion, where Paul Veronese and Ariosto are to answer for their extravagances. It is the excess, not the thing itself, that is blameable.

I would say one word of the measure in which this and most poems of the age are written. Heroic with continued rhyme, as Donne and his contemporaries used it, carrying the sense of one verse

P R E F A C E.

most commonly into another, was found too dissolute and wild, and came very often too near prose. As Davenant and Waller corrected, and Dryden perfected it, it is too confined: it cuts off the sense at the end of every first line, which must always rhyme to the next following; and consequently produces too frequent an identity in the sound, and brings every couplet to the point of an epigram. It is indeed too broken and weak, to convey the sentiments and represent the images proper for epic. And, as it tires the writer while he composes, it must do the same to the reader while he repeats; especially in a poem of any considerable length.

If striking out into blank verse, as Milton did (and in this kind Mr. Philips, had he lived, would have excelled); or running the thought into alternate and stanza, which allows a greater variety, and still preserves the dignity of the verse, as Spenser and Fairfax have done; if either of these, I say, be a proper remedy for my poetical complaint, or if any other may be found, I dare not determine: I am only inquiring in order to be better informed, without presuming to direct the judgment of others. And, while I am speaking of the verse itself, I give all just praise to many of my friends now living, who have in epic carried the harmony of their numbers as far as the nature of this measure will permit. But, once more: he, that writes in rhymes, dances in fetters; and, as his chain is more extended, he may certainly take larger steps.

I need make no apology for the short digressive panegyric upon Great Britain in the first book. I am glad to have it observed, that there appears throughout all my verses a zeal for the honour of my country: and I had rather be thought a good Englishman, than the best poet, or the greatest scholar that ever wrote.

And now as to the publishing of this piece, though I have in a literal sense observed Horace's "Nonum prematur in annum;" yet have I by no means obeyed our poetical lawgiver, according to the spirit of the precept. The poem has indeed been written and laid aside much longer than the

term prescribed; but in the meantime I had little leisure, and less inclination, to revise or print it. The frequent interruptions I have met with in my private studies, and great variety of public life in which I have been employed, my thoughts (such as they are) having generally been expressed in foreign language, and even formed by a habitude very different from what the beauty and elegance of English poetry requires: all these, and some other circumstances which we had as good pass by at present, do justly contribute to make my excuse in this behalf very plausible. Far, indeed, from designing to print, I had locked up these papers in my scrutoire, there to lie in peace till my executors might have taken them out. What altered this design, or how my scrutoire came to be unlocked before my coffin was nailed, is the question. The true reason I take to be the best: many of my friends of the first quality, finest learning, and greatest understanding, have wrested the key from my hands by a very kind and irresistible violence: and the poem is published, not without my consent indeed, but a little against my opinion; and with an implicit submission to the partiality of their judgment. As I gave up here the fruits of many of my vacant hours to their amusement and pleasure, I shall always think myself happy if I may dedicate my most serious endeavours to their interest and service. And I am proud to finish this preface by saying, that the violence of many enemies, whom I never justly offended, is abundantly recompensed by the goodness of more friends, whom I can never sufficiently oblige. And if I here assume the liberty of mentioning my Lord Harley and Lord Bathurst as the authors of this amicable confederacy, among all those whose names do me great honour at the beginning of my book;† these two only ought to be angry with me: for I disobey their positive order, whilst I make even this small acknowledgment of their particular kindness.

† As subscribers to the edition in folio, 1713.

SOLOMON

ON THE

VANITY OF THE WORLD.

KNOWLEDGE.

BOOK I.

TEXTS CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN BOOK I.

- "The words of the Preacher the Son of David
"King of Jerusalem." Ecclesiastes, chap. i.
ver. 1.
- "Vanity of vanities, says the Preacher, vanity of
"vanities, all is vanity." Ver. 2.
- "I communed with mine own heart, saying, Lo,
"I am come to great estate, and have gotten
"more wisdom than all they that have been
"before me in Jerusalem; yea, my heart had
"great experience of wisdom and knowledge."
Ver. 16.
- "He spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in
"Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth
"out of the wall: he spake also of beasts, and
"of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes."
1 Kings, chap. iv. ver. 33.
- "I know, that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be
"for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any
"thing taken from it; and God doeth it, that
"men should fear before him." Ecclesiastes,
chap. iii. ver. 14.
- "He hath made every thing beautiful in his time:
"also he hath set the world in their heart, so
"that no man can find out the work that God
"maketh from the beginning to the end." Ver.
11.
- "For in much wisdom is much grief: and he
"that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow."
Chap. i. ver. 18.
- "And further, by these, my son, be admonished:
"of making many books there is no end: and
"much study is a weariness of the flesh."
Chap. xii. ver. 12.

The Argument.

Solomon, seeking happiness from knowledge, convenes the learned men of his kingdom; requires them to explain to him the various operations and effects of nature; discourses of vegetables, animals, and man; proposes some questions concerning the origin and situation of the habitable earth; proceeds to examine the system of the visible heaven; doubts if there may not be a plurality of worlds; inquires into the nature of Spirits and Angels; and wishes to be more fully informed as to the attributes of the Supreme Being. He is imperfectly answered by the rabbins and doctors; blames his own curiosity; and concludes, that, as to human science, all is vanity.

Ye sons of men, with just regard attend,
Observe the Preacher, and believe the friend,
Whose serious muse inspires him to explain,
That all we act, and all we think, is vain;
That, in this pilgrimage of seventy years,
O'er rocks of perils, and through vales of tears,
Destin'd to march, our doubtful steps we tend,
Tir'd with the toil, yet fearful of its end:
That from the womb we take our fatal shares
Of follies, passions, labours, tumults, cares;
And, at approach of death, shall only know
The truth, which from these pensive numbers

flow,

That we pursue false joy, and suffer real woe.

Happiness, object of that waking dream,
Which we call life, mistaking: fugitive theme
Of my pursuing verse, ideal shade,
Notional good, by fancy only made,
And by tradition nurs'd, fallacious fire,
Whose dancing beams mislead our fond desire,
Cause of our care, and error of our mind;
Oh! hadst thou ever been by Heaven design'd

To Adam, and his mortal race; the boon
Entire had been reserv'd for Solomon:
On me the partial lot had been bestow'd,
And in my cup the golden draught had flow'd.

But O! ere yet original man was made,
Ere the foundations of this earth were laid,
It was, opponent to our search, ordain'd
That joy, still sought, should never be attain'd.
This sad experience cites me to reveal,
And what I dictate is from what I feel.

Born, as I was, great David's favourite son,
Dear to my people, on the Hebrew throne;
Sublime my court, with Ophir's treasures blest,
My name extended to the farthest east,
My body cloth'd with every outward grace,
Strength in my limbs, and beauty in my face,
My shining thought with fruitful notions crown'd,
Quick my invention, and my judgment found:
Arise (I commun'd with myself), arise;
Think, to be happy; to be great, be wise:
Content of spirit must from science flow,
For 'tis a godlike attribute to know.

I said; and sent my edict through the land:
Around my throne the letter'd rabbins stand;
Historic leaves revolve, long volumes spread,
The old discoursing as the younger read:
Attend I heard, propos'd my doubts, and said:

The vegetable world, each plant and tree,
Its seed, its name, its nature, its degree,
I am allow'd, as fame reports, to know,
From the fair cedar on the craggy brow
Of Lebanon nodding supremely tall,
To creeping moss and hyssop on the wall:
Yet, just and conscious to myself, I find
A thousand doubts oppose the searching mind.

I know not why the beach delights the glads
With boughs extended, and a rounder shade;
Whilst towering firs in conic forms arise,
And with a pointed spear divide the skies:
Nor why again the changing oak should shed
The yearly honour of his stately head:
Whilst the distinguish'd yew is ever seen,
Unchang'd his branch, and permanent his green.

Wanting the sun, why does the caltha fade?
Why does the cypress flourish in the shade?
The fig and date, why love they to remain
In middle station, and an even plain;
While in the lower marsh the gourd is found,
And while the hill with olive-shade is crown'd?

Why does one climate and one soil endure
The blushing poppy with a crimson hue,
Yet leave the lily pale, and tinge the violet blue?
Why does the fond carnation love to shoot
A various colour from one parent root;
While the fantastic tulip strives to break
In twofold beauty, and a parted streak?
The twining jasmine and the blushing rose
With lavish grace their morning scents disclose:
The smelling tuberose and jonquil declare
The stronger impulse of an evening air.

Whence has the tree (resolve me) or the flower
A various instinct, or a different power?

Why should one earth, one clime, one stream, one
breath,

Raise this to strength, and sicken that to death?

Whence does it happen, that the plant, which
well

We name the sensitive, should move and feel?
Whence know her leaves to answer her command,
And with quick horror fly the neighbouring hand?

Along the sunny bank, or watery mead,
Ten thousand stalks the various blossoms spread:
Peaceful and lowly in their native soil,
They neither know to spin, nor care to toil;
Yet with confess'd magnificence deride
Our vile attire, and impotence of pride.
The cowslip smiles, in brighter yellow dress'd
Than that which veils the nubile virgin's breast:
A fairer red stands blushing in the rose [flows,
That that which on the bridegroom's vestment
Take but the humblest lily of the field;
And, if our pride will to our reason yield,
It must by sure comparison be shown
That on the regal seat great David's son,
Array'd in all his robes and types of power,
Shines with less glory than that simple flower.

Of fishes next, my friends, I would inquire:
How the mute race engender, or respire,
From the small fry that glide on Jordan's stream
Unmark'd, a multitude without a name,
To that leviathan, who o'er the seas
Immense rolls onward his impetuous ways,
And mocks the wind, and in the tempest plays?
How they in warlike bands march greatly forth
From freezing waters and the colder north,
To southern climes directing their career,
Their station changing with th' inverted year?
How all with careful knowledge are endued,
To choose their proper bed, and wave, and food:
To guard their spawn, and educate their brood?

Of birds, how each according to her kind
Proper materials for her nest can find,
And build a frame, which deepest thought in man
Would or amend or imitate in vain?
How in small flights they know to try their young,
And teach the callow child her parent's song?
Why these frequent the plain, and those the wood?
Why every land has her specific brood?
Where the tall crane, or winding swallow, goes,
Fearful of gathering winds and falling snows;
If into rocks, or hollow trees, they creep,
In temporary death confin'd to sleep;
Or, conscious of the coming evil, fly
To milder regions, and a southern sky?

Of beasts and creeping insects shall we trace
The wondrous nature, and the various race;
Or wild or tame, or friend to man or foe,
Of us what they, or what of them we know?

Tell me, ye studious, who pretend to see
Far into Nature's bosom, whence the bee
Was first inform'd her venturous flight to steer
Through trackless paths, and an abyss of air?
Whence she avoids the slimy marsh, and knows
The fertile hills where sweeter herbage grows,
And honey-making flowers their opening buds
disclose?

How from the thicken'd mist, and setting sun,
Finds she the labour of her day is done?
Who taught her against winds and rains to strive,
To bring her burden to the certain hive;

And through the liquid fields again to pass
Duteous, and hearkening to the sounding brass?

And, O thou sluggard, tell me why the ant,
'Midst summer's plenty, thinks of winter's want,
By constant journies careful to prepare
Her stores; and, bringing home the corny ear,
By what instruction does she bite the grain,
Left, hid in earth, and taking root again,
It might elude the foresight of her care?
Distinct in either insect's deed appear [fear.]
The marks of thought, contrivance, hope, and

Fix thy corporeal and internal eye
On the young gnat, or new-engender'd fly;
On the vile worm that yesterday began
To crawl; thy fellow-creatures, abject man:
Like thee they breathe, they move, they taste, they
see,

They show their passions by their acts, like thee:
Darting their stings, they previously declare
Design'd revenge, and fierce intent of war:
Laying their eggs, they evidently prove
The genial power, and full effect of love.
Each then has organs to digest his food,
One to beget, and one receive the brood;
Has limbs and sinews, blood and heart, and brain,
Life and her proper functions to sustain,
Though the whole fabric smaller than a grain.
What more can our penurious reason grant
To the large whale, or cased elephant;
To those enormous terrors of the Nile,
The crested snake, and long-tail'd crocodile;
Than that all differ but in shape and name,
Each destin'd to a less or larger frame?

For potent nature loves a various act,
Prone to enlarge, or studious to contract,
Now forms her work too small, now too immense,
And scorns the measures of our feeble sense.
The object spread too far, or rais'd too high,
Denies its real image to the eye;
Too little, it eludes the dazzled sight,
Becomes mixt blackness, or unparted light.
Water and air the varied form confound; [round,
The straight looks crooked, and the square grows

Thus, while with fruitless hope and weary pain,
We seek great nature's power, but seek in vain,
Safe sits the goddess in her dark retreat;
Around her myriads of ideas wait,
And endless shapes, which the mysterious queen
Can take or quit, can alter or retain,
As from our lost pursuit the wills, to hide
Her close decrees, and chasten human pride.

Untam'd and fierce the tigers still remains;
He tires his life in biting on his chains:
For the kind gifts of water and of food
Ungrateful, and returning ill for good,
He seeks his keeper's flesh, and thirsts his blood:
While the strong camel, and the generous horse,
Refrain'd and aw'd by man's inferior force,
Do to the rider's will their rage submit,
And answer to the spur, and own the bit;
Stretch their glad mouths to meet the feeder's hand.
Pleas'd with his weight, and proud of his com-
mand.

Again: the lonely fox roams far abroad,
On secret rapine bent, and midnight fraud;

Now haunts the cliff, now traverses the lawn,
And flies the hated neighbourhood of man:
While the kind spaniel, and the faithful hound,
Likest that fox in shape and species found,
Refuses through these cliffs and lawns to roam,
Pursues the noted path, and covets home,
Does with kind joy domestic faces meet,
Takes what the glutton child denies to eat,
And, dying, licks his long-lov'd master's feet,

By what immediate cause they are inclin'd,
In many acts, 'tis hard, I own, to find.
I see in others, or I think I see,
That strict their principles and ours agree.
Evil like us they shun, and cover good;
Abhor the poison, and receive the food.
Like us they love or hate; like us they know
To joy the friend, or grapple with the foe.
With seeming thought their action they intend,
And use the means proportion'd to the end.
Then vainly the philosopher avers,
That reason guides our deed, and instinct theirs.
How can we justly different causes frame,
When the effects entirely are the same?
Inlin'd: and reason how can we divide?
'Tis the fool's ignorance, and the pedant's pride.

With the same folly, sure, man vaunts his sway,
If the brute beast refuses to obey.

For tell me, when the empty boaster's word
Proclaims himself the universal lord,
Does he not tremble, lest the lion's paw
Should join his plea against the fancy'd law?
Would not the learned coward leave the chair,
If in the schools or porches should appear
The fierce hyæna, or the foaming bear?

The combatant too late the field declines,
When now the sword is girded to his loins.
When the swift vessel flies before the wind,
Too late the sailor views the land behind.
And 'tis too late now back again to bring
Inquiry, rais'd and towering on the wing:
Forward she strives, averse to be withheld
From nobler objects, and a larger field.

Consider with me this æthereal space,
Yielding to earth and sea the middle place.
Anxious I ask you, how the peaceful ball
Should never strive to rise, nor fear to fall?
When I reflect how the revolving sun
Does round our globe his crooked journies run,
I doubt of many lands, if they contain
Or herd of beast, or colony of man;
If any nation pass their destin'd days
Beneath the neighbouring sun's directer rays;
If any suffer on the polar coast
The rage of Arctos and eternal frost.

May not the pleasure of Omnipotence
To each of these some secret good dispense?
Those who amidst the torrid regions live,
May they not gales unknown to us receive?
See daily showers rejoice the thirsty earth,
And bless the flowery buds' succeeding birth?
May they not pity us, condemn'd to bear
The various heaven of an oblique sphere;
While by fix'd laws, and with a just return,
They feel twelve hours that shade, for twelve that
burn;

And praise the neighbouring sun, whose constant
Enlightens them with seasons still the same? [flame
And may not those, whose distant lot is cast
North beyond Tartary's extended waste;
Where through the plains of one continual day
Six shining months pursue their even way,
And six succeeding urge their dusky flight,
Obscur'd with vapours, and o'erwhelm'd in night:
May not, I ask, the natives of these climes
(As annals may inform succeeding times)
To our quotidian change of heaven prefer
Their own vicissitude, and equal share
Of day and night, disparted through the year? }
May they not scorn our sun's repeated race,
To narrow bounds prescrib'd, and little space,
Hastening from morn, and headlong driven from
noon,

Half of our daily toil yet scarcely done?
May they not justly to our climes upbraid
Shortness of night, and penury of shade;
That, ere our wearied limbs are justly blest
With wholesome sleep, and necessary rest,
Another sun demands return of care,
The remnant toil of yesterday to bear?
Whilst, when the solar beams salute their sight,
Bold and secure in half a year of light,
Uninterrupted voyages they take
To the remotest wood, and farthest lake;
Manage the fishing, and pursue the course [force?
With more extended nerves, and more continued
And, when declining day forsakes their sky,
When gathering clouds speak gloomy winter nigh;
With plenty for the coming season blest,
Six solid months (an age) they live, releas'd
From all the labour, process, clamour, woe,
Which our sad scenes of daily action know:
They light the shining lamp, prepare the feast,
And with full mirth receive the welcome guest;
Or tell their tender loves (the only care
Which now they suffer) to the listening fair;
And, rais'd in pleasure, or repos'd in ease
(Grateful alternate of substantial peace),
They bless the long nocturnal influence shed
On the crown'd goblet, and the genial bed.

In foreign isles which our discoverers find,
Far from this length of continent disjoin'd,
The rugged bear's, or spotted lynx's brood,
Frighten the vallics, and infest the wood;
The hungry crocodile, and hissing snake,
Lurk in the troubled stream and fenny brake;
And man, untaught and ravenous as the beast,
Does valley, wood, and brake, and stream, infest;
Deriv'd these men and animals their birth
From trunk of oak, or pregnant womb of earth?
Whence then the old belief, that all began
In Eden's shade, and one created man?
Or, grant this progeny was wasted o'er
By coasting boats from next adjacent shore;
Would those, from whom we will suppose they
spring,
Slaughter to harmless lands and poison bring?
Would they on board or bears or lynxes take,
Feed the fine adder, and the brooding snake?
Or could they think the new discover'd isle
Pleas'd to receive a pregnant crocodile?

And, since the savage lineage we must trace
From Noah sav'd, and his distinguish'd race;
How should their fathers happen to forget
The arts which Noah taught, the rules he set,
To sow the glebe, to plant the generous vine,
And load with grateful flames the holy shrine;
While the great fire's unhappy sons are found,
Unpress'd their vintage, and untill'd their ground,
Straggling o'er dale and hill in quest of food,
And rude of arts, of virtue, and of God?

How shall we next o'er earth and seas pursue
The varied forms of every thing we view;
That all is chang'd, though all is still the same,
Fluid the parts, yet durable the frame?
Of those materials, which have been confest'd
The pristine springs and parents of the rest,
Each becomes other. Water stopp'd gives birth
To grass and plants, and thickens into earth:
Diffus'd, it rises in a higher sphere,
Dilates its drops, and softens into air:
Those finer parts of air again inspire,
Move into warmth, and brighten into fire:
That fire, once more by thicker air o'ercome,
And downward forc'd, in earth's capacious womb,
Alters its particles; is fire no more,
But lies resplendent dust, and shining ore;
Or, running through the mighty mother's veins,
Changes its shape, puts off its old remains;
With watery parts its lessen'd force divides,
Flows into waves, and rises into tides.

Disparted streams shall from their channels fly,
And deep furcharg'd by sandy mountains lie,
Obscurely sepulcher'd. By eating rain,
And furious wind, down to the distant plain
The hill, that hides his head above the skies,
Shall fall; the plain by slow degrees shall rise
Higher than erst had stood the summit-hill;
For time must nature's great behest fulfil.

Thus, by a length of years and change of fate,
All things are light or heavy, small or great:
Thus Jordan's waves shall future clouds appear,
And Egypt's pyramids refine to air:
Thus later age shall ask for Pison's flood,
And travellers inquire where Babel stood.
Now where we see these changes often fall,
Sedate we pass them by as natural;
Where to our eye more rarely they appear,
The pompous name of prodigy they bear.
Let active thought these close meanders trace;
Let human wit their dubious boundaries place:
Are all things miracle; or nothing such?
And prove we not too little, or too much?

For that a branch cut off, a wither'd rod
Should at a word pronounc'd revive and bud;
Is this more strange, than that the mountain's
brow,
Stripp'd by December's frost, and white with snow,
Should push in spring ten thousand thousand buds,
And boast returning leaves, and blooming woods?
That each successive night from opening heaven
The food of angels should to man be given;
Is this more strange than that with common bread
Our fainting bodies every day are fed?
Than that each grain and seed, consum'd in earth,
Raises its store, and multiplies its birth,

And from the handſel, which the tiller ſows,
The labour'd fields rejoice, and future harveſt
flows?

Then, from what'e'r we can to ſenſe produce,
Common and plain, or wondrous and abſtrufe,
From nature's conſtant or eccentric laws,
The thoughtful ſoul this general inference draws, }
That an effect muſt pre-ſuppoſe a cauſe : }
And, while ſhe does her upward flight ſuſtain,
Touching each link of the continued chain,
At length ſhe is oblig'd and forc'd to ſee
A firſt, a ſource, a life, a Deity ; }
What has for ever been, and muſt for ever be. }

This great exiſtence thus by reaſon found,
Bleſt by all power, with all perfection crown'd ;
How can we bind or limit his decree,
By what our ear has heard, or eye may ſee ?
Say then, is all in heaps of water loſt,
Beyond the iſlands, and the mid-land coaſt ?
Or has that God, who gave our world its birth,
Sever'd thoſe waters by ſome other earth,
Countries by future plough-ſhares to be torn,
And cities rais'd by nations yet unborn !
Ere the progreſſive courſe of reſtleſs age
Performs three thouſand times its annual ſtage,
May not our power and learning he ſuppreſs,
And arts and empire learn to travel weſt ?

Where, by the ſtrength of this idea charm'd,
Lighten'd with glory, and with rapture warm'd,
Aſcends my ſoul ? what ſees the white and great
Amidſt ſubjected ſeas ? An iſle, the ſeat
Of power and plenty ; her imperial throne,
For juſtice and for mercy ſought and known ;
Virtues ſublime, great attributes of heaven,
From thence to this diſtinguiſh'd nation given.
Yet farther weſt the weſtern iſle extends
Her happy fame ; her armed fleet the ſends
To climates folded yet from human eye,
And lands, which we imagine wave and ſky.
From pole to pole ſhe hears her acts reſound,
And rules an empire by no ocean bound ;
Knows her ſhips anchor'd, and her ſails unfurl'd,
In other Indies, and a ſecond world.

Long ſhall Britannia (that muſt be her name)
Be firſt in conqueſt, and preſide in fame :
Long ſhall her favour'd monarchy engage
The teeth of envy, and the force of age :
Rever'd and happy ſhe ſhall long remain,
Of human things leaſt changeable, leaſt vain.
Yet all muſt with the general doom comply, [die.
And this great glorious power, though laſt, muſt

Now let us leave this earth, and liſt our eye
To the large convex of yon azure ſky :
Behold it like an ample curtain ſpread,
Now ſtreak'd and glowing with the morning-red ;
Anon at noon in flaming yellow bright,
And chooſing fable for the peaceful night.
Aſk reaſon now, whence light and ſhade were
And whence this great variety of heaven. [given,
Reaſon, our guide, what can ſhe more reply,
Than that the ſun illuminates the ſky ;
Thau that night riſes from his abſent ray,
And his returning luſtre kindles day ?

But we expect the morning-red in vain :
'Tis hid in vapours, or obſcur'd by rain,

The noon-tide yellow we in vain require :
'Tis black in ſtorm, or red in lightning fire.
Pitchy and dark the night ſometimes appears,
Friend to our woe, and parent of our fears :
Our joy and wonder ſometimes ſhe excites,
With ſtars unnumber'd, and eternal lights.
Send forth, ye wiſe, ſend forth your labouring
thought ;

Let it return with empty notions fraught,
Of airy columns every moment broke,
Of circling whirlpools, and of ſpheres of ſmoke ;
Yet this ſolution but once more affords
New change of terms, and ſcaffolding of words :
In other garb my queſtion I receive,
And take the doubt the very ſame I gave.

Lo ! as a giant ſtrong, the luſty ſun
Multiply'd rounds in one great round does run ;
Twofold his courſe, yet conſtant his career,
Changing the day, and finiſhing the year.
Again, when his deſcending orb retires,
And earth perceives the abſence of his fires ;
The moon affords us her alternate ray,
And with kind beams diſtributes fainter day,
Yet keeps the ſtages of her monthly race ;
Various her beams, and changeable her face.
Each planet, ſhining in his proper ſphere,
Does with juſt ſpeed his radiant voyage ſteer ;
Each ſees his lamp with different luſtre crown'd ;
Each knows his courſe with different periods
bound ;

And, in his paſſage through the liquid ſpace,
Nor haſtens, nor retards, his neighbour's race.
Now, ſhine theſe planets with ſubſtantial rays ?
Does innate luſtre gild their meaſur'd days ?
Or do they (as your ſchemes, I think, have
shown)

Dart furtive beams and glory not their own,
All ſervants to that ſource of light, the ſun ? }
Again I ſee ten thouſand thouſand ſtars,
Nor caſt in lines, in circles, nor in ſquares
(Poor rules, with which our bounded mind is
fill'd,

When we would plant, or cultivate, or build) ;
But ſhining with ſuch vaſt, ſuch various light,
As ſpeaks the hand, that form'd them, infinite.
How mean the order and perfection ſought,
In the beſt product of the human thought,
Compar'd to the great harmony that reigns
In what the ſpirit of the world ordains !

Now if the ſun to earth tranſmits his ray,
Yet does not ſcorch us with too fierce a day ;
How ſmall a portion of his power is given
To orbs more diſtant, and remoter heaven ?
And of thoſe ſtars, which our imperfect eye
Has doom'd and fix'd to one eternal ſky,
Each, by a native ſtock of honour great,
May dart ſtrong influence, and diſſuſe kind heat,
(itſelf a ſun) and with tranſmiſſive light
Enliven worlds deny'd to human ſight.
Around the circles of their ambient ſkies
New moons may grow or wane, may ſet or riſe,
And other ſtars may to thoſe ſuns be earths,
Give their own elements their proper births,
Divide their climes, or elevate their pole,
See their lands flouriſh, and their oceans roll ;

Yet these great orbs, thus radically bright,
Primitive founts, and origins of light,
May each to other (as their different sphere
Makes or their distance or their light appear)
Be seen a nobler or inferior star,
And, in that space which we call air and sky,
Myriads of earths, and moons, and suns, may lie,
Unmeasur'd and unknown by human eye.

In vain we measure this amazing sphere,
And find and fix its centre here or there;
Whilst its circumference, scorning to be brought
Ev'n into fancy'd space, illudes our vanquish'd
thought.

Where then are all the radiant *monsters* driven,
With which your guesses fill'd the frighten'd hea-
Where will their fictitious images remain? [ven?
In paper-schemes, and the Chaldean's brain?

This problem yet, this offspring of a guess,
Let us for once a child of truth confess;
That these fair stars, these objects of delight
And terror to our searching dazzl'd sight,
Are worlds immense, unnumber'd, infinite.
But do these worlds display their beams, or guide
Their orbs, to serve thy use, to please thy pride?
Thyself but dust, thy stature but a span,
A moment thy duration, foolish man?
As well may the minutest emmet say,
That Caucasus was rais'd to pave his way;
The snail, that Lebanon's extended wood
Was destin'd only for his walk and food;
The vilest cockle, gaping on the coast
That rounds the ample seas, as well may boast,
The craggy rock project above the sky,
That he in safety at its foot may lie;
And the whole ocean's confluent waters swell,
Only to quench his thirst, or move and blanch his
shell.

A higher flight the venturous goddess tries,
Leaving material worlds and local skies;
Inquires what are the beings, where the space,
That form'd and held the angels' ancient race.
For rebel Lucifer with Michael fought
(I offer only what tradition taught);
Embattled cherub against cherub rose,
Did shield to shield, and power to power oppose;
Heaven rung with triumph, hell was fill'd with
woes.

What were these forms of which your volumes tell,
How some fought great, and others recreant fell?
These bound to bear an everlasting load,
Durance of chain, and banishment of God;
By fatal turns their wretched strength to tire,
To swim in sulphurous lakes, or land on solid fire:
While those exalted to primeval light,
Excess of blessing, and supreme delight,
Only perceive some little pause of joys
In those great moments when their God employs
Their ministry, to pour his threaten'd hate
On the proud king, or the rebellious state;
Or to reverse Jehovah's high command,
And speak the thunder falling from his hand,
When to his duty the proud king returns,
And the rebellious state in ashes mourns;
How can good angels be in heaven confin'd,
Or view that presence, which no space can bind?

Is God above, beneath, or yon', or here?
He who made all, is he not every where?
Oh, how can wicked angels find a night
So dark, to hide them from that piercing light,
Which form'd the eye, and gave the power of
sight?

What mean I now of angel, when I hear
Firm body, spirit pure, or fluid air?
Spirits to action spiritual confin'd,
Friends to our thought, and kindred to our mind,
Should only act and prompt us from within,
Nor by external eye be ever seen.
Was it not therefore to our fathers known,
That these had appetite, and limb, and bone?
Else how could Abraham wash their weary'd feet?
Or Sarah please their taste with savoury meat?
Whence should they fear? or why did Lot engage
To save their bodies from abusive rage?
And how could Jacob, in a real fight,
Feel or resist the wrestling angel's might?
How could a form in strength with matter try?
Or how a spirit touch a mortal's thigh?

Now are they air condens'd, or gather'd rays!
How guide they then our prayer, or keep our ways,
By stronger blasts still subject to be tost,
By tempests scatter'd, and in whirlwinds lost?

Have they again (as sacred song proclaims)
Substances real, and existing frames?
How comes it, since with them we jointly share
The great effect of one Creator's care,
That, whilst our bodies sicken and decay,
Theirs are for ever healthy, young, and gay?
Why, whilst we struggle in this vale beneath
With want and sorrow, with disease and death,
Do they, more bless'd, perpetual life employ
On songs of pleasure, and in scenes of joy?

Now when my mind has all this world survey'd,
And found, that nothing by itself was made;
When thought has rais'd itself, by just degrees,
From vallies crown'd with flowers, and hills with
trees;

From smoking mineral, and from sisting streams;
From fattening Nilus, or victorious Thames;
From all the living, that four-footed move
Along the shore, the meadow, or the grove;
From all that can with fins or feathers fly
Through the aerial or the watery sky;
From the poor reptile with a reasoning soul,
That miserable master of the whole;
From this great object of the body's eye,
This fair half-round, this ample azure sky,
Terribly large, and wonderfully bright,
With stars unnumber'd, and unmeasur'd light;
From essences unseen, celestial names,
Enlightening spirits, and ministerial flames,
Angels, dominions, potentates, and thrones,
All that in each degree the name of creature owns:
Lift we our reason to that sovereign cause,
Who blest the whole with life, and bounded it
with laws;

Who forth from nothing call'd this comely frame,
His will and act, his word and work the same;
To whom a thousand year-are but a day;
who had the light her genial beams display,
And set the moon, and taught the sun its way:

Who, waking time, his creature, from the source
Primeval, order'd his predestin'd course;
Himself, as in the hollow of his hand,
Holding, obedient to his high command,
The deep abyss, the long-continued store,
Where months, and days, and hours, and mi-
nutes pour

Their floating parts, and thenceforth are no
more.

This Alpha and Omega, first and last,
Who like the potter in a mould has cast
The world's great frame, commanding it to be
Such as the eyes of sense and reason see;
Yet if he wills may change or spoil the whole;
May take yon' beauteous, mystic, starry roll,
And burn it like an useless parchment scroll;
May from its basis in one moment pour
This melted earth—
Like liquid metal, and like burning ore:
Who, sole in power, at the beginning said,
Let sea, and air, and earth, and heaven be made;
And it was so!—and, when he shall ordain
In other sort, has but to speak again,
And they shall be no more: Of this great theme,
This glorious, hallow'd, everlasting name,
This God, I would discourse.—

The learned elders sat appal'd, amaz'd,
And each with mutual look on other gaz'd;
Nor speech they meditate, nor answer frame
(Too plain, alas! their silence spake their shame);
Till one, in whom an outward mien appear'd,
And turn superior to the vulgar herd,
Began: That human learning's furthest reach
Was but to note the doctrine I could teach;
That mine to speak, and theirs was to obey;
For I in knowledge more than power did sway:
And the astonish'd world in me beheld
Moses eclips'd, and Jesse's son excell'd.
Humble a second bow'd, and took the word;
Forefaw my name by future age ador'd;
O live, said he, thou wisest of the wife;
As none has equal'd, none shall ever rise
Excelling thee.—

Parent of wicked, bane of honest deeds,
Pernicious flattery! thy malignant seeds,
In an ill hour, and by a fatal hand,
Sadly diffus'd o'er virtue's gleby land,
With rising pride amidst the corn appear,
And choke the hopes and harvest of the year.

And now the whole perplex'd ignoble crowd,
Mute to my questions, in my praises loud,
Echo'd the word: whence things arose, or how
They thus exist, the aptest nothing know:
What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be,
All veil of doubt apart, the dullest see!

My prophets and my sophists finish'd here
The civil efforts of the verbal war:
Not so my rabbins and logicians yield;
Retiring, still they combat; from the field
Of open arms unwilling they depart,
And sculk behind the subterfuge of art.
To speak one thing, mix'd dialects they join,
Divide the simple, and the plain define;
Fix fancy'd laws, and form imagin'd rules,
Terms of their art, and jargon of their schools,

Ill-grounded maxims, by false gloss enlarg'd,
And captious science against reason charg'd.

Soon their crude notions with each other fought:
The adverse sect deny'd what this had taught;
And he at length the amplest triumph gain'd,
Who contradicted what the last maintain'd.

O wretched impotence of human mind!
We erring still excuse for error find,
And darkling grope, not knowing we are blind.
Vain man! since first thy blushing fire essay'd
His folly with connected leaves to shade,
How does the crime of thy resembling race
With like attempt that pristine error trace!
Too plain thy nakedness of soul espy'd,
Why dost thou strive the conscious shame to hide
By masks of eloquence and veils of pride?

With outward smiles their flattery I receiv'd;
Own'd my sick mind by their discourse reliev'd;
But bent, and inward to myself, again
Perplex'd, these matters I revolv'd in vain.
My search still tir'd, my labour still renew'd,
At length I ignorance and knowledge view'd
Impartial; both in equal balance laid, I weigh'd.
Light flew the knowing scale, the doubtful heavy

Forc'd by reflective reason, I confess,
That human science is uncertain guess.
Alas! we grasp at clouds, and beat the air,
Vexing that spirit we intend to clear.

Can thought beyond the bounds of matter climb?
Or who shall tell me what is space or time?

In vain we lift up our presumptuous eyes
To what our Maker to their ken denies:
The searcher follows fast; the object faster flies.
The little which imperfectly we find,
Seduces only the bewild'ring mind
To fruitless search of something yet behind.
Various discussions tear our heated brain;
Opinions often turn; still doubts remain;
And who indulges thought, increases pain.

How narrow limits were to wisdom given!
Earth the surveys; she thence would measure
heaven:

Through mists obscure now wings her tedious way;
Now wanders dazzled with too bright a day;
And from the summit of a pathless coast
Sees infinite, and in that sight is lost.

Remember, that the curs'd desire to know,
Offspring of Adam! was thy source of woe.
Why wilt thou then renew the vain pursuit,
And rashly catch at the forbidden fruit;
With empty labour and eluded strife
Seeking, by knowledge, to attain to life;
For ever from that fatal tree debar'd,
Which flaming swords and angry cherubs guard?

PLEASURE.

BOOK II.

TEXTS CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN BOOK II.

"I said in my own heart, Go to now, I will prove
"thee with mirth; therefore enjoy pleasure."
Eccl. ii. 1.

- "I made me great works, I builded me houses, I
"planted me vineyards." Ver. 4.
 "I made me gardens and orchards; and I planted
"trees in them of all kind of fruits." Ver. 5.
 "I made me pools of water, to water therewith
"the wood that bringeth forth trees." Ver. 6.
 "Then I looked on all the works that my hands
"had wrought, and on the labour that I had
"laboured to do: And behold all was vanity
"and vexation of spirit; and there was no profit
"under the sun." Ver. 11.
 "I gat me men-fingers and women-fingers, and
"the delights of the sons of men, as musical in-
"struments, and that of all sorts." Ver. 8.
 "I fought in mine heart to give myself unto wine
"(yet acquainting mine heart with wisdom)
"and to lay hold on folly, till I might see what
"was that good for the sons of men, which
"they should do under heaven, all the days of
"their life." Ver. 3.
 "Then I said in my heart, As it happeneth unto
"the fool, so it happeneth even unto me; and
"why was I then more wise? Then I said in
"my heart, that this also is vanity." Ver. 15.
 "Therefore I hated life, because the work that is
"wrought under the sun is grievous unto me."
Chap. ii. ver. 27.
 "Dead flies cause the ointment to send forth a
"stinking savour: so doth a little folly him
"that is in reputation for wisdom and honour."
Chap. x. ver. 1.
 "The memory of the just is blessed, but the me-
"mory of the wicked shall rot." Proverbs,
Chap. x. ver. 7.

The Argument.

Solomon, again seeking happiness, inquires if
wealth and greatness can produce it: begins
with the magnificence of gardens and buildings,
the luxury of music and feasting; and proceeds
to the hopes and desires of love. In two episodes
are shown the follies and troubles of that passion.
Solomon, still disappointed, falls under the temp-
tations of libertinism and idolatry; recovers his
thought; reasons aright; and concludes that, as
to the pursuit of pleasure and sensual delight,
All is vanity and vexation of spirit.

TAKE then, O man, the moments to deceive,
That from the womb attend thee to the grave:
For weary'd nature find some apter scheme:
Health be thy hope, and pleasure be thy theme.
From the perplexing and unequal ways,
Where study brings thee; from the endless maze,
Which doubt persuades to run, forewarn'd, recede
To the gay field and flowery path, that lead
To jocund mirth, soft joy, and careless ease:
For sake what may instruct, for what may please;
Essay amusing art, and proud expence,
And make thy reason subject to thy sense.
I commun'd thus; the power of wealth I try'd,
And all the various lux of costly pride;

Artists and plans reliev'd my solemn hours;
I founded palaces, and planted bowers;
Birds, fishes, beasts, of each exotic kind,
I to the limits of my court confin'd;
To trees transferr'd I gave a second birth,
And had a foreign shade grace Judah's earth;
Fish-ponds were made, where former forests grew,
And hills were levell'd to extend the view;
Rivers diverted from their native course,
And bound with chains of artificial force,
From large cascades in pleasing tumult roll'd,
Or rose through figur'd stone, or breathing gold;
From furthest Africa's tormented womb
The marble brought, crests the spacious dome,
Or forms the pillars long-extended rows, [grows,
On which the planted grove, the pensile garden,
The workmen here obey the master's call,
To gild the turret, and to paint the wall,
To mark the pavement there with various stone,
And on the jasper steps to rear the throne:
The spreading cedar, that an age had stood,
Supreme of trees, and mistress of the wood,
Cut down and carv'd, my shining roof adorns,
And Lebanon his ruin'd honour mourns.

A thousand artists show their cunning power,
To raise the wonders of the ivory tower.
A thousand maidens ply the purple loom,
To weave the bed, and deck the regal room;
Till Tyre confesses her exhausted store,
That on her coast the murex* is no more;
Till from the Parian isle, and Liby's coast,
The mountains grieve their hopes of marble lost;
And India's woods return their just complaint,
Their brood decay'd, and want of elephant.

My full design with vast expence achiev'd,
I came, beheld, admir'd, reflected, griev'd;
I chid the folly of my thoughtless haste,
For, the work perfected, the joy was past.

To my new courts sad thought did still repair,
And round my gilded roofs hung hovering care:
In vain on silken beds I sought repose,
And restless oft from purple couches rose;
Vexatious thought still found my flying mind
Nor bound by limits, nor to place confin'd;
Haunted my nights, and terrify'd my days;
Stalk'd through my gardens, and pursued my
ways, [maze.

Nor shut from artful bower, nor lost in winding
Yet take thy bent, my soul; another sense
Indulge; add music to magnificence:
Essay if harmony may grief control,
Or power of sound prevail upon the soul.
Often our seers and poets have confess'd
That music's force can tame the furious beast;
Can make the wolf, or foaming boar, restrain
His rage; the lion drop his crested main,
Attentive to the song; the lynx forget
His wrath to man, and lick the minstrel's feet.
Are we, alas! less savage yet than these?
Else music fure may human cares appease.

I spake my purpose; and the cheerful choir
Parted their shares of harmony: the lyre

* The murex is a shell-fish, of the liquor whereof a
purple colour is made.

Soften'd the timbrel's noise; the trumpet's sound
Provok'd the Dorian flute (both sweeter found
When mix'd); the fife the viol's notes refin'd,
And every strength with every grace was join'd.
Each morn they wak'd me with a sprightly lay;
Of opening heaven they sung and gladsome day.
Each evening their repeated skill exprest
Scenes of repose, and images of rest:
Yet still in vain; for music gather'd thought:
But how unequal the effects it brought!
The soft ideas of cheerful note,
Lightly receiv'd, were easily forgot;
The solemn violence of the graver sound
Knew to strike deep, and leave a lasting wound.

And now reflecting, I with grief descri
The sickly lust of the fantastic eye;
How the weak organ is with seeing cloy'd,
Flying ere night what it at noon enjoy'd.
And now (unhappy search of thought!) I found
The sickle ear soon glutted with the sound,
Condemn'd eternal changes to pursue,
Tir'd with the last, and eager of the new.

I bade the virgins and the youth advance,
To temper music with the sprightly dance.
In vain! too low the mimic motions seem;
What takes our heart must merit our esteem.
Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a part,
Forming her movements to the rules of art;
And, vex'd, I found that the musician's hand
Had o'er the dancer's mind too great command.

I drank; I lik'd it not: 'twas rage, 'twas noise,
An airy scene of transitory joys.
In vain I trusted that the flowing bowl
Would banish sorrow, and enlarge the soul.
To the late revel, and protracted feast,
Wild dreams succeeded, and disorder'd rest:
And, as at dawn of morn fair reason's light (night,
Broke through the fumes and phantoms of the
What had been said, I ask'd my soul, what done?
How flow'd our mirth; and whence the source be-
gun?

Perhaps the jest that charm'd the sprightly crowd,
And made the jovial table laugh so loud,
To some false notion ow'd its poor pretence,
To an ambiguous word's perverted sense,
To a wild sonnet, or a wanton air,
Offence and torture to the sober ear:
Perhaps, alas! the pleasing stream was brought
From this man's error, from another's fault;
From topics, which good-nature would forget,
And prudence mention with the last regret.

Add yet unnumber'd ills, that lie unseen
In the pernicious draught; the word obscene,
Or harsh, which once elanc'd must ever fly
Irrevocable; the too prompt reply,
Seed of severe distrust and fierce debate;
What we should shun, and what we ought to hate.

Add too the blood impoverish'd, and the course
Of health suppress'd, by wine's continued force.

Unhappy man! whom sorrow thus and rage
To different ills alternately engage;
Who drinks, alas! but to forget; nor sees
That melancholy sloth, severe disease,
Memory confus'd, and interrupted thought,
Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught;

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And, in the flowers that wreath the sparkling
bowl,
Fell adders hiss, and poisonous serpents roll.

Remains there aught untry'd that may remove
Sickness of mind, and heal the bosom?—Love.
Love yet remains: indulge his genial fire,
Cherish fair hope, solicit young desire,
And boldly bid thy anxious soul explore
This last great remedy's mysterious power.

Why therefore hesitates my doubtful breast?
Why ceases it one moment to be blest?
Fly swift, my friends; my servants, fly; employ
Your instant pains to bring your master joy.
Let all my wives and concubines be dress'd;
Let them to-night attend the royal feast;
All Israel's beauty, all the foreign fair;
The gifts of princes, or the spoils of war;
Before their monarch they shall singly pass,
And the most worthy shall obtain the grace.

I said: the feast was serv'd, the bowl was
crown'd;

To the king's pleasure went the mirthful round,
The women came: as custom wills, they pass:
On one (O that distinguish'd one!) I cast
The favourite glance! O! yet my mind retains
That fond beginning of my infant pains.
Mature the virgin was, of Egypt's race;
Grace shap'd her limbs, and beauty deck'd her face;
Easy her motion seem'd, serene her air;
Full, though unzon'd, her bosom rose; her hair,
Unty'd, and ignorant of artful aid,
Adown her shoulders loosely lay display'd,
And in the jetty curls ten thousand cupids play'd.
Fix'd on her charms, and pleas'd that I could love,
Aid me, my friends, contribute to improve
Your monarch's bliss, I said; fresh roses bring
To strew my bed, till the impoverish'd spring
Confess her want; around my amorous head
Be dropping myrrh and liquid amber shed.
Till Arab has no more. From the soft lyre,
Sweet flute, and ten-string'd instrument, require
Sounds of delight: and thou, fair nymph! draw
nigh,

Thou, in whose graceful form and potent eye,
Thy master's joy long sought at length is found;
And, as thy brow, let my desires be crown'd;
O favourite virgin! that hast warm'd the breast,
Whose sovereign dictates subjugate the east!

I said; and sudden from the golden throne,
With a submissive step, I hasten'd down.
The glowing garland from my hair I took,
Love in my heart, obedience in my look;
Prepar'd to place it on her comely head:
O favourite virgin (yet again I said)
Receive the honours destin'd to thy brow;
And O, above thy fellows, happy thou!
Their duty must thy sovereign word obey:
Rise up, my love, my fair-one, come away.

What pangs, alas! what ecstacy of smart,
Tore up my senses, and transfix'd my heart,
When the with modest scorn the wreath return'd,
Reclin'd her beauteous neck, and inward mourn'd!

Forc'd by my pride, I my concern suppress'd,
Pretended drowsiness, and wish of rest:
And sullen I forsook th' imperfect feast,

H h

Ordering the eunuchs, to whose proper care
Our eastern grandeur gives th' imprison'd fair,
To lead her forth to a distinguish'd bower,
And bid her dress the bed, and wait the hour.

Restless I follow'd this obdurate maid
(Swift are the steps that love and anger tread);
Approach'd her person, courted her embrace,
Renew'd my flame, repeated my disgrace;
By turns put on the suppliant and the lord;
Threaten'd this moment, and the next implor'd;
Offer'd again the unaccepted wreath,
And choice of happy love, or instant death.
Averse to all her amorous king desir'd,
Far as she might she decently retir'd:
And, darting scorn and sorrow from her eyes,
What means, said she, King Solomon the Wife?

This wretched body trembles at your power:
Thus far could fortune, but she can no more.

Free to herself my potent mind remains,
Nor fears the victor's rage, nor feels his chains.
'Tis said, that thou canst plausibly dispute,
Supreme of seers: of angel, man, and brute;
Canst plead, with subtle wit and fair discourse,
Of passion's folly, and of reason's force;
That, to the tribes attentive, thou canst show
Whence their misfortunes or their blessings flow;
That thou in science as in power art great,
And truth and honour on thy edicts wait.
Where is that knowledge now, that regal thought,
With just advice and timely counsel fraught?
Where now, O Judge of Israel! does it rove?—
What in one moment dost thou offer? Love—
Love! why 'tis joy or sorrow, peace or strife;
'Tis all the colour of remaining life:
And human misery must begin or end,
As he becomes a tyrant or a friend.
Would David's son, religious, just, and grave,
To the first bride-bed of the world receive
A foreigner, a heathen, and a slave?
Or, grant thy passion has these names destroy'd,
That love, like death, makes all distinction void;
Yet in his empire o'er thy object breast
His flames and torments only are express;
His rage can in my smiles alone relent,
And all his joys solicit my consent.

Soft love, spontaneous tree, its parted root
Must from two hearts with equal vigour shoot;
Whilst each, delighted and delighting, gives
The pleasing ecstacy which each receives:
Cherish'd with hope, and fed with joy, it grows;
Its cheerful buds their opening bloom disclose,
And round the happy soil diffusive odour
flows.

If angry fate that mutual care denies,
The fading plant bewails its due supplies;
Wild with despair, or sick with grief, it dies.

By force beasts act, and are by force re-
strain'd:

The human mind by gentle means is gain'd.
Thy useless strength, mistaken king, employ:
Sated with rage, and ignorant of joy,
Thou shalt not gain what I deny to yield,
Nor reap the harvest, though thou spoil'st the field.
Know, Solomon, thy poor extent of sway;
Contract thy brow, and Israel shall obey:

But wilful love thou must with smiles appease,
Approach his awful throne by just degrees,
And, if thou would'st be happy, learn to please.

Not that those arts can here successful prove,
For I am destin'd to another's love.
Beyond the cruel bounds of thy command,
To my dear equal in my native land,
My plighted vow I gave; I his receiv'd:
Each swore with truth, with pleasure each believ'd.
The mutual contract was to heaven convey'd;
In equal scales the busy angels weigh'd
Its solemn force, and clapp'd their wings, and
spread

The lasting roll, recording what we said.

Now in my heart behold thy poniard stain'd;
Take the sad life which I have long disdain'd;
End, in a dying virgin's wretched fare,
Thy ill-star'd passion and my steadfast hate:
For, long as blood informs these circling veins,
Or fleeting breath its latest power retains,
Hear me to Egypt's vengeful gods declare,
Hate is my part, be thine, O king, despair.

Now strike, she said, and open'd bare her breast;
Stand it in Judah's chronicles confess,
That David's son, by impious passion mov'd,
Smote a she-slave, and murder'd what he lov'd!

Asham'd, confus'd, I started from the bed,
And to my soul, yet uncollected said,
Into thyself, fond Solomon, return;
Reflect again, and thou again shalt mourn.
When I through number'd years have pleasure
sought,

And in-vain hope the wanton phantom caught;
To mock my sense, and mortify my pride,
'Tis in another's power, and is deny'd.
Am I a king, great Heaven! does life or death
Hang on the wrath or mercy of my breath;
While kneeling I my servant's smiles implore,
And one mad damsel dares dispute my power?

To ravish her! that thought was soon depress'd,
Which must debase the monarch to the beast.
To send her back! O whither, and to whom?
To lands where Solomon must never come?
To that insulting rival's happy arms,
For whom, disdaining me, she keeps her charms!

Fantastic tyrant of the amorous heart,
How hard thy yoke! how cruel is thy dart!
Those 'scape thy anger, who refuse thy sway,
And those are punish'd most who most obey.
See Judah's king revere thy greater power:
What canst thou covet, or how triumph more?
Why then, O love, with an obdurate ear,
Does this proud nymph reject a monarch's prayer?
Why to some simple shepherd does she run
From the fond arms of David's favourite son?
Why flies she from the glories of a court,
Where wealth and pleasure may thy reign support,
To some poor cottage on the mountain's brow,
Now bleak with winds, and cover'd now with snow,
Where pinching want must curb her warm desires,
And household cares suppress thy genial fires?

Too aptly the afflicted Heathens prove
Thy force, while they erect the shrines of love.
His mystic form the artisans of Greece
In wounded stone, or molten gold, enpress;

And Cyprus to his godhead pays her vow;
Fast in his hand the idol holds his bow;
A quiver by his side sustains his store
Of pointed darts; sad emblems of his power:
A pair of wings he has, which he extends
Now to be gone; which now again he bends,
Prone to return, as best may serve his wanton
ends.

Entirely thus I find the fiend pourtray'd,
Since first, alas! I saw the beauteous maid:
I felt him strike, and now I see him fly:
Curs'd dæmon! O! for ever broken lie
Those fatal shafts, by which I inward bleed!
O! can my wilthes yet o'ertake thy speed!
Tir'd may'st thou pant, and hang thy flagging
wing.

Except thou turn'st thy course, resolv'd to bring
The dæmsel back, and save the love-sick king!

My soul thus struggling in the fatal net,
Unable to enjoy, or to forger;
I reason'd much, alas! but more I lov'd:
Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and disapprov'd;
Till, hopeless, plung'd in an abyss of grief,
I from necessity receiv'd relief:
Time gently aided to assuage my pain,
And wisdom took once more the slacken'd rein.

But O, how short my interval of woe!
Our griefs how swift! our remedies how slow!
Another nymph (for so did Heaven ordain;
To change the manner, but renew the pain);
Another nymph, amongst the many fair,
That made my softer hours their solemn care;
Before the rest affected still to stand;
And watch'd my eye, preventing my command.
Abra, she so was call'd, did soonest haste
To grace my presence; Abra went the last:
Abra was ready ere I call'd her name;
And, though I call'd another, Abra came.

Her equals first observ'd her growing zeal,
And laughing gloss'd, that Abra serv'd so well.
To me her actions did unheeded die,
Or were remark'd but with a common eye;
Till, more appriz'd of what the rumour said,
More I observ'd peculiar in the maid.

The sun declin'd had shot his western ray,
When, tir'd with business of the solemn day,
I purpos'd to unbend the evening hours,
And banquet private in the women's bowers.
I call'd before I sat to wash my hands
(For so the precept of the law commands):
Love had ordain'd, that it was Abra's turn
To mix the sweets, and minister the urn.

With awful homage, and submissive dread,
The maid approach'd, on my declining head
To pour the oils: she trembled as she pour'd;
With an unguarded look she now devour'd
My nearer face; and now recall'd her eye,
And heav'd, and strove to hide, a sudden sigh.

And whence, said I, canst thou have dread or
pain?

What can thy imagery of sorrow mean?
Secluded from the world and all its care,
Hast thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?
For sure, I added, sure thy little heart
Ne'er felt love's anger, nor receiv'd his dart.

Abash'd she blush'd, and with disorder spoke:
Her rising shame adorn'd the words it broke.

If the great master will descend to hear
The humble series of his handmaid's care;
O! while she tells it, let him not put on
The look that awes the nations from the throne!
O! let not death severe in glory lie
In the king's frown, and terror of his eye!

Mirre to obey, thy part is to ordain;
And, though to mention be to suffer pain,
If the king smile whilst I my woe recite,
If weeping I find favour in his sight,
Flow fast, my tears, full rising his delight.

O! witness earth beneath, and heaven above!
For can I hide it? I am sick of love;
If madness may the name of passion bear,
Or love be call'd what is indeed despair.

Thou Sovereign Power whose secret will controls
The inward bent and motion of our souls!
Why hast thou plac'd such infinite degrees
Between the cause and cure of my disease?
The mighty object of that raging fire,
In which unpy'd Abra must expire,
Had he been born some simple shepherd's heir,
The lowing herd or fleecy sheep his care,
At morn with him I o'er the hills had run,
Sternful of winter's frost and summer's sun,
Still asking where he made his flock to rest at
noon.

For him at night, the dear expected guest,
I had with hasty joy prepar'd the feast;
And from the cottage, o'er the distant plain,
Sent forth my longing eye to meet the swain,
Wavering, impatient, told by hope and fear,
Till he and joy together should appear,
And the lov'd dog declare his master near.
On my declining neck and open breast
I should have lull'd the lovely youth to rest,
And from beneath his head, at dawning day,
With softest care have stol'n my arm away,
To rise, and from the fold release the sheep,
Fond of his flock, indulgent to his sleep.

Or if kind heaven, propitious to my flame
(For sure from heaven the faithful ardor came),
Had blest my life, and deck'd my natal hour
With height of title, and extent of power;
Without a crime my passion had aspir'd,
Found the lov'd prince, and told what I desir'd.

Then I had come, preventing Sheba's queen,
To see the comeliest of the sons of men,
To hear the charming poet's amorous song,
And gather honey falling from his tongue,
To take the fragrant kisses of his mouth,
Sweeter than breezes of her native south,
Likening his grace, his person, and his mien,
To all that great or beauteous I had seen.
Serene and bright his eyes, as solar beams
Reflecting temper'd light from crystal streams;
Ruddy as gold his cheek; his bosom fair
As silver; the curl'd ringlets of his hair
Black as the raven's wing; his lip more red
Than eastern coral, or the scarlet thread;
Even his teeth, and white like a young brook
Coeval, newly thorn, from the clear brook
Recent, and branching on the sunny rock.

Ivory, with sapphires interspers'd, explains
How white his hands, how blue the manly veins.
Columns of polish'd marble, firmly set
On golden bases, are his legs and feet;
His stature all majestic, all divine,
Straight as the palm-tree, strong as is the pine.
Saffron and myrrh are on his garments shed,
And everlasting sweets bloom round his head.
What utter I! where am I! wretched maid!
Die, Abra, die: too plainly hast thou said
Thy soul's desire to meet his high embrace,
And blessing stamp'd upon thy future race;
To bid attentive nations bless thy womb, [come.
With unborn monarchs charg'd, and Solomons to

Here o'er her speech her flowing eyes prevail.
O foolish maid! and O unhappy tale!
My suffering heart for ever shall defy
New wounds and danger from a future eye.
O! yet my tortur'd senses deep retain
The wretched memory of my former pain,
The dire affront, and my Egyptian chain.

As time, I said, may happily efface
That cruel image of the king's disgrace,
Imperial reason shall resume her seat,
And Solomon, once fall'n, again be great.
Betray'd by passion, as subdued in war,
We wisely should exert a double care,
Nor ever ought a second time to err.

This Abra then—
I saw her; 'twas humanity; it gave
Some respite to the sorrows of my slave.
Her fond excess proclaim'd her passion true,
And generous pity to that truth was due.
Well I entreated her, who well deserv'd;
I call'd her often, for the always serv'd.
Use made her person easy to my sight,
And ease insensibly produc'd delight.

Whene'er I revell'd in the women's bowers
(For first I fought her but at looser hours),
The apples she had gather'd smelt most sweet,
The cake she kneaded was the savoury meat:
But fruits their odour lost, and meats their taste,
If gentle Abra had not deck'd the feast.
Dishonour'd did the sparkling goblet stand,
Unless receiv'd from gentle Abra's hand;
And, when the virgins form'd the evening choir,
Raising their voices to the master lyre,
Too flat I thought this voice, and that too shrill;
One show'd too much, and one too little skill;
Nor could my soul approve the music's tone,
Till all was hush'd, and Abra sung alone.
Fairer she seem'd distinguish'd from the rest,
And better mien disclos'd, as better dress'd.
A bright tiara, round her forehead ty'd,
To juster bounds confin'd its rising pride;
The blushing ruby on her snowy breast
Render'd its panting whiteness more confess'd;
Bracelets of pearl gave roundness to her arm,
And every gem augmented every charm.
Her senses pleas'd, her beauty still improv'd,
And she more lovely grew, as more belov'd.

And now I could behold, avow, and blame,
The several follies of my former flame;
Willing my heart for recompense to prove
The certain joys that lie in prosperous love.

For what, said I, from Abra can I fear,
Too humble to insult, too soft to be severe?
The damsel's sole ambition is to please:
With freedom I may like, and quit with ease:
She soothes, but never can enthrall my mind:
Why may not peace and love for once be join'd?
Great heaven! how frail thy creature man is
made!

How by himself insensibly betray'd!
In our own strength unhappily secure,
Too little cautious of the adverse power,
And by the blast of self-opinion mov'd,
We wish to charm, and seek to be belov'd.
On pleasure's flowing brink we idly stray,
Masters as yet of our returning way;
Seeing no danger, we disarm our mind,
And give our conduct to the waves and wind;
Then in the flowery mead, or verdant shade,
To wanton dalliance negligently laid,
We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl,
And smiling see the nearer waters roll,
Till the strong gusts of raging passion rise,
Till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies;
And, swift into the boundless ocean borne,
Our foolish confidence too late we mourn;
Round our devoted heads the billows beat,
And from our troubled view the lessen'd lands re-
treat.

O mighty love! from thy unbounded power
How shall the human bosom rest secure?
How shall our thought avoid the various snare?
Or wisdom to our caution'd soul declare
The different shapes thou pleasest to employ,
When bent to hurt, and certain to destroy?

The haughty nymph, in open beauty dress'd,
To-day encounters our unguarded breast:
She looks with majesty, and moves with state;
Unbent her soul, and in misfortune great,
She scorns the world, and dares the rage of fate.

Here whilst we take for manhood for our guide,
And guard our conduct with becoming pride;
Charm'd with the courage in her action shown,
We praise her mind, the image of our own.
She that can please is certain to persuade,
To-day belov'd, to-morrow is obey'd.
We think we see through reason's optics right,
Nor find how beauty's rays elude our sight:
Struck with her eye, whilst we applaud her mind,
And when we speak her great, we wish her kind.

To-morrow, cruel power! thou arm'st the fair
With flowing sorrow, and dishevell'd hair;
Sad her complaint, and humble is her tale,
Her sighs explaining where her accents fail,
Here generous softness warms the honest breast;
We raise the sad, and succour the distress'd.
And, whilst our wish prepares the kind relief,
Whilst pity mitigates her rising grief,
We sicken soon from her contagious care,
Grieve for her sorrows, groan for her despair;
And against love too late those bosoms arm,
Which tears can soften, and which sighs can warm.

Against this nearest, cruellest of foes,
What shall wit meditate, or force oppose?
Whence, feeble nature, shall we summon aid,
If by our pity and our pride betray'd?

External remedy shall we hope to find,
When the close fiend has gain'd our treacherous
mind;

Insulting there does reason's power deride,
And, blind himself, conducts the dazzled guide?
My conqueror now, my lovely Abra, held
My freedom in her chains; my heart was fill'd
With her, with her alone; in her alone
It sought its peace and joy: while she was gone,
It sigh'd and griev'd, impatient of her stay;
Return'd, she chas'd those sighs, that grief, away:
Her absence made the night, her presence brought
the day.

The ball, the play, the mask, by turns succeed:
For her I make the song, the dance with her I lead.
I court her various in each shape and dress,
That luxury may form, or thought express.

To-day, beneath the palm-tree on the plains,
In Deborah's arms and habit Abra reigns:
The wreath denoting conquest guides her brow,
And low, like Barak, at her feet I bow.
The mimic chorus sings her prosperous hand,
As she had slain the foe, and sav'd the land.

To-morrow she approves a softer air,
Forfeakes the pomp and pageantry of war,
The form of peaceful Abigail assumes,
And from the village with the present comes:
The youthful band depose their glittering arms,
Receive her bounties, and recite her charms;
Whilst I assume my father's step and mien,
To meet with due regard my future queen.

If haply Abra's will be now inclin'd
To range the woods, or chase the flying hind,
Soon as the sun awakes, the sprightly court
Leave their repose, and hasten to the sport.
In lessen'd royalty, and humble state,
Thy king, Jerusalem, descends to wait,
Till Abra comes: she comes; a milk-white steed,
Mixture of Persia's and Arabia's breed,
Sustains the nymph: her garments flying loose
(As the Sidonian maids or Thracian use),
And half her knee and half her breast appear,
By art, like negligence, disclos'd and bare.

Her left-hand guides the hunting courser's flight,
A silver bow she carries in her right,
And from the golden quiver at her side
Ruffles the ebony arrow's feather'd pride.
Sapphires and diamonds on her front display
An artificial moon's increasing ray.
Diana, huntress, mistress of the groves,
The favourite Abra speaks, and looks, and moves.
Her, as the present goddess, I obey:

Beneath her feet the captive game I lay.
The mingled chorus sings Diana's fame:
Clarius and horns in louder peals proclaim
Her mystic praise; the vocal triumphs bound
Against the hills; the hills reflect the sound.

If, tir'd this evening with the hunted woods,
To the large fish-pools, or the glassy floods,
Her mind to-morrow points; a thousand hands,
To-night employ'd, obey the king's commands.
Upon the watery beach an artful pile
Of planks is join'd, and forms a moving isle:
A golden chariot in the midst is set,
And silver cygnets seem to feel its weight.

Abra, bright queen, ascends her gaudy throne,
In semblance of the Grecian Venus known:
Tritons and sea-green Naiads round her move,
And sing in moving strains the force of love:
Whilst, as th' approaching pageant does appear,
And echoing crowds speak mighty Venus near,
I, her adorer, too devoutly stand
Fast on the utmost margin of the land,
With arms and hopes extended, to receive
The fancy'd goddess rising from the wave.

O subject reason! O imperious love!
Whither yet further would my folly rove?
Is it enough, that Abra should be great
In the wall'd palace, or the rural seat?
That masking habits, and a borrow'd name,
Contrive to hide my plentitude of shame?
No, no: Jerusalem combin'd must see
My open fault, and regal infamy.
Solemn a mouth is destin'd for the feast:
Abra invites; the nation is the guest.
To have the honour of each day sustain'd,
The woods are traver's'd, and the lakes are drain'd:
Arabia's wilds, and Egypt's, are explor'd:
The edible creation decks the board:
Hardly the phoenix 'scapes—
The men their lyres, the maids their voices raise,
To sing my happiness, and Abra's praise;
And slavish bards our mutual loves rehearse
In lying strains and ignominious verse:
While, from the banquet leading forth the bride,
Whom prudent love from public eyes should hide,
I show her to the world, confess'd and known
Queen of my heart, and partner of my throne.

And now her friends and flatterers fill the
court;

From Dan and from Beersheba they resort:
They barter places, and dispose of grants,
Whole provinces unequal to their wants;
They teach her to recede, or to debate,
With toys of love to mix affairs of state;
By practis'd rules her empire to secure,
And in my pleasure make my ruin sure.
They gave, and she transferr'd the curs'd ad-
vice, [guise,
That monarchs should their inward soul dis-
semble and command, be false and wise;
By ignominious arts, for servile ends,
Should compliment their foes, and shun their
friends.

And now I leave the true and just supports
Of legal princes, and of honest courts,
Barzillai's and the fierce Benaiah's heirs,
Whose fires, great partners in my father's cares,
Saluted their young king, at Hebron crown'd,
Great by their toil, and glorious by their wound.
And now (unhappy counsel!) I prefer
Those whom my follies only made me fear,
Old Corah's blood, and taunting Shimei's race;
Miscreants who ow'd their lives to David's grace,
Though they had spurn'd his rule, and curs'd
him to his face.

Still Abra's power, my scandal still increas'd;
Justice submitted to what Abra pleas'd:
Her will alone could settle or revoke,
And law was fix'd by what she latest spoke.

Israel neglected, Abra was my care :
 I only acted, thought, and liv'd, for her.
 I durst not reason with my wounded heart;
 Abra possess'd; she was its better part.
 O! had I now review'd the famous cause,
 Which gave my righteous youth so just applause,
 In vain on the dissembled mother's tongue
 Had cunning art and sly persuasion hung,
 And real care in vain, and native love,
 In the true parent's panting breast had strove:
 While both deceiv'd had seen the destin'd child
 Or slain or sav'd, as Abra frown'd or smil'd.

Unknowing to command, proud to obey,
 A lifeless king, a royal shade, I lay
 Unheard, the injur'd orphans now complain;
 The widow's cries address the throne in vain.
 Causes unjudg'd disgrace the loaded file,
 And sleeping laws the king's neglect revile.
 No more the elders throng'd around my throne,
 To hear my maxims, and reform their own.
 No more the young nobility were taught
 How Moses govern'd, and how David fought.
 Loose and undisciplin'd the soldier lay,
 Or lost in drink and game the solid day.
 Porches and schools, design'd for public good,
 Uncover'd, and with scaffolds cumber'd stood,
 Or nodded, threatening ruin.—
 Half pillars wanted their expected height,
 And roofs imperfect prejudic'd the sight.
 The artists grieve; the labouring people droop:
 My father's legacy, my country's hope,
 God's temple, lies unfinished.—

The wife and great deplor'd their monarch's
 fate,

And future mischiefs of a sinking state.
 Is this, the serious said, is this the man,
 Whose active soul through every science ran?
 Who, by just rule and elevated skill,
 Prescrib'd the dubious bounds of good and ill?
 Whose golden sayings, and immortal wit,
 On large phylacteries expressive writ,
 Were to the forehead of the rabbins ty'd,
 Our youth's instruction, and our age's pride?
 Could not the wife his wild desires restrain?
 Then was our hearing, and his preaching vain!
 What from his life and letters were we taught,
 But that his knowledge aggravates his fault?

In lighter mood the humorous and the gay
 (As crown'd with roses at their feasts they lay)
 Sent the full goblet, charg'd with Abra's name,
 And charms superior to their master's fame.
 Laughing, some praise the king, who let them see
 How aptly luxe and empire might agree:
 Some gloss'd, how love and wisdom were at strife,
 And brought my proverbs to confront my life.
 However, friend, here's to the king, one cries:
 To him who *was* the king, the friend replies.
 The king, for Judah's and for wisdom's curse,
 To Abra yields: could I or thou do worse?
 Our looser lives let chance or folly steer,
 If thus the prudent and determin'd err.
 Let Dinah bind with flowers her flowing hair,
 And touch the lute, and sound the wanton air;
 Let us the bliss without the sting receive,
 Free, as we will, or to enjoy, or leave.

Pleasures on levity's smooth surface flow: [wpe.
 Thought brings the weight that sinks the soul to
 Now be this maxim to the king convey'd,
 And added to the thousand he has made.

Sadly, O reason, is thy power express'd,
 Thou gloomy tyrant of the frighted breast!
 And harsh the rules which we from thee receive,
 If for our wisdom we our pleasure give;
 And more to think be only more to grieve:
 If Judah's king, at thy tribunal try'd,
 Forakes his joy, to vindicate his pride,
 And, changing sorrows, I am only found
 Loos'd from the chains of love, in thine more
 strictly bound!

But do I call thee tyrant, or complain
 How hard thy laws, how absolute thy reign?
 While thou, alas! art but an empty name,
 To no two men, whose'er discourses'd, the same;
 The idle product of a troubled thought,
 In borrow'd shapes and airy colours wrought;
 A fancy'd line, and a reflected shade;
 A chain which man to fetter man has made;
 By artifice impos'd, by fear obey'd!

Yet, wretched name, or arbitrary thing,
 Whence-ever I thy cruel essence bring,
 I own thy influence, for I feel thy sting.
 Reluctant I perceive thee in my soul,
 Form'd to command, and destin'd to control.
 Yes; thy insulting dictates shall be heard;
 Virtue for once shall be her own reward:
 Yes; rebel Israel! this unhappy maid
 Shall be dismiss'd: the crowd shall be obey'd:
 The king his passion and his rule shall leave,
 No longer Abra's, but the people's slave,
 My coward soul shall bear its wayward fate;
 I will, alas! be wretched to be great,
 And sigh in royalty, and grieve in state.

I said: resolv'd to plunge into my grief
 At once so far, as to expect relief
 From my despair alone—

I chose to write the thing I durst not speak
 To her I lov'd, to her I must forsake.
 The harsh epistle labour'd much to prove
 How inconsistent majesty and love.
 I always should, it said, esteem her well,
 But never see her more: it bid her feel
 No future pain for me; but instant wed
 A lover more proportion'd to her bed,
 And quiet dedicate her remnant life
 To the just duties of an humble wife.

She read, and forth to me she wildly ran,
 To me, the ease of all her former pain.
 She kneel'd, entreated, struggled, threaten'd, cry'd,
 And with alternate passion liv'd and dy'd:
 Till, now, deny'd the liberty to mourn,
 And by rude fury from my presence torn,
 This only object of my real care,
 Cut off from hope, abandon'd to despair,
 In some few passing fatal hours is hurl'd [world.
 From wealth, from power, from love, and from the
 Here tell me, if thou dar'st, my conscious soul,
 What different sorrows did within thee roll?
 What pangs, what fires, what racks, didst thou
 sustain?

What sad vicissitudes of smarting pain?

How oft' from pomp and state did I remove,
To feed despair, and cherish hopeless love?
How oft', all day, recall'd I Abra's charms,
Her beauties press'd, and panting in my arms?
How oft', with sighs view'd ev'ry female face,
Where mimic fancy might her likeness trace?
How oft' desir'd to fly from Israel's throne,
And live in shades with her and love alone?
How oft' all night pursued her in my dreams,
O'er flowery vallies, and through crystal streams,
And, waking, view'd with grief the rising sun,
And fondly mourn'd the dear delusion gone.

When thus the gather'd storms of wretched love,
In my swoon bosom, with long war had strove;
At length they broke their bounds; at length
their force

Bore down whatever met its stronger course,
Laid all the civil bonds of manhood waste,
And scatter'd ruin as the torrent past.
So from the hill, whose hollow caves contain
The congregated snow and swelling rain,
Till the full stores their ancient bounds disdain,
Precipitate the furious torrent flows:
In vain would speed avoid, or strength oppose;
Towns, forests, herds, and men, promiscuous
drown'd,

With one great death deform the dreary ground:
The echoed woes from distant rocks resound.
And now, what impious ways my wishes took,
How they the monarch and the map forsook;
And how I follow'd an abandon'd will,
Through crooked paths, and sad retreats of ill;
How Judah's daughters now, now foreign slaves,
By turns my prostituted bed receives;
Through tribes of women how I loosely rang'd
Impatient; lik'd to night, to-morrow chang'd;
And, by the instinct of capricious lust,
Enjoy'd, disdain'd, was grateful, or unjust:
O, be these scenes from human eyes conceal'd,
In clouds of decent silence justly veil'd:
O, be the wanton images convey'd
To black oblivion and eternal shade!
Or let their sad epitome alone,
And outward lines, to future age be known,
Enough to propagate the sure belief,
That vice engenders shame, and folly breeds o'er
grief!

Bury'd in sloth, and lost in ease, I lay;
The night I revell'd, and I slept the day.
New heaps of fuel damp'd my kindling fires,
And daily change extinguish'd young desires.
By its own force destroy'd, fruition ceas'd;
And, always weary'd, I was never pleas'd.
No longer now does my neglected mind
Its wonted stores and old ideas find.
Fix'd judgment there no longer does abide,
To take the true, or set the false aside.
No longer does swift memory trace the cells,
Where springing wit, or young invention, dwells.
Frequent debauch to habitude prevails;
Patience of toil, and love of virtue, fails.
By sad degrees impair'd, my vigour dies,
Till I command no longer ev'n in vice.

The women on my dotage build their sway;
They ask, I grant; they threaten, I obey.

In regal garments now I gravely stride,
Aw'd by the Persian daniel's haughty pride:
Now with the looser Syrian dance and sing,
In robes tuck'd up, opprobrious to the king.

Charm'd by their eyes, their manners I acquire,
And shape my foolishness to their desire;
Seduc'd and aw'd by the Philistine dame,
At Dagon's shrine I kindle impious flame.
With the Chaldean's charms her rites prevail,
And curling frankincense ascends to Baal.
To each new harlot I new altars dress,
And serve her god, whose person I caress.

Where, my deluded sense, was reason flown?
Where the high majesty of David's throne?
Where all the maxims of eternal truth,
With which the living God inform'd my youth,
When with the lewd Egyptians I adore
Vain idols, deities that ne'er before
In Israel's land had fix'd their dire abodes,
Beastly divinities, and droves of gods;
Osiris, Apis, powers that chew the cud,
And dog Anubis, flatterer for his food?
When in the woody hills forbidden shade
I carv'd the marble, and invok'd its aid;
When in the fens to snakes and flies, with zeal
Unworthy human thought, I prostrate fell;
To shrubs and plants my vile devotion paid,
And set the bearded leek, to which I pray'd;
When to all beings sacred rites were given,
Forgot the Arbitrer of earth and heaven?

Through these sad shades, this chaos in my soul,
Some seeds of light at length began to roll.
The rising motion of an infant ray [day,
Shot glimmering through the cloud, and promis'd
And now, one moment able to reflect,
I found the king abandon'd to neglect,
Seen without awe, and serv'd without respect. }
I found my subjects amicably join
To lessen their defects by citing mine.
The priest with pity pray'd for David's race,
And left his text, to dwell on my disgrace.
The father, whilst he warn'd his erring son }
The sad examples which he ought to shun,
Describ'd, and only nam'd not, Solomon.
Each bard, each fire, did to his pupil sing,
A wise child better than a foolish king.

Into myself my reason's eye I turn'd,
And as I much reflected, much I mourn'd.
A mighty king I am, an earthly god;
Nations obey my word, and wait my nod:
I raise or sink, imprison or set free,
And life or death depends on my decree.
Fond the idea, and the thought is vain;
O'er Judah's king ten thousand tyrants reign;
Legions of lust, and various powers of ill,
Insult the master's tributary will:
And he, from whom the nations should receive
Justice and freedom, lies himself a slave,
Tortur'd by cruel change of wild desires,
Lash'd by mad rage, and scorch'd by brutal fires.

O reason! once again to thee I call;
Accept my sorrow, and retrieve my fall.
Wisdom, thou say'st, from heaven receiv'd her
birth,

Her beams transmitted to the subject earth:

Vet this great empress of the human soul
Does only with imagin'd power control,
If restless passion by rebellious sway
Compels the weak usurper to obey.

O troubled, weak, and coward, as thou art,
Without thy poor advice, the labouring heart
To worse extremes with swifter steps would run,
Not sav'd by virtue, yet by vice undone.

Oft' have I said, the praise of doing well
Is to the ear as ointment to the smell.
Now, if some flies perchance, however small,
Into the alabastr urn should fall,
The odours of the sweets inclos'd would die,
And stench corrupt (sad change!) their place sup-
So the least faults, if mix'd with fairest deed, [ply.
Of future ill become the fatal seed;
Into the balm of purest virtue cast,
Annoy all life with one contagious blast.

Loft Solomon! pursue this thought no more:
Of thy past errors recollect the store;
And silent weep, that, while the deathless muse
Shall sing the just, shall o'er their heads diffuse
Perfumes with lavish hand, she shall proclaim
Thy crimes alone, and, to thy evil fame
Impartial, scatter damps and poisons on thy name. }
Awaking, therefore, as who long had dream'd,
Much of my women and their gods asham'd;
From this abyss of exemplary vice
Resolv'd, as time might aid my thought, to rise;
Again I bid the mournful goddess write
The fond pursuit of fugitive delight,
Bid her exalt her melancholy wing,
And, rais'd from earth, and sav'd from passion, sing
Of human hope by cross event destroy'd,
Of useless wealth and greatness unenjoy'd,
Of lust and love, with their fantastic train, [vain.
Their wishes, smiles, and looks, deceitful all, and

POWER.

BOOK III.

TEXTS CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN BOOK III.

- "Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden
"bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at
"the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cis-
"tern." Eccl. xii. 6.
"The sun riseth, and the sun goeth down, and
"hasteth to his place where he rose." Ch. i. 5.
"The wind goeth towards the south, and turneth
"about unto the north. It whisteth about con-
"tinually; and the wind returneth again, ac-
"cording to his circuit." Ver. 6.
"All the rivers run into the sea: yet the sea is
"not full. Unto the place from whence the
"rivers come, thither they return again" Ver. 7.
"Then shall the dust return to the earth, as it
"was: and the spirit shall return unto God who
"gave it." Ch. xii. 7.
"Now when Solomon had made an end of pray-
"ing, the fire came down from heaven, and

- "consumed the burnt-offering, and the sacrific-
"ces; and the glory of the Lord filled the
"house." 2 Chron. vii. 1.
"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down;
"yea we wept, when we remembered Sion,"
&c. Psalm cxxxvii. 1.
"I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what
"doth it?" Eccles. ii. 2.
"No man can find out the work that God ma-
"keth, from the beginning to the end." Ch.
iii. 11.
"Whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever; no-
"thing can be put to it, nor any thing taken
"from it: and God doeth it, that men should
"fear before him." Ver. 14.
"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter;
"fear God, and keep his commandments; for
"this is the whole duty of man." Ch. xii. 13.

The Argument.

Solomon considers man through the several stages
and conditions of life, and concludes in general,
that we are all miserable. He reflects more
particularly upon the trouble and uncertainty of
greatness and power; gives some instances there-
of from Adam down to himself; and still con-
cludes that all is vanity. He reasons again up-
on life, death, and a future being; finds human
wisdom too imperfect to resolve his doubts; has
recourse to religion; is informed by an angel,
what shall happen to himself, his family, and
his kingdom, till the redemption of Israel; and,
upon the whole, resolves to submit his inquiries
and anxieties to the will of his Creator.

COME then, my soul; I call thee by that name,
Thou busy thing, from whence I know I am:
For, knowing what I am, I know thou art;
Since that must needs exist, which can impart.
But how can'st thou to be, or whence thy spring?
For various of thee priests and poets sing.

Hear'st thou submissive, but a lowly birth,
Some separate particles of finer earth,
A plain effect which nature must beget,
As motion orders, and as atoms meet;
Companion of the body's good or ill,
From force of instinct, more than choice of will;
Conscious of fear or valour, joy or pain,
As the wild courtes of the blood ordain;
Who, as degrees of heat and cold prevail,
In youth dost flourish, and with age shalt fail;
Till, mingled with thy partner's latest breath,
Thou fly'st dissolv'd in air, and lost in death?

Or, if thy great existence would aspire
To causes more sublime, of heavenly fire
Wert thou a spark struck off, a separate ray,
Ordain'd to mingle with terrestrial clay;
With it condemn'd for certain years to dwell,
To grieve its frailties, and its pains to feel;
To teach it good and ill, disgrace or fame,
Pale it with rage, or redden it with shame;
To guide its actions with informing care,
In peace to judge, to conquer in the war;

Render it agile, witty, valiant, sage,
As fits the various course of human age;
Till as the earthly part decays and falls,
The captive breaks her prison's mouldering
walls;

Hovers a while upon the sad remains,
Which now the pile or sepulchre contains;
And thence with liberty unbounded flies,
Impatient to regain her native skies?

Whate'er thou art, where-e'er ordain'd to go,
(Points which we rather may dispute than know)
Come on, thou little inmate of this breast,
Which for thy sake from passions I divest,
For these, thou say'st, raise all the stormy strife,
Which hinder thy repose, and trouble life.
Be the fair level of thy actions laid,
As temperance wills, and prudence may persuade:
Be thy affections undisturb'd and clear,
Guided to what may great or good appear,
And try if life be worth the liver's care.

Amass'd in man, there justly is beheld
What through the whole creation has excell'd:
The life and growth of plants, of beasts the sense,
The angel's forecast and intelligence:
Say from these glorious seeds what harvest flows,
Recount our blessings, and compare our woes.
In its true light let clearest reason see
The man dragg'd out to act, and forc'd to be;
Helpless and naked, on a woman's knees
To be expos'd and rear'd as he may please,
Feel her neglect, and pine from her disease:
His tender eye by too direct a ray
Wounded, and flying from unpractis'd day;
His heart assaulted by invading air,
And beating fervent to the vital war;
To his young sense how various forms appear,
That strike his wonder, and excite his fear:
By his distortions he reveals his pains;
He by his tears and by his sighs complains;
Till time and use assist the infant wretch,
By broken words and rudiments of speech,
His wants in plainer characters to show,
And paint more perfect figures of his woe;
Condemn'd to sacrifice his childish years
To babbling ignorance, and to empty fears;
To pass the riper period of his age,
Acting his part upon a crowded stage;
To lasting toils expos'd, and endless cares,
To open dangers, and to secret snares;
To malice which the vengeful foe intends,
And the more dangerous love of seeming friends.
His deeds examin'd by the people's will,
Prone to forget the good, and blame the ill;
Or sadly censur'd in their curs'd debate,
Who, in the scorner's or the judge's seat,
Dare to condemn the virtue which they hate.
Or, would he rather leave this frantic scene,
And trees and beasts prefer to courts and men,
In the remotest wood and lonely grove
Certain to meet that worst of evils, thought;
Different ideas to his memory brought,
Some intricate as are the pathless woods,
Impetuous some as the descending floods;
With anxious doubts, with raging passions torn,
No sweet companion near, with whom to mourn,

He hears the echoing rock return his sigh,
And from himself the frighted hermit flies.

Thus, through what path foe'er of life we rove,
Rage companies our hate, and grief our love,
Vex'd with the present moment's heavy gloom,
Why seek we brightness from the years to come?
Disturb'd and broken like a sick man's sleep,
Our troubled thoughts to distant prospects leap,
Desirous still what flies us to o'erake,
For hope is but the dream of those that wake:
But, looking back, we see the dreadful train
Of woes anew, which were we to sustain,
We should refuse to tread the path again:
Still adding grief, still counting from the first,
Judging the latest evils still the worst,
And sadly finding each progressive hour
Heighten their number and augment their power,
Till, by one countless sum of woes oppress'd,
Hoary with cares, and ignorant of rest,
We find the vital springs relax'd and worn,
Compell'd our common impotence to mourn,
Thus through the round of age to childhood we
return;

Reflecting find, that naked from the womb
We yesterday came forth; that in the tomb
Naked again we must to-morrow lie,
Born to lament, to labour, and to die.

Pass we the ills which each man feels or dreads,
The weight or fallen or hanging o'er our heads;
The bear, the lion, terrors of the plain,
The sheepfold scatter'd, and the shepherd slain;
The frequent errors of the pathless wood,
The giddy precipice, and the dangerous flood;
The noisome pestilence, that in open war
Terrible marches through the mid-day air,
And scatters death; the arrow that by night
Cuts the dark mist, and fatal wings its flight;
The billowing snow, and violence of the shower,
That from the hills disperse their dreadful store,
And o'er the vales collected ruin pour;
The worm that gnaws the ripening fruit, sad
guest.

Canker or locust, hurtful to insect
The blade; while husks elude the tiller's care,
And eminence of want distinguishes the year.

Pass we the slow disease, and subtle pain,
Which our weak frame is destin'd to sustain;
The cruel stone with congregated war
Tearing his bloody way; the cold catarrh,
With frequent impulse, and continued strife,
Weakening the wasted seats of irksome life;
The gout's fierce rack, the burning fever's rage,
The sad experience of decay; and age,
Herself the forest ill; while death and ease,
Off' and in vain involk'd or to appease
Or end the grief, with hasty wings recede
From the vex'd patient and the sickly bed.

Nought shall it profit, that the charming fair,
Angelic, softest work of heaven, draws near
To the cold shaking paralytic hand,
Senseless of beauty's touch, or love's command;
Nor longer apt or able to fulfil
The dictates of its feeble master's will.
Nought shall the paltry and the harp avail,
The pleasing song, or well-repeated tale,

When the quick spirits their warm march forbear,
And numbing coldness has unbrac'd the ear.

The verdant rising of the flowery hill,
The vale enamell'd, and the crystal rill,
The ocean rolling and the shelly shore,
Beautiful objects, shall delight no more,
When the lax'd sinews of the weaken'd eye
In watery damps or dim suffusion lie.
Day follows night; the clouds return again
After the falling of the latter rain;
But to the aged-blind shall ne'er return
Grateful vicissitude: he still must mourn
The sun, and moon, and every starry light,
Eclips'd to him, and lost in everlasting night.

Behold where age's wretched victim lies,
See his head trembling, and his half-clos'd eyes;
Frequent for breath his panting bosom heaves;
To broken sleep his remnant sense he gives,
And only by his pains, awaking, finds he lives.

Los'd by devouring time, the silver cord
Dissever'd lies; unhonour'd from the board
The crystal urn, when broken, is thrown by,
And apter utensils their place supply
These things and thou must share one equal lot,
Die and be lost, corrupt and be forgot;
While still another and another race
Shall now supply, and now give up the place;
From earth all came, to earth must all return,
Frail as the cord, and brittle as the urn.

But be the terror of these ills suppress'd,
And view we man with health and vigour blest.
Home he returns with the declining sun,
His destin'd task of labour hardly done;
Goes forth again with the ascending ray,
Again his travel for his bread to pay,
And find the ill sufficient to the day.
Haply at night he does with horror shun
A widow'd daughter or a dying son;
His neighbour's offspring he to-morrow sees,
And doubly feels his want in their increase;
The next day, and the next, he must attend
His foe triumphant, or his buried friend.
In every act and turn of life he feels
Public calamities, or household ills;
The due reward to just desert refus'd,
The trust betray'd, the nuptial bed abus'd;
The judge corrupt, the long-depending cause,
And doubtful issue of misconstrued laws;
The crafty turns of a dishonest state,
And violent will of the wrong-doing great;
The venom'd tongue, injurious to his fame,
Which nor can wisdom shun, nor fair advice re-
claim.

Esteem we these, my friends, event and chance,
Produc'd as atoms from their fluttering dance?
Or higher yet their essence may we draw
From destin'd order and eternal law?
Again, my muse, the cruel doubt repeat:
Spring they, I say, from accident or fate:
Yet such we find they are as can control
The servile actions of our wavering soul:
Can fright, can alter, or can chain, the will;
Their ills all built on life, that fundamental ill.

O fatal search! in which the labouring mind,
Still press'd with weight of woe, still hopes to find

A shadow of delight, a dream of peace,
From years of pain one moment of release;
Hoping at least she may herself deceive,
Against experience willing to believe,
Desirous to rejoice, condemn'd to grieve.

Happy the mortal man, who now at last
Has through this doleful vale of misery past,
Who to his destin'd stage has carry'd on
The tedious load, and laid his burden down;
Whom the cut brass, or wounded marble, shows
Victor o'er life, and all her train of woes.

He, happier yet, who privileg'd by fate
To shorter labour and a lighter weight,
Receiv'd but yesterday the gift of breath,
Order'd to-morrow to return to death.
But O beyond description happiest he,
Who ne'er must roll on life's tumultuous sea;
Who, with blest'd freedom, from the general
doom

Exempt, must never force the teeming womb,
Nor see the sun, nor sink into the tomb!

Who breathes, must suffer; and who thinks,
must mourn;

And he alone is blest'd, who ne'er was born.

"Yet in thy turn, thou frowning Preacher, hears

"Are not these general maxims too severe?"

"Say: cannot power secure its owner's bliss?"

"And is not wealth the potent sire of peace?"

"Are victors blest'd with fame, or kings with
ease?"

I tell thee, life is but one common care,
And man was born to suffer, and to fear.

"But is no rank, no station, no degree,
"From this contagious taint of sorrow free?"

None, mortal! none. Yet is a bolder strain
Let me this melancholy truth maintain.

But hence, ye worldly and profane, retire;
For I adapt my voice, and raise my lyre,

To notions not by vulgar ear receiv'd:
Ye still must covet life, and be deceiv'd;

Your very fear of death shall make you try
To catch the shade of immortality;

Wistful on earth to linger, and to save
Part of its prey from the devouring grave;

To those who may survive you to bequeath
Something entire, in spite of time and death;

A fancy'd kind of being to retrieve,
And in a book, or from a building, live.

False hope! vain labour! let some ages fly,
The dome shall moulder, and the volume die:

Wretches, still taught, still will ye think it strange,
That all the parts of this great fabric change,

Quit their old station, and primordial frame,
And lose their shape, their essence, and their name?

Reduce the song: our hopes, our joys, are vain;
Our lot is sorrow, and our portion pain.

What pause from woe, what hopes of comfort
bring

The name of wife or great, of judge or king?

What is a king?—a man condemn'd to bear

The public burden of the nation's care;

Now crown'd some angry faction to appease;

Now falls a victim to the people's ease;

From the first blooming of his ill taught youth,

Nourish'd in flattery, and estrang'd from truth;

At home surrounded by a servile crowd,
 Prompt to abuse, and in detraction loud;
 Abroad begirt with men, and swords, and spears,
 His very state acknowledging his fears;
 Marching amidst a thousand guards, he shows
 His secret terror of a thousand foes:
 In war, however prudent, great, or brave,
 To blind events and fickle chance a slave;
 Seeking to settle what for ever flies,
 Sure of the toil, uncertain of the prize.

But he returns with conquest on his brow,
 Brings up the triumph, and absolves the vow:
 The captive generals to his car were ty'd;
 The joyful citizens tumultuous tide,
 Echoing his glory, gratify his pride. }
 What is this triumph? madness, shouts, and noise,
 One great collection of the people's voice.
 The wretches he brings back in chains relate
 What may to-morrow be the victor's fate;
 The spoils and trophies, borne before him show }
 National loss, and epidemic woe,
 Various distress, which he and his may know.
 Does he not mourn the valiant thousands slain,
 The heroes, once the glory of the plain,
 Left in the conflict of the fatal day,
 Or the wolf's portion, or the vulture's prey?
 Does he not weep the laurel which he wears,
 Wet with the soldiers blood, and widows tears?

See, where he comes, the darling of the war!
 See millions crowding round the gilded car!
 In the vast joys of this ecstatic hour,
 And full fruition of successful power,
 One moment and one thought might let him scan
 The various turns of life, and fickle state of man.
 Are the dire images of sad distrust,
 And popular change, obscur'd amid the dust
 That rises from the victor's rapid wheel?
 Can the loud clarion or shrill sife repel
 The inward cries of care? can nature's voice
 Plaintive be drown'd or lessen'd in the noise;
 Though shouts of thunder loud afflict the air,
 Stun the birds now releas'd, and shake the
 ivory chair? [crowd,

Yon' crowd (he might reflect), yon' joyful
 Pleas'd with my honours, in my praises loud,
 (Should fleeting victory to the vanquish'd go,
 Should she depress my arms, and raise the foe)
 Would for that foe with equal ardour wait
 At the high palace, or the crowded gate;
 With restless rage would pull my statues down,
 And cast the bras anew to his renown.

O impotent desire of worldly sway!
 That I, who make the triumph of to-day,
 May of to-morrow's pomp one part appear,
 Ghostly with wounds, and lifeless on the bier!
 Then (vileness of mankind!) then of all these,
 Whom my dilated eye with labour sees,
 Would one, alas! repeat me good, or great,
 Wash my pale body, or bewail my fate?
 Or, march'd I chain'd behind the hostile car,
 The victor's pastime, and the sport of war,
 Would one, would one his pitying sorrow lend,
 Or be so poor, to own he was my friend?
 Avails it then, O reason, to be wise?
 To see this cruel scene with quicker eyes?

To know with more distinction to complain,
 And have superior sense in feeling pain?

Let us revolve that roll with strictest eye,
 Where safe from time distinguish'd actions lie;
 And judge if greatness be exempt from pain,
 Or pleasure ever may with power remain.

Adam, great type, for whom the world was
 made,

The fairest blessing to his arms convey'd,
 A charming wife; and air, and sea, and land,
 And all that move therein to his command
 Render'd obedient: say, my pensive muse,
 What did these golden promises produce?
 Scarce tasting life, he was of joy bereav'd:
 One day, I think, in Paradise he liv'd;
 Destin'd the next his journey to pursue,
 Where wounding thorns and curst thistles grew.
 Ere yet he earns his bread, a-down his brow,
 Inclined to earth, his labouring sweat must flow;
 His limbs must ake, with daily toils oppress'd,
 Ere long-wish'd night brings necessary rest.
 Still viewing with regret his darling Eve,
 He for her follies and his own must grieve;
 Bewailing still afresh their hapless choice;
 His ear oft' frighted with the imag'd voice
 Of heaven, when first it thunder'd; oft' his view
 Aghast, as when the infant lightning flew,
 And the stern cherub stopp'd the fatal road,
 Arm'd with the flames of an avenging God.
 His younger son on the polluted ground,
 First-fruit of death, lies plaintive of a wound
 Given by a brother's hand: his eldest birth
 Flies, mark'd by Heaven, a fugitive o'er earth.
 Yet why these sorrows heap'd upon the fire,
 Becomes nor man, nor angel, to inquire.

Each age sinn'd on; and guilt advanc'd with
 time:

The son still added to the father's crime;
 Till God arose, and, great in anger, said,
 Lo! it repenteth me, that man was made!
 Withdraw thy light, thou sun! be dark, ye skies!
 And from your deep abyss, ye waters, rise!

The affrighted angels heard th' Almighty }
 Lord,

And o'er the earth from wrathful vials pour'd }
 Tempests and storms, obedient to his word.
 Mean time, his providence to Noah gave
 The guard of all that he design'd to save.
 Exempt from general doom the patriarch stood,
 Contemn'd the waves, and triumph'd o'er the
 flood.

The winds fall silent, and the waves decrease,
 The dove brings quiet, and the olive peace;
 Yet still his heart does inward sorrow feel,
 Which faith alone forbids him to reveal.
 If on the backward world his views are cast,
 'Tis death diffus'd, and universal waste.
 Present (sad prospect!) can he aught descry,
 But (what affects his melancholy eye)
 The beauties of the ancient fabric lost,
 In chains of craggy hill, or lengths of dreary
 coast?

While, to high heaven his pious breathings
 turn'd,
 Weeping he hop'd, and sacrificing mourn'd;

When of God's image only eight he found
Snatch'd from the watery grave, and sav'd from
nations drown'd;

And of three sons, the future hopes of earth,
The seed whence empires must receive their
birth,

One he foresees excluded heavenly grace,
And mark'd with curses, fatal to his race!

Abraham, potent prince, the friend of God,
Of human ills must bear the destin'd load;
By blood and battles must his power maintain,
And slay the monarchs ere he rules the plain;
Must deal just portions of a servile life
To a proud handmaid and a peevish wife;
Must with the tender mother leave the weeping son,
In want to wander, and in wilds to groan;
Must take his other child, his age's hope,
To trembling Moriam's melancholy top,
Order'd to drench his knife in filial blood,
Destroy his heir, or disobey his God.

Moses beheld that God; but how beheld?
The Deity in radiant beams conceal'd,
And clouded in a deep abyss of light;
While present, too severe for human sight,
Nor staying longer than one swift-wing'd night.
The following days, and months, and years, de-
creed

To fierce encounter, and to toilsome deed.
His youth, with wants and hardships must en-
gage;

Plots and rebellions must disturb his age:
Some Corah still arose, some rebel slave,
Prompter to sink the state, than he to save:
And Israel did his rage so far provoke,
That what the Godhead wrote, the prophet broke,
His voice scarce heard, his dictates scarce believ'd.
In camps, in arms, in pilgrimage, he liv'd;
And dy'd obedient to severest law,
Forbidden to tread the promis'd land he saw.

My father's life was one long line of care,
A scene of danger, and a state of war.
Alarm'd, expos'd, his childhood must engage
The bear's rough gripe, and foaming lion's rage.
By various turns his threaten'd youth must fear
Goliath's lifted sword, and Saul's emitted spear.
Forlorn he must and persecuted fly,
Climb the steep mountain, in the cavern lie,
And often ask, and be refus'd, to die.

For ever, from his manly toil, are known
The weight of power, and anguish of a crown.
What tongue can speak the restless monarch's
woes,

When God and Nathan were declar'd his foes?

When every object his offence revil'd,

The husband murder'd, and the wife desil'd,

The parent's sins impress'd upon the dying
child?

What heart can think the grief which he sustain'd,
When the king's crime brought vengeance on
the land;

And the inexorable prophet's voice

Gave famine, plague, or war, and bid him fix
his choice?

He dy'd; and, oh! may no reflection shed
Its poisonous venom on the royal dead!

Yet the unwilling truth may be express'd,
Which long has labour'd in this pensive breast;
Dying, he added to my weight of care;
He made me to his crimes undoubted heir;
Left his unfinished murder to his son,
And Joab's blood entail'd on Judah's crown.

Young as I was, I hasten'd to fulfil
The cruel dictates of my parent's will.
Of his fair deeds a distant view I took,
But turn'd the tube, upon his faults to look,
Forgot his youth, spent in his country's cause,
His care of right, his reverence to the laws;
But could with joy his years of folly trace,
Broken and old in Bathsheba's embrace;
Could follow him, where-e'er he stray'd from
good,

And cite his sad example, whilst I trod
Paths open to deceit, and track'd with blood.
Soon docile to the secret acts of ill,
With smiles I could betray, with temper kill;
Soon in a brother could a rival view,
Watch all his acts, and all his ways pursue.
In vain for life he to the altar fled:
Ambition and revenge have certain speed.
Ev'n there, my soul, ev'n there he should have
fell,

But that my interest did my rage conceal.
Doubling my crime, I promise, and deceive,
Purpose to slay, whilst swearing to forgive.
Treaties, persuasions, sighs, and tears, are vain;
With a mean lie curs'd vengeance I sustain,
Join fraud to force, and policy to power,
Till, of the destin'd fugitive secure,
In solemn state to parricide I rise,
And, as God lives, this day my brother dies.

Be witness to my tears, celestial muse;
In vain I would forget, in vain excuse,
Fraternal blood by my direction spilt;
In vain on Joab's head transfer the guilt:
The deed was acted by the subject's hand;
The sword was pointed by the king's command.
Mine was the murder; it was mine alone:
Years of contrition must the crime atone;
Nor can my guilty soul expect relief,
But from a long sincerity of grief.

With an imperfect hand, and trembling heart,
Her love of truth superior to her art,
Already the reflecting muse has trac'd
The mournful figures of my actions past.
The pensive goddess has already taught
How vain is hope, and how vexatious thought;
From growing childhood to declining age,
How tedious every step, how gloomy every stage.
This course of vanity almost complete,
Tir'd in the field of life, I hope retreat
In the still shades of death: for dread and pain,
And griefs, will find their shafts elanc'd in vain,
And their points broke, retorted from the head,
Safe in the grave, and free among the dead.

Yet tell me, frighted reason! what is death?
Blood only stopp'd, and interrupted breath;
The utmost limit of a narrow span,
And end of motion which with life began.
As smoke that rises from the kindling fires
Is seen this moment, and the next expires;

As empty clouds by rising winds are tost,
 Their fleeting forms scarce sooner found than lost;
 So vanishes our state, so pass our days;
 So life but opens now, and now decays:
 The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh,
 To live, is scarce distinguish'd from to die.

Cure of the miser's wish, and coward's fear,
 Death only shows us what we knew was near.
 With courage therefore view the pointed hour,
 Dread not death's anger, but expect his power;
 Nor nature's law with fruitless sorrow mourn,
 But die, O mortal man! for thou wast born.
 To such advice the reasoner still replies.

Yet measuring all the long-continued space,
 Every successive day's repeated race,
 Since time first started from his pristine goal,
 Till he had reach'd that hour wherein my soul
 Join'd to my body swell'd the womb; I was
 (At least I think so) nothing: must I pass
 Again to nothing, when this vital breath,
 Ceasing, configus me o'er to rest and death?
 Must the whole man, amazing thought! return
 To the cold marble, or contracted urn?
 And never shall those particles agree,
 That were in life this individual he?
 But, fever'd, must they join the general mass,
 Through other forms and shapes ordain'd to
 pass,

Nor thought nor image kept of what he was?
 Does the great word, that gave him sense, ordain
 That life shall never wake that sense again?
 And will no power his sinking spirits save
 From the dark caves of death, and chambers of
 the grave?

Each evening I behold the setting sun
 With downward speed into the ocean run:
 Yet the same light (pass but some fleeting hours)
 Exerts his vigour, and renews his powers;
 Starts the bright race again: his constant flame
 Rises and sets, returning still the same.
 I mark the various fury of the winds;
 These neither seasons guide, nor order binds;
 They now dilate, and now contract their force;
 Various their speed, but endless is their course.
 From his first fountain and beginning ouze,
 Down to the sea each brook and torrent flows:
 Though sundry drops or leave or swell the stream,
 The whole still runs, with equal pace, the same;
 Still other waves supply the rising urns,
 And the eternal flood no want of water mourns.

Why then must man obey the sad decree,
 Which subjects neither sun, nor wind, nor sea?

A flower, that does with opening morn arise,
 And, flourishing the day, at evening dies;
 A winged eastern blast, just skimming o'er
 The ocean's brow, and sinking on the shore;
 A fire, whose flames through crackling stubble fly;
 A meteor shooting from the summer sky;
 A bowl adown the bending mountain roll'd;
 A bubble breaking, and a fable told;
 A noon-tide shadow, and a midnight dream;
 Arc emblems, which with semblance apt proclaim
 Our earthly course: but, O my soul! so fast
 Must life run off, and death for ever last?

This dark opinion, sure, is too confin'd;
 Else whence this hope, and terror of the mind?
 Does something still, and somewhere yet remain,
 Reward or punishment, delight or pain?
 Say: shall our relics second birth receive?
 Sleep we to wake, and only die to live?
 When the sad wife has clos'd her husband's eyes,
 And pierc'd the echoing vault with doleful cries,
 Lies the pale corpse not yet entirely dead,
 The spirit only from the body fled;
 The grosser part of heat and motion void,
 To be by fire, or worm, or time, destroy'd;
 The soul, immortal substance, to remain,
 Conscious of joy, and capable of pain?
 And, if her acts have been directed well,
 While with her friendly clay she deign'd to dwell,
 Shall she with safety reach her pristine seat?
 Find her rest endless, and her bliss complete?
 And, while the bury'd man we idly mourn,
 Do angels joy to see his better half return?
 But, if she has deform'd this earthly life
 With murderous rapine, and seditious strife,
 Amaz'd, repuls'd, and by those angels driven
 From the æthereal seat, and blissful heaven,
 In everlasting darkness must she lie,
 Still more unhappy, that she cannot die?

Amid two seas, on one small point of land,
 Weary'd, uncertain, and amaz'd, we stand:
 On either side our thoughts incessant turn;
 Forward we dread, and looking back we mourn;
 Losing the present in this dubious haste,
 And lost ourselves betwixt the future and the
 past.

These cruel doubts contending in my breast,
 My reason staggering, and my hopes oppress'd,
 Once more, I said, once more I will inquire,
 What is this little, agile, pervious fire,
 This fluttering motion, which we call the mind?
 How does she act? and where is she confin'd?
 Have we the power to guide her as we please?
 Whence then those evils, that obstruct our ease?
 We happiness pursue; we fly from pain;
 Yet the pursuit, and yet the flight, is vain:
 And, while poor nature labours to be blest,
 By day with pleasure, and by night with rest,
 Some stronger power eludes our sickly will,
 Dashing our rising hope with certain ill;
 And makes us with reflective trouble see,
 That all is destin'd, which we fancy free.

That power superior then, which rules our
 mind,

Is his decree by human prayer inclin'd?
 Will he for sacrifice our sorrows ease?
 And can our tears reverse his firm decrees?
 Then let religion aid, where reason fails;
 Throw loads of incense in, to turn the scales;
 And let the silent sanctuary show,
 What from the babbling schools we may not
 know,

How man may shun or bear his destin'd part of

What shall amend, or what absolve, our fate?
 Anxious we hover in a mediate state,
 Betwixt infinity and nothing, bounds,
 Or boundless terms, whose doubtful sense con-
 founds.

Unequal thought ! whilst all we apprehend
Is, that our hopes must rise, our sorrows end,
As our Creator deigns to be our friend.

I said;—and instant bad the priests prepare
The ritual sacrifice and solemn prayer.
Select from vulgar herds, with garlands gay,
A hundred bulls ascend the sacred way.
The artful youth proceed to form the choir;
They breathe the flute, or strike the vocal wire.
The maids in comely order next advance;
They beat the timbrel, and instruct the dance.
Follows the chosen tribe from Levi sprung;
Chaunting, by just return, the holy song.
Along the choir in solemn state they pass:

—The anxious king came last.

The sacred hymn perform'd, my promis'd vow
I paid; and, bowing at the altar low,
Father of heaven! (I said) and Judge of earth!
Whose word call'd out this universe to birth;
By whose kind power and influencing care
The various creatures move, and live, and are;
But, ceasing once that care, withdrawn that power,
They move (alas!) and live, and are no more:
Omniscient Master, omnipresent King,
To thee, to thee, my last distress I bring.

Thou, that canst still the raging of the seas,
Chain up the winds, and bids the tempests cease!
Redeem my shipwreck'd soul from raging gusts
Of cruel passion and deceitful lusts:
From storms of rage, and dangerous rocks of

pride,
Let thy strong hand this little vessel guide
(It was thy hand that made it) through the tide
Impetuous of this life: let thy command
Direct my course, and bring me safe to land!
If, while this weary'd flesh draws fleeting

breath,
Not satisf'd with life, afraid of death,
It haply be thy will, that I should know
Glimpse of delight, or pause from anxious woe;
From now, from instant now, great Sire! dispel
The clouds that press my soul; from now reveal
A gracious beam of light; from now inspire
My tongue to sing, my hand to touch the lyre;
My open thought to joyous prospects raise,
And for thy mercy let me sing thy praise.
Or, if thy will ordains I still shall wait
Some new hereafter, and a future state,
Permit me strength, my weight of woe to bear,
And raise my mind superior to my care.
Let me, howe'er unable to explain
The secret labyrinths of thy ways to man,
With humble zeal confess thy awful power;
Still weeping hope, and wondering still adore.
So in my conquest be thy might declar'd,
And for thy justice be thy name rever'd.

My prayer scarce ended, a stupendous gloom
Darkens the air; loud thunder shakes the dome.
To the beginning miracle succeed
An awful silence and religious dread.
Sudden breaks forth a more than common day;
The sacred wood, which on the altar lay,
Untouch'd, unlighted, glows—
Ambrosial odour, such as never flows
From Arab's gum, or the Sabzan rose,

Does round the air evolving scents diffuse!
The holy ground is wet with heavenly dew:
Celestial music (such Jeshides' lyre,
Such Miriam's timbrel, would in vain require)
Strikes to my thought through my admiring ear,
With ecstacy too fine, and pleasure hard to bear.
And lo! what sees my ravish'd eye? what feels
My wond'ring soul? An opening cloud reveals
An heavenly form, embody'd, and array'd
With robes of light. I heard. The angel said:

Cease, man of woman born, to hope relief
From daily trouble and continued grief;
Thy hope of joy deliver to the wind,
Suppress thy passions, and prepare thy mind;
Free and familiar with misfortune grow,
Be us'd to sorrow, and inur'd to woe;
By weakening toil and hoary age o'ercome,
See thy decrease, and hasten to thy tomb;
Leave to thy children tumult, strife, and war,
Portions of toil, and legacies of care;
Send the successive ills through ages down,
And let each weeping father tell his son,
That deeper struck, and more distinctly griev'd,
He must augment the sorrows he receiv'd.

The child, to whose success thy hope is bound,
Ere thou art scarce interr'd, or he is crown'd,
To lust of arbitrary sway inclin'd
(That cursed poison to the prince's mind!)
Shall from thy dictates and his duty rove,
And lose his great defence; his people's love;
Ill-counsell'd; vanquish'd, fugitive, disgrac'd,
Shall mourn the fame of Jacob's strength effac'd;
Shall sigh the king diminish'd, and the crown
With lessen'd rays descending to his son;
Shall see the wreaths, his grandfire knew to reap
By active toil and military sweat,
Pining, incline their sickly leaves, and shed
Their falling honours from his giddy head;
By arms or prayer unable to assuage
Domestic horror and intestine rage,
Shall from the victor and the vanquish'd fear,
From Israel's arrow, and from Judah's spear;
Shall cast his weary'd limbs on Jordan's flood,
By brother's arms disturb'd, and stain'd with
kindred-blood. [race,

Hence labouring years shall weep their destin'd
Charg'd with ill omens, sully'd with disgrace.
Time, by necessity compell'd, shall go
Through scenes of war, and epochs of woe.
The empire, lessen'd in a parted stream,
Shall lose its course—
Indulge thy tears: the heathen shall blaspheme;
Judah shall fall, oppress'd by grief and shame,
And men shall from her ruins know her fame.

New Egypt's yet and second bonds remain,
A harsher Pharaoh, and a heavier chain.
Again, obedient to a dire command,
Thy captive sons shall leave the promis'd land.
Their name more low, their servitude more vile,
Shall on Euphrates' bank renew the grief of Nile.
These pointed spires, that wound the ambient
(Inglorious change!) shall in destruction lie [sky,
Low, level'd with the dust; their heights un-
known,

Or measur'd by their ruin. Yonder throne,

For lasting glory built, design'd the seat
Of kings for ever blest, for ever great,
Remov'd by the invader's barbarous hand,
Shall grace his triumph in a foreign land.
The tyrant shall demand yon' sacred load
Of gold, and vessels set apart to God,
Then, by vile hands to common use debas'd,
Shall send them flowing round his drunken
feast.

With sacrilegious taunt, and impious jest.

Twice fourteen ages shall their way complete;
Empires by various turns shall rise and set;
While thy abandon'd tribes shall only know
A different master, and a change of woe,
With down-cast eye-lids, and with looks aghast,
Shall dread the future, or bewail the past.

Afflicted Israel shall sit weeping down,
Fast by the streams where Babel's waters run;
Their harps upon the neighbouring willows hung,
Nor joyous hymn encouraging their tongue,
Nor cheerful dance their feet; with toil oppress'd,
Their weary'd limbs aspiring but to rest.
In the reflective stream the sighing bride,
Viewing her charms impair'd, abash'd, shall hide
Her pensive head; and in her languid face
The bridegroom shall foresee his sickly race,
While ponderous fetters vex their close embrace.
With irksome anguish then your priests shall
mourn

Their long neglected feasts despair'd return,
And sad oblivion of their solemn days.
Thenceforth their voices they shall only raise,
Louder to weep. By day, your frighted fears
Shall call for fountains to express their tears,
And with their eyes were floods; by night, from
dreams

Of opening gulfs, black storms, and raging flames,
Startling amaz'd, shall to the people show
Emblems of heavenly wrath, and mystic types
of woe.

The captives, as their tyrant shall require
That they should breathe the song, and touch
the lyre,

Shall say: can Jacob's servile race rejoice,
Untun'd the music, and disus'd the voice?
What can we play (they shall discourse), how sing
In foreign lands, and to a barbarous king?
We and our fathers, from our childhood bred
To watch the cruel victor's eye, to dread
The arbitrary lash, to bend, to grieve,
(Out-cast of mortal race!) can we conceive
Image of aught delightful, soft, or gay?
Alas! when we have toil'd the longsome day,
The fullest bliss our hearts aspire to know
Is but some interval from active woe,
In broken rest and startling sleep to mourn,
Till morn, the tyrant, and the scourge, return.
Bred up in grief, can pleasure be our theme?
Our endless anguish does not nature claim?
Reason and sorrow are to us the same.
Alas! with wild amazement we require,
If idle folly was not pleasure's fire?

Madness, we fancy, gave an ill-tim'd birth
To grinning laughter, and to frantic mirth.

This is the series of perpetual woe,
Which thou, alas! and thine, are born to know.
Illustrious wretch! repine not, nor reply:
View not what heaven ordains with reason's

eye. ^[high.]
Too bright the object is; the distance is too
The man, who would resolve the work of fate,
May limit number, and make crooked straight;
Stop thy inquiry then, and curb thy sense,
Nor let dust argue with Omnipotence.

'Tis God who must dispose, and man sustain,
Born to endure, forbidden to complain.
Thy sum of life must his decrees fulfil;
What derogates from his command, is ill;
And that alone is good which centres in his will.

Yet, that thy labouring senses may not droop,
Lost to delight, and destitute of hope,
Remark what I, God's messenger, aver
From him, who neither can deceive nor err.
The land, at length redeem'd, shall cease to
mourn,

Shall from her sad captivity return.
Sion shall raise her long-dejected head,
And in her courts the law again be read.
Again the glorious temple shall arise,
And with new lustre pierce the neighbouring skies.
The promis'd seat of empire shall again
Cover the mountain, and command the plain;
And, from thy race distinguish'd, one shall spring,
Greater in act than victor, more than king
In dignity and power; sent down from heaven,
To succour earth. To him, to him, 'tis given,
Passion, and care, and anguish, to destroy.
Through him, soft peace, and plenitude of joy,
Perpetual o'er the world redeem'd shall flow;
No more may man inquire, nor angel know.

Now, Solomon! remembering who thou art,
Act through thy remnant life the decent part.
Go forth: be strong: with patience and with care
Perform, and suffer: to thyself severe,
Gracious to others, thy desires suppress'd,
Diffus'd thy virtues; first of men! be best.
Thy sum of duty let two words contain:
(O may they graven in thy heart remain!)
Be humble, and be just. The angel said.—
With upward speed his agile wings he spread;
Whilst on the holy ground I prostrate lay,
By various doubts impell'd, or to obey,
Or to object: at length (my mournful look
Heaven-ward erect) determin'd thus I spoke:

Supreme, all-wise, eternal Potentate!
Sole Author, sole Disposer of our fate!
Enthron'd in light and immortality,
Whom no man fully sees, and none can see!
Original of beings! Power divine!
Since that I live, and that I think, is thine!—
Benign Creator! let thy plastic hand
Dispose its own effect; let thy command
Restore, Great Father! thy instructed son;
And in my act may thy great will be done;

P O E M S.

ENGRAVEN ON THREE SIDES OF AN ANTIQUÉ LAMP,

GIVEN BY ME TO LORD HARLEY.

Antiquam hanc Lampadē
ē Museo Colbertino allatam,
Domino Harleo inter Κυρίδης sua
Reponendam D. D. Matthæus Prior.

This Lamp, which Prior to his Harley gave,
Brought from the altar of the Cyprian Dame;
Indulgent Time, through future ages save,
Before the Muse to burn with purer flame!

Sperne dilectum Veneris facellum,
Sanctius, Lampas, tibi munus orno;
I, fove callo vigil Harleianas
Igne Camænas.

THE TURTLE AND SPARROW.

AN ELEGIAC TALE.

Occasioned by the death of Prince George, 1708.

BEHIND an unfrequented glade,
Where yew and myrtle mix their shade,
A widow turtle pensive sat,
And wept her murder'd lover's fate.
The sparrow chanc'd that way to walk
(A bird that loves to chirp and talk);
Be sure he did the turtle greet;
She answer'd him as she thought meet.
Sparrows and turtles, by the bye,
Can think as well as you or I:
But how they did their thoughts express,
The margin shows by T and S.

T. My hopes are lost, my joys are fled;
Alas! I weep Columbo dead:
Come, all ye winged lovers, come,
Drop pinks and daisies on his tomb:
Sing, Philomel, his funeral verse;
Ye pious redbreasts, deck his hearse:
Fair swans, extend your dying throats,
Columbo's death requires your notes:
"For him, my friends, for him I moan,
"My dear Columbo, dead and gone."

Stretch'd on the bier Columbo lies;
Pale are his cheeks, and clos'd his eyes;
Those cheeks, where beauty smiling lay;
Those eyes, where love was us'd to play.

Ah! cruel fate, alas! how soon
That beauty and those joys are flown!

Columbo is no more! ye floods,
Bear the sad sound to distant woods;
The sound let echo's voice restore,
And say, Columbo is no more.

"Ye floods, ye woods, ye echoes, moan
"My dear Columbo, dead and gone."

The Dryads all forsook the wood,
And mournful Naiads round me flood,
The tripping fawns and fairies came,
All conscious of our mutual flame,

"To sigh for him, with me to moan
"My dear Columbo, dead and gone."

Venus disdain'd not to appear,
To lend my grief a friendly ear;

But what avails her kindness now?
She ne'er shall hear my second vow:

The loves, that round their mother flew,
Did in her face her sorrows view;

Their drooping wings they pensive hung,
Their arrows broke, their bows unstrung;

They heard attentive what I said,
And wept, with me, Columbo dead:

"For him I sigh, for him I moan,
"My dear Columbo, dead and gone."

"'Tis ours to weep," great Venus said;

"'Tis Jove's alone to be obey'd:

"Nor birds nor goddesses can move
"The just behests of fatal Jove.

"I saw thy mate with sad regret,
"And curs'd the fowler's cruel net:

"Ah, dear Columbo! how he fell,
"Whom Turturella lov'd so well!

"I saw him bleeding on the ground,
"The sight tore up my ancient wound;

"And, whilst you wept, alas! I cry'd,
"Columbo and Adonis dy'd."

"Weep, all ye streams; ye mountains, groan;

"I mourn Columbo, dead and gone;

"Still let my tender grief complain,
"Nor day nor night that grief restrain."

I said, and Venus still reply'd,
"Columbo and Adonis dy'd."

S. Poor Turturella, hard thy case,
And just thy tears, alas, alas!

T. And hast thou lov'd, and canst thou hear
With piteous heart a lover's care?

Come then, with me thy sorrows join,
And ease my woes by telling thine:

"For thou, poor bird, perhaps may'st moan

"Some Passerella dead and gone."

S. Dame Turtle, this runs soft in rhyme,

But neither suits the place nor time;

The fowler's hand, whose cruel care

For dear Columbo set the snare,

The snare again for thee may set;

Two birds may perish in one net:

Thou should'st avoid this cruel field,

And sorrow should to prudence yield.

'Tis sad to die:—

T. —It may be so;

'Tis sadder yet to live in woe.

S. When widows use this canting strain,

They seem resolv'd to wed again.

T. When widowers would this truth dis-
prove,

They never tasted real love.

S. Love is soft joy and gentle strife,

His efforts all depend on life:

When he has thrown two golden darts,

And struck the lovers' mutual hearts,

Of his black shafts let death send one,

Alas! the pleasing game is done;

Ill is the poor survivor sped,

A corpse feels mighty cold in bed.

Venus said right—"nor tears can move,

"Nor plaints revoke the will of Jove."

All must obey the general doom,

Down from Alcides to Tom Thumb.

Grim Pluto will not be withstood

By force or craft. 'Tall Robinhood,

As well as Little John, is dead

(You see how deeply I am read):

With Fate's lean tipstaff none can dodge,

He'll find you out where'er you lodge.

Ajax, to shun his general power,

In vain absconded in a flower;

An idle scene Tythonus acted,

When to a grasshopper contracted;

Death struck them in those shapes again,

As once he did when they were men.

For reptiles perish, plants decay;

Flesh is but grass, grass turns to hay,

And hay to dung, and dung to clay.

Thus heads extremely nice discover

That folks may die some ten times over;

But oft', by too refin'd a touch,

To prove things plain, they prove too much.

Whate'er Pythagoras may say

(For each, you know, will have his way),

With great submission I pronounce,

That people die no more than once:

But once is sure; and death is common

To bird and man, including woman;

From the spread eagle to the wren,

Alas! no mortal fowl knows when;

All that wear feathers first or last

Must one day perch on Charon's mast;

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Must lie beneath the cypress shade,
Where Strada's nightingale was laid.

Those fowl who seem alive to sit,

Assembled by Dan Chaucer's wit,

In prose have slept three hundred years,

Exempt from worldly hopes and fears,

And, laid in state upon their herse,

Are truly but embalm'd in verse.

As sure as Lesbica's sparrow I,

Thou sure as Prior's dove, must die,

And ne'er again from Lethe's streams

Return to Adige, or to Thames.

T. I therefore weep Columbo dead,

My hopes bereav'd, my pleasures fled;

"I therefore trust for ever moan

"My dear Columbo, dead and gone."

S. Columbo never sees your tears,

Your cries Columbo never hears;

A wall of brass, and one of lead,

Divide the living from the dead.

Repell'd by this, the gather'd rain

Of tears beats back to earth again;

In t'other the collected sound

Of groans, when once receiv'd, is drown'd.

'Tis therefore vain one hour to grieve

What time itself can ne'er retrieve.

By nature soft, I know a dove

Can never live without her love;

Then quit this flame, and light another;

Dame, I advise you like a brother.

T. What, I to make a second choice?

In other nuptials to rejoice!

S. Why not, my bird?—

T. —No, Sparrow, no!

Let me indulge my pleasing woe:

Thus sighing, cooing, ease my pain,

But never wish, nor love, again:

Distress'd, for ever let me moan

"My dear Columbo, dead and gone."

S. Our winged friends through all the grove

Contemn thy mad excess of love:

I tell thee, Dame, the other day

I met a parrot and a jay.

Who mock'd thee in their mimic tone,

And "wept Columbo, dead and gone."

T. Whate'er the jay or parrot said,

My hopes are lost, my joys are fled,

And I for ever must deplore

"Columbo dead and gone."—S. *Encore!*

For shame! forsake this Bion-style,

We'll talk an hour, and walk a mile.

Does it with sense or health agree,

To sit thus moping on a tree?

To throw away a widow's life,

When you again may be a wife?

Come on; I'll tell you my amours;

Who knows but they may influence yours?

"Example draws where precept fails,

"And sermons are less read than tales."

T. Sparrow, I take thee for my friend,

As such will hear thee: I descend;

Hop on, and talk; but, honest bird,

Take care that no immodest word

May venture to offend my ear.

S. Too faint-like turtle, never fear.

I i

By method things are best discours'd,
 Begin we then with wife the *first* :
 A handsome, senseless, awkward fool,
 Who would not yield, and could not rule :
 Her actions did her charms disgrace,
 And still her tongue talk'd of her face :
 Count me the leaves on yonder tree,
 So many different wills had she,
 And, like the leaves, as chance inclin'd,
 Those wills were chang'd with every wind :
 She courted the *beau monde* to-night,
L'assemblée, her supreme delight ;
 The next she sat immur'd, unseen,
 And in full health enjoy'd the spleen ;
 She censur'd *that*, she alter'd *this*,
 And with great care set all amiss ;
 She now could chide, now laugh, now cry,
 Now fang, now pout, all *God knows why* :
 Short was her reign, she cough'd, and dy'd.
 Proceed we to my *second* bride :
 Well born she was, genteelly-bred,
 And buxom both at board and bed ;
 Glad to oblige, and pleas'd to please,
 And, as Tom Southern wisely says,
 " No other fault had she in life,
 " But only that she was my wife ."
 O widow Turtle ! every she
 (So nature's pleasure does decree)
 Appears a goddess till enjoy'd ;
 But birds, and men, and gods are cloy'd.
 Was Hercules one woman's man ?
 Or Jove for ever Leda's swan ?
 Ah ! madam, cease to be mistaken,
 Few marry'd fowl peck Dunmow-bacon.
 Variety alone gives joy,
 The sweetest meats the soonest cloy.
 What sparrow-dame, what dove alive,
 Though Venus should the chariot drive,
 But would accuse the harness weight,
 If always coupled to *one* mate ;
 And often with the fetter broke
 'Tis freedom but to change the . . .
T. Impious ! to wish to wed again,
 Ere death dissolv'd the former chain !
S. Spare your remark, and hear the rest ;
 She brought me sons ; but (Jove be blest !)
 She dy'd in child-bed on the nest.
 Well, rest her bones ! quoth I, she's gone ;
 But must I therefore lie alone ?
 What ! am I to her memory ty'd ?
 Must I not live, because she dy'd ?
 And thus I logically said
 ('Tis good to have a reasoning head :)
 Is this my wife ? *Probatur* not ;
 For death dissolv'd the marriage-knot :
 She was, *concedo*, during life ;
 But, is a piece of *clay* a wife ?
 Again ; if not a wife, d'yc see,
 Why then no kin at all to me :
 And he, who general tears can shed
 For folks that happen to be dead,
 May e'en with equal justice mourn
 For those who never yet were born.

* See "The Wife's Excuse, a comedy."

T. Those points indeed you quaintly prove,
 But logic is no friend to love.

S. My children then were just pen-feather'd ;
 Some little corn for them I gather'd,
 And sent them to my spouse's mother ;
 So left that brood, to get another :
 And, as old Harry whilom said,
 Reflecting on Anne Boleyn dead,
 Cockbones ! I now again do stand
 The jolliest bachelor i' th' land.

T. Ah me ! my joys, my hopes, are fled ;
 My *first*, my *only* love, is dead :
 With endless grief let me bemoan
 Columbo's loss ! —

S. — Let me go on.
 As yet my fortune was but narrow,
 I woo'd my cousin Philly Sparrow,
 O' th' elder house of Chirping End,
 From whence the younger branch descend.
 Well seated in a field of pease
 She liv'd, extremely at her ease ;
 But, when the honey-moon was past,
 The following nights were soon o'ercastr ;
 She kept her own, could plead the law,
 And quarrel for a barley-straw :
 Both, you may judge, became less kind,
 As more we knew each other's mind :
 She soon grew fullen, I hard-hearted ;
 We scolded, hated, fought, and parted.
 To London, blessed town ! I went ;
 She boarded at a farm in Kent.
 A magpye from the country fled,
 And kindly told me she was dead :
 I prun'd my feathers, cock'd my tail,
 And set my heart again to sale.

My *fourth*, a mere coquette, or such
 I thought her ; nor avails it much,
 If true or false ; our troubles spring
 More from the fancy than the thing.
 Two staring horns, I often said,
 But ill become a sparrow's head ;
 But then, to set that balance even,
 Your cuckold sparrow goes to heaven.
 The thing you fear, suppose it done,
 If you inquire, you make it known.
 Whilst at the root your horns are fore,
 The more you scratch, they ache the more.
 But turn the tables, and reflect,
 All may not be that you suspect :
 By the mind's eye, the horns we mean
 Are only in ideas seen :
 'Tis from the inside of the head
 Their branches shoot, their antlers spread ;
 Fruitful suspicions often bear 'em,
 You feel them from the time you fear 'em.
 Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! that echoed word
 Offends the ear of vulgar bird ;
 But those of finer taste have found
 There's nothing in't beside the sound.
 Preferment always waits on horns,
 And household peace the gift adorns ;
 This way, or that, let factions tend,
 The spark is still the cuckold's friend :
 This way, or that, let madam roam,
 Well pleas'd and quiet she comes home.

Now weigh the pleasure with the pain,
The *plus* and *minus*, loss and gain,
And what La Fontaine laughing says
Is serious truth, in such a case;
"Who flights the evil finds it less?",
"And who does nothing, does the best,"
I never strove to rule the roast,
She ne'er refus'd to pledge my toast:
In visits if we chanc'd to meet,
I seem'd obliging, she discreet;
We neither much caref'd nor strove,
But good dissembling pass'd for love.

T. Whate'er of light our eye may know,
'Tis only light itself can show;
Whate'er of love our heart can feel,
'Tis mutual love alone can tell.

S. My pretty, amorous, foolish bird,
A moment's patience! in one word,
The three kind sisters broke the chain;
She dy'd, I mourn'd, and woo'd again.

T. Let me with juster grief deplore
My dear Columbo; now no more;
Let me with constant tears bewail—

S. Your sorrow does but spoil my tale:
My *fyib*, she prov'd a jealous wife,
Lord shield us all from such a life!
'Twas doubt, complaint, reply, chit-chat,
'Twas *this*, to-day; to-morrow, *that*.
Sometimes, forsooth, upon the brook
I kept a miss; an honest rook
Told it a snipe, who told a steer,
Who told it *this* who told it *her*.

One day a linnet and a lark
Had met me strolling in the dark;
The next a woodcock and an owl,
Quick-sighted, grave, and sober fowl,
Would on their corporal oath allege,
I kiss'd a hen behind the hedge.
Well; madam Turtle, to be brief,
(Repeating but renews our grief)
As once she watch'd me from a rail,
(Poor soul!) her footing chanc'd to fail,
And down she fell, and broke her hip;
The *fever* came, and then the *pip*:
Death did the only cure apply;
She was at quiet, so was I.

T. Could love unmov'd these changes view?
His sorrows, as his joys, are true.

S. My dearest dove, one wife man says,
Alluding to our present case,
"We're here to-day, and gone to-morrow!"
Then what avails superfluous sorrow?
Another, full as wise as he,
Adds, that "a marry'd man may see
"Two happy hours," and which are they?
The *first* and *last*, perhaps you'll say
'Tis true, when blythe she goes to bed,
And when she peaceably lies dead;
"Women 'twixt sheets are best," 'tis said,
Be they of Holland, or of lead.

Now, cur'd of Hymen's hopes and fears,
And sliding down the vale of years,
I hop'd to fix my future rest,
And took a widow to my nest.
(Ah, Turtle! had she been like thee,
Sober, yet gentle; wife, yet free!)

But she was peevish, noisy, bold,
A witch engrafted on a scold.
Jove in Pandora's box confin'd
A hundred ills, to vex mankind;
To vex one bird,
He had at least a hundred more.
And, soon as time that veil withdrew,
The plagues o'er all the parish flew;
Her stock of borrow'd tears grew dry,
And native tempests arm'd her eye;
Black clouds around her forehead hung,
And thunder rattled on her tongue.
We, young or old, of cock or hen,
All liv'd in Æolus's den;
The nearest her, the more accurst,
Ill far'd her friends, her husband worst.
But Jove amidst his anger spares,
Remarks our faults, but hears our prayers.
In short, she dy'd. Why then she's dead,
Quoth I, and once again I'll wed.
Would Heaven this mourning year were past!
One may have better luck at last.
Matters at worst are sure to mend,
The devil's wife was but a fiend.

T. Thy tale has rais'd a turtle's spleen,
Uxorious inmate! bird obscene!
Dar'st thou defile these sacred groves,
These silent seats of faithful loves?
Begone, with flagging wings sit down
On some old pent-house near the town;
In brewers' stables peck thy grain,
Then wash it down with puddled rain;
And hear thy dirty offspring squall
From bottles out a suburb wall.
Where thou hast been, return again,
Vile bird! thou hast convers'd with men;
Notions like those from men are given,
Those vilest creatures under heaven.

To cities and to courts repair,
Flattery and falsehood flourish there;
There all thy wretched arts employ,
Where riches triumph over joy;
Where passion does with interest barter,
And Hymen holds by Mammon's charter;
Where truth by point of law is parry'd,
And knaves and prudes are six times marry'd.

APPLICATION,

WRITTEN LONG AFTER THE TALE.

O DEAREST daughter * of two dearest friends,
To thee my muse this little tale commends.
Loving and lov'd, regard thy future mate,
Long love his person, though deplore his fate;
Seem young when old in thy dear husband's arms,
For constant virtue has immortal charms.
And when I lie low sepulchred in earth,
And the glad year returns thy day of birth,
Vouchsafe to say, "Ere I could write or spell,
"The bard, who from my cradle wish'd me well,

* Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, daughter of Earl of Oxford, and afterward, Duchess of Portland.

"Told me I should the prating sparrow blame,
"And bad me imitate the turtle's flame."

DOWN-HALL, A BALLAD.

*To the tune of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury,
1715.*

I SING not old Jason, who travell'd through Greece,
To kiss the fair maids, and possess the rich fleece;
Nor sing I Æneas, who, led by his mother,
Got rid of one wife, and went far for another.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Nor him who through Asia and Europe did roam,
Ulysses by name, who ne'er cry'd to go home,

But rather desir'd to see cities and men, [Pen.
Than return to his farms, and converse with old

Hang Homer and Virgil! their meaning to seek,

A man must have pok'd into Latin and Greek;
Those who love their own tongue, we have reason
to hope,

Have read them translated by Dryden and Pope.

But I sing of exploits that have lately been done
By two British heroes, call'd Matthew and John;
And how they rid friendly from fine Loudon town,
Fair Essex to see, and a place they call Down.

Now ere they went out you may rightly suppose
How much they discours'd both in prudence and
prose; [certed,
For, before this great journey was thoroughly con-
fult often they met, and as often they parted.

And thus Matthew said, Look you here, my
friend John,
I fairly have travell'd years thirty and one;
And, though I still carry'd my sovereign's warrants,
I only have gone upon other folks errands.

And now in this journey of life I would have
A place where to bait, 'twixt the court and the
grave;

Where joyful to live, not unwilling to die—
Gadzooks! I have just such a place in my eye.

There are gardens so stately, and arbours so
thick,
A portal of itone, and a fabric of brick:
The matter next week shall be all in your power;
But the money, gadzooks! must be paid in an
hour.

For things in this world must by law be made
certain:

We both must repair unto Oliver Martin;
For he is a lawyer of worthy renown,
I'll bring you to see: he must fix you at Down.

† Mr. Prior, and Mr. John Morley of Halstead,

Quoth Matthew, I know, that, from Berwick to
Dover,

You've sold all our premises over and over:
And now, if your buyers and sellers agree,
You may throw all our acres into the South Sea.

But a word to the purpose: to-morrow, dear
friend,

We'll see what to-night you so highly commend;
And, if with a garden and house I am blest,
Let the devil and Coningsby go with the rest.

Then answer'd 'Squire Morley, Pray get a ca-
lash, [lplasia;

That in summer may burn, and in winter may
I love dirt and dust; and 'tis always my pleasure,
To take with me much of the soil that I measure.

But Matthew thought better; for Matthew
thought right,

And hired a chariot so trim and so tight, [pass:
That extremes both of winter and summer might
For one window was canvas, the other was glass.

Draw up, quoth friend Matthew; pull down,
quoth friend John,

We shall be both hotter and colder anon. [speed;
Thus, talking and scolding, they forward did
And Rolpho pac'd by, under Newman the Swede.

Into an old inn did this equipage roll,
At a town they call Hodson, the sign of the bull,
Near a nymph with an urn that divides the high-
And into a puddle throws mother of tea. [way,

Come here, my sweet landlady, pray how d'ye
do? [Sue?

Where is Cicily so cleanly, and Prudence, and
And where is the widow that dwelt here below?
And the hostler that sung about eight years ago?

And where is your sister, so mild and so dear?
Whose voice, to her maids like a trumpet was clear?
By my troth! she replies, you grow younger, I
think: [drink?

And pray, Sir, what wine does the gentleman

Why now let me die, Sir, or live upon trust,
If I know to which question to answer you first!
Why things, since I saw you, most strangely have
vary'd,

The hostler is hang'd, and the widow is marry'd.

And Prue left a child for the parish to nurse;
And Cicily went off with a gentleman's purse;
And as to my sister, so mild and so dear,
She has lain in the church-yard full many a year.

Well, peace to her ashes! what signifies grief?
She roasted red veal, and she powder'd lean beef:
Full nicely she knew to cook up a fine dish;
For tough were her pullets, and tender her fish.

For that matter, Sir, be you 'squire, knight, or
lord,

I'll give you whate'er a good inn can afford:

I should look on myself as unhappily sped,
Did I yield to a sinner, or living, or dead.

Of mutton a delicate neck and a breast
Shall swim in the water in which they were drest:
And, because you great folks are with rarities taken,
[bacon.
Addle-eggs shall be next course, tost up with rank

Then supper was serv'd, and the sheets they
were laid,

And Morley most lovingly whisper'd the maid.
The maid! was she handsome? why truly so-so:
But what Morley whisper'd we never shall know.

Then up rose these heroes as brisk as the sun,
And their horses, like his, were prepared to run.
Now when in the morning Matt alk'd for the
score,
John kindly had paid it the evening before.

Their breakfast so warm to be sure they did eat,
A custom in travellers mighty discreet; [on,
And thus with great friendship and glee they went
To find out the place you shall hear of anon,

Call'd Down, down, hey derry down.

But what did they talk of from morning to
noon? [moon;
Why, of spots in the sun, and the man in the
Of the Czar's gentle temper, the stocks in the city,
The wise men of Greece, and the secret committee.

So to Harlow they came; and, hey! where are
you all?
Show us into the parlour, and mind when I call:
Why, your maids have no motion, your men have
no life;
Well, master, I hear you have bury'd your wife.

Come this very instant, take care to provide
Tea, sugar, and toast, and a horse and a guide.
Are the Harrisons here, both the old and the
young?
And where stands fair Down, the delight of my
song?

O 'quire, to the grief of my heart I may say,
I have bury'd two wives since you travell'd this
way;
And the Harrisons both may be presently here;
And Down stands, I think, where it stood the last
year,

Then Joan brought the tea-pot, and Caleb the
toast, [host:
And the wine was froth'd out by the hand of mine
But we clear'd our extempore banquet so fast,
That the Harrisons both were forgot in the haste.

Now hey for Down-hall! for the guide he was
got;
The chariot was mounted; the horses did trot;
The guide he did bring us a dozen miles round,
But oh! all in vain, for no Down could be found.

O thou Popish guide, thou hast led us astray.
Says he, How the devil should I know the way?
I never yet travell'd this road in my life:
But Down lies on the left, I was told by my wife.

Thy wife, answer'd Matthew, when she went
abroad,
Ne'er told thee of half the by-ways she had trod:
Perhaps the met friends, and brought pence to thy
house,
But thou shalt go home without ever a sou.

What is this thing, Morley, and how can you
mean it?
We have lost our estate here, before we have seen
Have patience, soft Morley in anger reply'd:
I'll find out our way, let us send off our guide.

O here I spy Down: cast your eye to the west,
Where a wind-mill so stately stands plainly confess-
On the west, reply'd Matthew, no windmill I find:
As well thou may't it tell me, I see the west-wind.

Now pardon me, Morley, the wind-mill I spy,
But, faithful Achates, no house is there nigh.
Look again, says mild Morley; gadzooks! you are
blind:
The mill stands before, and the house lies behind.

O, now a low ruin'd white shed I discern,
Untill'd and unglaz'd; I believe 'tis a barn.
A barn! why you rave: 'tis a house for a squire,
A justice of peace, or a knight of our shire.

A house should be built, or with brick, or with
stone. [one;
Why 'tis plaster and lath; and I think that's all
And such as it is, it has stood with great fame,
Been called a hall, and has given its name
To Down, down, hey derry down.

O Morley! O Morley! if that be a hall,
The fame with the building will suddenly fall—
With your friend Jimmy Gibbs about buildings
agree;
My business is land, and it matters not me.

I wish you could tell what a duce your head ails:
I show'd you Down-hall; did you look for Ven-
failles? [you,
Then take house and farm as John Ballet will let
For better for worse, as I took my dame Betty.

And now, Sir, a word to the wife is enough;
You'll make very little of all your old stuff:
And to build at your age, by my troth, you grow
simple!
Are you young and rich, like the master of Wim-
ple?

If you have these whims of apartments and gar-
dens, [things:
From twice fifty acres you'll ne'er see five far-

And in yours I shall find the true gentleman's fate;
Ere you finish your house, you'll have spent your
estate.

Now let us touch thumbs, and be friends ere we
part. [heart.
Here, John, is my thumb; and, here, Mat, is my
To Halstead I speed, and you go back to town.
Thus ends the first part of the ballad of Down.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

VERSES

SPOKEN TO LADY HENRIETTA-CAVENDISH-HOL-
LES HARLEY, COUNTESS OF OXFORD.

*In the Library of St. John's College, Cambridge,
November 9. 1719.*

MADAM,
SINCE Anna visited the muses' seat
(Around her tomb let weeping angels wait!)
Hail thou, the brightest of thy sex, and best,
Most gracious neighbour †, and most welcome
guest.

Not Harley's self, to Cam and Isis dear,
In virtues and in arts great Oxford's heir;
Not he such present honour shall receive,
As to his consort we aspire to give.

Writings of men our thoughts to-day neglects,
To pay due homage to the softer sex:
Plato and Tully we forbear to read,
And their great followers whom this house has bred,
To study lessons from thy morals given,
And shining characters, impress'd by heaven.
Science in books no longer we pursue,
Minerva's self in Harriet's face we view;
For, when with beauty we can virtue join,
We paint the semblance of a form divine.

Their pious incense let our neighbours bring,
To the kind memory of some bounteous king;
With grateful hand due altars let them raise,
To some good knight's ‡ or holy prelate's || praise:
We tune our voices to a nobler theme,
Your eyes we bless, your praises we proclaim;
Saint John's was founded in a woman's name.
Enjoin'd by statute, to the fair we bow;
In spite of time, we keep our ancient vow;
What Margaret Tudor was, is Harriet Harley
now.

PROLOGUE TO THE ORPHAN.

REPRESENTED BY SOME OF THE WESTMINSTER
SCHOLARS, AT HICKFORD'S DANCING-ROOM,
FEBRUARY 2. 1720.

Spoken by Lord Duplin, who acted Cordelio the Page.

WHAT! would my humble comrades have me say,
Gentle spectators, pray excuse the play?

† The family seat was then at Wimpole.
‡ Sir T. White, founder of St. John's College, Oxon.
|| Archbishop Laud also was a generous benefactor.

Such work by hireling actors should be done,
Whom you may clap or hiss for half a crown,
Our generous scenes for friendship we repeat;
And, if we don't delight, at least we treat.
Ours is the damage, if we chance to blunder;
We may be ask'd "whose patent we act under?"
How shall we gain you, *à la mode de France*?
We hir'd this room; but none of us can dance.
In cutting capers we shall never please:
Our learning does not lie below our knees

Shall we procure you symphony and sound?
Then you must each subscribe two hundred pound.
There we should fail too, as to point of voice:
Mistake us not; we're no Italian boys,
True Britons born; from Westminster we come,
And only speak the style of ancient Rome.
We would deserve, not poorly beg, applause;
And stand or fall by Freind's and Busby's laws.

For the distress'd, your pity we implore:
If once refus'd, we'll trouble you no more,
But leave our Orphan squalling at your door.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

H. Oh! with what woes am I oppress'd!
W. Be still, you senseless calf!
What if the gods should make you blest?
H. Why then I'd sing and laugh:
But, if they won't, I'll wail and cry.
W. You'll hardly laugh, before you die.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

A TALE.

ONCE on a time, in sun-shine weather,
Falsehood and Truth walk'd out together,
The neighbouring woods and lawns to view,
As opposites will sometimes do,
Through many a blooming mead they pass,
And at a brook arriv'd at last.
The purling stream, the margin green
With flowers bedeck'd, a vernal scene,
Invited each itinerant maid
To rest awhile beneath the shade,
Under a spreading beech they sat,
And pass'd the time with female chat;
Whilst each her character maintain'd;
One spoke her thoughts, the other feign'd.
At length, quoth Falsehood, sister Truth
(For so she call'd her from her youth),
What if, to flun yon' sultry beam,
We bathe in this delightful stream;
The bottom smooth, the water clear,
And there's no prying shepherd near:
With all my heart, the nymph reply'd,
And threw her snowy robes aside,
Strip'd herself naked to the skin,
And with a spring leapt headlong in.
Falsehood more leisurely undrest,
And, laying by her taudry vest,

Trick'd herself out in Truth's array,
And cros the meadows tript away.

From this curst hour, the fraudulent dame
Of sacred Truth usurps the name;
And, with a vile, perfidious mind,
Roams far and near, to cheat mankind;
False sighs suborns, and artful tears,
And starts with vain pretended fears;
In visits still appears most wise,
And rolls at church her saint-like eyes;
Talks very much, plays idle tricks,
While rising stock † her conscience pricks;
When being, or thing, extremely gravell'd,
She secrets op'd, and all unravell'd.
But on the will, and secrets tell
Of John and Joan, and Ned and Nell,
Reveling every one she knows,
As fancy leads, beneath the rose.
Her tongue so voluble and kind,
It always runs before her mind;
As times do serve, she slyly pleads,
And copious tears still show her needs,
With promises as thick as weeds—
Speaks *pro* and *con*, is wondrous civil,
To-day a faint, to-morrow devil.

Poor Truth the stript, as has been said,
And naked left the lovely maid,
Who, scorning from her cause to wince,
Has gone stark-naked ever since;
And ever naked will appear,
Belov'd by all who truth revere.

THE CONVERSATION.

A TALE.

It always has been thought discreet,
To know the company you meet;
And sure there may be secret danger,
In talking much before a stranger.
"Agreed: What then?" Then drink your ale;
I'll pledge you, and repeat my tale.
No matter where the scene is fix'd:
The persons were but oddiy mixt;
When sober Damon thus began
(And Damon is a clever man):
"I now grow old; but still, from youth,
Have held for modesty and truth.
The men, who by these sea-marks steer,
In life's great voyage never err:
Upon this point I dare defy
"The world. I pause for a reply."
"Sir, either is a good assistant,"
Said one who sat a little distant:
"Truth decks our speeches and our books,
"And modesty adorns our looks:
"But farther progress we must take:
"Not only born to look and speak;
"The man must act. The Stagyrite
"Says thus, and says extremely right:
"Strict justice is the sovereign guide,
"That o'er our actions should preside;

† South-Sea, 1739.

"This queen of virtues is confess
"To regulate and bind the rest.
"Thrice happy, if you once can find
"Her equal balance poise your mind:
"All different graces soon will enter,
"Like lines concurrent to their centre."
'Twas thus, in short, these two went on,
With *yea* and *noy*, and *pro* and *con*,
Through many points divinely dark,
And Waterland assailing Clarke;
Till, in theology half lost,
Damon took up the Evening-Post;
Confounded Spain, compos'd the North,
And deep in politics held forth.

"Methinks we're in the like condition,
"As at the treaty of Partition:
"That stroke, for all King William's care,
"Begot another tedious war.
"Matthew, who knew the whole intrigue,
"Ne'er much approv'd that mystic league:
"In the vile Utrecht treaty too,
"Poor man! he found enough to do.
"Sometimes to me he did apply;
"But down-right Dunstable was I,
"And told him where they were mistaken,
"And counsel'd him to save his bacon:
"But (pass his politics and prose)
"I never herded with his foes;
"Nay, in his verses, as a friend,
"I still found something to commend.
"Sir, I excus'd his Nat-brown Maid,
"Whate'er severer critics said:
"Too far, I own, the girl was try'd;
"The women all were on my side.
"For Alma I return'd him thanks;
"I lik'd her with her little pranks.
"Indeed, poor Solomon in rhyme
"Was much too grave to be sublime."

Pindar and Damon scorn transition,
So on he ran a new division;
Till, out of breath, he turn'd to spit
(Chance often helps us more than wit).
T'other that lucky moment took,
Just nick'd the time, broke in and spoke:

"Of all the gifts the gods afford
"(If we may take old Tully's word),
"The greatest is a friend, whose love
"Knows how to praise, and when reprove:
"From such a treasure never part,
"But hang the jewel on your heart:
"And, pray, Sir (it delights me), tell,
"You know this author mighty well—"

"Know him! d'ye question it? Ode-fish!
"Sir, does a beggar know his dish?
"I lov'd him; as I told you, I
"Advis'd him"—Here a slander-by

Twitch'd Damon gently by the cloke,
And thus, unwilling, silence broke:

"Damon, 'tis time we should retire:

"The man you talk with is Mat Prior."

Patron through life, and from thy birth my
friend,

Dorset! to thee, this fable let me send;
With Damon's lightness weigh thy solid worth;
The foil is known to set the diamond forth:

Let the feign'd tale this real moral give,
How *many* Damons, how *few* Dorsets live!

THE FEMALE PHAETON.

Thus Kitty *, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd;
Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,
With little rage inflam'd :

Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint,
Which wife mamma ordain'd;
And sorely vex'd to play the faint,
Whilst wit and beauty reign'd :

" Shall I thumb holy books, confin'd
With Abigails forsaken?
Kitty's for other things design'd,
Or I am much mistaken.

Must Lady Jenny frisk about,
And visit with her cousins?
At balls must *she* make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens?

What has she better, pray, than I,
What hidden charms to boast,
That all mankind for her should die,
Whilst I am scarce a toist?

Dearest Mamma! for once let me,
Unchain'd, my fortune try;
I'll have my earl as well as she ||,
Or know the reason why.

I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
Make all her lovers fall:
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before;
She, I was loos'd at all."

Fondness prevail'd, Mamma gave way;
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire.

THE JUDGMENT OF VENUS.

When Kneller's works of various grace
Were to fair Venus shown,
The goddess spy'd in every face
Some features of her own.

Just so, (and pointing with her hand)
So shone, says she, my eyes †,
When from two goddesses I gain'd
An apple for a prize.

* Lady Catharine Hyde, now Duchess of Queensberry.

† The Earl of Essex married Lady Jane Hyde,

‡ Lady Kneelagh.

When in the glass, and river too,
My face I lately view'd,
Such was I, if the glass be true,
If true the crystal flood.

In colours of this glorious kind †
Apelles painted me;
My hair thus flowing with the wind,
Sprung from my native sea.

Like this ||, disorder'd, wild, forlorn,
Big with ten thousand fears,
Thee, my Adonis, did I mourn,
Ev'n beautiful in tears.

But viewing Myra plac'd apart,
I fear, says she, I fear,
Apelles, that Sir Godfrey's art
Has far surpass'd thine here.

Or I, a goddess of the skies,
By Myra am outdone,
And must resign to *her* the prize,
The apple, which I won.

But, soon as she had Myra seen,
Majestically fair,
The sparkling eye, the look serene,
The gay and easy air;

With fiery emulation fill'd,
The wondering goddess cry'd,
Apelles must to Kneller yield,
Or Venus must to Hyde.

DAPHNE AND APOLLO.

IMITATED FROM THE FIRST BOOK OF OVID'S
METAMORPHOSES.

" *Nympha, precor, Penci, mane.*"

APOLLO.

ABATE, fair fugitive, abate thy speed,
Dismiss thy fears and turn thy beauteous head;
With kind regard a panting lover view;
Less swiftly fly, less swiftly I'll pursue:
Pathless, alas! and rugged is the ground,
Some stone may hurt thee, or some thorn may wound.

DAPHNE (*aside*).

This care is for himself, as sure as death!
One mile has put the fellow out of breath;
He'll never do: I'll lead him t'other round:
Washy he is, perhaps not over found.

APOLLO.

You fly, alas! not knowing whom you fly;
Ner ill-bred swain, nor rusty clown am I:
I Claros isle, and Tenedos command—

DAPHNE.

Thank you: I would not leave my native land.

† Lady Salisbury.

|| Lady Jane, sister to the Duke of Douglas; afterwards married to Sir John Stewart.

APOLLO.

What is to come, by certain arts I know.

DAPHNE.

Piff! Partridge has as fair pretence as you.

APOLLO.

Behold the beauties of my locks—

DAPHNE.

—A fig!—

That may be counterfeit, a Spanish wig:
Who cares for all that bush of curling hair,
Whilst your smooth chin is so extremely bare:

APOLLO.

I sing—

DAPHNE.

—That never shall be Daphne's choice:
Syphacio had an admirable voice.

APOLLO.

Of every herb I tell the mystic power;
To certain health the patient restore;
Sent for, care's d—

DAPHNE.

—Ours is a wholesome air;

You'd better go to town, and practise there;
For me, I've no obstructions to remove;
I'm pretty well, I thank your father Jove;
And physic is a weak ally to love.

APOLLO.

For learning fam'd, fine verses I compose.

DAPHNE.

So do your brother quacks, and brother beaux.
Memorials only and reviews write prose.

APOLLO.

From the bent yew I send the pointed reed,
Sure of its aim, and fatal in its speed.—

DAPHNE.

Then, leaving me, whom sure you would not kill,
In yonder thicket exercise your skill;
Shoot there at beasts; but for the human heart,
Your cousin Cupid has the only dart.

APOLLO.

Yet turn, O beauteous maid! yet deign to hear,
A love-sick deity's impetuous prayer;
O let me woo thee as thou would'st be woo'd!

DAPHNE.

First, therefore, be not so extremely rude.

Tear not the hedges down, nor tread the clover,
Like an hobgoblin, rather than a lover.

Next, to my father's grotto sometimes come;

At ebbing tide he always is at home.

Read the Courant with him, and let him know

A little politics; how matters go

Upon his brother-rivers, Rhine or Po.

As any maid or footman comes or goes,

Pull off your hat, and ask how Daphne does:

These sort of folks will to each other tell,

That you respect me; that, you know, looks

well

Then if you are, as you pretend, the god
That rules the day, and much upon the road,
You'll find a hundred trifles in your way,
That you may bring one home from Africa;
Some little rarity, some bird, or beast,
And now then a jewel from the east;
A lacquer'd cabinet, some China ware;
You have them mighty cheap at Pekin fair.

Next, *nota bene*, you shall never rove,
Nor take example by your father Jove.
La! for the ease and comfort of my life,
Make me your (Lord! what startles you?) your
wife.

I'm now (they say) sixteen, or something more;
We mortals seldom live above fourscore:

Fourscore; you're good at numbers; let us see,

Seventeen suppose, remaining sixty-three

Aye, in that span of time, you'll bury me.

Mean time, if you have tumult, noise, and strife,

(Things not abhorrent to a marry'd life!)

They'll quickly end, you see; what signify

A few odd years to you that never die?

And, after all, you're half your time away:

You know your business takes you up all day;

And, coming late to bed, you need not fear,

Whatever noise I make, you'll sleep, my dear:

Or, if a winter-evening should be long,

Ev'n read your physic-book, or make a song.

Your steeds, your wife, diachalon, and rhyme,

May take up any honest godhead's time.

Thus, as you like it, you may love again,

And let another Daphne have her reign.

Now love, or leave, my dear; retreat or follow:

I Daphne (this premis'd) take thee Apollo.

And may I split into ten thousand trees,

If I give up on other terms than these!

She said; but what the amorous god reply'd,

(So fate ordain'd) is to our search deny'd:

By rats, alas! the manuscript is eat,

O cruel banquet! which we all regret,

Bavius, thy labours must this work restore;

May thy good-will be equal to thy power!

THE MICE.

TO MR. ADRIAN DRIFT, 1708.

Two mice, dear boy, of genteel fashion,

And (what is more) good education,

Frolic and gay in infant years,

Equally shar'd their parents' cares.

The sire of these two babes (poor creature!)

Paid his last debt to human nature;

A wealthy widow left behind,

Four babes, three males, one female kind.

The sire being under ground and bury'd,

'Twas thought his spouse would soon have mar-

ry'd;

Matches propos'd, and numerous suitors,

Most tender husbands, careful tutors,

She modestly refus'd; and show'd

She'd be a mother to her brood.

Mother! dear mother: that endearing thought

Has thousand and ten thousand fancies brought.

Tell me, oh! tell me (thou art now above)

How to describe thy true maternal love,

Thy early pangs, thy growing anxious cares,

Thy flattering hopes, thy fervent pious prayers,

Thy doleful days and melancholy nights,

Cloyster'd from common joys and just delights;

How thou didst constantly in private mourn,

And wash with daily tears thy spouse's urn;

How it employ'd your thoughts and lucid time,
That your young offspring might to honour climb;
How your first-are, by numerous griefs oppress'd,
Under the burden sunk, and went to rest;
How your dear darling, by consumption's waste,
Breath'd her last piety into your breast;
How you, alas! tir'd with your pilgrimage,
Bow'd down your head, and dy'd in good old age.
Though not inspir'd, oh! may I never be
Forgetful of my pedigree, or thee!
Ungrateful howsoever, mayn't I forget
To pay this small, yet tributary debt!
And when we meet at God's tribunal throne,
Own me, I pray thee, for a pious son.

But why all this? Is this your fable?

Believe me, Mat, it seems a Babel;
If you will let me know th' intent on't,
Go to your mice, and make an end on't.

Well then, dear brother—

As sure as Hudi's * sword could swaddle,
Two mice were brought up in one cradle;
Well bred, I think, of equal port,
One for the gown, one for the court:
They parted; (did they so, an't please you?)
Yes, that they did (dear Sir), to ease you.
One went to Holland, where they huff folk,
T' other to vend his wares in Suffolk.
(That mice have travell'd in old times,
Horace and Prior tell in rhymes,
Those two great wonders of their ages,
Superior far to all the fages!)
Many days past, and many a night;
Ere they could gain each other's sight;
At last, in weather cold nor sultry,
They met at the Three Cranes in Poultry.
After much buss, and great grimace
(Usual you know in such a case),
Much chat arose, what had been done,
What might before next summer's fun;
Much said of France, of Suffolk's goodness,
The gentry's loyalty, mob's rudeness.
That ended, o'er a charming bottle
They enter'd on this tittle-tattle.

Quoth Suffolk, by pre-eminence
In years, though (God knows) not in sense;
All's gone, dear brother, only we
Remain to raise posterity:
Marry you, brother; I'll go down,
Sell nouns and verbs, and lie alone;
May you ne'er meet with feuds, or babble,
May olive-branches crown your table:
Somewhat I'll save, and for this end,
To prove a brother and a friend.
What I propose is just, I swear it;
Or may I perish, by this claret:
The dice are thrown, choose this or that
(Tis all alike to honest Mat);
I'll take then the contrary part,
And propagate with all my heart.
After some thought, some Portuguese †,
Some wine, the younger thus replies:

Fair are your words, as fair your carriage,
Let me be free, drudge you in marriage;

* Hudibras.

† Snuff.

Get me a boy call'd Adrian,
Trust me, I'll do for't what I can.

Home went well pleas'd the Suffolk tony,
Heart free from care, as purse from money;
He got a lusty squalling boy
(Doubtless the dad's and mamma's joy).
In short, to make things square and even,
Adrian he nam'd was by Dick Stephen.
Mat's debt thus paid, he now enlarges,
And sends you in a bill of charges,
A cradle, brother, and a basket
(Granted as soon as e'er I ask it);
A coat not of the smallest scantling,
Frocks, stockings, shoes, to grace the bantling;
These too were sent (or I'm no drubber),
Nay, add to these the fine gum-rubber;
Yet these won't do, send t'other coat,
For, faith, the first's not worth a groat;
Dismally shrunken, as herrings shotten,
Suppos'd originally rotten.
Pray let the next be each way longer,
Of stuff more durable, and stronger;
Send it next week, if you are able.
By this time, Sir, you know the fable.
From this, and letters of the same make,
You'll find what 'tis to have a name-fake.

Cold and hard times, Sir, here (believe it).
I've lost my curate too, and grieve it.
At Easter, for what I can see,
(A time of ease and vacancy)
If things but alter, and not undone,
I'll kiss your hands, and visit London.
Molly sends greeting; so do I, Sir;
Send a good coat, that's all; good-by, Sir.

TWO RIDDLES.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE EXAMINER, 1710.

SPHINX was a monster that would eat
Whatever stranger she could get;
Unless his ready wit disclos'd
The subtle riddle she propos'd.

Ædipus was resolv'd to go,
And try what strength of parts would do.
Says Sphinx, on this depends your fate;
Tell me what animal is that,
Which has four feet at morning bright,
Has two at noon, and three at night?
'Tis man, said he, who, weak by nature,
At first creeps, like his fellow-creature.
Upon all-four; as years accrue,
With sturdy steps he walks on two;
In age, at length, grows weak and sick,
For his third leg adopts a stick.

Now, in your turn, 'tis just, methinks,
You should resolve me, Madam Sphinx.
What greater stranger yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loses one, then gets two more,
And runs away at last on four?

EPIGRAM EXTEMPORE,

To the Master of St. John's College,† 1712.

I *Stood*, Sir, patient at your feet
 Before your elbow-chair;
 But make a bishop's throne your seat,
 I'll *kneel* before you there.

One only thing can keep you down,
 For your great soul too mean;
 You'd not, to mount a bishop's throne,
 Pay *homage* || to the queen.

NELL AND JOHN.

When Nell, giv'n o'er by the doctor, was dying,
 And John at the chimney stood decently crying;
 'Tis in vain, said the woman, to make such ado,
 For to our long home we must all of us go!

True, Nell, reply'd John; but what yet is the
 worst
 For us that remain, the best always go first;
 Remember, dear wife, that I said so last year,
 When you lost your white heifer, and I my brown
 mare!

BIBO AND CHARON.

When Bibo thought fit from the world to re-
 treat,
 As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,
 He wak'd in the boat; and to Charon he said,
 He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
 Trim the boat, and sit quiet, stern Charon re-
 ply'd; [dy'd.
 You may have forgot; you was drunk when you

WIVES BY THE DOZEN.

O DEATH! how thou spoil'st the best project of
 life?

Said Gabriel, who still, as he bury'd one wife,
 For the sake of her family, marry'd her cousin;
 And thus, in an honest collateral line,
 He still marry'd on till his number was nine,
 Full sorry to die till he made up his dozen.

FATAL LOVE.

Poor Hal caught his death, standing under a
 spout, [out;
 Expecting till midnight, when Nan would come

† See the history of this epigram, *Gent. Mag.* 1774. p. 16.

|| Mr. Prior, though he paid a becoming deference to the Master of St. John's, as a Fellow of that College, thought some respect was due to the public character which he had just before sustained in France.

But fatal his patience, as cruel the dame,
 And curs'd was the weather that quench'd the
 man's flame.

Who'er thou art, that read'st these moral lines,
 Make love at home, and go to bed betimes.

A SAILOR'S WIFE.

Quoth Richard in jest, looking wistly at Nelly,
 Methinks, child, you seem something round in
 the belly.
 Nell answer'd him snappishly, How can that be,
 When my husband has been more than two years
 at sea? [carry'd
 Thy husband! quoth Dick: why that matter was
 Most secretly, Nell; I ne'er thought thou wert
 marry'd.

ON A FART,

LET IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Reader, I was born, and cry'd;
 I crack'd, I smelt, and so I dy'd.
 Like Julius Cæsar's was my death,
 Who in the Senate lost his breath.
 Much alike entomb'd does lie
 The noble Romulus and I:
 And when I dy'd, like Flora fair,
 I left the Commonwealth my heir.

THE MODERN SAINT.

Her time with equal prudence Silvia shares,
 First writes a *bi let-sous*, then says her prayers;
 Her maids and toilet; vespers and the play;
 Thus God and Ashtaroth divide the day;
 Constant she keeps her Ember-week and Lent,
 At Easter calls all Israel to her tent:
 Loose without bawd, and pious without zeal,
 She still repeats the sins she would conceal.
 Envy herself from Silvia's life must grant,
 An artful woman makes a Modern Saint.

THE PARALLEL.

PROMETHEUS, forming Mr. Day,
 Carv'd something like a man in clay,
 The mortal's work might well miscarry;
 He, that does heaven and earth control,
 Alone has power to form a soul,
 His hand is evident in Harry.
 Since one is but a moving clod,
 T'other the lively form of God;
 'Squire Wallis, you will scarce be able
 To prove all poetry but fable.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO WAS FOND OF FORTUNE-TELLING.

You, Madam, may with safety go,
Decrees of destiny to know;
For at your birth kind planets reign'd,
And certain happiness ordain'd:
Such charms as yours are only given
To chosen favourites of heaven.

But, such is my uncertain state,
'Tis dangerous to try my fate;
For I would only know from art
The future motions of your heart,
And what predestinated doom
Attends my love for years to come;
No secrets else, that mortals learn,
My cares deserve, or life concern:
But this will so important be,
I dread to search the dark decree;
For, while the smallest hope remains,
Faint joys are mingled with my pains;
Vain distant views my fancy please,
And give some intermitting ease:
But, should the stars too plainly show
That you have doom'd my endless woe,
No human force, or art, could bear
The torment of my wild despair.

This secret then I dare not know,
And other truths are useless now.
What matters, if unblest in love,
How long or short my life will prove?
To gratify what low desire,
Should I with needless haste inquire
How great, how wealthy I shall be?
Oh! what is wealth or power to me!
If I am happy, or undone,
It must proceed from you alone.

A GREEK EPIGRAM IMITATED.

When hungry wolves had trespass'd on the fold,
And the rob'd shepherd his sad story told;
"Call in Alcides," said a crafty priest;
"Give him one half, and he'll secure the rest."
No! said the shepherd, if the Fates decree,
By ravaging my flock, to ruin me,
To their commands I willingly resign,
Power is their character, and patience mine;
Though, truth! to me there seems but little odds,
Who prove the greatest robbers, wolves or gods!

TO A FRIEND ON HIS NUPTIALS.

When Jove lay blest in his Alcmena's charms,
Three nights in one he press'd her in his arms;
The sun lay set, and conscious nature strove
To shade her god, and to prolong his love.
From that auspicious night Alcides came;
What less could rise from Jove, and such a dame?

May this auspicious night with that compare,
Nor less the joys, nor less the rising heir;
As strong as Jove, she like Alcmena fair!

THE WANDERING PILGRIM.

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO

SIR THOMAS FRANKLAND, Bart.

POST-MASTER, AND PAY-MASTER-GENERAL TO
QUEEN ANNE.

Will Piggot † must to Coxwold ‡ go,
To live, alas! in want,
Unless Sir Thomas say, No, no;
Th' allowance is too scant.

The gracious knight full well does weet
Ten farthings ne'er will do
To keep a man each day in meat:
Some bread to meat is due.

A Rechabite poor Will must live,
And drink of Adam's ale;
Pure element no life can give,
Or mortal soul regale.

Spare diet, and spring-water clear,
Physicians hold are good:
Who diets thus need never fear
A fever in the blood.

But pass—The Æsculapian crew,
Who eat and quaff the best,
They seldom miss to bake and brew,
Or lin to break their fast.

Could Yorkshire-tyke but do the same,
Then he like them might thrive;
But Fortune, Fortune, cruel dame!
To starve thou dost him drive.

In Will's old master's plenteous days,
His memory e'er be blest.
What need of speaking in his praise?
His goodness stands confess'd.

At his fam'd gate stood Charity,
In lovely sweet array;
Ceres and Hospitality
Dwelt there both night and day.

But, to conclude, and be concise,
Truth must Will's voucher be:
Truth never yet went in disguise,
For naked still is she.

† This merry petition was written to obtain the porter's
pace for Will Piggot.

‡ Twelve miles north beyond the city of York,

There is but one, but one alone,
Can set the pilgrim free,
And make him cease to pine and moan;
O Frankland! it is thee.

O! save him from a dreary way;
To Coxwould he must hie,
Bereft of thee, he wends a stray,
At Coxwould he must die.

Oh! let him in thy hall but stand,
And wear a porter's gown,
Duteous to what thou may'st command;
Thus William's wishes crown.

VENUS'S ADVICE TO THE MUSES.

Thus to the muses spoke the Cyprian dame;
"Adorn my altars, and reverse my name.
"My son shall else assume his potent darts,
"Twang goes the bow, my girls; have at your
"hearts."

The muses answer'd, "Venus, we deride
"The vagrant's malice, and his mother's pride;
"Send him to nymphs who sleep on Ida's shade,
"To the loose dance, and wanton masquerade;
"Our thoughts are settled, and intent our look,
"On the instructive verse, and moral book:
"On female idleness his power relies;
"But, when he finds us studying hard, he flies."

CUPID TURNED PLOUGHMAN.

FROM MOSCHUS.

His lamp, his bow, and quiver, laid aside,
A rustic wallet o'er his shoulders ty'd,
Sly Cupid, always on new mischief bent,
To the rich field and furrow'd tillage went;
Like any ploughman toil'd the little god,
His tune he whistled, and his wheat he sow'd;
Then sat and laugh'd, and to the skies above
Raising his eye, he thus insulted Jove:
Lay by your hail, your hurtful storms restrain,
And, as I bid you, let it shine or rain;
Else you again beneath my yoke shall bow,
Feel the sharp goad, and draw the servile
plough;
What once Europa was, Nannette is now.

PONTIUS AND PONTIA.

PONTIUS (who loves, you know, a joke,
Much better than he loves his life)
Chanc'd t'other morning to provoke
The patience of a well-bred wife.

Talking of you, said he, my dear,
Two of the greatest wits in town,
One ask'd if that high furze of hair
Was, *bona fide*, all your own.

Her own! most certain, t'other said;
For Nan, who knows the thing, will tell ye,
The hair was bought, the money paid,
And the receipt was sign'd Ducailly.

Pontia (that civil prudent she,
Who values wit much less than sense,
And never darts a repartee,
But purely in her own defence).

Reply'd, these friends of yours, my dear,
Are given extremely much to satire!
But pr'ythee, husband, let one hear
Sometimes less wit, and more good-nature.

Now I have one unlucky thought,
That would have spoil'd your friend's conceit:
Some hair I have, I'm sure, unbought:
Pray bring your brother wits to see't.

CUPID TURNED STROLLER.

FROM ANACREON.

At dead of night, when star appear,
And strong Boötes turns the bear;
When mortals sleep their cares away,
Fatigu'd with labours of the day,
Cupid was knocking at my gate;
Who's there? says I, who knocks so late,
Disturbs my dreams, and breaks my rest?
"O fear not me, a harmless guest,
He said, but open, open, pray!
A foolish child, I've lost my way,
And wander here this moon-light night,
All wet and cold, and wanting light."
With due regard his voice I heard,
Then rose, a ready lamp prepar'd,
And saw a naked boy below,
With wings, a quiver, and a bow;
In haste, I ran, unlock'd my gate,
Secure and thoughtless of my fate:
I set the child an easy chair
Against the fire, and dry'd his hair;
Brought friendly cups of cheerful wine,
And warm'd his little hands with mine.
All this did I with kind intent;
But he, on wanton mischief bent,
Said, dearest friend, this bow you see,
This pretty bow belongs to me:
Observe, I pray, if all be right;
I fear the rain has spoil'd it quite.
He drew it then, and strait I found
Within my breast a secret wound.
This done, the rogue no longer staid,
But leapt away, and laughing said,
"Kind host, adieu! we now must part;
"Safe is my bow, but sick thy heart!"

TO A POET OF QUALITY,

PRaising THE LADY HINCHINBROKE.

Of thy judicious muse's sense,
Young Hinchinbroke so very proud is,

That Satharissa and Hortense
She looks, henceforth, upon as dowdies.

Yet she to one must still submit,
To dear Mamma must pay her duty;
She wonders, praising Wilmot's wit,
Thou should'st forget his daughter's beauty.

THE PEDANT.

LYSANDER talks extremely well;
On any subject let him dwell,
His tropes and figures will content ye;
He should possess to all degrees
The art of talk; he practises
Full fourteen hours in four-and-twenty.

CAUTIOUS ALICE.

So good a wife doth Lissy make,
That from all company she fieth;
Such virtuous courses doth she take,
That she all evil tongues defieth;
And, for her dearest spouse's sake,
She with his brethren only lieth.

THE INCURABLE.

PHILLIS, you boast of perfect health in vain,
And laugh at those who of their ills complain;
That with a frequent fever Cloe burns,
And Stella's plumpness into droopy turns!
O Phillis, while the patients are nineteen,
Little, alas! are their distempers seen.
But thou, for all thy seeming health, art ill,
Beyond thy lover's hopes, or Blackmore's skill;
No lenitives can thy disease assuage,
I tell thee, 'tis incurable—'tis age.

TO FORTUNE.

WHILST I in prison or in court look down,
Nor beg thy favour, nor deserve thy frown,
In vain, malicious fortune, hast thou try'd,
By taking from my state, to quell my pride:
Insulting girl! thy present rage abate,
And, would'st thou have me humbled, make me
great.

NONPAREIL.

LET others from the town retire,
And in the fields seek new delight;
My Phillis does such joys inspire,
No other objects please my sight.

In her alone I find what'er
Beauties a country landscape grace:
No shade so lovely as her hair,
Nor plain so sweet as in her face.

Lilies and roses there combine,
More beauteous than in flowery field;
Transparent is her skin so fine,
To this each crystal stream must yield.

Her voice more sweet than warbling sound,
Though sung by nightingale or lark;
Her eyes such lustre dart around,
Compar'd to them, the sun is dark.

Both light and vital heat they give;
Cherish'd by them, my love takes root,
From her kind looks does life receive,
Grows a fair plant, bears flowers and fruit.

Such fruit, I ween, did once deceive
The common parent of mankind,
And made transgress our mother Eve:
Poison its core, though fair its rind.

Yet so delicious is its taste,
I cannot from the bait abstain,
But to th' enchanting pleasure haste,
Though I were sure 'twould end in pain.

CHASTE FLORIMEL.

No—I'll endure ten thousand deaths,
Ere any farther I'll comply;
Oh, Sir! no man on earth that breathes
Had ever yet his hand so high!

Oh! take your sword, and pierce my heart,
Undaunted see me meet the wound;
Oh! will you act a Tarquin's part?
A second Lucrece you have found.

Thus to the pressing Corydon,
Poor Florimel, unhappy maid!
Fearing by love to be undone,
In broken dying accents said.

Delia, who held the conscious door,
Inspir'd by truth and brandy, smil'd,
Knowing, that sixteen months before,
Our Lucrece had her second child.

And, hark ye! Madam, cry'd the bawd,
None of your flights, your high-rope dodging;
Be civil here, or march abroad;
Oblige the 'quire, or quit the lodging.

Oh! have I—Florimel went on—
Have I then lost my Delia's aid?
Where shall forsaken virtue run,
If by her friend she is betray'd?

Oh! curse on empty friendship's name!
Lord, what is all our future view!

Then, dear destroyer of my fame,
Let my last succour be to you!

From Delia's rage, and Fortune's frown,
A wretched love-sick maid deliver;
Oh! tip me but another crown,
Dear Sir, and make me yours for ever.

DOCTORS DIFFER.

WHEN Willis * of Ephraim heard Rochester †
preach, [brother,
Thus Bently said to him, I pr'ythee, dear
How lik'st thou this sermon? 'tis out of my reach.
His is one way, said Willis, and ours is another.
I care not for carping; but, this I can tell,
We preach very sadly, if he preaches well.

EPIGRAM †.

MEEK Francis lies here, friend: without itop or
stay, [way.
As you value your peace, make the best of your
Though at present arrested by death's cairiff paw,
If he stirs, he may still have recourse to the law.
And in the King's bench should a verdict be found,
That by livery and seisin his grave is his ground,
He will claim to himself what is strictly his due,
And an action of trespass will straightway ensue,
That you without right on his premises tread,
On a simple furnise that the owner is dead.

ON BISHOP ATTERBURY'S BURYING THE DUKE
OF BUCKINGHAM, 1720.

"I HAVE no hopes," the Duke he says, and dies;
"In sure and certain hopes," the prelate cries:
Of these two learned peers, I pr'ythee, say, man,
Who is the lying knave, the priest, or layman?
The Duke he stands an infidel confest,
"He's our dear brother," quoth the lordly priest.
The Duke, though knave, still "Brother dear,"
he cries;
And who can say the reverend prelate lies?

UPON HONOUR.

A FRAGMENT.

HONOUR, I say, or honest fame,
I mean the substance, not the name;
(Not that light heap of taudry wares,
Of ermine, coronets, and stars,
Which often is by merit sought,
By gold and flattery oftener bought;

* Bishop of Gloucester.

† Bishop Atterbury.

† See Atterbury's Letters, in Pope's Works, ed. 1751.

The shade, for which ambition looks
In Selden's * or in Ashmole's † books)
But the true glory, which proceeds,
Reflected bright, from honest deeds,
Which we in our own breast perceive,
And kings can neither take nor give.

ENIGMA.

ON FAM AT LOO.

By birth I'm a slave, yet can give you a crown,
I dispose of all honours, myself having none;
I'm oblig'd by just maxims to govern my life,
Yet I hang my own master, and lie with his wife.
When men are a-gaming, I cunningly sneak,
And their cudgels and shovels away from them
take.

Fair maidens and ladies I by the hand get,
And pick off their diamonds, though ne'er so
well set.

For when I have comrades we rob in whole bands,
Then presently take off your lands from your
hands.

But, this fury once over, I've such winning arts,
That you love me much more than you do your
own hearts.

ANOTHER.

FORM'd half beneath, and half above the earth,
We sisters owe to art our second birth;
The smith's and carpenter's adopted daughters,
Made on the land, to travel on the waters.
Swifter they move, as they are straiter bound,
Yet neither tread the air, or wave, or ground;
They serve the poor for use, the rich for whim,
Sink when it rains, and when it freezes, swim.

THE OLD GENTRY.

THAT all from Adam first began,
None but ungodly Woolston doubts;
And that his son, and his son's son,
Were all but ploughmen, clowns, and louts,

Each, when his rustic pains began,
To merit pleaded equal right;
'Twas only who left off at noon,
Or who went on to work till night.

But coronets we owe to crowns,
And favour to a court's affection;
By nature we are Adam's sons,
And sons of Artis † by election.

* Titles of Honour.

† Order of the Garter.

† Garter King at Arms.

King'sale! eight hundred years have roll'd
 Since thy forefathers held the plow;
 When this in story shall be told,
 Add, that my kindred do so now.

The man who, by his labour gets
 His bread, in independent state,
 Who never begs, and seldom eats,
 Himself can fix or change his fate.

THE INSATIABLE PRIEST.

LUKE PREACHILL admires what we laymen can
 mean,
 That thus by our profit and pleasure are sway'd:
 He has but three livings, and would be a dean;
 His wife dy'd this year, he has marry'd his
 maid.

To suppress all his carnal desires in their birth,
 At all hours a lusty young hussy is near:
 And, to take off his thoughts from the things of
 this earth,
 He can be content with two thousand a-year.

A FRENCH SONG IMITATED.

W^HY thus from the plain does my shepherdess rove,
 Forfaking her swain, and neglecting his love?
 You have heard all my grief, you see how I die,
 Oh! give some relief to the swain whom you fly.

How can you complain, or what am I to say,
 Since my dog lies unfeed, and my sheep run astray?
 Need I tell what I mean, that I languish alone!
 When I leave all the plain, you may guess 'tis
 for one.

A CASE STATED.

Now how shall I do with my love and my pride,
 Dear Dick \$, give me counsel, if friendship has
 any; [reply'd,
 Fry'thee purge, or let blood! surely Richard
 And forget the coquette in the arms of your
 Nanny ♀.

While I pleaded with passion how much I deserv'd,
 For the pains and the torments of more than a
 year;
 She look'd in an almanack, whence she observ'd,
 That it wanted a fortnight to Bart'l'mew fair.

My Cowley and Waller how vainly I quote,
 While my negligent judge only hears with her
 eye!
 In a long flaxen wig, and embroider'd new coat,
 Her spark saying nothing talks better than I.

§ Mr. Shelton.

¶ Mrs. Durham.

UPON

PLAYING AT OMBRE WITH TWO LADIES.

I KNOW that fortune long has wanted sight,
 And therefore pardon'd when she did not right;
 But yet till then it never did appear,
 That, as she wanted eyes, she could not hear;
 I begg'd that she would give me leave to lose,
 A thing she does not commonly refuse!
 Two matadores are out against my game,
 Yet still I play, and still my luck's the same;
 Unconquer'd in three suits it does remain,
 Whereas I only ask in one to gain;
 Yet she, still contradicting, gifts imparts,
 And gives success in every suit—but hearts.

CUPID'S PROMISE,

A FRENCH SONG PARAPHRASED.

SOFT Cupid, wanton, amorous boy,
 The other day, mov'd with my lyre,
 In flattering accents spoke his joy,
 And utter'd thus his fond desire.

Oh! raise thy voice! one song I ask;
 Touch then thy harmonious string:
 To Thyrsis easy is the task,
 Who can so sweetly play and sing.

Two kisses from my mother dear,
 Thyrsis, thy due reward shall be;
 None, none, like beauty's queen is fair,
 Paris has vouch'd this truth for me.

I strait reply'd, Thou know'st alone
 That brightest Chloe rules my breast:
 I'll sing thee two instead of one,
 If thou'lt be kind, and make me blest.

One kiss from Chloe's lips, no more,
 I crave: He promis'd me success;
 I play'd with all my skill and power,
 My glowing passion to express.

But, oh! my Chloe, beauteous maid!
 Wilt thou the wish'd reward bestow?
 Wilt thou make good what love has said,
 And, by thy grant, his power show?

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE, IN LADY OXFORD'S
 STUDY, 1717.

PEN, ink, and wax, and paper, send
 To the kind wife, the lovely friend:
 Smiling bid her freely write
 What her happy thoughts indite;
 Of virtue, goodness, peace, and love,
 Thoughts which angels may approve.

A LETTER

TO THE HONOURABLE LADY MARGARET CAVEN-
DISH HARLEY, WHEN A CHILD.

My noble, lovely, little Peggy,
Let this my first epistle beg you,
At dawn of morn, and close of even,
To lift your heart and hands to Heaven.
In double beauty say your prayer:
Our Father first,—then, *Notre Pere*:
And, dearest child, along the day,
In every thing you do and say,
Obey and please my lord and lady,
So God shall love, and angels aid ye.
If to these precepts you attend,
No second letter need I send,
And so I rest your constant friend.

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PRINT OF TOM BRITTON,
THE SMALL-COAL-MAN,

Painted by Mr. Woolaston.

THOUGH doom'd to small-coal, yet to arts ally'd,
Rich without wealth, and famous without pride;
Music's best patron, judge of books and men,
Belov'd and honour'd by Apollo's train:
In Greece or Rome sure never did appear
So bright a genius, in so dark a sphere:
More of the man had artfully been sav'd,
Had Kneller painted, and had Vertue grav'd.

TRUTH TOLD AT LAST.

SAYS Pontius in rage, contradicting his wife,
"You never yet told me one truth in your life."
Vext Pontia no way could this thesis allow,
"You're a cuckold, says she; do I tell you truth
"now?"

WRITTEN IN LADY HOWE'S OVID'S
EPISTLES.

HOWEVER high, however cold, the fair,
However great the dying lover's care,
Ovid, kind author, found him some relief,
Rang'd his unruly sighs, and set his grief;
Taught him what accents had the power to move,
And always gain'd him pity, sometimes love.
But, oh! what pangs torment the destin'd heart,
That feels the wound, yet dares not show the dart;
What ease could Ovid to his sorrows give,
Who must not speak; and therefore cannot live?

AN EPISTLE, 1716.

I PRAY, good Lord Harley, let Jonathan know,
How long you intend to live incognito.
Your humble servant,

REKANA SETTLE.

VOL. VII.

ANOTHER EPISTLE.

I PRAY Lady Harriot the time to assign
When she shall receive a turkey and chine;
That a body may come to St. James's, to dine.

TRUE'S EPITAPH.

Is wit or honesty could save
Our mouldering ashes from the grave;
This stone had still remain'd unmark'd,
I still writ prose, True still have bark'd.
But envious Fate has claim'd its due;
Here lies the mortal part of True:
His deathless virtues must survive;
To better us that are alive.

His prudence and his wit were seen
In that, from Mary's grace and mien,
He own'd the power, and lov'd the queen.
By long obedience he confess'd
That serving her was to be blest—
Ye murmurers, let True evince
That men are beasts, and dogs have sense!

His faith and truth all Whitehall knows,
He ne'er could fawn or flatter those
Whom he believ'd were Mary's foes:
Ne'er skulk'd from whence his sovereign led him,
Or snarl'd against the hand that fed him.—
Read this, ye statesmen now in favour,
And mend your own by True's behaviour!

EPIGRAM.

To Richmond and Peterburgh, Matt gave his
letters, [better].
And thought they were safe in the hands of his
How happen'd it then that the packets were lost?
These were Knights of the Garter, not Knights of
the Post.

THE VICEROY,

A BALLAD.

To the tune of, Lady Isabella's Tragedy.

Of Nero, tyrant, petty king*,
Who heretofore did reign
In fam'd Hibernia, I will sing,
And in a ditty plain.

He hated was by rich and poor,
For reasons you shall hear;
So ill he exercis'd his power,
That he himself did fear.

Full proud and arrogant was he,
And covetous withal;
The guilty he would still set free,
But guiltless men enthrall.

* Lord Coningsby, one of the lords justices of Ireland.
K/k

He, with a haughty impious nod,
Would curse and dogmatize;
Not fearing either man or God:
Gold he did idolize.

A patriot † of high degree,
Who could no longer bear
This upstart viceroy's tyranny,
Against him did declare.

And, arm'd with truth, impeach'd the Don
Of his enormous crimes,
Which I'll unfold to you anon,
In low, but faithful rhymes.

The articles recorded stand
Against this peerless peer,
Search but the archives of the land ‡,
You'll find them written there.

Attend, and justly I'll recite
His treasons to you all,
The heads set in their native light
(And sigh poor Gaphny's fall).

That traiterously he did abuse
The power in him repos'd,
And wickedly the same did use,
On all mankind impos'd.

That he, contrary to all law,
An oath did frame and make,
Compelling the militia
Th' illegal oath to take.

Free-quarters for the army too
He did exact and force
On Protestants; his love to show,
Than Papist us'd them worse.

On all provisions destin'd for
The camp at Limerick,
He laid a tax full hard and sore,
Though many men were sick.

The sutlers too he did ordain
For licences should pay,
Which they refus'd with just disdain,
And fled the camp away.

By which provisions were so scant,
That hundreds there did die:
The soldiers food and drink did want,
Nor famine could they fly.

He so much lov'd his private gain,
He could not hear or see;
They might or die, or might complain,
Without relief *parlez*.

That, above and against all right,
By word of mouth did he,
In council sitting, hellish spire,
The farmer's fate decree:

† The Earl of Bellamont impeached Coningsby. ‡
Journal, Sabbath, 16 die Decembris, 1693.

That he, *O ciel!* without trial,
Straitway should hang'd be;
Though then the courts were open all,
Yet Nero judge would be.

No sooner said, but it was done,
The *bourreau* did his worst;
Gaphny, alas! is dead and gone,
And left his judge accurst.

In this concise despotic way
Unhappy Gaphny fell,
Which did all honest men affray,
As truly it might well.

Full two good hundred pounds a year,
This poor man's real estate,
He settled on his favourite dear,
And Culliford can say't.

Besides, he gave five hundred pound
To Fielding his own scribe,
Who was his bail; one friend he found,
He ow'd him to the bribe.

But for this horrid murder vile
None did him prosecute;
His old friend help'd him o'er the stile;
With Satan who dispute!

With France, fair England's mortal foe,
A trade he carry'd on;
Had any other done 't, I trow,
To Tripes he had gone.

That he did likewise traiterously,
To bring his ends to bear,
Enrich himself most knavishly;
O thief without compare!

Vast quantities of stores did he
Embezzle and purloin;
Of the king's stores he kept a key,
Converting them to coin.

The forfeited estates also,
Both real and personal,
Did with the stores together go,
Fierce Cerberus swallow'd all.

Mean while the soldiers sigh'd and fobb'd,
For not one sou had they;
His excellence had each man fobb'd,
For he had sunk their pay.

Nero, without the least disguise,
The Papists at all times
Still favour'd, and their robberies
Look'd on as trivial crimes.

The Protestants whom they did rob
During his government,
Were forc'd with patience, like good Job,
To rest themselves content.

For he did basely them refuse
All legal remedy;
The Romans still he well did use,
Still screen'd their roguery.

Succinctly thus to you I've told,
How this viceroy did reign;
And other truths I shall unfold,
For truth is always plain.

The best of queens he hath revil'd,
Before and since her death;
He, cruel and ungrateful, smil'd
When she resign'd her breath.

Forgetful of the favours kind
She had on him bestow'd,
Like Lucifer his rancorous mind,
He lov'd nor her nor God.

But listen, Nero, lend thy ears,
As still thou hast them on;
Hear what Britannia says with tears,
Of Anna d:ad and gone.

" Oh! sacred be her memory,
" For ever dear her name!
" There never was, nor e'er can be,
" A brighter, juster dame.

" Blest be my sons, and eke all those
" Who on her praises dwell!
" She conquer'd Britain's fiercest foes,
" She did all queens excel.

" All princes, kings, and potentates,
" Ambassadors did send;
" All nations, provinces, and states,
" Sought Anna for their friend.

" In Anna they did all confide,
" For Anna they could trust:
" Her royal faith they all had try'd,
" For Anna still was just.

" Truth, mercy, justice, did surround
" Her awful judgment-seat,
" In her the graces all were found,
" In Anna all complete.

" She held the sword and balance right,
" And fought her people's good;
" In clemency she did delight,
" Her reign not stain'd with blood.

" Her gracious goodness, piety,
" In all her deeds did shine,
" And bounteous was her charity;
" All attributes divine.

" Consummate wisdom, meekness all,
" Adorn'd the words she spoke,
" When they from her fair lips did fall;
" And sweet her lovely look.

" Ten thousand glorious deeds to crown,
" She caus'd dire war to cease:
" A greater empress ne'er was known;
" She fix'd the world in peace.

" This last and godlike act achiev'd,
" To heaven she wing'd her flight:
" Her loss with tears all Europe griev'd;
" Their strength, and dear delight.

" Leave we in bliss this heavenly saint,
" Revere, ye just, her urn;
" Her virtues high and excellent,
" Alrea gone we mourn.

" Commemorate, my sons, the day
" Which gave great Anna birth;
" Keep it for ever and for aye,
" And annual be your mirth!"

Illustrious George now fills the throne,
Our wise benign good king:
Who can his wondrous deeds make known,
Or his bright actions sing?

Thee, favourite Nero, he has deign'd
To raise to high degree!
Well thou thy honours hast sustain'd,
Well vouch'd thy ancestry.

But pass—These honours on thee laid,
Can they e'er make thee white?
Don't Gaphny's blood, which thou hast shed,
Thy guilty soul affright?

Oh! are there not, grim mortal, tell,
Places of bliss and woe?
Oh! is there not a heaven, a hell?
But whither wilt thou go?

Can nought change thy obdurate mind?
Wilt thou for ever rail?
The prophet on thee well refin'd,
And set thy wit to sale.

How thou art lost to sense and shame,
Three countries witness be:
Thy conduct all just men do blame,
Libera nos, Domine!

Dame Justice waits thee, well I ween,
Her sword is brandish'd high:
Nought can thee from her vengeance screen,
Nor canst thou from her fly.

Heavy her ire will fall on thee,
The glittering steel is sure:
Sooner or later, all agree,
She cuts off the impure.

To her I leave thee, gloomy peer!
Think on thy crimes committed:
Repent, and be for once sincere,
Thou ne'er wilt be de-witted.

APOLOGY TO A LADY,

WHO TOLD ME, I COULD NOT LOVE HER HEARTILY,
BECAUSE I HAD LOVED OTHERS.

Probably by Mr. Prior †.

IN IMITATION OF MR. WALLER.

FAIR Sylvia, cease to blame my youth
For having lov'd before;
So men, ere they have learnt the truth,
Strange deities adore.

My youth ('tis true) has often rang'd,
Like bees o'er gaudy flowers;
And many thousand loves has chang'd,
Till it was fixt in yours.

For, Sylvia, when I saw those eyes,
'Twas soon determin'd there;
Stars might as well forsake the skies,
And vanish into air!

If I from this great rule do err,
New beauties to explore;
May I again turn wanderer,
And never settle more!

AGAINST MODESTY IN LOVE.

For many unsuccessful years
At Cynthia's feet I lay;
And often bath'd them with my tears,
Despair'd, but durst not pray.

No prostrate wretch, before the shrine
Of any faint above,
E'er thought his goddess more divine,
Or paid more awful love.

Still the disdainful dame look'd down
With an insulting pride;
Receiv'd my passion with a frown,
Or toss'd her head aside.

When Cupid whisper'd in my ear,
"Use more prevailing charms,
Fond, whining, modest fool, draw near,
And clasp her in your arms.

"With eager kisses tempt the maid,
"From Cynthia's feet depart;
"The lips he warmly must invade,
"Who would possess the heart."

With that I shook off all my fears,
My better fortune try'd;
And Cynthia gave what she for years
Had foolishly deny'd.

† By the manner in which this and the two following little pieces are printed in the Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany Poems, there is little doubt but they are the productions of the excellent poet to whom they are ascribed.

ON A YOUNG LADY'S GOING TO TOWN
IN THE SPRING.

ONE night unhappy Celadon,
Beneath a friendly myrtle's shade,
With folded arms and eyes cast down,
Gently repos'd his love-sick head:
Whilst Thyris sporting on the neighbouring plain,
Thus heard the discontented youth complain:

"Ask not the cause why sickly flowers
"Faintly recline their drooping heads;
"As fearful of approaching showers,
"They strive to hide them in their beds,
"Grieving with Celadon they downward grow,
"And feel with him a sympathy of woe.

"Chloris will go; the cruel fair,
"Regardless of her dying swain,
"Leaves him to languish, to despair,
"And murmur out in sighs his pain.
"The fugitive to fair Augusta flies,
"To make new slaves, and gain new victories.

"So restless monarchs, though possess'd
"Of all that we call state or power,
"Fancy themselves but meanly blest,
"Vainly ambitious still of more.
"Round the wide world impatiently they roam,
"Not satisfy'd with private sway at home."

WHEN THE CAT IS AWAY,
THE MICE MAY PLAY.

A FABLE*, INSCRIBED TO DR. SWIFT.

Probably by Mr. Prior.

"In domibus Mures avido dente omnia captant:
"In domibus Fures avida mente omnia raptant."

A LADY once (so stories say)
By rats and mice infested,
With gins and traps long fought to slay
The thieves; but still they scap'd away,
And daily her molested.

Great havock 'mongst her cheese was made,
And much the loss did grieve her:
At length Grimalkin to her aid
She call'd (no more of cats afraid),
And begg'd him to relieve her.

Soon as Grimalkin came in view,
The vermin back retreated;
Grimalkin swift as lightning flew,
Thousands of mice he daily slew,
Thousands of rats defeated.

* The hints of this and the following fable appear to have originated from "The Fable of the Old Lady and her Cats," printed in "The General Postscript," Nov. 7, 1709. They have been both ascribed to Dr. Swift.

Ne'er cat before such glory won;
All people did adore him:
Grimalkin far all cats out-shone,
And in his lady's favour none
Was then preferr'd before him.

Pert Mrs. Abigail alone
Envy'd Grimalkin's glory:
Her favourite lap-dog now was grown
Neglected; him she did bemoan,
And rav'd like any Tory.

She cannot bear, she swears she won't
To see the cat regarded;
But firmly is resolv'd upon't,
And vows, that, whatsoe'er comes on't,
She'll have the cat discarded.

She begs, she storms, she fawns, she frets,
(Her arts are all employ'd)
And tells her lady in a pet,
Grimalkin cost her more in meat
Than all the rats destroy'd.

At length this spiteful waiting-maid
Produc'd a thing amazing;
The favourite cat's a victim made,
To satisfy this prating jade,
And fairly turn'd a-grazing.

Now lap-dog is again restor'd
Into his lady's favour;
Sumptuously kept at bed and board,
And he (so Nab has given her word)
Shall from all vermin save her.

Nab much exults at this success,
And, overwhelm'd with joy,
Her lady fondly does caress,
And tells her, Fubb can do no less
Than all her foes destroy.

But vain such hopes; the mice that fled
Return, now Grim's discarded;
Whilst Fubb till ten, on silken bed,
Securely lolls his drowsy head,
And leaves cheese unregarded.

Nor rats nor mice the lap-dog fear,
Now uncontroll'd their theft is:
And whatsoe'er the vermin spare,
Nab and her dog betwixt them share,
Nor pie nor pippin left is.

Mean while, to cover their deceit,
At once, and slander Grim;
Nab says, the cat comes out of spite,
To rob her lady every night,
So lays it all on him.

Nor corn secure in garret high,
Nor cheese-cake safe in closet;
The cellars now unguarded lie,
On every shelf the vermin prey;
And still Grimalkin does it.

The gains from corn apace decay'd,
No bags to market go:
Complaints came from the dairy-maid,
The mice had spoil'd her butter trade,
And eke her cheese also.

With this same lady once there liv'd
A trusty servant-maid,
Who, hearing this, full much was griev'd,
Fearing her lady was deceiv'd,
And hasten'd to her aid.

Much art she us'd for to disclose
And find out the deceit;
At length she to the lady goes,
Discovers her domestic foes,
And opens all the cheat.

Struck with the sense of her mistake,
The lady, discontented,
Resolves again her cat to take,
And ne'er again her cat forsake,
Lest she again repent it.

THE WIDOW AND HER CAT:

A FABLE †.

A widow kept a favourite cat,
At first a gentle creature;
But, when he was grown sleek and fat,
With many a mouse, and many a rat,
He soon disclos'd his nature.

The fox and he were friends of old,
Nor could they now be parted;
They nightly flunk to rob the fold,
Devour'd the lambs, the fleeces fold;
And Puss grew lion-hearted.

He scratch'd her maid, he stole the cream,
He tore her best lac'd pinner;
Nor Chanticleer upon the beam,
Nor chick, nor duckling 'scapes, when Grim
Invites the fox to dinner.

The dame full wisely did decree,
For fear he should dispatch more,
That the false wretch should worried be;
But in a faucy manner he
Thus speech'd it like a Lechmere §:

"Must I, against all right and law,
"Like pole-cat vile be treated?
"I, who so long with tooth and claw,
"Have kept domestic mice in awe,
"And foreign foes defeated!

† In Tindal's "Continuation of Rapin," XVII. 454. this fable is said to be by Prior or Swift. In Boyer's "Political State," 1720, p. 519, where it is applied to the Duke of Marlborough, it is said to be by Swift or Prior.
§ The celebrated lawyer.

"Your golden pippins, and your pies,
 "How oft have I defended!
 "'Tis true, the pinner which you prize,
 "I tore in frolic; to your eyes
 "I never harm intended.

"I am a cat of honour."—"Stay!"
 Quoth she, "no longer parley;
 "Whate'er you did in battle slay,
 "By law of arms, became your prey:
 "I hope you won it fairly.

"Of this we'll grant you stand acquit,
 "But not of your outrages;
 "Tell me, perfidious! was it fit
 "To make my cream a perquisite,
 "And steal, to mend your wages?

"So flagrant is thy insolence,
 "So vile thy breach of trust is,
 "That longer with thee to dispense,
 "Were want of power, or want of sense—
 "Here, Towzer!—do him justice."

SONGS,

SET TO MUSIC BY THE MOST EMINENT MASTERS

I. Set by Mr. Abel.

READING ends in melancholy;
 Wine breeds vices and diseases;
 Wealth is but care, and love but folly;
 Only friendship truly pleases.
 My wealth, my books, my flask, my Molly;
 Farewell all, if friendship ceases.

II. Set by Mr. Purcell.

WHITHER would my passion run
 Shall I fly her, or pursue her?
 Losing her, I am undone;
 Yet would not gain her, to undo her.

Ye tyrants of the human breast,
 Love and reason! cease your war,
 And order death to give me rest;
 So each will equal triumph share.

III. Set by Mr. De Fesch.

STREPHONETTA, why d'ye fly me,
 With such rigour in your eyes?
 Oh! 'tis cruel to deny me,
 Since your charms I so much prize.

But I plainly see the reason,
 Why in vain I you pursued;
 Her to gain 'twas out of season,
 Who before the chaplain woo'd.

IV. Set by Mr. Smith.

COME, weep no more, for 'tis in vain;
 Torment not thus your pretty heart:

Think, Flavia, we may meet again,
 As well as, that we now must part.

You sigh and weep; the gods neglect
 That precious dew your eyes let fall:
 Our joy and grief with like respect
 They mind; and that is, not at all.

We pray, in hopes they will be kind,
 As if they did regard our state:
 They hear; and the return we find
 Is, that no prayers can alter fate.

Then clear your brow, and look more gay,
 Do not yourself to grief resign;
 Who knows but that those powers may,
 The pair they now have parted, join?

But since they have thus cruel been,
 And could such constant lovers sever;
 I dare not trust, lest now they're in,
 They should divide us two for ever.

Then, Flavia, come, and let us grieve,
 Remembering though upon what score;
 This our last parting look believe,
 Believe we must embrace no more.

Yet should our sun shine out at last,
 And fortune, without more deceit,
 Throw but one reconciling cast,
 To make two wandering lovers meet;

How great then would our pleasure be,
 To find Heaven kinder than believ'd;
 And we, who had no hopes to see
 Each other, to be thus deceiv'd!

But say, should Heaven bring no relief,
 Suppose our sun should never rise:
 Why then what's due to such a grief,
 We've paid already with our eyes.

V. Set by Mr. De Fesch.

LET perjurd fair Amynta know,
 What for her sake I undergo;
 Tell her for her how I sustain
 A lingering fever's wasting pain;
 Tell her the torments I endure,
 Which only, only she can cure.

But, oh! she scorns to hear, or see,
 The wretch that lies so low as me;
 Her sudden greatness turns her brain,
 And Strephon hopes, alas! in vain:
 For ne'er 'twas found (though often try'd)
 That pity ever dwelt with pride.

VI. Set by Mr. Smith.

PHILLIS, since we have both been kind,
 And of each other had our fill:
 Tell me what pleasure you can find,
 In forcing nature 'gainst her will,

'Tis true, you may with art and pain,
Keep in some glowings of desire,
But still those glowings which remain,
Are only ashes of the fire.

Then let us free each other's soul,
And laugh at the dull constant fool,
Who would love's liberty control,
And teach us how to whine by rule.

Let us no impositions fet,
Or clogs upon each other's heart;
But, as for pleasure first we met,
So now for pleasure let us part.

We both have spent our stock of love,
So consequently should be free;
Thyris expects you in yon' grove,
And pretty Chloris stays for me.

VII. Set by Mr. De Fesch.

PHILLIS, this pious talk give o'er,
And modestly pretend no more;
It is too plain an art:
Surely you take me for a fool,
And would by this prove me so dull,
As not to know your heart.

In vain you fancy to deceive,
For truly I can ne'er believe
But this is all a sham:
Since any one may plainly see,
You'd only save yourself with me,
And with another damn.

VIII. Set by Mr. Smith.

STILL, Dorinda, I adore,
Think I mean not to deceive you;
For I lov'd you much before,
And, alas! now love you more,
Though I force myself to leave you.

Staying, I my vows shall fail;
Virtue yields, as love grows stronger;
Fierce desires will sure prevail;
You are fair, and I am frail,
And dare trust myself no longer.

You, my love, too nicely coy,
Left I should have gain'd the treasure,
Made my vows and oaths destroy
The pleasing hopes I did enjoy
Of all my future peace and pleasure.

To my vows I have been true,
And in silence hid my anguish,
But I cannot promise too
What my love may make me do,
While with her for whom I languish.

For in thee strange magic lies,
And my heart is too, too tender;

Nothing's proof against those eyes,
Best resolves and strictest ties
To their force must soon surrender.

But, Dorinda, you're severe,
I most doating, thus to sever;
Since from all I hold most dear,
That you may no longer fear,
I divorce myself for ever.

IX. Set by Mr. De Fesch.

Is it, O love, thy want of eyes,
Or by the fates decreed,
That hearts so seldom sympathize,
Or for each other bleed?

If thou would'st make two youthful hearts
One amorous shaft obey;
'T would save thee the expence of darts,
And more extend thy sway.

Forbear, alas! thus to destroy
Thyself, thy growing power;
For that which would be stretch'd by joy,
Despair will soon devour.

Ah! would then my relentless fair,
For thy own sake and mine;
That boundless bliss may be my share,
And double glory thine.

X. Set by Mr. Smith.

WHY, Harry, what ails you? why look you so
sad?
To think and ne'er drink, will make you stark-mad.
'Tis the mistress, the friend, and the bottle, old
boy!

Which create all the pleasure poor mortals enjoy;
But wine of the three's the most cordial brother,
For one it relieves, and it strengthens the other.

XI. Set by Mr. Smith.

SINCE my words, though ne'er so tender,
With sincerest truth express,
Cannot make your heart surrender,
Nor so much as warm your breast:

What will move the springs of nature?
What will make you think me true?
Tell me, thou mysterious creature,
Tell poor Strephon what will do.

Do not, Charmion, rack your lover,
Thus, by seeming not to know
What so plainly all discover,
What his eyes so plainly show.

Fair one, 'tis yourself deceiving,
'Tis against your reason's laws:
Atheist-like (th' effect perceiving)
Still to disbelieve the cause.

XII. *Set by Mr. De Fesch.*

MORELLA, charming without art,
And kind without design,
Can never lose the smallest part
Of such a heart as mine.

Oblig'd a thousand several ways,
It ne'er can break her chains;
While passion, which her beauties raise,
My gratitude maintains.

XIII. *Set by Mr. De Fesch.*

LOVE! inform thy faithful creature
How to keep his fair one's heart;
Must it be by truth of nature,
Or by poor dissembling art?

Tell the secret, shew the wonder,
How we both may gain our ends;
I am lost if we're asunder,
Ever tortur'd if we're friends.

XIV. *Set by Mr. De Fesch.*

TOUCH the lyre, on every string,
Touch it, Orpheus, I will sing
A song which shall immortal be;
Since the I sing's a deity;
A Leonora, whose blest birth
Has no relation to this earth.

XV. *Set by Mr. Smith.*

ONCE I was unconfin'd and free,
Would I had been so still!
Enjoying sweetest liberty,
And roving at my will.

But now, not master of my heart,
Cupid does to decide,
That two she-tyrants shall it part,
And so poor me divide.

Victoria's will I must obey,
She acts without control:
Phillis has such a taking way,
She charms my very soul.

Deceiv'd by Phillis' looks and smiles,
Into her snares I run:
Victoria shows me all her wiles,
Which yet I dare not shun.

From one I fancy every kiss
Has something in't divine;
And, awful, taste the balmy bliss,
That joins her lips with mine.

But, when the other I embrace,
Though she be not a queen,
Methinks 'tis sweet with such a lass
To tumble on the green.

Thus here you see a shared heart,
But I, meanwhile, the fool:
Each in it has an equal part,
But neither yet the whole.

Nor will it, if I right forecast,
To either wholly yield:
I find the time approaches fast,
When both must quit the field.

XVI. *Set by Mr. De Fesch.*

FAREWELL, Amynta, we must part;
The charm has lost its power,
Which held so fast my captiv'd heart
Until this fatal hour.

Hadst thou not thus my love abus'd,
And us'd me ne'er so ill,
Thy cruelty I had excus'd,
And I had lov'd thee still.

But know, my soul disdains thy sway,
And scorns thy charms and thee,
To which each fluttering coxcomb may
As welcome be as me.

Think in what perfect bliss you reign'd,
How lov'd before thy fall;
And now, alas! how much disdain'd
By me, and scorn'd by all.

Yet thinking of each happy hour,
Which I with thee have spent,
So robs my rage of all its power,
That I almost relent.

But pride will never let me bow,
No more thy charms can move:
Yet thou art worth my pity now,
Because thou hadst my love.

XVII. *Set by Mr. Smith.*

ACCEPT, my love, as true a heart
As ever lover gave:
'Tis free (it vows) from any art,
And proud to be your slave.

Then take it kindly, as 'twas meant,
And let the giver live:
Who, with it, would the world have sent,
Had it been his to give.

And, that Dorinda may not fear
I e'er will prove untrue,
My vow shall, ending with the year,
With it begin anew.

XVIII. *Set by Mr. De Fesch.*

NANNY blushes when I woo her,
And, with kindly-chiding eyes,
Faintly says, I shall undo her,
Faintly, O forbear! she cries.

But her breasts while I am pressing,
While to hers my lips I join,
Warm'd she seems to taste the blessing,
And her kisses answer mine.

Undebauch'd by rules of honour,
Innocence with nature charms;
One bids, gently push me from her,
T'other, take me in her arms.

XIX. *Set by Mr. Smith.*

SINCE we your husband daily see
So jealous out of season,
Phillis, let you and I agree
To make him so with reason.

I'm vex't to think, that every night
A sot within thy arms,
Tasting the most divine delight,
Should fully all your charms.

While fretting I must lie alone,
Cursing the powers divine,
That undeservedly have thrown
A pearl unto a swine.

Then, Phillis, heal my wounded heart,
My burning passion cool;
Let me, at least, in thee have part
With thy insipid fool.

XX. *Set by C. R.*

PHILLIS, give this humour over,
We too long have time abus'd;
I shall turn an arrant rover,
If the favour's still refus'd.

Faith! 'tis nonsense out of measure,
Without ending, thus to see
Women forc'd to taste a pleasure
Which they love as well as we.

Let not pride and folly share you,
We were made but to enjoy;
Ne'er will age or censure spare you,
E'er the more for being coy.

Never fancy time's before you,
Youth, believe me, will away;
Then, alas! who will adore you,
Or to wrinkles tribute pay?

All the swains on you attending
Show how much your charms deserve;
But, miser-like, for fear of spending
You amidst your plenty starve.

While a thousand freer lasses,
Who their youth and charms employ,
Though your beauty their's surpasses,
Live in far more perfect joy.

XXI.

HASTE, my Nannette, my lovely maid!
Haste to the bower thy swain has made;
For thee alone I made the bower,
And strew'd the couch with many a flower.
None but my sheep shall near us come:
Venus be prais'd! my sheep are dumb.
Great God of love! take thou my crook,
To keep the wolf from Nannette's flock.
Guard thou the sheep, to her so dear;
My own, alas! are less my care.
But of the wolf if thou'rt afraid,
Come not to us to call for aid;
For with her swain my love shall stay,
Though the wolf prowls, and the sheep stray.

XXII. *Set by Mr. De Fesb.*

SINCE by ill fate I'm forc'd away,
And snatch'd so soon from those dear arms,
Against my will I must obey,
And leave those sweet endearing charms.

Yet still love on, and never fear,
But you and constancy will prove
Enough my present flame to bear,
And make me, though in absence, love.

For, though your presence fate denies,
I feel, alas! the killing smart;
And can with undiscerned eyes,
Behold your picture in my heart.

XXIII. *Set by Mr. De Fesb.*

IN vain, alas! poor Strephon tries
To ease his tortur'd breast;
Since Amoret the cure denies,
And makes his pain a jest.

Ah! fair-one, why to me so coy?
And why to him so true,
Who with more coldness flights the joy,
Than I with love pursue?

Die then, unhappy lover! die;
For, since she gives thee death,
The world has nothing that can buy
A minute more of breath.

Yet, though I could your scorn outlive,
'Twere folly; since to me
Not love itself a joy can give,
But, Amoret, in thee.

XXIV. *Set by Mr. De Fesb.*

WELL! I will never more complain,
Or call the fates unkind;
Alas! how fond it is, how vain!
But self-conceitedness does reign
In every mortal mind.

'Tis true they long did me deny,
Nor would permit a fight:
I rag'd; for I could not espy,
Or think that any harm could lie
Disguis'd in that delight.

At last, my wishes to fulfil,
They did their power resign;
I saw her; but I wish I still
Had been obedient to their will,
And they not unto mine.

Yet I by this have learnt the wit,
Never to grieve or fret:
Contentedly I will submit,
And think that best which they think fit,
Without the least regret.

XXV. *Set by Mr. C. R.*

CHLOE beauty has and wit,
And an air that is not common;
Every charm in her does meet,
Fit to make a handsome woman.

But we do not only find
Here a lovely face or feature;
For she's merciful and kind,
Beauty's answer'd by good-nature.

She is always doing good,
Of her favours never sparing,
And, as all good Christians should,
Keeps poor mortals from despairing.

Jove the power knew of her charms,
And that no man could endure them;
So, providing 'gainst all harms,
Gave to her the power to cure them.

And 'twould be a cruel thing,
When her black eyes have rais'd desire,
Should she not her bucket bring,
And kindly help to quench the fire.

XXVI.

SINCE, Moggy, I mun bid adieu,
How can I help despairing?
Let cruel fate us still pursue,
There's nought more worth my caring.

'Twas she alone could calm my soul,
When racking thoughts did grieve me;
Her eyes my trouble could control,
And into joys deceive me.

Farewell, ye brooks; no more along
Your banks mun I be walking;
No more, you'll hear my pipe or song,
Or pretty Moggy's talking.

But I by death an end will give
To grief, since we mun sever;
For who can after parting live,
Ought to be wretched ever.

XXVII.

SOME kind angel, gently flying,
Mov'd with pity at my pain,
Tell Corinna I am dying,
Till with joy we meet again.

Tell Corinna, since we parted,
I have never known delight:
And shall soon be broken-hearted,
If I longer want her sight.

Tell her how her lover, mourning,
Thinks each lazy day a year;
Curling every morn returning,
Since Corinna is not here.

Tell her too, not distant places,
Will she be but true and kind,
Join'd with time and change of faces,
E'er shall shake my constant mind.

XXVIII. NELLY.

WHILST others proclaim
This nymph, or that swain,
Dearest Nelly the lovely I'll sing;
She shall grace every verse,
I'll her beauties rehearse,
Which lovers can't think an ill thing.

Her eyes shine as bright
As stars in the night,
Her complexion divinely is fair;
Her lips, red as a cherry,
Would a hermit make merry,
And black as a coal is her hair.

Her breath, like a rose,
Its sweets does disclose,
Whenever you ravish a kiss;
Like ivory incas'd.
Her teeth are well plac'd,
An exquisite beauty she is.

Her plump breasts are white,
Delighting the sight,
There Cupid discovers her charms;
Oh! spare then the rest,
And think of the best:
'Tis heaven to die in her arms.

She's blooming as May,
Brisk, lively, and gay;
The graces play all round about her:
She's prudent and witty,
Sings wondrously pretty,
And there is no living without her.

MISCELLANEA.

AD COMITEM DORCESTRE,
In Annum incuntem 1684.

AD JANUM.

Sic tua perpetuis fument altaria donis,
Plurima sic flammæ pabula mittat Arabis;

Sic dum sacra novis redimuntur tempora fertis,
 Nestoreos poscant formina virque dies;
 Casside depositâ, placidè sic nuncia pacis
 Janua sopito cardine limen amet:
 Candida procedant festivo tempora motu,
 Et faveat Domino quælibet hora meo!
 Publica conciliis gravibus seu commoda tractet,
 Seu vacuum pectus mollior urat amor;
 Seu pia mordaci meditetur vulnere chartâ,
 Vulnere quæ tali sola levantur ope;
 Seu legat oblito facilis mea carmina fastu,
 O! bene carminibus consule, Dive, meis,
 Jane fave, Domini veniet natalis ad aras;
 O! superis ipsis sacra sit illa dies:
 Sacra sit illa dies, niveoque notata lapillo,
 Quâ tulit illustris nobile mater onus,
 Quâ mihi, patronum gessit, gentique Quiritem,
 Artificique Deo pene dedisse purem.

AD DOM. GOWER, COLL. MAGISTRUM,

EPISTOLA DEPRECATORIA.

Nisi tuam jampridem benevolentiam et laudatam
 ab expertis audivissem, et expertus ipse sapissimè
 laudassem, et pudor et tristitia conscio mihi silen-
 tium indixissent: at enim V. R. dum coram pa-
 trono, amico, patre, provolvor, te non dubitat
 impetrare auidax dolor per accepta olim beneficia,
 per effluentes lacrymas (et hæc mentiri nesciunt)
 perque tuum isthunc celeberrimum candorem,
 quem imprudens læsi, sollicitus repeto ut peccanti
 ignoscas, et obliteres crimen, ut non solum ad
 condiscipulorum mensam, sed ad magistri gratiam
 restituatur, favoris tui studiosissimus, M. P.

CARMEN DEPRECATORIUM

AD EUNDEM.

IRATAS acuit dum læsus Apollo sagittas,
 Neglectas renovat moesta Thalia preces;
 Qualescunque potest jejuno promere cantu:
 Heu mihi non est res ingeniosa fames!
 Grana neget, alacri languet vis ignea gallo,
 Deme laboranti pabula, languet equus.
 Latrantis stomachi sterilis nec pascis hiatum
 Daphni, nec arentem Castalis unda fides.
 Tum bene lassatur Flaccus cum dixerit Ohe!
 Pieriasque merum nobilitavit aquas.
 Jejuni depressa jacet vel Musa Maronis,
 Flet culicem esuriens qui satur arma canit.
 O si Mæcenâs major mihi riserit, O si
 Fulgenti solitum regnet in ore jubar,
 Crimine purgato pie post jejunia, Musa
 Inciperet præful grandia, teque loqui.

M. P.

"—DUM BIVMUS—"

"OBREPIT NON INTELLECTA SENECTUS."

Siste mero bibulas effuso temporis alas,
 Hæsternumve minax coge redire diem;

I

Nil facis; usque volabit inexorabilis ætas,
 Canitiemque caput sentiet atque rugas.

I brevis, et properans in funus necesse corollas,
 Mox conflagrando conde Falerna rogo.
 Clepsydra Saturni tua nec crystallina distant,
 Dum motu parili vinum et arena fluunt.

Dum loquor, ecce! perit redimitæ gloria frontis,
 Dat rosa de fertis lapsa, Memento mori.
 Sed tibi, dum nôras nimis properare puellas,
 Ut citius rumpat flamina, Bacchus adest.
 Destituit cæcum subito sol ebrinus orbem,
 Occasum tremulo narrat adeste rubor.

M. P.

REVERENDO IN CHRISTO PATRI

THOMÆ SPRAT,

EPISCOPO ROFFENSI, &c.

EPIGRAMMA.

VICIMUS, exultans fausto crepat omine Daphnia,
 Testaturque bonos nuntia fibra Deos;
 Grandius eloquium meditare, Thalia, patronum
 Quem modò laudasti, nunc venerare patrem.
 Quis patet incertis volvi subtegmina Parcisi?
 Quis meritos æquum destituisse Jovem?
 Cum virtute tuum crescit decus, aucte sacerdos,
 Impatiensque breves spernit utrumque modos.
 Qualiter Elæo felix in pulvere victor,
 Cui semel ornatas lambit oliva comas,
 Saspirans partas queritur marcescere frondes,
 Et parat elapsas ad nova bella rotas:
 Sic tibi major honos veteres protrudit honores,
 Metaque præteritæ laudis origo nova est:
 Phœbææ juvenile caput cinxere corollæ,
 Palma viri decuit tempore, mitra senis.

M. P.

EPISTOLA EODEM TEMPORE MISSA.

Cum voluntas regia, optimatum consensus, ho-
 norumque omnium studia insulam merenti concess-
 erint, ignoscas, pater reverende, quod inter com-
 munem populi plausum cliens eò minus ad enar-
 randum sufficiens quò beneficiis plus fuerim de-
 vinctus, et tuos in ecclesiâ honores et ecclesiæ
 tuis honoribus felicitatem festinet gratulari, favoris
 tui studiosissimus,

M. P.

AD FRANC. EPISC. ELIENSEM.

EXORATA boni tribuerunt munera Divi,
 Patronique novus tempora cingit honos.
 Concedas hilaris repetitum Musa laborem,
 Et notum celebres, et mihi dulce decus.
 O si te canerem, præful venerabilis, O si
 Fistula cum titulis cresceret aucta tuis,

Æque turba tibi non cederet ima clientum,
Cederet ac numeris optima Musa meis.
Hoc tamen ut meditor, mihi quid nisi vota supersunt?
Imbelles humeros hobile lassat onus.
Ergo minor virtus celebretur, dum tibi præsul
Quod laudem superes gloria major erit.

Cum virtutes tuas unusquisque collaudet et honores gratuletur, nostræ V. R. audaciæ ignoscat tua benignitas, si minimâ pollens eloquentiâ, ardentissimo tamen studio accensus, ad communem populi chorum adjungens vocem, cum virum optimum tum benignissimum celebret patrem, qui, tuis maximè devinctus beneficiis, summo perè conatur meritò vocari

Favoris tui studiosissimus, M. P.

"QUIQUID VULT, VALDE VULT."

Dum tingit Siculus solis calique meatus,
Aëra polosque tuos quos sibi condit habet,
Nil facit instantis mortis bellicque tumultus;
Usque sed egregium sedulus urget opus.
Noa vacat exiguae curas impendere vitæ;
Sat sibi curarum Conditor orbis habet.

IN COMITIS EXONIENSIS CHRISTAM,
TRITICI FASCES LEONIBUS SUSTENTATUM, 1689.

Lemna, "Sustentare et Debellare."

Dum tibi dat sortes Cybele veneranda leones,
Flavaque collectas addit Eleusis opes:
Invidiâ major, victoque potentior ævo,
I decus, I nostra Ceciliæ domus.
Sparge inopi fruges, et pelle leonibus hostem;
Copia quid valet hinc, quid timor inde, refer.
Pollens muneribus belli vel pacis, habes, quo
Atque homines superes, atque imitère Deos.

EPITAPHIUM.

M. S. CAROLI MONTAGUE,
Honorabilis Georgii de Horton in agro Northamptonensi

Filius natu sextus,
Henrici Comitis de Manchester nepos,
Scholæ Regiæ Westmonasteriensis Alumnus,
Collegii S. S. Trinitatis Cantabrigiensis Socius.
Literas humaniores feliciter excoluit,
Et in dispari laudis genere clarus,
Inter Poetas pariter ac Oratores Anglos excelluit:
Magna ingenii indole;
Bonarumque artium disciplinis instructus,
Ex Academicæ umbraculis
In conspectum hominum prædiit,

Literatorum decus et præsidium.
Omni dehinc cogitatione
Communi bono promovendo incubuit:
Brevique hunc virum,
Sua in senatu solertia, in concilio providentia,
In utroque, iustitia, fides, auctoritas,
Ad gerendam ærarii curam evexit:
Ubi laborantibus fisci rebus opportunè subveniens,
Simul monetam argenteam
Magno Republicæ detrimento imminutam
De novo cudi fecit;
Et inter absolvendum tantæ molis opus,
Flagrante etiam bello,
Impressis chartulis
Pecuniarum rationem pretiumque impertiit.
His meritis et patriæ et principis gratiam consecutus,
Familiam suam diu illustrem, illustriorem reddidit;
Baro scilicet, deinde Comes de Halifax creatus,
Ad tres Montacutani nominis proceres quartus accessit.
Summo denique Periscelidis honore ornatus,
Publici commodi indefessus adhuc consultor,
Media inter conamina, otium cum dignitate,
Quod desideravit, et meruit, vix tandem affecutus;
(Proh brevem humanarum rerum fiduciam!)
Omnibus bonis flebilis occidit,
xii die Maii, Anno Salutis M.DCC.XV.
Ætatis suæ LIV.
Patruo de se optimè merenti,
Et bonorum et honorum hæres,
Georgius comes de Halifax.

EPITAPH.

Here lies Sir THOMAS POWYS, Knight:
As to his Profession,
In accusing cautious; in defending vehement;
In all his pleadings sedate, clear, and strong;
In all his decisions unprejudic'd and equitable.
He studied, practis'd, and governed the Law
In such a manner, that
Nothing equalled his knowledge, except his eloquence:
Nothing excelled both, except his justice.
As to his Life,
He possessed, by a natural happiness,
All those civil virtues which form the gentleman:
And to these, by divine goodness, were added
That fervant zeal and extensive charity,
Which distinguish the perfect Christian!
The tree is known by his fruit.
He was a loving husband, and an indulgent father,
A constant friend, and a charitable patron;
Frequenting the devotions of the church;
Pleading the cause, and relieving the necessities,
of the poor.
What by example he taught throughout his life,
At his death he recommended to his family and friends:
"To fear God, and live uprightly."
Let whoever reads this stone,
Be wise, and be instructed.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM CONGREVE, Esq.

Containing his

ODES,
ELEGIES,
EPISTLES,
HYMNS,



EPITAPHS,
CHARACTERS,
TRANSLATIONS,
IMITATIONS,

W. C. C.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

In easy dialogues is *Fletcher's* praise;
 He mov'd the mind, but had no power to raise:
 Great *Jonson* did by strength of judgment please;
 Yet doubling *Fletcher's* force, he wants his ease:
 But both to CONGREVE justly shall submit;
 One match'd in judgment, both o'er-match'd in wit.
 In him all beauties of this age we see,
Etherege his courtship, *Southerne's* purity;
 The satire, wit, and strength of manly *Wycherly*.
 This is your portion; this your native store;
 Heav'n that but once was prodigal before,
 To *Shakspeare* gave as much; she could not give him more.

DRYDEN'S VERSES TO CONGREVE.

EDINBURGH:
 PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.
 Anno 1793.

POETICAL WORKS

WILLIAM CONGREVE, ESQ.

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY NEAL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

THE LIFE OF CONGREVE.

WILLIAM CONGREVE, one of the greatest names in the English drama, was the son of William Congreve, Esq. second son of Richard Congreve, Esq. of Congreve and Stretton, in Staffordshire.

He was born, as appears by the inscription on his monument, in 1672; but the place of his birth is differently assigned by his biographers.

Jacob, from information communicated by himself, asserts, that he drew his first breath at the village of Bardfa, near Leeds in Yorkshire, which was the estate of Sir John Lewis, his great uncle by the mother's side.

In the "General Dictionary," it is contended, on the authority of his friend Southerne, that he was a native of Ireland: but it is not said when or where he was born; nor are these circumstances mentioned in the English translation of Sir James Ware's works, in which his life is inserted as a native of that country.

Notwithstanding his own assertion, Dr. Johnson is so deficient in candour as to "doubt whether he told the truth about his birth," and insinuates a suspicion of his maintaining a "falsehood of convenience or vanity;" for which there does not appear to be any sufficient reason, as his veracity was as unquestionable as his genius; and his assigning so particularly the place in Yorkshire, where he declared he was born, has all the appearance of truth.

His last biographer, the learned and candid Dr. Kippis, decidedly prefers his own testimony to that of Southerne, who might possibly be mistaken, or might very probably be firmly persuaded, from his having seen him a youth in Ireland, that he was his countryman.

His own authority for the matter of fact, published by Jacob in his lifetime, seems so strong, that at first sight it must appear not only probable, but morally certain, that England is entitled to the honour of his birth.

In the preface to "The Poetical Register," printed in 1719, Jacob, speaking of the communications which he had received from living authors, has this passage: "I am in particular obliged to Mr. Congreve for his free and early communication of what relates to himself, as well as his kind directions for the composing this work."

His father carried him, when a child, into Ireland, where he then had some military employment, but afterwards was steward to the Earl of Burlington, which fixed his residence there.

He received the rudiments of his education in the school of Kilkenny, and gave very early proofs of a poetical genius. His first attempt in poetry, it is said, was a copy of verses on the death of his master's magpie.

He went from the school of Kilkenny to the university of Dublin, where, in a very short time, under the direction of Dr. St. George Ashe, he became perfectly acquainted with the different branches of polite literature, and acquired a correct and critical knowledge of the classics.

Having passed through the usual preparatory studies with great celerity and success, his father thought it proper to assign him a profession; and, about the time of the Revolution, sent him, at the age of sixteen, to study law in the Middle Temple, where he lived for several years, but with very little attention to *statutes* or *reports*.

His disposition to become an author appeared very early; for, at the age of seventeen, he wrote a novel, called *Insignita, or Love and Duty Revenciled*, which, under the assumed name of *Gleophil*, he de-

dedicated to Mrs. Catharine Leveson. His design in writing it, was to show how works of this kind ought to be written. It is praised by his biographers, though Dr. Johnson fastidiously says, he "would rather praise it than read it," and has merit for such a time of life. It is chiefly distinguished by that intricacy of plot, which he afterwards so much displayed in his dramatic writings; and something also may be traced in the dialogue parts of his succeeding corrutions of wit. The story, however, is very unnatural.

About three years after his return to England, he wrote his first dramatic performance, *The Old Bachelor*, "to amuse himself," as he says, "in a slow recovery from a fit of sickness." It was acted at the theatre in Drury Lane, in 1693, when he was not more than twenty-one years old, and was then recommended by Dryden, Southerne, and Maynwaring, who, finding it deficient in some things requisite to the success of its exhibition, fitted it for the stage. Dryden said, that he had never seen such a first play.

"Such a comedy, written at such an age," says Dr. Johnson, "requires some consideration. As the lighter species of dramatic poetry professes the imitation of common life, of real manners, and common incidents, it apparently presupposes a familiar knowledge of many characters, and exact observations of the passing world; the difficulty, therefore, is, to conceive how this knowledge can be obtained by a boy."

But if the *Old Bachelor* be more nearly examined, it will be found to be one of those comedies, which may be made by a mind vigorous and acute, and furnished with such comic characters by the perusal of other poets, without much actual commerce with mankind. The dialogue is one constant reciprocation of conceits, or clash of wit, in which nothing flows necessarily from the occasion, or is dictated by nature. The characters, both of men and women, are either fictitious and artificial, or easy and common; and the catastrophe arises from a mistake not very probably produced, by marrying a woman in a mask.

Yet this gay comedy, when all these deductions are made, will still remain the work of very powerful and fertile faculties: the dialogue is quick and sparkling, the incidents such as seize the attention, and the wit so exuberant, that it "o'erinforms its tenement."

The *Old Bachelor*, when printed, was dedicated to Lord Clifford, eldest son of the Earl of Burlington, the friend and patron of his father.

The success that attended this play upon the stage, and after it came from the press, was singularly beneficial to Congreve; for it procured him the patronage of Montague, who immediately made him one of the Commissioners for licensing coaches, and soon after gave him a place in the Pipe Office, and another in the Customs, of six hundred pounds a year.

The next year, he produced the *Double Dealer*, which was not received with equal kindness, though the characters of it are strongly drawn, the wit genuine and original, the plot finely laid, and the conduct inimitable. It was dedicated to his patron, Montague, and defended against the capricious disposition of audiences, with a considerable display of critical ability. Dryden, his poetical father, addressed a copy of verses to him on its appearance, which are generally known; and Hopkins also wrote a copy of verses on the same occasion.

The exhibition of both those plays was honoured by the presence of Queen Mary, on whose death, which happened in the close of this year, he testified his gratitude, and concurred with the general sorrow, by writing *The Mourning Muse of Alexis*, an elegical pastoral, which has been extravagantly commended.

In 1695, he produced *Love for Love*, with which the new theatre, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, was opened, under the direction of Betterton. It met with so much success, that Betterton and the other managers made him an offer of a whole share with them in their profits, on condition of his furnishing them with a new play every year, which he accepted. It was dedicated to the Earl of Dorset, the universal patron. It is frequently acted with the approbation it justly merits. It is, as Dr. Johnson observes, of nearer alliance to life, and exhibits more real manners than either the *Old Bachelor* or the *Double Dealer*. The character of *Periwinkle* was then common. The *Seller* is not accounted very natural, but he is very pleasant.

Two years afterwards (1697), he produced the *Mourning Bride*, a tragedy, which was received with more applause than any other of his plays, and still continues to be acted and applauded. The versification is regular, the plot is busy and intricate, and the events take hold on the attention. It is so written, Dr. Johnson observes, as to show him sufficiently qualified for either kind of dramatic poetry. But, except a very few passages, he adds, we are rather amazed with noise, and perplexed with stratagem, than entertained with any true delineation of natural characters. It is not without faults; but it has considerable excellencies; and it is some argument in its favour that it maintains its popularity on the theatre. Mrs. Siddons has not deemed it derogatory to her reputation to appear frequently in the character of *Zara*.

To these strictures, Dr. Johnson has added a passage highly to Congreve's honour: "But whatever objections may be made either to his comic or tragic excellencies, they are lost at once in a blaze of admiration, when it is remembered that he had produced these four plays before he had passed his twenty-fifth year; before other men, even such as are some time to shine in eminence, have passed their probation of literature, or presume to hope for any other notice than such as is bestowed on diligence and inquiry. Among all the effects of early genius which literary history records, I doubt whether any one can be produced that more surpasses the common limits of nature than the plays of Congreve."

In 1698, the famous Jeremy Collier published his "Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage," in which he censured, with fierce and implacable severity, most of the dramatic writers, from Dryden to Durey. Congreve, among others, attempted an answer, under a very plain title: *Amendments of Mr. Collier's False and Imperfect Citations, &c. from the Old Bachelor, Double Dealer, Love for Love, Mourning Bride: By the Author of these Plays*. It was addressed to his friend Walter Moyle, Esq., and contained a modest, but spirited justification of the greatest part of the passages objected to; but it was totally out of his power to defend the general tendency of his plays. Collier replied, with equal zeal and pertinacity, and lived to see the reward of his labour in the reformation of the stage.

In 1700, his last comedy, *The Way of the World*, was exhibited at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. It met with but indifferent success, though it is perhaps the most perfect of all his comedies. The language is pure, the wit genuine, the characters natural, and the painting highly finished. It is now as frequently performed as any of his other plays.

The fate of this play, which was written, as he hints in the dedication to the Earl of Montague, with great labour and much thought, completed his disgust at the theatre; and from this time he resolved to commit his quiet and his fame no more to the caprice of an audience: Upon which Dennis well observed, that Congreve quitted the stage early, and that comedy quitted it with him.

He afterwards produced two musical pieces, *The Judgment of Paris*, a masque, performed in 1701, and *Seméle*, an opera, which was never represented.

The same year, he wrote a *Hymn to Harmony*, in honour of St. Cecilia's day, which was set to music by Mr. Eccles, a famous composer, who set the songs in his opera.

In 1705, he wrote *The Tears of Ameryllis for Amyntas*, a pastoral, on the death of the Marquis of Blandford, only son of the Duke of Marlborough, which he addressed to Lord Treasurer Godolphin.

About the same time, Marlborough's victories furnished him with materials for *An Ode to the Queen*.

In another *Pindaric Ode* he celebrated that great statesman and true patriot, Lord Godolphin; to which he added, a criticism on that species of poetry.

Though he very seldom risked the character he had obtained for the sake of exalting it, yet he never missed any opportunity of paying his compliments to his illustrious friends, nor neglected any occasion of showing his gratitude to those of a less exalted station.

He wrote an epilogue to his old friend Southerne's "Oroonoko," and Dryden has acknowledged his assistance in the translation of Virgil. He contributed, by his version of the eleventh satire of Juvenal, to the translation of that poet, published by Dryden; and wrote a copy of verses to him on his translation of Persius. He wrote also a prologue for a play of Mr. Charles Dryden's, and gave a noble testimony of his filial regard to the memory of his father, in the dedication of his plays to the Duke of Newcastle.

In 1710, he published a collection of his plays and miscellaneous poems, with a dedication to Halifax; and though he lived many years after the publication, yet he almost added nothing to them, but lived on in literary indolence, engaged in no controversy, and contending with no rival, but passing his time among the great and splendid, in the placid enjoyment of his fame and fortune.

He continued always of the Whig party; but without violence or acrimony; and his firmness and abilities were so much honoured by the adverse party, that when, upon the removal of the Whigs, some intercession was used lest he should be displaced, Harley made this answer:

Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Pœni
Nec tam averſus equos Tyria ſol jungit ab urbe.

At the acceſſion of King George, when his friends returned to power, he was made Secretary for the iſland of Jamaica, which, with his place in the Cuſtoms, is ſaid to have afforded him 1200 l. a-year.

Thus exalted, above dependence, he gave himſelf no trouble about reputation. He wiſhed to be conſidered rather as a man of faſhion than of wit; and when he received a viſit from Voltaire, diſgusted him by deſiring to be conſidered not as an author, but a gentleman; to which the French poet replied, "that if he had been only a gentleman, he ſhould not have come to viſit him."

The common ſenſe of mankind will find it difficult to acquit Congreve of ſome degree of vanity and affectation in his reception of Voltaire, yet he has found an ingenious defender in an eminent modern poet. "I have often thought," ſays Maſon, in his memoirs of Gray, "that Mr. Congreve might very well be vindicated on this head. It ſeldom happens that the vanity of authorſhip continues to the end of a man's days. It uſually ſoon leaves him where it found him, and if he has not ſomething better to build his ſelf-approbation upon, than that of being a popular writer, he generally finds himſelf ill at eaſe, if reſpected wholly on that account. Mr. Congreve was much advanced in years when the young French poet paid him this viſit, and though a man of the world, he might now feel that indifference to literary fame which Mr. Gray, who always led a more retired and philoſophical life, certainly felt much earlier. Both of them, therefore, might reaſonably, at times, expreſs ſome diſguſt, if their quiet was obtruded upon by perſons who thought they flattered them by ſuch intrusion."

In a familiar epiſtle to Lord Cobham, *Of Improving the Preſent Time*, written but a very ſhort time before his death, he deſcribes, with ſimple elegance and dignity of ſentiment, the ſtudies and amusements of his declining age.

Conce, ſee thy friend retir'd, without regret,
Forgetting care or ſtriving to forget,
In eaſy contemplation ſoothing time,
With morals much, and now and then with rhyme,
Not ſo robuſt in body as in mind,
And always undejected, though declin'd.

His ſtudies, in his latter days, were obſtructed by cataracts in his eyes, which at laſt terminated in total blindneſs. This melancholy ſtate was aggravated by the gout, for which he fought relief by a journey to Bath, but being overturned in his chariot, complained from that time of a pain in his ſide, and died at his houſe, in Surry ſtreet, in the Strand, London, January 19. 1728 9, in the 57th year of his age. Having lain in ſtate in the Jeruſalem Chamber, he was buried on the 26th following, in Weſtmiſter Abbey, the pall being ſupported by perſons of the firſt diſtinction.

Sometime after, an elegant monument was erected to his memory, among the worthies of his country, with the following inſcription, by Henrietta Ducheſs of Marlborough:

"William Congreve died, January 19. 1728, aged 56, and was buried near this place, to whoſe moſt valuable memory this monument is ſet up, by Henrietta Ducheſs of Marlborough, as a mark how dearly ſhe remembers the happineſs and honour ſhe enjoyed in the ſincere friendſhip of ſo worthy and honeſt a man, whoſe virtue, candour, and wit, gained him the love and eſteem of the preſent age, and whoſe writings will be the admiration of the future."

He conſtituted the Earl of Godolphin his ſole executor, in truſt for the ducheſs his wife, leaving 200 l. to his friend Mrs Bracegirdle, whoſe admirable performance added ſpirit to his dramatic pieces, and 300 l. to William Congreve, ſon of Colonel William Congreve of Highgate; and 200 l. to Mrs. Anne Congreve, daughter of Colonel Ralph Congreve of Clarges-Street.

The bequest of the bulk of his fortune, amounting to 10,000*l.* to the Dutches of Marlborough, has been exposed to strictures, and is not to be justified. Her attachment to him appears to have been of a very extravagant nature, and her veneration for his memory approached even to madness. Common fame reports, that she had his figure made in wax, after his death; talked to it as if it had been alive; placed it at table with her; took great care to help it to different kinds of food; had an imaginary fore on its leg regularly dressed; and even consulted physicians with relation to its health. But as this account is grounded only on common report, there is the highest probability of its being greatly exaggerated.

His plays and poems were collected and printed, not long after his death, in 3 vols. 12mo. with memoirs of his life, by Mr. Wilson.

It appears from Mr. Ayscough's catalogue, that there are preserved, in the British Museum, several original letters of Congreve's to Mr. Porter, and a manuscript poem intitled, *Satire against Love*.

A Short Essay on Humour, in English Comedy, and Remarks on Jonson, which are very judicious, are inserted among "Dennis' Letters," and one paper is ascribed to him in the "Tatler."

The manners of Congreve may reasonably be supposed to have been polite, and his conversation equally pleasing with his writings; since he was universally beloved and esteemed by his contemporaries. Among his friends, he was able to name every man of his time, whom wit and elegance had raised to reputation. Every writer mentioned him with respect. Addison testified his regard for him upon many occasions; Steele made him the patron of his "Miscellany;" Pope inscribed to him his translation of the *Iliad*; Dennis always spoke of him, not with decency only, but with veneration; and Young, is lavish in his praise:

Congreve, who crown'd with laurels bravely won,
Sits smiling at the goal while others run.

LOVE OF FAME, SAT. II.

The general estimation of his genius as a dramatist, is finely expressed by Dr. Johnson: "Congreve," says that excellent critic, "has merit of the highest kind: he is an original writer, who borrowed neither the models of his plot, nor the manner of his dialogue. His characters are commonly fictitious and artificial, with very little of nature, and not much of life. He formed a peculiar idea of comic excellence, which he supposed to consist in gay remarks and unexpected answers; but that which he endeavoured, he seldom failed of performing. His scenes exhibit not much of humour, imagery, or passion; his personages are a kind of intellectual gladiators; every sentence is to ward or strike, the contest of smartness is never intermitted; his wit is a meteor playing to and fro with alternate coruscations. His comedies have, therefore, in some degree, the operation of tragedies; they surprise rather than divert; and raise admiration rather than merriment. But they are the works of a mind replete with images, and quick in combination."

His biographers have bestowed the most extravagant encomiums on his *Miscellaneous Poems*. Such exuberant and indiscriminate praise is seldom the result of judgment, and certainly is not so in the present case. His dramatic works excepted, few readers will now be able to go through his poetical productions with any great degree of pleasure. Dr. Johnson's criticism upon them affords a fine contrast to the loud applauses of the biographers; and indeed, in every view, deserves to be inserted. Perhaps, in the fastidiousness of his taste, he may sometimes be thought too severe; but his remarks, in general, are strictly just.

"Of his miscellaneous poetry I cannot say any thing very favourable. The powers of Congreve seem to leave him when he leaves the stage, as Antus was no longer strong than he could touch the ground. It cannot be observed without wonder, that a mind so vigorous and fertile in dramatic compositions should on any other occasion discover nothing but impotence and poverty. He has in these little pieces neither elevation, fancy, selection of language, nor skill in versification; yet, if I were required to select from the whole mass of English poetry, the most poetical paragraph, I know not what I could prefer to an exclamation in the *Mourning Bride*.

Almeria. It was a fancy'd noise; for all is hush'd.
Leonora. It bore the accent of a human voice.

L I I

Almeria. It was thy fear, or else some transient wind
Whistling thro' hollows of this vaulted ile.
We'll listen.

Leonora. Hark!

Almeria. No, all is hush'd, and still as death.—'Tis dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made stedfast and immovable,
Looking tranquility! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.

He who reads these lines enjoys, for a moment, the powers of a poet; he feels what he remembers to have felt before, but he feels it with great increase of sensibility; he recognizes a familiar image, but meets again amplified and expanded, embellished with beauty, and enlarged with majesty.

This tissue of poetry, from which he seems to have hoped a lasting name, is totally neglected, and known only as it is appended to his plays.

The *Birth of the Muse* is a miserable fiction. One good line it has, which was borrowed from Dryden. Of his irregular poems, that to Mrs. Arabella Hunt, seems to be the best. His *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day*, however, has some lines which Pope had in his mind when he wrote his own. His *Imitations of Horace* are feebly paraphrastical, and the additions which he makes are of little value. Of his translations, *The Satire of Juvenal* was written very early, and may therefore be forgiven, though it had not the massiness and vigour of the original. In all his versions, strength and sprightliness are wanting: his *Hymn to Venus*, from Homer, is perhaps the best. His lines are weakened with expletives, and his rhymes are frequently imperfect. His petty poems are seldom worth the cost of criticism. Sometimes the thoughts are false, and sometimes common. In his verses on Lady Gethin, the latter part is an imitation of Dryden's "Ode on Mrs. Killigrew:" *Doris*, that has been so lavishly flattered by Steele, has indeed some lively stanzas; but the expression might be mended, and the most striking part of the character had been already shown in *Love for Love*. His *Art of Pleasing* is founded on a vulgar, but perhaps impracticable principle, and the staleness of the sense is not concealed by any novelty of illustration or elegance of diction.

While comedy, or while tragedy is regarded, his plays are likely to be read; but except what relates to the stage, I know not that he has ever written a stanza that is sung, or a couplet that is quoted. The general character of his *Miscellanies* is, that they show little wit, and little virtue.

Yet to him it must be confessed, that we are indebted for the correction of a national error, and for the cure of our Pindaric madness. He first taught the English writers that Pindar's odes were regular; and though certainly he had not the fire requisite for the higher species of lyric poetry, he has shown us that enthusiasm has its rules, and that in mere confusion there is neither grace nor greatness."

RECOMMENDATORY POEM.

TO MR. CONGREVE,
ON HIS PLAYS AND POEMS.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH TOLLET †.

CONGREVE! the justest glory of our age!
The whole Menander of the English stage!
Thy comic muse, in each complete design,
Does manly sense and sprightly wit combine.
And sure the theatre was meant a school,
To lash the vicious, and expose the fool;
The wilful fool, whose wit is always shown
To hit another's fault and miss his own,
Laughs at himself, when by thy skill express'd,
And always in his neighbour finds the jest.
A fame from vulgar characters to raise
Is every poet's labour, and his praise;
They, fearful, coast; while you forsake the shore,
And undiscover'd worlds of wit explore,
Enrich the scene with characters unknown,
There plant your colonies, and fix your throne.
Let Maskwell's treacheries and Touchwood's
rage,
Let rugged Ben, and Foresight's timorous age,
And Heartwell's fullen passion, grace the stage.

† Daughter of George Tollet, Esq.

Then let half critics veil their idle spite,
For he knows best to rail, who worst can write.
Let juster satire now employ thy pen,
To tax the vicious on the world's great scene;
There the reformer's praise the poet shares,
And boldly lashes whom the zealot spares.

Ye British fair! could your bright eyes refuse
A pitying tear to grace his tragic muse?
Can generous Osmyn sigh beneath his chain,
Or the distressed Almeria weep in vain?
A kindly pity every breast must move,
For injur'd virtue, or for suffering love.
The nymphs adorn Pastora's sacred tomb,
And mourn the lov'd Amynta's short-liv'd bloom:
The learn'd admire the poet, when he flies
To trace the Theban swan amid the skies;
When he translates, still faithful to the sense,
He copies and improves each excellence.
Or when he teaches how the rich and great,
And all but deathless wit, must yield to fate;
Or when he sings the courser's rapid speed,
Or virtue's loftier praise, and nobler deed;
Each various grace embellishes his song,
As Horace easy, and as Pindar strong;
Pindar, who long like oracles ador'd
In reverend darkness, now to light restor'd,
Shall stamp thy current wit, and seal thy fame's
record.

L I ij

POEMS.

" ——— Minuentur atræ
" Carmine curæ."

Hoz.

EPISTLE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

To you, my Lord, my muse her tribute pays
Of various verse, in various rude essays;
To you the first address'd her early voice,
By inclination led, and fix'd by choice;
To you, on whose indulgence she depends,
Her few collected lays she now commends.

By no one measure bound, her numbers range,
And, unresolv'd in choice, delight in change;
Her songs to no distinguish'd fame aspire,
For now she tries the reed, anon attempts the lyre:

In high Parnassus she no birth-right claims,
Nor drinks deep draughts of Heliconian streams:
Yet near the sacred mount she loves to rove,
Visits the springs, and hovers round the grove.
She knows what dangers wait too bold a flight,
And fears to fall from an Icarian height:
Yet she admires the wing that safely soars,
At distance follows, and its track adores.
She knows what room, what force, the swan

requires,
Whose tow'ring head above the clouds aspires,
And knows as well, it is your lowest praise,
Such heights to reach with equal strength and ease.

O had your genius been to leisure botn,
And not more bound to aid us, than adorn!
Albion in verse with ancient Greece had vie'd,
And gain'd alone a fame, which, there, seven
states divide.

But such, ev'n such renown, too dear had cost,
Had we the patriot in the poet lost.
A true poetic state we had deplor'd,
Had not your ministry our coin restor'd.

But still, my lord, though your exalted name
Stands foremost in the fairest list of fame,
Though your ambition ends in public good
(A virtue lineal to your house and blood):

Yet think not meanly of your other praise,
Nor slight the trophies which the muses raise.
How oft a patriot's best-laid schemes we find
By party cross'd, or faction undermin'd!
If he succeed, he undergoes this lot,
The good receiv'd, the giver is forgot.
But honours which from verse their source derive,
Shall both surmount detraction, and survive:
And poets have unquestion'd right to claim,
If not the greatest, the most lasting name.

W. CONGREVE.

THE MOURNING MUSE OF ALEXIS.

A PASTORAL.

Lamenting the death of Queen Mary.

" Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem."
VIRO.

ALEXIS, MENALCAS.

MENALCAS.

BEHOLD, Alexis, see this gloomy shade,
Which seems alone for sorrow's shelter made;
Where no glad beams of light can ever play,
But night succeeding night excludes the day,
Where never birds with harmony repair,
And lightsome notes, to cheer the dusky air:
To welcome day, or bid the sun farewell,
By morning lark, or evening Philomel.
No violet here, nor daisy, e'er was seen;
No sweetly-budding flower, nor springing green:
For fragrant myrtle, and the blushing rose,
Here baleful yew with deadly cypress grows.
Here then, extended on this wither'd moss,
We'll lie, and thou shalt sing of Albion's loss,
Of Albion's loss, and of Pastora's death,
Begin thy mournful song, and raise thy tuneful
breath.

ALEXIS.

Ah woe too great! Ah theme which far exceeds
The lowly lays of humble shepherds reeds!
O could I sing in verse of equal strain
With the Sicilian bard, or Mantuan swain;
Or melting words and moving numbers choose,
Sweet as the British Colin's mourning muse;
Could I, like him, in tuneful grief excel,
And mourn like Stella for her Astrofel;
Then might I raise my voice (secure of skill),
And with melodious woe the valleys fill;
The listening echo on my song should wait,
And hollow rocks Pastora's name repeat;
Each whistling wind, and murmuring stream
Should tell
How lov'd the liv'd, and how lamented fell.

MENALCAS.

Wert thou with every bay and laurel crown'd,
And high as Pan himself in song renew'd;
Yet would not all thy art avail, to show
Verse worthy of her name, or of our woe:
But such true passion in thy face appears,
In thy pale lips, thick sighs, and gushing tears;
Such tender sorrow in thy heart I read,
As shall supply all skill, if not exceed.
Then leave this common line of dumb distress,
Each vulgar grief can sighs and tears express;
In sweet complaining notes thy passion vent,
And not in sighs, but words explaining sighs, lament.

ALEXIS.

Wild be my words, Menalcas, wild my thought,
Artless as nature's notes in birds untaught;
Boundless my verse, and roving be my strains,
Various as flowers on unfrequented plains.
And thou, Thalia, darling of my breast,
By whom inspir'd, I sung at Comus' feast;
While in a ring, the jolly rural throng
Have sat and smil'd to hear my cheerful song:
Begone, with all thy mirth and sprightly lays,
My pipe no longer now thy power obeys;
Learn to lament, my muse, to weep, and mourn,
Thy springing laurels all to cypress turn;
Wound with thy dismal cries the tender air, [hair;
And beat thy snowy breast, and rend thy yellow
Far hence, in utmost wilds, thy dwelling choose,
Begone, Thalia; sorrow is my muse.

I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.

No more these woods shall with her sight be
blest'd,
Nor with her feet, these flowery plains be press'd;
No more the winds shall with her tresses play,
And from her balmy breath steal sweets away;
No more these rivers cheerfully shall pass,
Pleas'd to reflect the beauties of her face;
While on their banks the wondering flocks have
stood,
Greedy of sight, and negligent of food.
No more the nymphs shall with soft tales delight
Her ears, no more with dances please her sight:
Nor ever more shall swain make song of mirth,
To bless the joyous day that gave her birth;
Lost is that day which had from her its light,
For ever lost with her, in endless night:

In endless night and arms of death she lies,
Death in eternal shades has shut Pastora's eyes.

Lament ye nymphs, and mourn ye wretched
swains;

Stray all ye flocks, and desert be ye plains;
Sigh all ye winds, and weep ye crystal floods;
Fade all ye flowers, and wither all ye woods.

I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.

Within a dismal grot, which damps surround,
All cold she lies upon 'h' unwholesome ground;
The marble weeps, and with a silent pace,
Its trickling tears distil upon her face.
Falsely ye weep, ye rocks, and falsely mourn;
For never will you let the nymph return!
With a feign'd grief the faithless tomb relents,
And like the crocodile its prey laments.

O she was heavenly fair, in face and mind:
Never in nature were such beauties join'd;
Without, all shining; and within, all white;
Pure to the sense, and pleasing to the sight;
Like some rare flower, whose leaves all colours
yield,

And opening is with sweetest odours fill'd.
As lofty pines o'er top the lowly reed,
So did her graceful height all nymphs exceed;
To which excelling height, she bore a mind
Humble, as osiers bending to the wind.
Thus excellent she was—

Ah wretched fate! she was, but is no more:
Help me, ye hills and valleys, to deplore.

I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.

From that blest earth, on which her body lies,
May blooming flowers with fragrant sweets
arise.

Let Myrrha weeping aromatic gum,
And ever-living laurel, shade her tomb,
Thither let all th' industrious bees repair,
Unlade their thighs and leave their honey there:
Thither let fairies with their train resort,
Neglect their revels and their midnight sport;
There in unusual wailings waste the night,
And watch her by the fiery glow-worm's light.

There may no dismal yew nor cypress grow,
Nor holly-bush, nor bitter alder's bough;
Let each unlucky bird far build his nest,
And distant dens receive each howling beast;
Let wolves be gone, be ravens put to flight,
With hooting owls, and bats that hate the light.

But let the sighing doves that sorrows bring,
And nightingales in sweet complainings sing;
Let swans from their forsaken rivers fly,
And, sickening at her tomb, make haste to die,
That they may help to sing her elegy.
Let Echo too, in mimic moan deplore,
And cry with me, "Pastora is no more!"

I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.

And see the heavens to weep in dew prepare,
And heavy mists obscure the burden'd air;
A sudden damp o'er all the plain is spread,
Each lily folds its leaves and hangs its head:
On every tree the blossoms turn to tears,
And every bough a weeping moisture bears.

Their wings the feather'd airy people droop,
And flocks beneath their dewy fleeces stoop.
The rocks are cleft, and new-descending rills
Furrow the brows of all th' impending hills:
The water-gods to floods their rivulets turn,
And each, with streaming eyes, supplies his want-
ing urn. [grove,

The fawns forsake the woods, the nymphs the
And round the plain in sad distraction rove;
In prickly brakes their tender limbs they tear,
And leave on thorns their locks of golden hair.

With their sharp nails, themselves the satyrs
wound,
And tug their shaggy beards, and bite with
grief the ground.

Lo Pan himself beneath a blasted oak
Dejected lies, his pipe in pieces broke.

See Pales weeping too, in wild despair,
And to the piercing winds her bosom bare.

And see yon fading myrtle, where appears
The queen of love, all bath'd in flowing tears:
See how she wrings her hands, and beats her
breast,

And tears her useless girdle from her waist:
Hear the sad murmurs of her sighing doves,
For grief they sigh, forgetful of their loves.

Lo, Love himself, with heavy woes oppress'd!
See how his sorrows swell his tender breast;
His bow he breaks, and wide his arrows flings,
And folds his little arms, and hangs his drooping
wings;

Then lays his limbs upon the dying grass,
And all with tears bedews his beauteous face,
With tears, which from his folded lids arise,
And even Love himself has weeping eyes.
All nature mourns; the floods and rocks deplore,
And cry with me, "Pastora is no more!"

I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
And fable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.

The rocks can melt, and air in rusts can mourn,
And floods can weep, and winds to sighs can turn;
The birds, in songs, their sorrows can disclose,
And nymphs and swains, in words, can tell their
woes.

Bat, oh! behold that deep and wild despair,
Which neither winds can show, nor floods, nor air.

See the great shepherd, chief of all the swains,
Lord of these woods, and wide-extended plains,
Stretch'd on the ground, and close to earth his
face,

Scalding with tears th' already-faded grass;
To the cold clay he joins his throbbing breast,
No more within Pastora's arms to rest!
No more! for those once soft and circling arms
Themselves are clay, and cold are all her charms;
Cold are those lips, which he no more must kiss,
And cold that bosom, once all downy bliss;
On whose soft pillows, lull'd in sweet delights,
He us'd in balmy sleep to lose the nights.

Ah! where is all that love and fondness fled?
Ah! where is all that tender sweetness laid?
To dust must all that heaven of beauty come!
And must Pastora moulder in the tomb!
Ah, death: more fierce and unrelenting far,
Than wildest wolves or savage tigers are:

With lambs and sheep their hungers are appeas'd
But ravenous death the shepherds has seiz'd.

I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
And fable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.

"But see, Menalcas, where a sudden light,
"With wonder stops my song, and strikes my
"fight!"

"And where Pastora lies, it spreads around,
"Showing all radiant bright the sacred ground.

"While from her tomb, behold, a flame ascends
"Of whitest fire, whose flight to heaven extends!"

"On flaking wings it mounts, and quick as light
"Cuts through the yielding air with rays of light;

"Till the blue firmament at last it gains,
"And, fixing there, a glorious star remains;"

Fairest it shines of all that light the skies,
As once on earth were seen Pastora's eyes.

TO THE KING,

ON THE TAKING OF NAMUR.

Irregular Ode.

"Præsentī tibi maturos largimur honores:

"Nil oriturum aliās, nil ortum tale fatentes."

Hor. ad Augustum

I.

Of arms and war my muse aspires to sing,
And strike the lyre upon an untry'd string:
New fire informs my soul, unfelt before;
And, on new wings, to heights unknown I soar.
O power unseen! by whose restless force
Compell'd, I take this flight, direct my course;
For fancy wild and pathless ways will choose,
Which judgment rarely, or with pain, pursues:
Say, sacred nymph, whence this great change
proceeds,

Why scorn the lowly swain his oaten reeds;
Daring aloud to strike the sounding lyre,
And sing heroic deeds;

Neglecting flames of love, for martial fire?

II.

William, alone, my feeble voice can raise;
What voice so weak, that cannot sing his praise!
The listening world each whisper will befriend!
That breathes his name, and every ear attend.
The hovering winds on downy wings shall wait
around, [found.

And catch, and waft to foreign lands, the flying

Ev'n I will in his praise be heard;

For by his name my verse shall be prefer'd.

Borne like a lark upon this eagle's wing,

High as the spheres, I will his triumph sing:

High as the head of Fame; Fame whose exalted
size [skies:

From the deep vale extends up to the vaulted

A thousand talking tongues the monster bears,

A thousand waking eyes and ever-open ears;

Hourly she stalks with huge gigantic pace,

Measuring the globe, like time, with constant
race:

Yet shall she stay, and bend to William's praise:

Of him her thousand ears shall hear triumphant
lays, [shall gaze.
Of him her tongue shall talk, on him her eyes

III.

But lo, a change, astonishing my eyes!
Art all around, behold, new objects rise!
What forms are these I see? and whence?
Beings substantial! or does air condense,
To clothe in visionary shape my various thought?
Are these by fancy wrought!
Can strong ideas strike so deep the sense?
O sacred poetry! O boundless power!
What wonders dost thou trace, what hidden worlds
explore!

Through seas, earth, air, and the wide-circling
What is not sought and seen by thy all-piercing eye!

IV.

'Twas now, when flowery lawns the prospect made,
And flowing brooks beneath a forest's shade;
A lowing heifer, loveliest of the herd,
Stood feeding by; while two fierce bulls prepar'd
Their armed heads for fight; by fate of war to
prove

The victor worthy of the fair-one's love.
Unthought presage of what met next my view!
For soon the shady scene withdrew:

And now, for woods, and fields, and springing
flowers,
Behold a town arise, bulwark'd with walls, and lofty
towers!

Two rival armies all the plain o'erspread,
Each in battalia rang'd, and shining arms array'd:
With eager eyes beholding both from far
Namur, the prize and mistress of the war.

V.

Now, thirst of conquest, and immortal fame,
Does every chief and soldier's heart inflame.
Defensive arms the Gallic forces bear,
While hardy Britons for the storm prepare:
For fortune had, with partial hand, before
Resign'd the rule to Gallia's power.

High on a rock the mighty fortress stands,
Founded by fate, and wrought by nature's hands.
A wondrous task it is th' ascent to gain,

Through craggy cliffs, that strike the sight with
pain,

And nod impending terrors o'er the plain.
To this, what dangers men can add, by force or
skill

(And great is human force and wit in ill),
Are join'd; on every side wide-gaping engines wait,
Teeming with fire, and big with certain fate;
Ready to hurl destruction from above,
In dreadful roar, mocking the wrath of Jove.
Thus fearful does the face of adverse power ap-
pear;

But British forces are unus'd to fear;
Though thus oppos'd they might, if William were
not there.

VI.

But hark, the voice of war! behold the storm be-
gin!

The trumpet's clangor speaks in loud alarms,
Mingling shrill notes, with dreadful din
Of cannons burst, and rattling clash of arms.

Clamours from earth to heaven, from heaven to
earth rebound,

Distinction in promiscuous noise is drown'd,
And echo lost in one continued sound.
Torrents of fire from brazen mouths are sent,
Follow'd by peals, as if each pole were rent;

Such flames the gulf of Tartarus disgorge,
So vaulted Ætna roars from Vulcan's forge;
Such were the peals from thence, such the vast
blaze that broke,

Reddening with horrid gloom the dusky smoke,
When the huge Cyclops did with moulding thunder
sweat,

And massive bolts on repercussive anvils beat.

VII.

Amidst this rage, behold, where William stands,
Undaunted, undismay'd!

With face serene, dispensing dread commands;
Which, heard with awe, are with delight obey'd.
A thousand fiery deaths around him fly;

And burning balls hiss harmless by:
For ev'ry fire his sacred head must spare,
Nor dares the lightning touch the laurels there.

VIII.

Now many a wounded Briton feels the rage
Of missile fires that fester in each limb,
Which dire revenge alone has power to assuage;
Revenge makes danger dreadful seem.

And now, with desperate force, and fresh at-
tack,

Through obvious deaths, resistless way they
make;

Raising high piles of earth, and heap on heap they
lay,

And then ascend; resembling thus (as far
As race of men inferior may)

The fam'd gigantic war,
When those tall sons of earth did heaven aspire;
(A brave, but impious fire!)

Uprooting hills, with most stupendous hale,
To form the high and dreadful scale.

The gods, with horror and amaze, look'd down.
Beholding rocks from their firm basis rent;

Mountain on mountain thrown, [ment!
With threatening hurl, that shook th' aerial firma-

Th' attempt did fear in heaven create;
Even Jove desponding fate,

Till Mars, with all his force collected, stood,
And pour'd whole war on the rebellious brood;

Who, tumbling headlong from th' empyreal skies,
O'erwhelm'd those hills, by which they thought
to rise.

Mars on the gods did then his aid bestow,
And now in godlike William storms with equal
force below.

IX.

Still they proceed, with firm unshaken pace,
And hardy breasts oppos'd to danger's face.

With daring feet, on springing mines they tread
Of secret sulphur, in dire ambush laid.

Still they proceed; though all beneath, the labour-
ing earth

Trembles to give the dread irruptions birth.
Through this, through more, through all they go,
Mounting at last amidst the vanquish'd foe.

See, how they climb, and scale the steepy walls!
See, how the Britons rise! see the retiring Gauls!
Now from the fort, behold, the yielding flag is
spread;

And William's banner on the breach display'd.

Hark, the triumphant shouts from every voice!

The skies with acclamations ring!

Hark, how around, the hills rejoice;

And rocks reflected los sing!

Hautboys and fifes and trumpets join'd

Heroic harmony prepare,

And charm to silence every wind,

And glad the late-tormented air.

Far is the sound of martial music spread,

Echoing through all the Gallic host,

Whose numerous troops the dreadful storm sur-

vey'd:

But they, with wonder or with awe dismay'd,

Unmov'd beheld the fortrefs lost;

William, their numerous troops with terror fill'd,

Such wondrous charms can godlike valour show!

Not the wing'd Perseus, with petrific shield

Of Gorgon's head, to more amazement charm'd his

foe,

Nor, when on scaring horse he flew, to aid

And save from monster's rage the beauteous

maid;

Or more heroic was the deed;

Or she to surer chains decreed,

Than was Namur, till now by William freed.

xi.

Descend, my muse, from thy too-daring height,

Descend to earth, and ease thy wide-stretch'd

wing;

For weary art thou grown of this unwonted flight,

And dost with pain of triumphs sing.

More fit for thee, resume thy rural reeds;

For war let more harmonious harps be strung:

Sing thou of love, and leave great William's

deeds

To him who sung the Boyne; or him to whom he

THE BIRTH OF THE MUSE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

"*Dignum laude virum musa vetat mori.*—HOR.

DESCEND, celestial muse! thy son inspire

Of thee to sing; infuse thy holy fire.

Belov'd of gods and men, thyself disclose;

Say, from what source thy heavenly power arose,

Which, from unnumber'd years delivering down

The deeds of heroes deathless in renown,

Extends their life and fame to ages yet unknown.

Time and the muse set forth with equal pace;

At once the rivals started to the race:

And both at once the destin'd course shall end,

Or both to all eternity contend.

One to preserve what t'other cannot save,

And rescue virtue rising from the grave.

To thee, O Montague, these strains are sung,

For thee my voice is tun'd, and speaking lyre is

strung;

For every grace of every muse is thine;

In thee their various fires united shine,

Darling of Phœbus and the tuneful Nine!

To thee alone I dare my song commend,

Whose nature can forgive, and power defend,

And show by turns the patron and the friend.

Begin, my muse, from Jove derive thy song,

Thy song of right does first to Jove belong;

For thou thyself art of celestial seed,

Nor dare a fire inferior boast the breed.

When first the frame of this vast ball was made,

And Jove with joy the finish'd work survey'd;

Vicissitude of things, of men and states,

Their rise and fall, were destin'd by the fates.

Then time had first a name; by firm decree

Appointed lord of all fatuity,

Within whose ample bosom fates repose

Causes of things, and secret seeds enclose,

Which, ripening there, shall one day gain a birth,

And force a passage through the teeming earth.

To him they give to rule the spacious light,

And bound the yet unparted day and night;

To wing the hours that whirl the rolling sphere,

To shift the seasons, and conduct the year,

Duration of dominion and of power

To him prescribe, and fix each slated hour.

This mighty rule to time the fates ordain,

But yet to hard conditions bind his reign;

For every beauteous birth he brings to light,

(How good so'er and grateful in his sight,) He must again to native earth restore,

And all his race with iron teeth devour.

Nor good nor great shall 'scape his hungry maw,

But bleeding nature prove the rigid law.

Not yet the loosen'd earth aloft was hung,

Or pois'd amid the skies in balance hung;

Nor yet did golden fires the sun adorn,

Or borrow'd lustre silver Cynthia's horn;

Nor yet had time commission to begin,

Or fate the many twil'd web to spin;

When all the heavenly host assembled came

To view the world yet resting on its frame;

Eager they press, to see the fire dismiss

And roll the globe along the vast abyss.

When deep revolving thoughts the god retain,

Which for a space suspend the promis'd scene;

Once more his eyes on time intentive look,

Again inspect fate's universal book:

Abroad the wondrous volume he displays,

And present views the deeds of future days.

A beauteous scene adorns the foremost page,

Where nature's bloom presents the golden age.

The golden leaf to silver soon resigns,

And fair the sheet, but yet more faintly, shines.

Of baser brass, the next denotes the times;

An iniquous page, deform'd with deadly crimes.

The fourth yet wears a worse and browner face,

And adds to gloomy days an iron race.

He turns the book, and every age reviews,

Then all the kingly line his eye pursues:

The first of men, and lords of earth design'd,

Who under him should govern human-kind,

Of future heroes, there, the lives he reads,
In search of glory spent, and godlike deeds;
Who empires found, and goodly cities build,
And savage men compel to leave the field.

All this he saw, and all he saw approv'd;
When lo! but thence a narrow space remov'd,
And hungry time has all the scene defac'd,
The kings destroy'd, and laid the kingdoms waste:
Together all in common ruins lie,
And but anon, and ev'n the ruins die.

Th' Almighty, inly touch'd, compassion found,
To see great actions in oblivion drown'd;
And forward search'd the roll, to find if fate
Had no reserve to spare the good and great.
Bright in his view the Trojan heroes shine,
And Ilion structures rais'd by hands divine;
But Ilium soon in native dust is laid,
And all her boasted pile a ruin made:

Nor great Æneas can her fall withstand,
But flies, to save his gods, to foreign land.
The Roman race succeed the Dardan state,
And first, and second Cæsar, godlike great.
Still on to after-days his eyes descend,
And rising heroes still the search attend.

Proceeding thus, he many empires pass'd;
When fair Britannia fix'd his sight at last.

Above the waves she lifts her silver head,
And looks a Venus born from Ocean's bed.
For rolling years, her happy fortunes smile,
And fates propitious bless the beauteous isle;
To worlds remote the wide extends her reign,
And wields the trident of the stormy main.
Thus on the base of empire firm she stands,
While bright Eliza rules the willing lands.

But soon a lowering sky comes on apace,
And fate revers'd shows an ill-omen'd face.
The void of heaven a gloomy horror fills,
And cloudy veils involve her shining hills;
Of greatness pass'd no footsteps she retains,
Sunk in a series of inglorious reigns.
She feels the change, and deep regrets the shame
Of honours lost, and her diminish'd name:
Conscious, she seeks from day to shroud her head,
And glad would shrink beneath her oozy bed.
Thus far, the sacred leaves Britannia's woes
In shady draughts and dusky lines disclose.
Th' ensuing scene revolves a martial age,
And ardent colours gild the glowing page.

Behold! of radiant light an orb arise,
Which, kindling day, restores the darken'd skies:
And see! on seas the beamy ball descends,
And now its course to fair Britannia bends:
Along the foamy main the billows bear
The floating fire, and waft the shining sphere.
Hail, happy omen! Hail, auspicious sight!
Thou glorious guide to yet a greater light.
For see a prince, whom dazzling arms array,
Pursuing closely, plows the watery way,
Tracing the glory through the flaming sea.

Britannia, rise; awake, O fairest isle,
From iron sleep; again thy fortunes smile.
Once more look up, the mighty man behold,
Whose reign renews the former age of gold.
The fates at length the blissful web have spun,
And bid it round in endless circles run.

Again shall distant lands confess thy sway,
Again the watery world thy rule obey;
Again thy martial sons shall thirst for fame,
And win in foreign fields a deathless name;
For William's genius every soul inspires,
And warms the frozen youth with warlike fires.
Already, see, the hostile troops retreat,
And seem forewarn'd of their impending fate.
Already routed foes his fury feel,
And fly the force of his unerring steel.
The haughty Gaul, who well, till now, might boast
A matchless sword and unresisted host,
At his foreseen approach the field forsakes;
His cities tremble, and his empire shakes.
His towering ensigns long had aw'd the plain,
And fleets audaciously usurp'd the main:
A gathering storm he seem'd, which from afar
Teem'd with a deluge of destructive war,
Till William's stronger genius fear'd above,
And down the skies the daring tempest drove.
So from the radiant sun retires the night,
And western clouds shot through with orient light.
So when th' assuming god, whom storms obey,
To all the warring winds at once gives way,
The frantic brethren savage all around,
And rocks, and woods, and shores, their rage
resound;

Incumbent o'er the main, at length they sweep
The liquid plains, and raise the peaceful deep.
But when superior Neptune leaves his bed,
His trident shakes, and shows his awful head;
The madding winds are hush'd, the tempests cease,
And every rolling surge resides in peace.

And now the sacred leaf a landscape wears,
Where heaven serene, and air unmov'd, appears.
The rose and lily paint the verdant plains,
And palm and olive shade the Sylvan scenes.
The peaceful Thames beneath his banks abides,
And soft, and still, the silver surface glides.
The Zephyrs fan the fields, the whispering breeze
With fragrant breath remurmurs through the trees.
The warbling birds, applauding new-born light,
In wanton measures wing their airy flight.
Above the floods the finny race repair,
And bound aloft, and bask in upper air;
They gild their scaly backs in Phœbus' beams,
And scorn to skim the level of the streams.
While nature wears a gay and joyous face,
And blooms and ripens with the fruits of peace.

No more the labouring hind regrets his toil,
But cheerfully manures the grateful soil;
Secure the glebe a plenteous crop will yield,
And golden Ceres grace the waving field.
Th' adventurous man, who durst the deep explore,
Oppose the winds, and tempt the shelvy shore,
Beneath his roof now tastes unbroken rest,
Enough with native wealth and plenty blest.

No more the forward youth pursues alarms,
Nor leaves the sacred arts for stubborn arms.
No more the mothers from their hopes are torn,
Nor weeping maids the promis'd lover mourn.
No more the widows' shrieks, and orphans' cries,
Torment the patient air, and pierce the skies;
But peaceful joys the prosperous times afford,
And banish'd virtue is again restor'd.

And he whose arms alone sustain'd the toil,
And propp'd the nodding frame of Britain's isle;
By whose illustrious deeds, her leaders fir'd,
Have honours lost retriev'd, and new acquir'd,
With equal sway will virtue's laws maintain,
And good, as great, in awful peace shall reign;
For his example still the rule shall give,
And those it taught to conquer, teach to live.

Proceeding on, the father still unfolds
Succeeding leaves, and brighter still beholds;
The latest seen the fairest seems to shine,
Yet sudden does to one more fair resign.
Th' Eternal paus'd—

Nor would Britannia's fate beyond explore;
Enough he saw besides the coming store.
Enough the hero had already done,
And round the wide extent of glory run:
Nor further now the shining path pursues,
But like the sun the same bright race renews.

And shall remorseless fates on him have power!
Or time unequally such worth devour!
Then, wherefore shall the brave for fame contest?
Why is this man distinguish'd from the rest?
Whose soaring genius now sublime aspires,
And deathless fame the due reward requires.
Approving heaven th' exalted virtue views,
Nor can the claim which it approves refuse.

The great Creator soon the grant resolves,
And in his mighty mind the means revolves.
He thought; nor doubted once again to choose,
But spake the word, and made th' immortal muse.
Ne'er did his power produce so bright a child,
On whose creation infant nature smil'd.
Perfect at first, a finish'd form she wears,
And youth perpetual in her face appears.
Th' assembled gods, who long expecting staid,
With new delight gaze on the lovely maid,
And think the wish'd-for world was well de-
lay'd.

Nor did the fire himself his joy disguise,
But steadfast view'd, and fix'd, and sed his eyes:
Intent a space, at length he silence broke,
And thus the god the heavenly fair bespoke:

"To thee, immortal maid, from this blest'd
hour,

"O'er time and fame, I give unbounded power.
"Thou from oblivion shalt the hero save;
"Shalt rise, revive, immortalize the brave.
"To thee, the Dardan prince shall owe his fame;—
"To thee, the Cæsars their eternal name.
"Eliza, sung by thee, with fate shall strive,
"And long as time in sacred verse survive.
"And yet, O muse, remains the noblest theme;
"The first of men, mature for endless fame,
"Thy future songs shall grace, and all thy lays,
"Thenceforth, alone shall wait on William's praise.
"On his heroic deeds thy verse shall rise;
"Thou shalt diffuse the fires that he supplies.
"Through him thy songs shall more sublime as-
pire;
"And he, through them, shall deathless fame ac-
quire;
"Nor time nor fate his glory shall oppose,
"Or blast the monuments the muse bestows."

This said; no more remain'd. Th' ethereal
Again impatient crowd the crystal coast. [host

The father, now, within his spacious hands,
Encompass'd all the mingled mass of seas and
lands;

And, having heav'd aloft the ponderous sphere,
He launch'd the world to float in ambient air.

ON MRS. ARABELLA HUNT, SINGING.

IRREGULAR ODE.

I.
LET all be hush'd, each softest motion cease,
Be every loud tumultuous thought at peace,
And every ruder gasp of breath
Be calm, as in the arms of death.
And thou, most sickle, most uneasy part,
Thou restless wanderer, my heart,
Be still; gently, ah leave,
Thou busy, idle thing, to heaven.
Stir not a pulse; and let my blood,
That turbulent, unruly flood,

Be softly stay'd:
Let me be all, but my attention, dead.
Go, rest, unnecessary springs of life,
Leave your officious toil and strife;
For I would hear her voice, and try
If it be possible to die.

II.
Come, all ye love-sick maids and wounded swains,
And listen to her healing strains.
A wondrous balm between her lips she wears,
Of sovereign force to soften cares;
And this through every ear she can impart
(By tuneful breath diffus'd) to every heart.
Swiftly the gentle charmer flies,
And to the tender grief soft air applies,
Which, warbling mystic sounds,
Cements the bleeding panter's wounds.
But ah! beware of clamorous moan;
Let no unpleasing murmur, or harsh groan,
Your slighted loves declare:
Your very tenderest moving sighs forbear,
For even they will be too boisterous here.
Hither let nought but sacred silence come,
And let all saucy praise be dumb.

III.
And lo! Silence himself is here;
Methinks I see the midnight god appear.
In all his downy pomp array'd,
Behold the reverend shade:

An ancient sigh he sits upon,
Whose memory of sound is long since gone,
And purposely annihilated for his throne:
Beneath, two soft transparent clouds do meet,
In which he seems to sink his softer feet.
A melancholy thought, condens'd to air,
Stol'n from a lover in despair,
Like a thin mantle, serves to wrap
In fluid folds his visionary shape.
A wreath of darkness round his head he wears,
Where curling mists supply the want of hairs;
While the still vapours, which from poppies rise,
Bedew his hoary face, and lull his eyes.

IV.

But hark! the heavenly sphere turns round,
 And silence now is drown'd
 In ecstacy of sound.
 How on a sudden the still air is charm'd,
 As if all harmony were just alarm'd!
 And every soul, with transport fill'd,
 Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.
 See how the heavenly choir
 Come flocking to admire,
 And with what speed and care
 Descending angels cull the thinnest air!
 Haste then, come all th' immortal throng,
 And listen to her song!
 Leave your lov'd mansions in the sky,
 And hither, quickly hither fly.
 Your loss of heaven nor shall you need to fear;
 While she sings, 'tis heaven here.

v.

See how they crowd, see how the little cherubs
 skip!
 While others sit around her mouth, and sip
 Sweet Hallelujahs from her lip,
 Those lips, where in surprise of bliss they rove;
 For ne'er before did angels taste
 So exquisite a feast,
 Of music and of love.
 Prepare then, ye immortal choir,
 Each sacred minstrel tune his lyre,
 And with her voice in chorus join;
 Her voice, which next to yours is most divine.
 Bless the glad earth with heavenly lays,
 And to that pitch th' eternal accents raise,
 Which only breath inspir'd can reach, [teach:
 To notes, which only she can learn, and you can
 While we, charm'd with the lov'd excess,
 Are wrapt in sweet forgetfulness
 Of all, of all, but of the present happiness:
 Wishing for ever in that state to lie,
 For ever to be dying so, yet never die.

PRIAM'S LAMENTATION AND PETITION

TO ACHILLES,

FOR THE BODY OF HIS SON HECTOR.

Translated from the Greek of Homer, Iliad vi.

Beginning at this line:

Ὡς ἀπὸ φωνῆς ἀκίχῃ πρὸς μακρὸν Ὀλύμπῳ.
 'Equis'—

Argument introductory to this translation.

Hector's body (after he was slain) remained still in the possession of Achilles; for which Priam made great lamentation. Jupiter had pity on him; and sent Iris to comfort him, and direct him after what manner he should go to Achilles's tent; and how he should there ransom the body of his son. Priam accordingly orders his chariot to be got ready, and, preparing rich pre-

sents for Achilles, sets forward to the Grecian camp, accompanied by nobody but his herald Idæus. Mercury, at Jupiter's command, meets him by the way, in the figure of a young Grecian, and, after bemoaning his misfortune, undertakes to drive his chariot unobserved through the guards, and to the door of Achilles's tent; which having performed, he discovered himself a god, and giving him a short instruction how to move Achilles to compassion, flew up to heaven.

So spake the god, and heavenward took his flight;
 When Priam from his chariot did alight;
 Leaving Idæus there, alone he went
 With solemn pace into Achilles' tent.
 Heedless he pass'd through various rooms of state,
 Until approaching where the hero sat;
 There, at a feast, the good old Priam found
 Jove's best-belov'd, with all his chiefs around;
 Two only were 't attend his person plac'd,
 Automedon and Alcymus; the rest
 At greater distance, greater state express'd.
 Priam, unseen by these, his way pursued,
 And first of all was by Achilles view'd.
 About his knees his trembling arms he cast,
 And agonizing grasp'd and held them fast;
 Then caught his hands, and kiss'd and press'd them
 close,

Those hands, th' inhuman authors of his woes;
 Those hands, whose unrelenting force had cost
 Much of his blood (for many sons he lost).

But, as a wretch who has a murder done,
 And, seeking refuge, does from justice run,
 Entering some house, in haste, where he's unknown,
 Creates amazement in the lookers-on:
 So did Achilles gaze, surpris'd to see
 The godlike Priam's royal misery;
 All on each other gaz'd, all in surprise,
 And mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes,
 Till he at length the solemn silence broke;
 And thus the venerable suppliant spoke:

"Divine Achilles, at your feet behold
 "A prostrate king, in wretchedness grown old;
 "Think on your father, and then look on me,
 "His hoary age and helpless person see;
 "So furrow'd are his cheeks, so white his hairs,
 "Such, and so many, his declining years;
 "Could you imagine (but that cannot be)
 "Could you imagine such, his misery!
 "Yet it may come, when he shall be oppress'd,
 "And neighbouring princes lay his country waste;
 "Ev'n at this time, perhaps, some powerful foe,
 "Who will no mercy, no compassion, show,
 "Entering his palace, sees him feebly fly,
 "And seek protection where no help is nigh.
 "In vain he may your fatal absence mourn,
 "And wish, in vain, for your delay'd return;
 "Yet, that he hears you live, is some relief;
 "Some hopes alleviate his excess of grief;
 "It glads his soul to think he once may see
 "His much-lov'd son; would that were granted
 me!

"But I, most wretched I! of all bereft!
 "Of all my worthy sons how few are left!

" Yet fifty godly youths I had to boast,
 " When first the Greeks invaded Ilion's coast :
 " Nineteen, the joyful issue of one womb,
 " Are now, alas ! a mournful tribute to one tomb.
 " Merciless war this devastation wrought,
 " And their strong nerves to dissolution brought.
 " Still one was left, in whom was all my hope,
 " My age's comfort, and my country's prop ;
 " Hector, my darling, and my last defence,
 " Whose life alone their deaths could recompense ;
 " And, to complete my store of countless woe,
 " Him you have slain——of him bereav'd me too !
 " For his sake only hither am I come ;
 " Rich gifts I bring, and wealth, an endless sum ;
 " All to redeem that fatal prize you won,
 " A worthless ransom for so brave a son.
 " Fear the just gods, Achilles ; and on me
 " With pity look ; think you your father see ;
 " Such as I am, he is ; alone in this,
 " I can no equal have in miseries ;
 " Of all mankind most wretched and forlorn,
 " Bow'd with such weight as never has been
 borne ;
 " Reduc'd to kneel and pray to you, from whom
 " The spring and source of all my sorrows come ;
 " With gifts to court mine and my country's bane,
 " And kiss those hands which have my children
 slain."

He spake——

Now sadness o'er Achilles' face appears,
 Priam he views, and for his father fears ;
 That, and compassion, melt him into tears.
 Then gently with his hand he put away
 Old Priam's face ; but he still prostrate lay,
 And there, with tears and sighs, afresh begun
 To mourn the fall of his ill-fated son.
 But passion different ways Achilles turns,
 Now he Patroclus, now his father mourns :
 Thus both with lamentations fill'd the place,
 Till sorrow seem'd to wear one common face.

THE LAMENTATIONS OF

HECUBA, ANDROMACHE, AND HELEN

OVER THE DEAD BODY OF HECTOR.

Translated from the Greek of Homer, Iliad vi.

Beginning at this line :

Ἥκυς δὲ προσηύδα· ἰκιδναῖε πάσαν τ' αἶψα.

Connection of this with the former translation.

Priam, at last, moves Achilles to compassion, and, after having made him presents of great value, obtains the body of his son. Mercury awakens Priam early in the morning, and advises him to haste away with the body, lest Agamemnon should be informed of his being in the camp : he himself helps to harness the mules and horses, and conveys him safely, and without noise, chariot and all, from among the Grecian tents ;

then flies up to heaven ; leaving Priam and Idæus to travel on with the body toward Troy.

Now did the saffron morn her beams display,
 Gilding the face of universal day ;
 When mourning Priam to the town return'd ;
 Slowly his chariot mov'd, as that had mourn'd ;
 The mules beneath the mangled body go,
 As bearing (now) unusual weight of woe.
 To Pergamus' high top Cassandra flies,
 Thence she afar the sad procession spies :
 Her father and Idæus first appear,
 Then Hector's corpse extended on a bier ;
 At which her boundless grief loud cries began,
 And, thus lamenting, through the street she ran :
 " Hither, ye wretched Trojans, hither all !
 " Behold the godlike Hector's funeral !
 " If e'er you went with joy to see him come
 " Adorn'd with conquest and with laurels home,
 " Assemble now, his ransom'd body see,
 " What once was all your joy ; now all your mi-
 fery !"

She spake, and frait the numerous crowd obey'd,
 Nor man, nor woman, in the city stay'd ;
 Common consent of grief had made them one ;
 With clamorous moan to Scaea's gate they run ;
 There the lov'd body of their Hector meet,
 Which they, with loud and fresh lamentings, greet.
 His reverend mother, and his tender wife,
 Equal in love, in grief had equal strife :
 In sorrow they no moderation knew,
 But, wildly wailing, to the chariot flew ;
 There strove the rolling wheels to hold, while each
 Attempted first his breathless corpse to reach ;
 Aloud they beat their breasts, and tore their hair,
 Rending around with shrieks the suffering air.

Now had the throng of people stopp'd the way,
 Who would have there lamented all the day ;
 But Priam from his chariot rose, and spake,
 " Trojans, enough ; truce with your sorrows
 make ;

" Give way to me, and yield the chariot room :
 " First let me bear my Hector's body home,
 " Then mourn your fill." At this the crowd gave
 Yielding like waves of a divided sea.

Idæus to the palace drove, then laid
 With care the body on a sumptuous bed,
 And round about were skilful fingers plac'd,
 Who wept, and sigh'd, and in sad notes express'd
 Their mean ; all in a chorus did agree
 Of universal mournful harmony,
 When first Andromache her passion broke,
 And thus (close pressing his pale cheeks) she spake :

ANDROMACHE'S LAMENTATION.

O my lost husband ! let me ever mourn
 Thy early fate, and too untimely urn :
 In the full pride of youth thy glories fade,
 And thou in ashes must with them be laid.

Why is my heart thus miserably torn !
 Why am I thus distress'd ! why thus forlorn !
 Am I that wretched thing a widow left ?
 Why do I live, who am of thee bereft ?
 Yet I were blest, were I alone undone ;
 Alas, my child ! where can an infant run ?

Unhappy orphan! thou in woes art nurs'd;
Why were you born?—I am with blessings curs'd;
For long ere thou shalt be to manhood grown,
Wide desolation will lay waste this town:
Who is there now that can protection give,
Since he, who was her strength, no more doth live?
Who of her reverend matrons will have care?
Who save her children from the rage of war?
For he to all father and husband was,
And all are orphans now, and widows, by his loss.
Soon will the Grecians now insulting come,
And bear us captives to their distant home;
I, with my child, must the same fortune share,
And all alike be prisoners of the war;
'Mongst base-born wretches he his lot must have,
And be to some inhuman lord a slave.
Else some avenging Greek, with fury fill'd,
Or for an only son or father kill'd,
By Hector's hand, on him will vent his rage,
And with his blood his thirty grief assuage;
For many fell by his relentless hand,
Biting that ground, with which their blood was stain'd.

Fierce was thy father (O my child) in war,
And never did his foes in battle spare;
Thence come these sufferings, which so much have cost.

Much woe to all, but sore to me the most,
I saw him not when in the pangs of death,
Nor did my lips receive his latest breath;
Why held he not to me his dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I his last command?
Something he would have said, had I been there,
Which I should still in sad remembrance bear;
For I could never, never words forget,
Which night and day I should with tears repeat.
She spake, and wept afresh, when all around
A general sigh diffus'd a mournful sound.
Then Hecuba, who long had been oppress'd
With boiling passions in her aged breast,
Mingling her words with sighs and tears, begun
A lamentation for her darling son.

HECUBA'S LAMENTATION.

Hector, my joy; and to my soul more dear
Than all my other numerous issue were;
O my last comfort, and my best-belov'd!
Thou, at whose fall even Jove himself was mov'd,
And sent a god his dread commands to bear,
So far thou wert high Heaven's peculiar care;
From fierce Achilles' chains thy corpse was freed,
So kind a fate was for none else decreed:
My other sons, made prisoners by his hands,
Were sold like slaves, and shipt to foreign lands.
Thou too were sentenc'd by his barbarous doom,
And dragg'd, when dead, about Patroclus' tomb.
His lov'd Patroclus, whom thy hands had slain:
And yet that cruelty was us'd in vain,
Since all could not restore his life again.
Now fresh and glowing ev'n in death thou art,
And fair as he who fell by Phœbus' dart.
Here weeping Hecuba her passion flay'd,
And universal moan again was made;
When Helen's lamentation hers supply'd,
And thus, aloud, that fatal beauty cry'd.

HELEN'S LAMENTATION.

O Hector, thou wert rooted in my heart;
No brother there had half so large a part:
Not less than twenty years are now pass'd o'er,
Since first I landed on the Trojan shore;
Since I with godlike Paris fled from home:
(Would I had dy'd before that day had come!)
In all which time (so gentle was thy mind)
I ne'er could charge thee with a deed unkind;
Not one untender word, or look of scorn,
Which I too often have from others borne.
But you from their reproach still set me free,
And kindly have reprov'd their cruelty;
If by my filers or the queen revild,
(For the good king, like you, was ever mild)
Your kindness still has all my grief beguil'd.
Ever in tears let me your loss bemoan,
Who had no friend alive but you alone:
All will reproach me now where'er I pass,
And fly with horror from my hated face.
This said, she wept; and the vast throng was mov'd,
And with a general sigh her grief approv'd.
When Priam (who had heard the mourning crowd)

Rose from his seat, and thus he spake aloud:
" Cease your lamentings, Trojans; for a while,
" And fell down trees to build a funeral pile;
" Fear not an ambush by the Grecians laid,
" For with Achilles twelve days truce I made."
He spake; and all obey'd as with one mind,
Chariots were brought, and males and oxen join'd;
Forth from the city all the people went,
And nine days space was in that labour spent;
The tenth, a most stupendous pile they made,
And on the top the manly Hector laid.
Then gave it fire; while all, with weeping eyes,
Beheld the rolling flames and smoke arise.
All night they wept, and all the night it burn'd;
But when the rosy morn with day return'd,
About the pile the thronging people came,
And with black wine quench'd the remaining flame.
His brothers then and friends search'd every where,
And gathering up his snowy bones with care,
Wept o'er them; when an urn of gold was brought,

Wrapt in soft purple palls, and richly wrought,
In which the sacred ashes were interr'd,
Then o'er his grave a monument they rear'd.
Meantime strong guards were plac'd, and careful spies,
To watch the Grecians, and prevent surprise.
The work once ended, all the vast resort
Of mourning people went to Priam's court;
There they refresh'd their weary limbs with rest,
Ending the funeral with a solemn feast.

PARAPHRASE UPON HORACE,

ODE XIX. LIB. I.

" Mater seva Cupidinum, &c."

The tyrant queen of soft desires,
With the reuelless aid of sprightly wine

And wanton ease, conspires
To make my heart its peace resign,
And re-admit love's long-rejected fires.
For beauteous Glycera I burn, [return.
The flames so long repell'd with double force
Matchless her face appears, and shines more bright
Than polish'd marble when reflecting light :
Her very coynefs warms ;
And with a grateful fullness the charms :
Each look darts forth a thousand rays,
Whose lustre an unwary light betrays ;
My eye-balls swim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

II.

She comes! she comes! she rushes in my veins!
At once all Venus enters, and at large she reigns!
Cyprus no more with her abode is blest;
I am her palace, and her throne my breast.
Of savage Scythian arms no more I write,
Of Parthian archers, who in flying fight,
And make rough war their sport;
Such idle themes no more can move,
Nor any thing but what's of high import:
And what's of high import, but love?
Vervain and gums, and the green turf prepare;
With wine of two years old your cups be fill'd:
After our sacrifice and prayer,
The goddess may incline her heart to yield.

STANZAS

IN IMITATION OF HORACE,

LIB. II. ODE XIV.

"Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
"Labuntur anni, &c."

I.

AN: no, 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis,
This pious artifice.
Not all these prayers and alms can buy
One moment tow'rd eternity.
Eternity! that boundless race,
Which Time himself can never run
(Swift as he flies, with an unwear'd pace):
Which, when ten thousand, thousand years are
done,

Is still the same, and still to be begun.
Fix'd are those limits, which prescribe
A short extent to the most lasting breath;
And though thou could'st for sacrifice lay down
Millions of other lives to save thy own,
'Twere fruitless all; not all would bribe
One supernumerary gasp from death.

II.

In vain's thy inexhausted store
Of wealth, in vain thy power;
Thy honours, titles, all must fail,
Where piety itself can nought avail.
The rich, the great, the innocent, and just,
Must all be huddled to the grave,
With the most vile and ignominious slave,
And undistinguish'd lie in dust.
In vain the fearful flies alarms,
In vain he is secure from wounds of arms,

In vain avoids the faithless fear,
And is confin'd to home and ease,
Bounding his knowledge, to extend his days.
In vain are all those arts we try,
All our evasions, and regret to die:
From the contagion of mortality,
No clime is pure, no air is free:
And no retreat
Is so obscure, as to be hid from fate.

III.

Thou must, alas! thou must, my friend;
(The very hour thou now dost spend
In studying to avoid, brings on thy end)
Thou must forego the dearest joys of life;
Leave the warm bosom of thy tender wife,
And all the much-lov'd offspring of her womb,
To moulder in the cold embraces of a tomb.
All must be left, and all be lost;
Thy house, whose stately structure so much cost,
Shall not afford
Room for the stinking carcase of its lord.
Of all thy pleasant gardens, grots, and bowers,
Thy costly fruits, thy far-fetch'd plants and
flowers,

Nought shalt thou save;
Or but a sprig of rosemary shalt have,
To wither with thee in the grave:
The rest shall live and flourish, to upbraid
Their transitory master dead.

IV.

Then shall thy long-expect'd heir
A joyful mourning wear:
And riot in the waste of that estate
Which thou hast taken so much pains to get.
All thy hid stores he shall unfold,
And set at large thy captive gold.
That precious wine, condemn'd by thee
To vaults and prisons, shall again be free:
Bury'd alive though now it lies,
Again shall rise;
Again its sparkling surface show,
And free as element profusely flow.
With such high food he shall set forth his feasts,
That cardinals shall wish to be his guests;
And pamper'd prelates see
Themselves outdone in luxury.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE,

ODE IX. LIB. I.

"Vides ut alta, &c."

I.

BLESS me, 'tis cold! how chill the air!
How naked does the world appear!
But see (big with the offspring of the north)
The teeming clouds bring forth:
A shower of soft and fleecy rain
Falls, to new-clothe the earth again.
Behold the mountain-tops around,
As if with fur of ermins crown'd;
And lo! how by degrees
The universal mantle hides the trees
In hoary flakes, which downward fly,
As if it were the autumn of the sky:

Trembling, the groves sustain their weight, and
Like aged limbs, which feebly go [bow
Beneath a venerable head of snow.

II.

Diffusive cold does the whole earth invade,
Like a disease, through all its veins 'tis spread,
And each late living stream is numb'd and dead.
Let's melt the frozen hours, make warm the air;
Let cheerful fires Sol's feeble beams repair;
Fill the large bowl with sparkling wine;
Let's drink till our own faces shine,

Till we like suns appear,
To light and warm the hemisphere.
Wine can dispense to all both light and heat,
They are with wine incorporate; [mix,
That powerful juice, with which no cold dares
Which still is fluid, and no frost can fix:
Let that but in abundance flow,
And let it storm and thunder, hail and snow,
'Tis Heaven's concern; and let it be
The care of Heaven still for me: [seas,
Those winds which rend the oaks and plough the
Great Jove can, if he please,
With one commanding nod appease.

III.

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom;
That is not ours, which is to come:
The present moment's all our store;
The next should Heaven allow,
Then this will be no more:
So all our life is but one instant now.
Look on each day you've past
To be a mighty treasure won;
And lay each moment out in haste;
We're sure to live too fast,
And cannot live too soon.
Youth doth a thousand pleasures bring,
Which from decrepit age will fly;
The flowers that flourish in the spring,
In winter's cold embraces die.

IV.

Now Love, that everlasting boy, invites
To revel while you may, in soft delights:
Now the kind nymph yields all her charms,
Nor yields in vain to youthful arms.
Slowly she promises at night to meet,
But eagerly prevents the hour with swifter feet.
To gloomy groves and shades obscure she flies,
There veils the bright confession of her eyes.

Unwillingly she stays,
Would more unwillingly depart,
And in soft sighs conveys
The whispers of her heart.
Still she invites and still denies,
And vows she'll leave you if you're rude;
Then from her ravisher she flies,
But flies to be pursu'd;
If from his sight she does herself convey,
With a feign'd laugh she will herself betray,
And cunningly instruct him in the way.

S O N G.

I.

I look'd, and I sigh'd, and I wish'd I could speak,
And very fain would have been at her;
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But when I strove most my great passion to break
Still then I said least of the matter.

II.

I swore to myself, and resolv'd I would try
Some way my poor heart to recover;
But that was all vain, for I sooner could die,
Than live with forbearing to love her.

III.

Dear Cælia, be kind then; and since your own
eyes
By looks can command adoration,
Give mine leave to talk too, and do not despise
Those oglings that tell you my passion.

IV.

We'll look, and we'll love, and though neither
should speak,
The pleasure we'll still be pursuing; [make
And so, without words, I don't doubt we may
A very good end of this wooing.

THE RECONCILIATION.

RECITATIVE.

FAIR Cælia love pretended,
And nam'd the myrtle bower,
Where Damon long attended
Beyond the promis'd hour.
At length impatient growing
Of anxious expectation,
His heart with rage o'erflowing,
He vented thus his passion.

ODE.

To all the sex deceitful,
A long and last adieu;
Since women prove ungrateful
As oft as men prove true.
The pains they cause are many,
And long and hard to bear;
The joys they give (if any)
Few, short, and insincere.

RECITATIVE.

But Celia now, repenting
Her breach of assignation,
Arriv'd with eyes consenting,
And sparkling inclination.
Like Citherea smiling,
She blush'd, and laid his passion;
The shepherd ceas'd reviling,
And sung this recantation.

PALINODE.

How engaging, how endearing,
Is a lover's pain and care!
And what joy the nymph's appearing,
After absence or despair!
Women wise increase desiring,
By contriving kind delays;
And advancing, or retiring,
All they mean is more to please.

ABSENCE.

ALAS! what pains, what racking thoughts he
proves,
Who lives remov'd from her he dearest loves!

M in

In cruel absence doom'd past joys to mourn,
And think on hours that will no more return!
Oh let me ne'er the pangs of absence try,
Save me from absence, Love, or let me die.

SONG.

FALSE though she be to me and love,
I'll ne'er pursue revenge;
For still the charmer I approve,
Though I deplore her change.

In hours of bliss we oft have met,
They could not always last;
And though the present I regret,
I'm grateful for the past.

SONG IN DIALOGUE,

FOR TWO WOMEN.

I LOVE and am below'd again,
Strephon no more shall sigh in vain:
I've try'd his faith, and found him true,
And all my coyness bid adieu.

I love, and am below'd again,
Yet still my Thyrsis shall complain;
I'm sure he's mine, while I refuse him,
But when I yield, I fear to lose him.

1. Men will grow faint with tedious fasting:
2. And both will tire with often tasting,
When they find the bliss not lasting.

1. Love is complete in kind possessing.
2. Ah no! ah no! that ends the blessing.

CHORUS OF BOTH.

Then let us beware how far we consent,
Too soon when we yield, too late we repent;
'Tis ignorance makes men admire;
And granting desire,
We feed not the fire,
But make it more quickly expire.

SONG.

TELL me no more I am deceived,
That Cloc's false and common;
I always knew (at least believ'd)
She was a very woman:
As such I lik'd, as such caref'd,
She still was constant when possess'd,
She could do more for no man.

II.

But, oh! her thoughts on others ran,
And that you think a hard thing;
Perhaps she fancy'd you the man,
And what care I one farthing?
You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind;
I take her body, you her mind,
Who has the better bargain?

THE PETITION.

GRANT me, gentle Love, said I,
One dear blessing ere I die;
Long I've borne excess of pain,
Let me now some bliss obtain.
Thus to almighty Love I cry'd,
When angry thus the god reply'd:
Blessings greater none can have,
Art thou not Amynta's slave?
Cease, fond mortal, to implore,
For Love, ev'n Love himself's no more.

SONG.

CRUEL Amynta can you see
A heart thus torn, which you betray'd?
When angry thus the god reply'd:
But through your eyes the conquest made.

In ambush there the traitor lay,
Where I was led by faithless smiles;
No wretches are so lost as they
Whom much security beguiles.

SONG.

SEE, see, the wakes, Sabina wakes!
And now the sun begins to rise;
Less glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

With light united, day they give,
But different fates ere night fulfil;
How many by his warmth will live!
How many will her coldness kill!

Occasioned by a Lady's having writ Verses in commendation of a Poem which was written in praise of another Lady.

HARD is the task, and bold th' adventurous flight,
Of him, who dares in praise of beauty write;
For when to that high theme our thoughts ascend,
'Tis to detract, too poorly to commend.
And he, who, praising beauty, does no wrong,
May boast to be successful in his song:
But when the fair themselves approve his lays,
And one accepts, and one vouchsafes to praise;
His wide ambition knows no farther bound,
Nor can his muse with brighter fame be crown'd.

EPIGRAM,

Written after the decease of Mrs. Arabella Hunt, under her Picture drawn playing on a Lute.

WERE there on earth another voice like thine,
Another hand so blest with skill divine!

The late afflicted world some hopes might have,
And harmony retrieve thee from the grave.

S O N G.

I.

Pious Selinda goes to prayers,
If I but ask the favour;
And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When she believes I'll leave her.

II.

Would I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her!
Would she could make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner!

A HYMN TO HARMONY,

IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY, MDCCI.

Set to Music by Mr. John Eccles.

I.

O HARMONY, to thee we sing,
To thee the grateful tribute bring
Of sacred verse, and sweet resounding lays;
Thy aid invoking while thy power we praise.
All hail to thee,
All-powerful Harmony!

Wise nature owns thy undisputed sway,
Her wondrous works resigning to thy care:
The planetary orbs thy rule obey,
And tuneful roll, unerring in their way,
Thy voice informing each melodious sphere.

CHORUS.

All hail to thee,
All-powerful Harmony!

II.

Thy voice, O Harmony, with awful sound
Could penetrate th' abyss profound,
Explore the realms of ancient night,
And search the living source of unborn light.
Confusion heard thy voice, and fled,
And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd head.
Then didst thou, Harmony, give birth
To this fair form of heaven and earth;
Then all these shining worlds above
In mystic dance began to move
Around the radiant sphere of central fire,
A never-ceasing, never-silent choir.

CHORUS.

Confusion heard thy voice, and fled,
And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd head.

III.

Thou only, goddess, first could'st tell
The mighty charms in numbers found;
And didst to heavenly minds reveal
The secret force of tuneful sound.
When first Cylleus form'd the lyre,
Thou didst the god inspire;
When first the vocal shell he strung,
To which the muses sung; [play'd,
Then first the muses sung; melodious strains Apollo
And music first began by thy auspicious aid.

Hark, hark! again Urania sings!
Again Apollo strikes the trembling strings!
And see, the listening deities around
Attend insatiate, and devour the sound.

CHORUS.

Hark, hark! again Urania sings!
Again Apollo strikes the trembling strings!
And see, the listening deities around
Attend insatiate, and devour the sound.

IV.

Descend, Urania, heavenly fair!
To the relief of this afflicted world repair;
See how, with various woes oppress'd,
The wretched race of men is worn;
Consum'd with cares, with doubts distress'd,
Or by conflicting passions torn.
Reason in vain employs her aid,
The furious will on fancy waits;
While reason still by hopes or fears betray'd,
Too late advances or too soon retreats.
Music alone with sudden charms can bind
The wandering sense, and calm the troubled mind.

CHORUS.

Music alone with sudden charms can bind
The wandering sense, and calm the troubled mind.

V.

Begin the powerful song, ye sacred nine,
Your instruments and voices join;
Harmony, peace, and sweet desire,
In every breast inspire.
Revive the melancholy drooping heart,
And soft repose to restless thoughts impart.
Appease the wrathful mind,
To dire revenge, and death inclin'd:
With balmy sounds his boiling blood assuage,
And melt to mild remorse his burning rage.
'Tis done; and now tumultuous passions cease;
And all is hush'd, and all is peace.
The weary world with welcome ease is blest,
By music lull'd to pleasing rest.

CHORUS.

'Tis done; and now tumultuous passions cease;
And all is hush'd, and all is peace.
The weary world with welcome ease is blest,
By music lull'd to pleasing rest.

VI.

Ah, sweet repose, too soon expiring!
Ah, foolish man, new toils requiring!
Curs'd ambition, strife pursuing,
Wakes the world to war and ruin.
See, see, the battle is prepar'd!
Behold the hero comes!

Loud trumpets with shrill sifes are heard;
And hoarse resounding drums.
War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,
The harmony of peace destroys.

CHORUS.

War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,
The harmony of peace destroys.

VII.

See the forsaken fair, with streaming eyes,
Her parting lover mourn;
She weeps, she sighs, despairs, and dies,
And watchful wastes the lonely livelong nights,
Bewailing past delights
That may no more, no never more return.

M m ij

O sooth her cares
With softest, sweetest airs,
Till victory and peace restore
Her faithful lover to her tender breast,
Within her folding arms to rest,
Thence never to be parted more,
No never to be parted more.

CHORUS.

Let victory and peace restore
Her faithful lover to her tender breast,
Within her folding arms to rest,
Thence never to be parted more,
No never to be parted more.

VIII.

Enough, Urania, heavenly fair!
Now to thy native skies repair,
And rule again the starry sphere;
Cecilia comes, with holy rapture fill'd,
To ease the world of care,
Cecilia, more than all the muses skill'd!
Pacebus himself to her must yield;
And at her feet lay down
His golden harp and laurel crown.
The soft enervate lyre is drown'd
In the deep organ's more majestic sound.
In peals the swelling notes ascend the skies,
Perpetual breath the swelling notes supplies,
And lasting as her name,
Who form'd the tuneful frame,
Th' immortal music never dies.

GRAND CHORUS.

Cecilia, more than all the muses skill'd,
Phœbus himself to her must yield,
And at her feet lay down
His golden harp and laurel crown.
The soft enervate lyre is drown'd
In the deep organ's more majestic sound.
In peals the swelling notes ascend the skies,
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VERSES TO THE MEMORY OF
GRACE LADY GETHIN.

Occasioned by reading her Book, entitled,
RELIQUIE GETHINIANÆ.

AFTER a painful life in study spent,
The learn'd themselves their ignorance lament;
And aged men, whose lives exceed the space
Which seems the bound prescrib'd to mortal race,
With hoary heads; their short experience grieve,
As doom'd to die before they learn'd to live.
So hard it is true knowledge to attain,
So frail is life, and fruitless human pain!
Whoe'er on this reflects, and then beholds,
With strict attention, what this book unfolds,
With admiration struck, shall question who
So very long could live, so much to know?
For to complete the finish'd piece appears,
That learning seems combin'd with length of years;

And both improv'd by purest wit, to reach
At all that study or that time can teach,
But to what height must his amazement rise,
When, having read the work, he turns his eyes
Again to view the foremost opening page,
And there the beauty, sex, and tender age,
Of her beholds, in whose pure mind arose
Th' æthereal source from whence this current flows!
When prodigies appear, our reason fails,
And superstition o'er philosophy prevails,
Some heavenly minister we frain conclude,
Some angel-mind with female form endued,
To make a short abode on earth, was sent
(Where no perfection can be permanent)
And, having left her bright example here,
Was quick recall'd, and bid to disappear.
Whether around the throne, eternal hymns
She sings amid the choir of seraphims;
Or some resplendent star informs, and guides,
Where she, the blest intelligence, presides;
Is not for us to know who here remain;
For 'twere as impious to inquire as vain:
And all we ought, or can, in this dark state,
Is, what we have admir'd, to imitate.

E P I T A P H

UPON ROBERT HUNTINGDON, OF STANTON HAR-
COURT, ESQ. AND ROBERT HIS SON.

THIS peaceful tomb does now contain
Father and son, together laid;
Whose living virtues shall remain,
When they and this are quite decay'd.

What man should be, to ripeness grown,
And finish'd worth should do, or shun,
At full was in the father shown;
What youth could promise in the son.

But death, obdurate, both destroy'd
The perfect fruit, and opening bud:
First seiz'd those sweets we had enjoy'd,
Then robb'd us of the coming good.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF PERSIUS.

As when of old heroic story tells,
Of knights imprison'd long by magic spells,
Till future time the destin'd hero send,
By whom the dire enchantment is to end:
Such seems this work, and so reserv'd for thee,
Thou great revealer of dark poetry.
Those fullen clouds, which have for ages past,
O'er Persius' too-long suffering muse been cast;
Disperse, and fly before thy sacred pen,
And, in their room, bright tracks of light are seen,
Sure Phœbus' self thy swelling breast inspires,
The god of music, and poetic fires:
Else, whence proceeds this great surprize of light!
How dawns this day, forth from the womb of
night!

Our wonder now does our past folly show,
Vainly contemning what we did not know :
So unbelievers impiously despise
The sacred oracles in mysteries.

Persius before in small esteem was had,
Unless what to antiquity is paid ;
But like Apocrypha, with scruple read
(So far our ignorance our faith mislead) ;
Till you, Apollo's darling priest, thought fit
To place it in the poet's sacred writ.

As coin, which bears some awful monarch's face,
For more than its intrinsic worth will pass :
So your bright image, which we here behold,
Adds worth to worth, and dignifies the gold,
To you we all this following treasure owe,
This Hippocrene, which from a rock did flow.

Old stoic virtue, clad in rugged lines,
Polish'd by you, in modern brilliant shines ;
And as before, for Persius, our esteem
To his antiquity was paid, not him ;
So now, whatever praise from us is due,
Belongs not to old Persius, but the new.
For still obscure, to us no light he gives ;
Dead in himself, in you alone he lives.

So stubborn flints their inward heat conceal,
Till art and force th' unwilling sparks reveal ;
But through your skill, from those small seeds of
fire
Bright flames arise, which never can expire.

THE ELEVENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

The Argument.

THE design of this Satire is to expose and reprehend all manner of intemperance and debauchery ; but more particularly that exorbitant luxury used by the Romans in their feasting. The poet draws the occasion from an invitation which he here makes to his friend to dine with him ; very artfully preparing him with what he was to expect from his treat, by beginning the Satire with a particular invective against the vanity and folly of some persons, who, having but mean fortunes in the world, attempted to live up to the height of men of great estates and quality. He shows us the miserable end of such spendthrifts and gluttons, with the manner and courses which they took to bring themselves to it ; advising men to live within bounds, and to proportion their inclinations to the extent of their fortune. He gives his friend a bill of fare of the entertainment he has provided for him ; and from thence he takes occasion to reflect upon the temperance and frugality of the greatest men in former ages : to which he opposes the riot and intemperance of the present ; attributing to the latter a visible remissness in the care of heaven over the Roman state. He instances some lewd practices at feasts, and, by the bye, touches the nobility with making vice and debauchery consist with

their principal pleasures. He concludes with * repeated invitation to his friend ; advising him (in one particular somewhat freely) to a neglect of all cares and disquiets for the present, and a moderate use of pleasures for the future.

If noble Atticus make splendid feasts,
And with expensive food indulge his guests,
His wealth and quality support the treat ;
Nor is it luxury in him, but state.

But when poor Rutilus spends all his worth,
In hopes of setting one good dinner forth ;
'Tis downright madness : for what greater jests,
Than begging gluttons, or than beggars' feasts ?

But Rutilus is now notorious grown,
And proves the common theme of all the town.

A man in his full tide of youthful blood,
Able for arms, and for his country's good ;
Urg'd by no power, restrain'd by no advice,
But following his own inglorious choice :
'Mongst common fencers-practises the trade,
That and debasing for which arms were made ;
Arms which to man ne'er-dying fame afford,
But his disgrace is owing to his sword.
Many there are of the same wretched kind,
Whom their despairing creditors may find
Lurking in shambles ; where with borrow'd coin
They buy choice meats, and in cheap plenty dine ;
Such, whose sole bliss is eating ; who can give
But that one brutal reason why they live.

And yet what's more ridiculous, of these
The poorest wretch is still most hard to please ;
And he whose thin transparent rags declare
How much his tatter'd fortune wants repair,
Would ransack every element for choice
Of every fish and fowl at any price ;
If, brought from far, it very dear has cost,
It has a flavour then, which pleases most,
And he devours it with a greater gust.

In riot thus, while money lasts, he lives,
And that exhausted, still new pledges gives ;
Till forc'd of mere necessity to eat,
He comes to pawn his dish to buy his meat.
Nothing of silver or of gold he spares,
Not what his mother's sacred image bears ;
The broken relic he with speed devours,
As he would all the rest of 's ancestors,
If wrought in gold, or if expos'd to sale,
They'd pay the price of one luxurious meal.
Thus certain ruin treads upon his heels,
The stings of hunger, soon, and want, he feels ;
And thus is he reduc'd, at length, to serve
Fencers for miserable scraps, or starve.

Imagine now you see a plenteous feast ;
The question is, at whose expence 'tis dress'd.

In great Ventidius we the bounty prize ;
In Rutilus the vanity despise.

Strange ignorance ! that the same man who knows
How far you mount above this mole-hill shows,
Should not perceive a difference as great
Between small incomes and a vast estate !
From heaven to mortals sure that rule was sent,
Of " Know thyself," and by some god was meant
To be our never-erring pilot here,
Through all the various courses which we steer.

Thersites, though the most presumptuous Greek,
Yet durst not for Achilles' armour speak;
When scarce Ulysses had a good pretence,
With all th' advantage of his eloquence.
Whoe'er attempts weak causes to support,
Ought to be very sure he's able for't;
And not mistake strong lungs and impudence,
For harmony of words and force of sense:
Fools only make attempts beyond their skill;
A wife man's power's the limit of his will.

If Fortune has a niggard been to thee,
Devote thyself to thrift, not luxury;
And wisely make that kind of food thy choice,
To which necessity confines thy price.
Well may they fear some miserable end,
Whom gluttony and want at once attend;
Whose large voracious throats have swallow'd all,
Both land and stock, interest and principal:
Well may they fear, at length, vile Pollio's fate,
Who sold his very ring to purchase meat;
And, though a knight, 'mongst common slaves
now stands,

Begging an alms with undistinguish'd hands.
Sure sudden death to such should welcome be,
On whom each added year heaps misery,
Scorn, poverty, reproach, and infamy.
But there are steps in villainy which these
Observe to tread and follow by degrees.
Money they borrow, and from all that lend,
Which, never meaning to restore, they spend;
But that and their small stock of credit gone,
Left Rome should grow too warm, from thence
they run:

For of late years 'tis no more scandal grown,
For debt and roguery to quit the town,
Than, in the midst of summer's scorching heat,
From crowds, and noise, and business, to retreat.
One only grief such fugitives can find,
Reflecting on the pleasures left behind,
The plays and loose diversions of the place;
But not one blush appears for the disgrace.
Ne'er was of modesty so great a dearth,
That out of countenance Virtue's fled from earth;
Baffled, expos'd to ridicule and scorn,
She's with Aftrea gone, not to return.

This day, my Pericus, thou shalt perceive
Whether myself I keep those rules I give,
Or else an unsuspected glutton live;
If moderate fare and abstinence I prize
In public, yet in private gormandize.
Evander's feast reviv'd, to-day thou'lt see;
That poor Evander, I, and thou shalt be
Alcides and Æneas both to me.
Meantime, I send you now your bill of fare;
Be not surpris'd that 'tis all homely cheer:
For nothing from the shambles I provide,
But from my own small farm the tenderest kid,
And fattest of my flock, a suckling yet,
That ne'er had nourishment but from the teat;
No bitter willow-tops have been its food,
Scarce grass; its veins have more of milk than blood.
Next that, shall mountain 'sparagus be laid,
Pull'd by some plain, but cleanly country maid.
The largest eggs, yet warm within their nest,
Together with the hens which laid them, dress'd;

Clusters of grapes preserv'd for half a year,
Which plump and fresh as on the vines appear;
Apples of a ripe flavour, fresh and fair,
Mixt with the Syrian and the Signian pear,
Mellow'd by winter, from their cruder juice,
Light of digestion now, and fit for use.

Such food as this would have been heretofore
Accounted riot in a senator:
When the good Curius thought it no disgrace,
With his own hands a few small herbs to dress:
And from his little garden cull'd a feast,
Which fetter'd slaves would now disdain to taste;
For scarce a slave, but has to dinner now,
The well-dress'd paps of a fat pregnant sow.

But heretofore 'twas thought a sumptuous treat,
On birth-days, festivals, or days of state,
A salt dry fitch of bacon to prepare:
If they had fresh mear, 'twas delicious fare!
Which rarely happen'd: and 'twas highly priz'd
If aught was left of what they sacrific'd.
To entertainments of this kind would come
The worthiest and the greatest men in Rome;
Nay, seldom any at such treats were seen,
But those who had, at least, thrice consuls been;
Or the dictator's office had discharg'd,
And now from honourable toil enlarg'd,
Retir'd to husband and manure the land,
Humbling themselves to those they might com-
mand. [haste,

Then might y' have seen the good old general
Before th' appointed hour, to such a feast;
His spade aloft, as 'twere in triumph held,
Proud of the conquest of some stubborn field.
'Twas then when pious consuls bore the sway,
And vice, discourag'd, pale and trembling lay,
Our censors then were subject to the law,
Ev'n power itself of justice stood in awe.
It was not then a Roman's anxious thought,
Where largest tortoise-shells were to be bought,
Where pearls might of the greatest price be had,
And shining jewels to adorn his bed,
That he at vast expence might loll his head.
Plain was his couch, and only rich his mind;
Contentedly he slept, as cheaply as he din'd.
The soldier then, in Grecian arts unskill'd,
Returning rich with plunder from the field;
If cups of silver or of gold be brought,
With jewels set, and exquisitely wrought,
To glorious trappings straight the plate he turn'd,
And with the glittering spoil his horse adorn'd;
Or else a helmet for himself he made,
Where various warlike figures were inlaid:
The Roman wolf suckling the twins was there,
And Mars himself, arm'd with his shield and
spear,

Hovering above his crest, did dreadful show,
As threatening death to each resisting foe.
No use of silver, but in arms, was known;
Splendid they were in war, and there alone.
No sideboards then with gilded plate were dress'd,
No sweating slaves with massive dishes press'd;
Expensive riot was not understood,
But earthen platters held their homely food.
Who would not envy them that age of bliss,
That sees with shame the luxury of this?

Heaven unwearied then did blessings pour,
And pitying Jove foretold each dangerous hour;
Mankind were then familiar with the god,
He snuff'd their incense with a gracious nod;
And would have still been bounteous, as of old,
Had we not left him for that idol gold.
His golden statues hence the god have driven:
For well he knows where our devotion's given.
'Tis god we worship, though we pray to heaven.

Woods of our own afforded tables then,
Though none can please us now but from Japan.
Invite my lord to dine, and let him have
The nicest dish his appetite can crave;
But let it on an oaken board be set,
His lordship will grow sick, and cannot eat:
Something's amiss, he knows not what to think,
Either your venison's rank, or ointments stink.
Order some other table to be brought,
Something at great expence in India bought,
Beneath whose orb large yawning panthers lie,
Carv'd on rich pedestals of ivory:
He finds no more of that offensive smell,
The meat recovers, and my lord grows well.
An ivory table is a certain whet:
You would not think how heartily he'll eat,
As if new vigour to his teeth were sent,
By sympathy from those o' th' elephant.

But such fine feeders are no guests for me:
Riot agrees not with frugality;
Then, that unfashionable man am I,
With me they'd starve for want of ivory:
For not one inch does my whole house afford,
Not in my very tables, or chests-board;
Of bone the handles of my knives are made,
Yet no ill taste from thence affects the blade,
Or what I carve; nor is there ever left
Any unfavoury haut-gout from the haft.

A hearty welcome to plain wholesome meat
You'll find, but serv'd up in no formal state;
No sewers nor dextrous carvers have I got,
Such as by skilful Trypherus are taught;
In whose fam'd schools the various forms appear
Of fishes, beasts, and all the fowls o' th' air;
And where, with blunted knives, his scholars learn
How to dissect, and the nice joints discern;
While all the neighbours are with noise oppress'd,
From the harsh carving of his wooden feast.
On me attends a raw unskilful lad,
On fragments fed, in homely garments clad,
At once my carver, and my Ganymede:
With diligence he'll serve us while we dine,
And in plain beechen vessels fill our wine.
No beauteous boys I keep, from Phrygia brought,
No catamites, by shameful pandars taught:
Only to me two home-bred youths belong,
Unskill'd in any but their mother-tongue;
Alike in feature both, and garb appear,
With honest faces, though with uncurl'd hair.
This day thou shalt my rural pages see,
For I have dress'd them both to wait on thee.
Of country swains they both were born, and one
My ploughman's is, t' other my shepherd's son;
A cheerful sweetness in his looks he has,
And innocence unartful in his face:

Though sometimes sadness will o'ercast the joy,
And gentle sighs break from the tender boy:
His absence from his mother oft he'll mourn,
And with his eyes look wishes to return;
Longing to see his tender kids again,
And feed his lambs upon the flowery plain.
A modest blush he wears, not form'd by art,
Free from deceit his face, and full as free his heart.
Such looks, such bashfulness, might well adorn
The cheeks of youths that are more nobly born;
But noblemen those humble graces scorn.
This youth to-day shall my small treat attend,
And only he with wine shall serve my friend,
With wine from his own country brought, and made

From the same vines, beneath whose fruitful
He and his wanton kids have often play'd.
But you, perhaps, expect a modish feast,
With amorous songs and wanton dances grac'd;
When sprightly females, to the middle bare,
Trip lightly o'er the ground, and frisk in air;
Whose pliant limbs in various postures move,
And twine and bound as in the rage of love.
Such sighs the languid nerves to action stir,
And jaded lust springs forward with this spur.
Virtue would shrink to hear this lewdness told,
Which husbands now do with their wives behold;
A needful help, to make them both approve
The dry embraces of long-wedded love.
In nuptial cinders this revives the fire,
And turns their mutual loathing to desire.
But she, who by her sex's charter must
Have double pleasure paid, feels double lust;
Apace she warms with an immoderate heat,
Strongly her bosom heaves, and pulses beat;
With glowing cheeks and trembling lips she lies,
With arms expanded, and with naked thighs,
Sucking in passion both at ears and eyes.
But this becomes not me nor my estate:
These are the vicious follies of the great.
Let him who does on ivory tables dine,
Whose marble floors with drunken spawlings shine;

Let him lascivious songs and dances have,
Which, or to see, or hear, the lewdest slave,
The vilest prostitute in all the stalls,
With bashful indignation would refuse.
But fortune, there, extenuates the crime:
What's vice in me, is only mirth in him:
The fruits which murder, cards, or dice afford,
A vestal ravish'd, or a matron whor'd,
Are laudable diversions in a lord.

But my poor entertainment is design'd
T' afford you pleasures of another kind:
Yet with your taste your hearing shall be fed,
And Homer's sacred lines and Virgil's read;
Either of whom does all mankind excel,
Though which exceeds the other none can tell.
It matters not with what ill tone they're sung;
Verse so sublimely good no voice can wrong.

Now then be all thy weighty cares away,
Thy jealousies and fears; and, while you may,
To peace and soft repose give all the day.
From thoughts of debt, or any worldly ill,
Be free; be all uneasy passion still.

What though thy wife do with the morning light
When thou in vain hast toil'd and drudg'd all
night)

Steal from thy bed and house, abroad to roam,
And, having quench'd her flame, come breath-
less home,

Fleck'd in her face, and with disorder'd hair,
Her garments ruffled, and her bosom bare;
With ears still tingling, and her eyes on fire,
Half drown'd in sin, still burning in desire:
Whilst you are forc'd to wink, and seem content,
Swelling with passion, which you dare not vent;
Nay, if you would be free from night alarms
You must seem fond, and doating on her
charms,

Take her (the last of twenty) to your arms.

Let this, and every other anxious thought,
At th' entrance of my threshold be forgot;
All thy domestic griefs at home be left,
The wife's adultery, with the servant's theft;
And (the most racking thought which can intrude)
Forget false friends and their ingratitude.

Let us our peaceful mirth at home begin,
While Megalensian shows are in the Circus seen;
There (to the bane of horses) in high state
The Prætor sits on a triumphal seat;
Vainly with ensigns and with robes adorn'd,
As if with conquest from the wars return'd.
This day all Rome, (if I may be allow'd,
Without offence to such a numerous crowd,
To say all Rome) will in the Circus sweat;
Echoes already do their shouts repeat:

Methinks I hear the cry—"Away, away,
"The green have won the honour of the day."
Oh, should these sports be but one year forborn,
Rome would in tears her lov'd diversion mourn;
For that would now a cause of sorrow yield,
Great as the loss of Cannæ's fatal field.

Such shows as these were not for us design'd,
But vigorous youth to active sports inclin'd.
On beds of roses laid, let us repose,
While round our heads refreshing ointment flows;
Our aged limbs we'll bask in Phœbus' rays,
And live this day devoted to our ease.
Early to-day we'll to the bath repair,
Nor need we now the common censure fear:
On festivals it is allow'd no crime
To bathe and eat before the usual time;
But that continued, would a loathing give,
Nor could you thus a week together live:
For frequent use would the delight exclude;
Pleasure's a toil when constantly pursued.

PROLOGUE TO QUEEN MARY,

*Upon her Majesty's coming to see the Old Bachelor,
after having seen the Double Dealer.*

By this repeated act of grace, we see
Wit is again the care of Majesty;
And while thus honour'd our proud stage appears,
We seem to rival ancient theatres.

Thus flourish'd wit in our forefather's age,
And thus the Roman and Athenian stage

Whose wit is best, we'll not presume to tell;
But this we know, our audience will excel:
For never was in Rome, nor Athens, seen
So fair a circle, and so bright a Queen.

Long has the muses' land been overcast,
And many rough and stormy winters past;
Hid from the world, and thrown in shades of
night,

Of heat depriv'd, and almost void of light:
While wit, a hardy plant, of nature bold,
Has struggled strongly with the killing cold:
So does it still through opposition grow,
As if its root was warmer kept by snow:

But when shot forth, then draws the danger near,
On every side the gathering winds appear,
And blasts destroy that fruit, which frosts would
spare.

But now, new vigour and new life it knows,
And warmth that from this royal presence flows.

O would she shine with rays more frequent
here!

How gay would then this drooping land appear!
Then, like the sun, with pleasure she might view
The smiling earth, cloth'd by her beams anew.
O'er all the meads should various flowers be
seen

Mix'd with the laurel's never-fading green,
The new creation of a gracious Queen.

EPILOGUE

*At the opening of the Queen's Theatre, in the Hay-
Market,*

WITH AN ITALIAN PASTORAL.

WHATEVER future fate our house may find,
At present we expect you should be kind;
Inconstancy itself can claim no right,
Before enjoyment and the wedding-night.
You must be fix'd a little ere you range,
You must be true till you have time to change.
A week, at least; one night is sure too soon:
But we pretend not to a honey-moon.
To novelty we know you can be true,
But what, alas! or who, is always new?

This day, without presumption, we pretend
With novelty entire you're entertain'd;
For not alone our house and scenes are new,
Our song and dance, but even our actors too.
Our play itself has something in't uncommon,
Two faithful lovers, and one constant woman.
In sweet Italian strains our shepherds sing,
Of harmless loves our painted forests ring.
In notes, perhaps, less foreign than the thing.
To found and show at first we make pretence,
In time we may regale you with some sense,
But that, at present, were too great expence.
We only fear the beaux may think it hard,
To be to-night from smutty jests debarr'd:
But, in good-breeding, sure they'll once excuse
Ev'n modesty, when in a stranger-muse.

The day's at hand when we shall shift the scene,
And to yourselves show your dear selves again:
Paint the reverse of what you've seen to-day,
And in bold strokes the vicious town display.

PROLOGUE TO PYRRHUS KING OF EPIRUS,

A TRAGEDY.

By Charles Hopkins.

Our age has much improv'd the warrior's art;
For fighting, now, is thought the weakest part;
And a good head, more useful than a heart.
This way of war does our example yield;
That stage will win, which longest keeps the field.
We mean not battle, when we bid defiance;
But starving one another to compliance.
Our troops encamp'd are by each other view'd;
And those which first are hungry, are subdu'd.
And there, in truth, depends the great decision:
They conquer, who cut off the foe's provision.
Let fools with knocks and bruises keep a pother,
Our war and trade is to outwit each other.
But, hold: will not the politicians tell us,
That both our conduct and our foresight fail us;
To raise recruits, and draw new forces down;
Thus, in the dead vacation of the town,
To muster up our rhymes, without our reason,
And forage for an audience out of season?
Our author's fears must this false step excuse;
'Tis the first flight of a just-feather'd muse:
Th' occasion ta'en, when critics are away;
Half wits and beaux, those ravenous birds of prey.
But, heaven be prais'd, far hence they vent their
 wrath,
Mauling, in mild lampoon, th' intriguing Bath.
Thus does our author his first flight commence;
Thus, agaiost friends at first, with foils we fence:
Thus prudent Gimerack try'd if he were able
(Ere he'd wet foot) to swim upon a table.
Then spare the youth; or, if you'll damn the
 play,
Let him but first have his, then take your day.

EPILOGUE TO OROONOKO.

You see we try all shapes, and shifts, and arts,
To tempt your favours, and regain your hearts.
We weep, and laugh, join mirth and grief together,
Like rain and sunshine mix'd in April weather.
Your different tastes divide our poet's cares:
One foot the sock, t'other the buskin wears:
Thus while he strives to please, he's forc'd to do't,
Like Volscius, hip-hop, in a single boot.
Critics, he knows, for this may damn his books:
But he makes feasts for friends, and not for cooks.
Though errant-knights of late no favour find,
Sure you will be to ladies-errant kind.
To follow fame, knights-errant make profession:
We damsels fly, to save our reputation:
So they their valour show; we, our discretion.

To lands of monsters and fierce beasts they go:
We to those islands where rich husbands grow:
Though they're no monsters, we may make
 them so.

If they're of English growth, they'll bear't with
 patience:

But save us from a spouse of Oroonoko's nations!
Then bless your stars, you happy London wives,
Who love at large, each day, yet keep your lives:
Nor envy poor Imoinda's doating blindness,
Who thought her husband kill'd her out of kind-
 ness.

Death with a husband ne'er had shown such charms,
Had she once died within a lover's arms.
Her error was from ignorance proceeding:
Poor soul! she wanted some of our town-breed-
 ing!

Forgive this Indian's fondness of her spouse;
Their law no Christian liberty allows:
Alas! they make a conscience of their vows!
If virtue in a heathen be a fault,
Then damn the heathen school where she was
 taught.

She might have learn'd to cuckold, jilt, and sham
Had Covent-Garden been in Surinam.

PROLOGUE TO THE HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD,

A COMEDY,

Written by Mr. J. Dryden, Junior.

This year has been remarkable two ways,
For blooming poets, and for blasted plays:
We've been by much appearing plenty mock'd,
At once both tantaliz'd and over-stock'd,
Our authors too, by their success of late,
Begin to think third-days are out of date.
What can the cause be, that our plays won't keep,
Unless they have a rot some years, like sheep?
For our parts, we confess, we're quite asham'd,
To read such weekly bills of poets damn'd.
Each parish knows 'tis but a mournful case
When christenings fall, and funerals increase.
Thus 'tis, and thus 'twill be when we are dead,
There will be writers which will ne'er be read.
Why will you be such wits, and write such things?
You're willing to be wasps, but want the stings.
Let not your spleen provoke you to that height;
'Odslife! you don't know what you do, sirs, when
 you write.
You'll find that Pegasus has tricks, when try'd,
Though you make nothing on't, but up and
 ride:
Ladies and all, i'faith, now get astride.
Contriving characters, and scenes, and plots,
Is grown as common now, as knitting knots:
With the same ease, and negligence of thought,
The charming play is writ, and fringe is wrought.
Though this be frightful, yet we're more afraid,
When ladies leave, that beaux will take the trade:
Thus far 'tis well enough, if here 'twould stop.
But should they write, we must e'en shut up shop.

How shall we make this mode of writing sink?
A mode, said I? 'tis a disease I think,
A stubborn tetter that's not cur'd with ink.
For still it spreads, till each th' infection takes,
And seizes ten, for one that it forsakes.
Our play to-day is sprung from none of these;
Nor should you damn it, though it does not
please.

Since born without the bounds of your four seas,
For if you grant no favour as 'tis new,
Yet as a stranger, there is something due:
From Rome (to try its fate) this play was sent;
Start not at Rome! for there's no popery meant:
Though there the poet may his dwelling choofe,
Yet still he knows his country claims his muse.
Hither an offering his first-born he sends,
Whose good, or ill success, on you depends.
Yet he has hope some kindness may be shown,
As due to greater merit than his own,
And begs the fire may for the son atone.
There's his last refuge, if the play don't take,
Yet spare young Dryden for his father's sake.

PROLOGUE TO A VERY GOOD WIFE,

A COMEDY, BY POWELL.

Spoken by Mr. Haines.

HERE's a young fellow here—an actor—Powell—
One whose person, perhaps, you all may know
well;

And he has writ a play—this very play
Which you are all come here to see, to-day;
And so, it being an usual thing to speak
Something or other for the author's sake,
Before the play (in hopes to make it take)
I'm come, being his friend and fellow-player,
To say what (if you please) you're like to hear.
First know, that favour which I'd fain have
shown,

I ask not for, in his name, but my own;
For, without vanity, I'm better known.
Mean time then, let me beg you would forbear
Your cat-calls, and the instruments of war.

For mercy, mercy, at your feet we fall,
Before your roaring gods destroy us all!

I'll speak with words sweet as distilling honey,
With words—as if I meant to borrow money;

Fair, gentle firs, most soft alluring beaux,
Think 'tis a lady, that for pity fues.

Bright ladies—but to gain the ladies grace,
I think I need no more than show my face.

Next then, you authors, be not you severe;

Why, what a swarm of scribblers have we here!

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine,
ten,

All in one row, and brothers of the pen.

All would be poets; well, your favour's due

To this day's author, for he's one of you.

Among the few which are of noted fame,

'n safe; for I myself am one of them.

You've seen me smoke at Will's among the wits;

I'm witty too, as they are—that's by fits.

Now, you, our city friends, who hither come
By three o'clock, to make sure elbow-room:

While spouse, tuck-up, does in her patten
trudge it, [budget,

With handkerchief of prog, like troll with
And here, by turns, you eat plumb-cake and
judge it;

Pray be you kind, let me your grace importune,

Or else—egad, I'll tell you all your fortune.

Well now, I have but one thing more to say,

And that's in reference to our third day;

An odd request—may be you'll think it so;

Pray come, whether you like the play or no:

And if you'll stay, we shall be glad to see you,

If not—leave your half-crowns, and peace be wi'
you!

PROLOGUE TO THE COURT,

ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY, 1704.

THE happy muse, to this high scene prefer'd,

Hereafter shall in loftier strains be heard;

And, soaring to transcend her usual theme,

Shall sing of virtue and heroic fame.

No longer shall the toil upon the stage,

And fruitless war with vice and folly wage;

No more in mean disguise she shall appear,

And shapes she would reform be forc'd to wear:

While ignorance and malice join'd to blame,

And break the mirror that reflects their shame.

Henceforth she shall pursue a nobler task,

Show her bright virgin face, and scorn the satyr's
mask.

Happy her future days! which are design'd

Alone to paint the beauties of the mind:

By just originals to draw with care,

And copy from the court a faultless fair:

Such labours with success her hopes may crown,

And shame to manners an incorrigible town.

While this design her eager thought pursues,

Such various virtues all around she views,

She knows not where to fix, or which to choose.

Yet still ambitious of the daring flight,

One only awes her with superior light.

From that attempt the conscious muse retires,

Nor to inimitable worth aspires;

But secretly applauds, and silently admires.

Hence she reflects upon the genial ray

That first enliven'd this auspicious day:

On that bright star, to whole indulgent power

We owe the blessings of the present hour.

Concurring omens of propitious fate

Bore, with one sacred birth an equal date;

Whence we derive whatever we possess,

By foreign conquest, or domestic peace.

Then, Britain, then, thy dawn of bliss begun;

Then broke the morn that lighted up this sun!

Then was it doom'd whose councils should succeed,

And by whose arm the Christian world be freed;

Then the fierce foe was pre-ordain'd to yield,

And then the battle won at Blenheim's glorious

field.

THE TEARS OF
AMARYLLIS FOR AMYNTAS,

A PASTORAL;

Lamenting the death of the Late
LORD MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
LORD GODOLPHIN, LORD HIGH TREASURER OF
ENGLAND.

"Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbra
"Amisus queritur fœtus—
"—————miserabile carmen
"Integrat, et mœstis latè lœca questibus implet."
VIRG. Georg. 4.

'Twas at the time when new-returning light
With welcome rays begins to cheer the sight;
When grateful birds prepare their thanks to pay,
And warble hymns to hail the dawning day;
When wholly flocks their bleating cries renew,
And from their fleecy sides first shake the silver dew.

'Twas then that Amaryllis, heavenly fair,
Wounded with grief, and wild with her despair,
Forsook her myrtle bower, and rosy bed, [dead.
To tell the winds her woes, and mourn Amyntas
Who had a heart so hard, that heard her cries
And did not weep? who such relentless eyes?
Tigers and wolves their wonted rage forego,
And dumb distress, and new compassion show; }
As taught by her to taste of human woe.
Nature herself attentive silence kept,
And motion seem'd suspended while she wept;
The rising sun restrain'd his fiery course,
And rapid rivers listen'd at their source;
Ev'n Echo fear'd to catch the flying sound,
Left repetition should her accents drown;
The very morning wind withheld his breeze,
Nor fann'd with fragrant wings the noiseless trees;
As if the gentle Zephyr had been dead,
And in the grave with loved Amyntas laid.
No noise, no whispering sigh, no murmuring groan,
Presum'd to mingle with a mother's moan;
Her cries alone her anguish could express,
All other mourning would have made it less.

"Hear me," she cried, "ye nymphs and sylvan
gods,
"Inhabitants of these once-lov'd abodes;
"Hear my distress, and lend a pitying ear,
"Hear my complaint—you would not hear my
"prayer;
"The loss which you prevented not, deplore,
"And mourn with me Amyntas now no more.
"Have I not cause, ye cruel powers, to mourn?
"Lives there like me another wretch forlorn?
"Tell me, thou sun that round the world doth
"shine,
"Hast thou beheld another loss like mine?
"Ye winds, who on your wings sad accents bear,
"And catch the sounds of sorrow and despair,
"Tell me if e'er your tender pinions bore
"Such weight of woe, such deadly sighs, before?

"Tell me, thou earth, on whose wide spreading
"The wretched load is laid of human race, [base
"Dost thou not feel thyself with me oppress?
"Lie all the dead so heavy on thy breast?
"When hoary winter on thy shrinking head
"His icy, cold depressing hand has laid,
"Hast thou not felt less chillness in thy veins?
"Do I not pierce thee with more freezing pains?
"But why to thee do I relate my woe,
"Thou cruel earth, my most remorseless foe,
"Within whose darksome womb the grave is
"made,
"Where all my joys are with Amyntas laid?
"What is't to me, though on thy naked head
"Eternal winter should his horror shed, [frost,
"Though all thy nerves are numb'd with endless
"And all thy hopes of future spring were lost?
"To me what comfort can the spring afford?
"Can my Amyntas be with spring restor'd?
"Can all the rains that fall from weeping skies,
"Unlock the tomb where my Amyntas lies?
"No, never! never!—Say then, rigid earth,
"What is to me thy everlasting dearth?
"Though never flower again its head should rear,
"Though never tree again should blossom bear,
"Though never grass should clothe the naked
"ground, [found.
"Nor ever healing plant or wholesome herb be
"None, none were found when I bewail'd their
"want; [plant,
"Nor wholesome herb was found, nor healing
"To ease Amyntas of his cruel pains;
"In vain I search'd the valleys, hills and plains;
"But wither'd leaves alone appear'd to view,
"Or poisonous weeds distilling deadly dew.
"And if some naked stalk, not quite decay'd,
"To yield a fresh and friendly bud essay'd,
"Soon as I reach'd to crop the tender shoot,
"A shrieking mandrake kill'd it at the root.
"Witness to this, ye fawns of every wood,
"Who at the prodigy astonish'd stood.
"Well I remember what sad signs ye made,
"What showers of unavailing tears ye shed;
"How each ran fearful to his mossy cave,
"When the last gasp the dear Amyntas gave.
"For then the air was fill'd with dreadful cries,
"And sudden night o'erspread the darken'd skies;
"Phantoms, and fiends, and wandering fires ap-
"pear'd,
"And screams of ill-presaging birds were heard.
"The forest shook, and flinty rocks were cleft,
"And frighted streams their wonted channels left;
"With frantic grief o'erflowing fruitful ground,
"Where many a herd and harmless swain was
"drown'd;
"While I forlorn and desolate was left,
"Of every help, of every hope bereft;
"To every element expos'd I lay,
"And to my griefs a more defenceless prey.
"For thee, Amyntas, all these pains were borne,
"For thee these hands were wrung, these hairs
"were torn;
"For thee my soul to sigh shall never leave,
"These eyes to weep, this throbbing heart to
"heave.

"To mourn thy fall, I'll fly the hated light,
 "And hide my head in shades of endless night:
 "For thou wert light, and life, and health to me;
 "The sun but thankless shines that flows not thee.
 "Wert thou not lovely, graceful, good, and young?
 "The joy of sight, the talk of every tongue?
 "Did ever branch so sweet a blossom bear?
 "Or ever early fruit appear so fair?
 "Did ever youth so far his years transcend?
 "Did ever life so immaturely end?
 "For thee the tuneful swains provided lays,
 "And every muse prepar'd thy future praise.
 "For thee the busy nymph stripp'd every grove,
 "And myrtle wreaths and flowery chaplets wove.
 "But now, ah dismal change! the tuneful throng
 "To loud lamentings turn the cheerful song,
 "Their pleasing talk the weeping virgins leave,
 "And with unfinish'd garlands strew thy grave.
 "There let me fall, there, there lamenting lie,
 "There grieving grow to earth, despair, and die."

This said, her loud complaint of force she ceas'd,
 Excess of grief her faltering speech suppress'd.
 Along the ground her colder limbs she laid,
 Where late the grave was for Amyntas made;
 Then from her swimming eyes began to pour
 Of softly falling rain a silver shower;
 Her loosely-flowing hair, all radiant bright,
 O'erspread the dewy grass like streams of light:
 As if the sun had of his beams been thorn,
 And cast to earth the glories he had worn.
 A sight so lovely sad, such deep distress,
 No tongue can tell, no pencil can express. [Still,

And now the winds, which had so long been
 Began the swelling air with sighs to fill:
 The water-nymphs, who motionless remain'd,
 Like images of ice, while she complain'd,
 Now loos'd their streams; as when descending rains
 Roll the steep torrents headlong o'er the plains.
 The prone creation, who so long had gaz'd,
 Charm'd with her cries, and at her griefs amaz'd,
 Began to roar and howl with horrid yell,
 Dismal to hear, and terrible to tell;
 Nothing but groans and sighs were heard around,
 And Echo multiplied each mournful sound.

When all at once an universal pause
 Of grief was made, as from some secret cause.
 The balmy air with fragrant scents was fill'd,
 As if each weeping tree had gunis distill'd.
 Such, if not sweeter, was the rich perfume
 Which swift ascended from Amyntas' tomb:
 As if th' Arabian bird her nest had fir'd,
 And on the spicy pile were now expir'd.

And now the turf, which late was naked seen,
 Was sudden spread with lively-springing green;
 And Amaryllis saw, with wondering eyes,
 A flowery bed, where she had wept, arise;
 Thick as the pearly drops the fair had shed,
 The blowing buds advanc'd their purple head;
 From every tear that fell a violet grew,
 And thence their sweetness came, and thence their
 mournful hue.

Remember this, ye nymphs and gentle maids,
 When solitude ye seek in gloomy shades;
 Or walk on banks where silent waters flow,
 For there this lovely flower will love to grow.

Think on Amyntas oft as ye shall sleep
 To crop the stalks, and take them softly up.
 When in your snowy necks their sweets you wear,
 Give a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear:
 To lov'd Amyntas pay the tribute due, [grew.
 And blest his peaceful grave, where first they

TO CYNTHIA,

WEEPING, AND NOT SPEAKING.

ELEGY.

WAY are those hours, which heaven in pity lent
 To longing love, in fruitless sorrow spent?
 Why sighs my fair? why does that bosom move
 With any passion stir'd, but rising love?
 Can discontent find place within that breast,
 On whose soft pillows ev'n despair might rest?
 Divide thy woes, and give me my sad part;
 I am no stranger to an aching heart;
 Too well I know the force of inward grief,
 And well can bear it to give you relief;
 All love's severest pangs I can endure:
 I can bear pain, though hopeless of a cure,
 I know what 'tis to weep, and sigh, and pray,
 To wake all night, yet dread the breaking day;
 I know what 'tis to wish, and hope, and all in vain,
 And meet, for humble love, unkind disdain:
 Anger and hate I have been forc'd to hear,
 Nay, jealousy—and I have felt despair.
 These pains for you I have been forc'd to prove,
 For cruel you, when I began to love,
 Till warm compassion took at length my part,
 And melted to my wish your yielding heart.
 O the dear hour in which you did resign!
 When round my neck your willing arms did
 twine,

And, in a kiss, you said your heart was mine.
 Through each returning year may that hour be
 Distinguish'd in the rounds of all eternity;
 Gay be the sun that hour in all his light,
 Let him collect the day to be more bright,
 Shine all that hour, and let the rest be night.
 And shall I all this heaven of bliss receive
 From you, yet not lament to see you grieve
 Shall I, who nourish'd in my breast desire,
 When your cold scorn and frowns forbid the fire?
 Now when a mutual flame you have reveal'd,
 And the dear union of our souls is seal'd,
 When all my joys complete in you I find,
 Shall I not share the sorrows of your mind?
 O tell me, tell me all—whence does arise [sighs?
 This flood of tears? whence are these frequent
 Why does that lovely head, like a fair flower
 Oppress'd with drops of a hard-falling shower,
 Bend with its weight of grief, and seem to grow
 Downward to earth, and kiss the root of woe?
 Lean on my breast, and let me fold thee fast,
 Lock'd in these arms, think all thy sorrows past;
 Or what remain think lighter made by me;
 So I should think, were I so held by thee.
 Murmur thy plaints, and gently wound my ears;
 Sigh on my lip, and let me drink thy tears;

Join to my cheek thy cold and dewy face,
And let pale grief to glowing love give place.
O speak—for woe in silence most appears;
Speak, ere my fancy magnify my fears.
Is there a cause which words can not express?
Can I not bear a part, nor make it less?
I know not what to think—am I in fault?
I have not, to my knowledge, err'd in thought,
Nor wander'd from my love; nor would I be
Lord of the world, to live depriv'd of thee.
You weep afresh, and at that word you start!
Am I to be depriv'd then?—must we part?
Curse on that word so ready to be spoke,
For through thy lips, unmeant by me, it broke.
Oh no, we must not, will not, cannot part,
And my tongue talks, unprompted by my heart.
Yet speak, for my distraction grows apace,
And racking fears and restless doubts increase
And fears and doubts to jealousy will turn,
The hottest hell, in which a heart can burn.

AMORET.

I.

FAIR Amoret is gone astray;
Pursue and seek her, every lover;
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wandering shepherdess discover.

II.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both study'd, though both seem neglected;
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

III.

With skill her eyes dart every glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect them;
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Though certain aim and dart direct them.

IV.

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which is herself she prizes;
And, while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises.

LESBIA.

WHEN Lesbica first I saw so heavenly fair,
With eyes so bright, and with that awful air,
I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,
As bold as his who snatch'd celestial fire.
But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke,
Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my wound.
And what her eyes entrall'd her tongue unbound.

DORIS.

DORIS, a nymph of riper age,
Has every grace and art,

A wife observer to engage,
Or wound a heedless heart.

Of native blush, and rosy dye,
Time has her cheek bereft;
Which makes the prudent nymph supply
With paint th' injurious theft.

Her sparkling eyes she still retains,
And teeth in good repair;
And her well-furnish'd front disdains
To grace with borrow'd hair.

Of size, she is nor short, nor tall,
And does to fat incline
No more than what the French would call
Aimable Embonpoint:

Farther her person to disclose
I leave—let it suffice,
She has few faults but what she knows,
And can with skill disguise.

She many lovers has refus'd,
With many more comply'd;
Which, like her clothes, when little us'd,
She always lays aside.

She's one who looks with great contempt
On each affected creature,
Whose nicety would seem exempt
From appetites of nature.

She thinks they want or health or sense,
Who want an inclination;
And therefore never takes offence
At him who pleads his passion.

Whom she refuses she treats still
With so much sweet behaviour,
That her refusal, through her skill,
Looks almost like a favour.

Since she this softness can express
To those whom she rejects,
She must be very fond, you'll guess,
Of such whom she affects:

But here our Doris far outgoes
All that her sex have done;
She no regard for custom knows,
Which reason bids her shun.

By reason her own reason's meant,
Or, if you please, her will:
For, when this last is discontent,
The first is serv'd but ill.

Peculiar therefore is her way;
Whether by nature taught,
I shall not undertake to say,
Or by experience bought.

But who o'er night obtain'd her grace,
She can next day disown,

And stare upon the strange man's face,
As one she ne'er had known.

So well she can the truth disguise,
Such artful wonder frame,
The lover of distrusts his eyes,
Or thinks 'twas all a dream.

Some censure this as lewd and low,
Who are to bounty blind;
For to forget what we bestow
Bespeaks a noble mind.

Doris our thanks nor asks, nor needs;
For all her favours done
From her love flow, as light proceeds
Spontaneous from the sun.

On one or other still her fires
Display their genial force;
And she, like Sol, alone retires,
To shine elsewhere of course.

TO SLEEP.

ELEGY.

O SLEEP! thou flatterer of happy minds,
How soon a troubled breast thy falsehood finds!
Thou common friend, officious in thy aid,
Where no distress is shown, nor want betray'd:
But oh! how swift, how sure thou art to shun
The wretch by fortune or by love undone!
Where are thy gentle dews, thy softer powers,
Which us'd to wait upon my midnight hours?
Why dost thou cease thy hovering wings to spread,
With friendly shade, around my restless bed?
Can no complainings thy compassion move?
Is thy antipathy so strong to love?
O no! thou art the prosperous lover's friend,
And dost uncalled his pleasing toils attend.
With equal kindness, and with rival charms,
Thy slumbers lull him in his fair-one's arms;
Or from her bosom he to thine retires, [spires,
Where, sooth'd with ease, the panting youth re-
Till soft repose restore his drooping sense,
And rapture is reliev'd by indolence.
But oh! what torture does the lover bear,
Forlorn by thee, and haunted by despair!
From racking thoughts by no kind slumber freed,
But painful nights his joyless days succeed.
But why, dull god, do I of thee complain?
Thou didst not cause, nor canst thou ease my pain.
Forgive what my distracting grief has said;
I own, unjustly I thy sloth upbraid.
For oft I have thy proffer'd aid repell'd,
And my reluctant eyes from rest withheld;
Implor'd the muse to break thy gentle chains,
And sung with Philomel my nightly strains.
With her I sing, but cease not with her song,
For more enduring woes my days prolong.
The morning lark to mine accords his note,
And tunes to my distress his warbling throat:
Each setting and each rising sun I mourn,
Wailing alike his absence and return.

And all for thee—what had I well-nigh said?
Let me not name thee, thou too charming maid!
No, as the wing'd musicians of the grove,
Th' associates of my melody and love,
In moving sound alone relate their pain,
And not with voice articulate complain;
So shall my muse my tuneful sorrows sing,
And lose in air her name from whom they spring.
O may no wakeful thoughts her mind molest,
Soft be her slumbers, and sincere her rest:
For her, O Sleep! thy balmy sweets prepare;
The peace I lose for her, to her transfer.
Hush'd as the falling dews, whose noiseless showers
Impearl the folded leaves of evening flowers,
Steal on her brow: and as those dews attend,
Till warn'd by waking day to re-ascend,
So wait thou for her morn; then gently rise,
And to the world restore the day-break of her eyes.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

OCCASIONED BY

L——T——'S PICTURE.

I YIELD, O Kneller! to superior skill,
Thy pencil triumphs o'er the poet's quill:
If yet my vanquish'd muse exert her lays,
It is no more to rival thee, but praise.
Oft have I try'd, with unavailing care,
To trace some image of the much lov'd fair;
But still my numbers ineffectual prov'd,
And rather show'd how much, than whom, I lov'd:
But thy unerring hands, with matchless art,
Have shown my eyes th' impression in my heart;
The bright idea both exists and lives,
Such vital heat thy genial pencil gives:
Whose daring point, not to the face confin'd,
Can penetrate the heart, and paint the mind.
Others some faint resemblance may express,
Which, as 'tis drawn by chance, we find by guess.
Thy pictures raise no doubts; when brought to
view,
At once they're known, and seem to know us too.
Transcendent artist! how complete thy skill?
Thy power to act is equal to thy will.
Nature and art in thee alike contend,
Not to oppose each other, but befriend;
For what thy fancy has with fire design'd,
Is by thy skill both temper'd and refin'd.
As in thy pictures light consents with shade,
And each to other is subservient made;
Judgment and genius so concur in thee,
And both unite in perfect harmony.
But after-days, my friend, must do thee right,
And set thy virtues in unenvy'd light.
Fame due to vast desert is kept in store,
Unpaid, till the deserfer is no more.
Yet thou, in present, the best part hast gain'd,
And from the chosen few applause obtain'd:
Ev'n he who best could judge, and best could praise,
Has high extoll'd thee in his deathless lays;
Ev'n Dryden has immortaliz'd thy name;
Let that alone suffice thee, think that same,

Unfit I follow where he led the way,
And court applause by what I seem to pay.
Myself I praise, while I thy praise intend,
For 'tis some virtue, virtue to commend;
And next to deeds which our own honour raise,
Is to distinguish them who merit praise.

TO A CANDLE.

ELEGY.

THOU watchful taper, by whose silent light
I lonely pass the melancholy night;
Thou faithful witness of my secret pain,
To whom alone I venture to complain;
O learn with me my hopeless love to moan;
Commiserate a life so like thy own.
Like thine, my flames to my destruction turn,
Wasting that heart by which supply'd they burn.
Like thine, my joy and suffering they display;
At once are signs of life, and symptoms of decay.
And as thy fearful flames the day decline,
And only during night presume to shine;
Their humble rays not daring to aspire
Before the sun, the fountain of their fire:
So mine, with conscious shame, and equal awe,
To shades obscure, and solitude withdraw;
Nor dare their light before her eyes disclose,
From whose bright beams their being first arose.

OVID'S THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ART OF LOVE.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

Wherein he recommends the rules and instructions to the Fair Sex in the conduct of their amours; after having already composed two books for the use of Men upon the same subject.

THE men are arm'd, and for the fight prepare;
And now we must instruct and arm the fair.
Both sexes, well appointed, take the field,
And mighty love determine which shall yield.
Man were ignoble, when thus arm'd, to show
Unequal force against a naked foe:
No glory from such conquest can be gain'd,
And odds are always by the brave disdain'd.

But some exclaim, "What phrenzy rules your
"mind?"

"Would you increase the craft of woman-kind!"

"Teach them new wiles and arts! As well you
"may"

"Instruct a snake to bite, or wolf to prey."

But, sure, too hard a censure they pursue,
Who charge on all the failings of a few.

Examine first impartially each fair,

Then, as the merits, or condemn, or spare.

If Menelaus, and the king of men,

With justice of their sister-wives complain;

If false Eriphyle forsook her faith,
And for reward procur'd her husband's death;
Penelope was loyal still, and chaste,
Though twenty years her lord in absence pass'd.
Reflect how Laodamia's truth was try'd,
Who, though in bloom of youth, and beauty's
pride,

To share her husband's fate, untimely dy'd.

Think how Alceste's piety was prov'd,

Who lost her life to save the man she lov'd.

Receive me, Capaneus, Avadne cry'd;

Nor death itself our nuptials shall divide:

To join thy ashes, pleas'd I shall expire;

She said, and leap'd amid the funeral fire.

Virtue herself a goddess we confess,

Both female in her name and in her dress;

No wonder then, if, to her sex inclin'd,

She cultivates with care a female mind.

But these exalted souls exceed the reach

Of that soft art which I pretend to teach.

My tender bark requires a gentle gale,

A little wind will fill a little sail.

Of sportive loves I sing, and show what ways

The willing nymph must use her bliss to raise,

And how to captivate the man she'd please,

Woman is lost, and of a tender heart,

Apt to receive, and to retain, love's dart:

Man has a breast robust, and more secure,

It wounds him not so deep, nor hits so sure.

Men oft are false; and, if you search with care,

You'll find less fraud imputed to the fair.

The faithless Jason from Medea fled,

And made Creusa partner of his bed.

Bright Ariadne, on an unknown shore

Thy absence, perjur'd Theseus, did deplore.

If then the wild inhabitants of air

Forbore her tender lovely limbs to tear,

It was not owing, Theseus, to thy care.

Inquire the cause, and let Demophoon tell,

Why Phyllis by a fate untimely fell.

Nine times, in vain, upon the promis'd day,

She sought th' appointed shore, and view'd the sea:

Her fall the fading trees consent to mourn,

And shed their leaves round her lamented urn.

The prince so far for piety renown'd,

To thee, Eliza, was unfaithful found;

To thee forlorn and languishing with grief,

His sword alone he left, thy last relief.

Ye ruin'd nymphs, shall I the cause impart

Of all your woes? 'Twas want of needful art.

Love of itself too quickly will expire;

But powerful art perpetuates desire.

Women had yet their ignorance bewail'd,

Had not this art by Venus been reveal'd.

Before my sight the Cyprian goddess shone,

And thus she said; "What have poor women
done?"

"Why is that weak, defenceless sex expos'd,

"On every side, by men well arm'd, inclos'd?"

"Twice are the men instructed by the muse,

"Nor must she now to teach the sex refuse.

"The Bard, who injur'd Helen in his song,

"Recanted after, and redress'd the wrong.

"And you, if on my favour you depend,

"The cause of women, while you live, defend."

THE WORKS OF CONGREVE.

This said, a myrtle sprig, which berries bore
She gave me (for a myrtle wreath she wore).
The gift receiv'd, my sense enlighten'd grew,
And from her presence inspiration drew.
Attend, ye nymphs, by wedlock unconfin'd, mind:
And hear my precepts, while she prompts my
Ev'n now, in bloom of youth, and beauty's prime,
Beware of coming age, nor waste your time:
Now, while you may, and ripening years invite,
Enjoy the seasonable, sweet delight:
For rolling years, like stealing waters, glide;
Nor hope to stop their ever-ebbing tide:
Think not hereafter will the lofs repay;
For every morrow will the taste decay,
And leave less relish than the former day.
I've seen the time, when, on that wither'd thorn,
The blooming rose vied with the blushing morn.
With fragrant wreaths I thence have deck'd my
head,

And see how leafless now, and how decay'd!
And you, who now the love-sick youth reject,
Will prove, in age, what pains attend neglect.
None, then, will press upon your midnight hours,
Nor wake, to fire your street with morning
flowers.

Then nightly knockings at your door will cease,
Whose noiseless hammer, then, may rust in peace.

Alas, how soon a clear complexion fades!
How soon a wrinkled skin plump flesh invades!
And what avails it, though the fair-one swears
She from her infancy had some gray hairs?
She grows all hoary in a few more years,
And then the venerable truth appears.
The snake his skin, the deer his horns may cast,
And both renew their youth and vigours past:
But no receipt can human-kind relieve,
Doom'd to decrepit age without reprieve.
Then crop the flower which yet invites your eye,
And which, ungather'd, on its stalk must die.
Besides, the tender sex is form'd to bear,
And frequent births too soon will youth impair:
Continual harvest wears the fruitful field,
And earth itself decays too often till'd.
Thou didst not, Cynthia, scorn the Latmian swain;
Nor thou, Aurora, Cephalus disdain;
The Paphian queen, who for Adonis' fate
So deeply mourn'd, and who laments him yet,
Has not been found inexorable since;
Witness Harmonia, and the Dardan prince.
Then take example, mortals, from above,
And like immortals live, and like them love.
Refuse not those delights, which men require,
Nor let your lovers languish with desire.
False though they prove, what loss can you sustain?
Thence let a thousand take, 'twill all remain.
Though constant use ev'n flint and steel impairs,
What you employ no diminution fears.
Who would, to light a torch, their torch deny?
Or who can dread drinking an ocean dry?
Still women lose, you cry, if men obtain;
What do they lose, that's worthy to retain?
Think not this said to prostitute the sex,
But undeceive whom needless fears perplex.

Thus far a gentle breeze supplies our fail,
Now launch'd to sea, we ask a brisker gale.

And, first, we treat of dress. The well-dress'd
vine

Produces plumpest grapes, and richest wine;
And plenteous crops of golden grain are found,
Alone, to grace well-cultivated ground.
Beauty's the gift of gods, the sex's pride!
Yet to how many is that gift deny'd?
Art helps a face; a face, though heavenly fair,
May quickly fade for want of needful care.
In ancient days if women slighted dress,
Then men were ruder too, and lik'd it less.
If Hector's spouse was clad in stubborn stuff,
A soldier's wife became it well enough.
Ajax, to shield his ample breast, provides
Seven lusty bulls, and tans their sturdy hides;
And might not he, d'ye think, be well caref'd,
And yet his wife not elegantly dress'd?
With rude simplicity Rome first was built,
Which now we see adorn'd, and carv'd, and gilt.
This capitol with that of old compare;
Some other Jove, you'd think, was worshipp'd there.
That lofty pile, where senates dictate law, [straw.
When Tattius reign'd, was poorly thatch'd with
And where Apollo's sanc resplendent stands,
Was heretofore a track of pasture-lands.
Let ancient manners other men delight;
But me the modern please, as more polite.
Not that materials now in gold are wrought,
And distant shores for orient pearls are sought;
Nor for, that hills exhaust their marble veins,
And structures rise whose bulk the sea restrains;
But, that the world is civiliz'd of late,
And polish'd from the rust of former date.
Let not the nymph with pendants load her ear,
Nor in embroidery, or brocade, appear;
Too rich a dress may sometimes check desire,
And cleanliness more animates love's fire.
The hair dispos'd, may gain or lose a grace,
And much become, or misbecome the face.
What suits your features, of your glass inquire;
For no one rule is fix'd for head-attire.
A face too long should part and flat the hair,
Left, upward comb'd, the length too much ap-
So Laodamia dress'd. A face too round [pear:
Should show the ears, and with a tower be crown'd.
On either shoulder, one her locks displays;
Adorn'd like Phœbus, when he sings his lays:
Another, all her tresses ties behind;
So dress'd, Diana hunts the fearful hind.
Dishevell'd locks most graceful are to some;
Others, the binding filets more become:
Some plait, like spiral shells, their braided hair,
Others, the loose and waving curl prefer.
But to recount the several dresses worn,
Which artfully each several face adorn,
Were endless, as to tell the leaves on trees,
The beasts on Alpine hills, or Hybla's bees.
Many there are, who seem to slight all care,
And with a pleasing negligence ensnare;
Whose mornings oft in such a dress are spent,
And all is art that looks like accident.
With such disorder Iole was grac'd,
When great Alcides first the nymph embrac'd.
So Ariadne came to Bacchus' bed,
When with the conqueror from Crete she fled.

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Vol.

Nature, indulgent to the sex, repays
The losses they sustain, by various ways.
Men ill supply those hairs they shed in age,
Lost, like autumnal leaves, when north-winds
rage,

Women, with juice of herbs, gray locks disguise,
And art gives colour which with nature vies.
The well-wove towers they wear, their own are
thought;

But only are their own, as what they've bought.
Nor need they blush to buy heads ready dress'd,
And choose, at public shops, what suits them best.

Costly apparel let the fair-one fly,
Enrich'd with gold, or with the Tyrian dye.
What folly must in such expence appear,
When more becoming colours are less dear?
One with a dye is ting'd of lovely blue;
Such as, through air serene, the sky we view.
With yellow lustre see another spread,
As if the golden fleece compos'd the thread.
Some of the sea-green wave the cast display;
With this the nymphs their beauteous forms ar-
ray;

And some the saffron hue will well adorn;
Such is the mantle of the blushing morn.
Of myrtle-berries, one the tincture shows;
In this, of amethysts, the purple grows,
And that more imitates the paler rose.
Nor Thracian cranes forget, whose silvery plumes
Give patterns, which employ the mimic looms.
Nor almond, nor the chefnut dye disclaim;
Nor others, which from wax derive their name.
As fields you find, with various flowers o'er-
spread,

When vineyards bud, and winter's frost is fled;
So various are the colours you may try,
Of which, the thirsty wool imbibes the dye.
Try every one: what best becomes you, wear;
For no complexion all alike can bear.
If fair the skin, black may become it best;
In black the lovely fair Briseis dress'd:
If brown the nymph, let her be cloth'd in white,
Andromeda so charm'd the wondering sight.

I need not warn you of too powerful smells,
Which sometimes health, or kindly heat, expels.
Nor, from your tender legs to pluck with care
The casual growth of all unseemly hair.
Though not to nymphs of Caucasus I sing,
Nor such who taste remote the Mysian spring;
Yet, let me warn you, that, through no neglect,
You let your teeth disclose the least defect.
You know the use of white to make you fair,
And how, with red, lost colour to repair;
Imperfect eye-brows you by art can mend,
And skin, when wanting, o'er a scar extend.
Nor need the fair one be asham'd, who tries
By art, to add new lustre to her eyes.

A little book I've made, but with great care,
How to preserve the face, and how repair.
In that, the nymphs, by time or chance annoy'd,
May see, what pains to please them I've employ'd.
But, still beware, that from your lover's eye
You keep conceal'd the medicines you apply:
Though art assists, yet must that art be hid,
Left, whom it would invite, it should forbid.

Vol. VII.

Who would not take offence, to see a face
All daub'd, and dripping with the melted grease?
And though your unguents bear th' Athenian
name,

The wool's unfavoury scent is still the same.
Marrow of stags, nor your pomatums try,
Nor clean your furry teeth, when men are by;
For many things, when done, afford delight,
Which yet, while doing, may offend the sight.
Ev'n Myro's statutes, which for art surpass
All other's, once were but a shapeless mass;
Rude was that gold which now in rings is worn,
As once the robe you wear was wool unshorn.
Think, how that stone rough in the quarry grew,
Which, now, a perfect Venus shows to view.
While we suppose you sleep, repair your face,
Lock'd from observers, in some secret place.
Add the last hand, before yourselves you show;
Your need of art, why should your lovers know?
For many things, when most conceal'd, are best;
And few of strict inquiry bear the test.
Those figures which in theatres are seen,
Gilded without, are common wood within.
But no spectators are allow'd to pry,
Till all is finish'd, which allures the eye.

Yet, I must own, it oft affords delight,
To have the fair-one comb her hair in sight;
To view the flowing honours of her head
Fall on her neck, and o'er her shoulder spread;
But let her look, that she with care avoid
All fretful humours, while she's so employ'd;
Let her not still undo, with peevish haste,
All that her woman does, who does her best.
I hate a vixen, that her maid assails,
And scratches with her bodkin, or her nails;
While the poor girl in blood and tears must mourn,
And her heart curses what her hands adorn.

Let her who has no hair, or has but some,
Plant centinels before her dressing-room:
Or in the fan of the good goddess dress,
Where all the male-kind are debarr'd access.
'Tis said, that I (but 'tis a tale devis'd)
A lady at her toilet once surpris'd;
Who, starting, snatch'd in haste the tower she wore,
And, in a hurry, plac'd the hinder part before.
But on our foes fall every such disgrace,
Or barbarous beauties of the Parthian race.
Ungraceful 'tis to see without a horn
The lofty hart, whom branches best adorn;
A leafless tree, or an unbranded mead;
And as ungraceful is a hairless head.

But think not these instructions are design'd
For first-rate beauties of the finish'd kind:
Not to a Semele, or Leda bright,
Nor an Europa, these my rules I write;
Nor the fair Helen do I teach, whose charms
Stirr'd up Atrides, and all Greece, to arms:
Thee to regain, well was that war begun,
And Paris well defended what he won:
What lover, or what husband, would not fight
In such a cause, where both are in the right?

The crowd I teach, some homely, and some fair,
But of the former sort, the larger share.
The handsome least require the help of art,
Rich in themselves, and pleas'd with nature's part.

N n

THE WORKS OF CONGREVE.

When calm the sea, at ease the pilot lies,
But all his skill exerts when storms arise.

Faults in your person, or your face, correct:
And few are seen that have not some defect.
The nymph too short her seat should seldom quit,
Lest, when she stands, she may be thought to sit;
And when extended on her couch she lies,
Let length of petticoats conceal her size.
The lean of thick-wrought stuff her clothes should

choose,
And fuller made, than what the plumper use.
If pale, let her the crimson juice apply;
If swarthy, to the Pharian varnish fly.
A leg too lank, tight garters still must wear;
Nor should an ill-shap'd foot be ever bare.
Round shoulders, bolster'd, will appear the least;
And facing strait, confines too full a breast.
Whose fingers are too fat, and nails too coarse,
Should always shun much gesture in discourse.
And you, whose breath is touch'd, this caution

take,
Nor fasting, nor too near another speak.
Let not the nymph with laughter much abound,
Whose teeth are black, uneven, or unsound.
You hardly think how much on this depends,
And how a laugh, or spoils a face, or mends.
Gape not too wide, lest you disclose your gums,
And lose the dimple which the cheek becomes.
Nor let your sides too strong concussions shake,
Lest you the softness of the sex forsake.
In some, distortions quite the face disguise;
Another laughs, that you would think the cries.
In one, too hoarse a voice we hear betray'd,
Another's is as harsh as if the bray'd.

What cannot art attain! many, with ease,
Have learn'd to weep, both when and how they

please.
Others, through affectation, lisp, and find,
In imperfection, charms to catch mankind.
Neglect no means which may promote your ends;
Now learn what way of walking recommends.
Too masculine a motion shocks the sight;
But female grace assures with strange delight.
One has an artful swing and jut behind,
Which helps her coats to catch the swelling wind;
Swell'd with the wanton wind, they loosely flow,
And every step and graceful motion show.
Another, like an Umbrian's sturdy spouse,
Strides all the space her petticoat allows,
Between extremes, in this, a mean adjust;
Nor show too nice a gait, nor too robust.
If snowy white your neck, you still should wear
That, and the shoulder of the left arm, bare,
Such sights ne'er fail to fire my amorous heart,
And make me pant to kiss the naked part.
Sirens, though monsters of the stormy main,
Can slip, when under sail, with songs, detain:
Scarce could Ulysses by his friends be bound,
When first he listen'd to the charming sound.
Singing insinuates; learn, all ye maids;
O'er, when a face forbids, a voice persuades,
Whether on theatres loud strains we hear,
Or in Ruelle some soft Egyptian air.
Well shall she sing, of whom I make my choice,
And with her lute accompany her voice.

The rocks were stirr'd, the beasts to listen stay'd;
When on his lyre melodious Orpheus play'd;
Ev'n Cerberus and hell that found obey'd.
And stones officious were, thy walls to raise,
O Thebes, attracted by Amphion's lays.
The dolphin, dumb itself, thy voice admir'd,
And was, Arion, by thy songs inspir'd.
Of sweet Callimachus the works rehearse,
And read Philetas' and Anacreon's verse.
Terentian plays may much the mind improve;
But softest Sappho best instructs to love.
Propertius, Gallus, and Tibullus read,
And let Varronian verse to these succeed.
Then mighty Maro's work with care peruse;
Of all the Latin bards the noblest muse.
Ev'n I, 'tis possible, in after-days,
May 'scape oblivion, and be nam'd with these.
My labour'd lines some readers may approve,
Since I've instructed either sex in love.
Whatever book you read of this best art,
Read with a lover's voice, and lover's heart.

Tender epistles too by me are fram'd,
A work before unthought-of, and unnam'd,
Such was your sacred will, O tuneful Nine!
Such thine, Apollo! and, Lyæus, thine!
Still unaccomplish'd may the maid be thought;
Who gracefully to dance was never taught:
That active dancing may to love engage,
Witness the well-kept dancers of the stage.

Of some old trifles I'm assum'd to tell,
Though it becomes the sex to trifle well;
To raffle prettily, or slur a dye,
Implies both cunning and dexterity.
Nor is't amiss at chess to be expert,
For games most thoughtful, sometimes, most divert.
Learn every game, you'll find it prove of use;
Parties begun at play, may love produce.
But easier 'tis to learn how bets to lay,
Than how to keep your temper while you play.
Unguarded then each breast is open laid,
And while the head's intent, the heart's betray'd.
Then base desire of gain, then rage appears,
Quarrels and brawls arise, and anxious fears;
Then clamours and revilings reach the sky,
While losing gamesters all the gods defy.
Then horrid oaths are utter'd every cast;
They grieve, and curse, and storm, nay, weep at

last.
Good Jove, avert such shameful faults as these
From every nymph whose heart 's inclin'd to

please.
Soft recreations fit the female kind;
Nature, for men, has rougher sports design'd:
To wield the sword, and hurl the pointed spear;
To stop, or turn the steed in full career.

Though martial fields ill suit your tender frames,
Nor may you swim in Tiber's rapid streams;
Yet when Sol's burning wheels from Leo drive,
And at the glowing Virgin's sign arrive,
'Tis both allow'd and fit you should repair
To pleasant walks, and breathe refreshing air.
To Pompey's gardens, or the shady groves
Which Cæsar honours, and which Phœbus loves:
Phœbus, who sunk the proud Egyptian fleet,
And made Augustus' victory complete.

Or seek those shades, where monuments of fame
Are rais'd, to Livia's and Octavia's name;
Or where Agrippa first adorn'd the ground,
When he, with naval victory, was crown'd:
To Isis' fane, to theatres resort;
And in the circus see the noble sport.
In every public place, by turns, be shown;
In vain you're fair, while you remain unknown.
Should you, in singing, Thamyris transcend;
Your voice unheard, who could your skill com-
mend?

Had not Apelles drawn the sea-born queen,
Her beauties still beneath the waves had been.

Poets, inspir'd, write only for a name,
And think their labours well repaid with fame.
In former days, I own, the poets were
Of gods and kings the most peculiar care;
Majestic awe was in the name allow'd,
And they with rich possessions were endow'd.
Ennius with honours was by Scipio grac'd,
And, next his own, the poet's statue plac'd.
But now their ivy crowns bear no esteem,
And all their learning's thought an idle dream.

Still, there's a pleasure, that proceeds from
praise;

What could the high renown of Homer raise,
But that he sung his liad's deathless lays?

Who could have been of Danae's charms assur'd,
Had she grown old, within her tower immur'd?
This, as a rule, let every nymph pursue;
But now their ivy crowns bear no esteem,
That 'tis her interest oft to come in view.

A hungry wolf at all the herd will run,
In hopes, through many, to make sure of one.
So, let the fair the gazing crowd assail,
That over one, at least, she may prevail.
In every place to please, be all her thought;
Where, sometimes, least we think, the fish is
caught.

Sometimes, all day, we hunt the tedious foil;
Anon, the stag himself shall seek the toil.
How could Andromeda once doubt relief,
Whose charms are heighten'd and adorn'd by
grief?

The widow'd fair who sees her lord expire,
While yet she weeps, may kindle new desire,
And Hymen's torch re-light with funeral fire.

Beware of men who are too sprucely dress'd;
And look, you fly with speed a sop profess'd.
Such tools, to you, and to a thousand more,
Will tell the same dull story o'er and o'er.
This way and that, unsteadily they rove,
And, never fix'd, are fugitives in love.
Such fluttering things all women sure should
hate,

Light as themselves, and more effeminate.
Believe me, all I say is for your good;
Had Priam been believ'd, Troy still had stood.

Many, with base designs, will passion feign,
Who know no love, but fordid love of gain.
But let no powder'd heads, nor essenc'd hair,
Your well-believing, easy hearts ensnare.
Rich clothes are oft by common sharpers worn,
And diamond rings felonious hands adorn.
So may your lover burn with fierce desire
Your jewels to enjoy, and best attire.

Poor Cloe, robb'd, runs crying through the streets;
And as she runs, "Give me my own," repeats.
How often, Venus, hast thou heard such cries,
And laugh'd amidst thy Appian votaries!
Some so notorious are, their very name
Mute every nymph who's they frequent, defame.
Be warn'd by ills, which others have destroy'd,
And faithless men with constant care avoid.
Trust not a Theseus, fair Athenian maid,
Who has so oft th' attesting gods betray'd.
And thou, Demophoon, heir to Theseus' crimes,
Hast lost thy credit to all future times.

Promise for promise equally afford,
But once a contract made, keep well your word.
For she for any act of hell is fit,
And, undismay'd, may sacrifice commit,
With impious hands could quench the vestal fire,
Poison her husband in her arms for hire;
Who first to take a lover's gift complies,
And then defrauds him, and his claim denies.

But hold, my muse, check thy unruly horse,
And more in sight pursue th' intended course.

If love-epistles tender lines impart,
And billet-doux are sent, to found your heart;
Let all such letters, by a faithful maid,
Or confidant, be secretly convey'd:
Soon from the words you'll judge, if read with
care,

When feign'd a passion is, and when sincere.
Ere in return you write, some time require;
Delays, if not too long, increase desire:
Nor let the pressing youth with ease obtain,
Nor yet refuse him with too rude disdain:
Now let his hopes, now let his fears increase,
But, by degrees let fear to hope give place.

Be sure avoid set phrases, when you write;
The usual way of speech is more polite.

How have I seen the puzzled lover vex'd,
To read a letter with hard words perplex'd!
A style too coarse takes from a handsome face,
And makes us wish an uglier in its place.

But since (though chastity be not your care),
You from your husband still would hide th' affair,
Write to no stranger till his truth be try'd,
Nor in a foolish messenger confide.

What agonies that woman undergoes,
Whose hand the traitor threatens to expose;
Who, rashly trusting, dreads to be deceiv'd,
And lives for ever to that dread enslav'd!
Such treachery can never be surpris'd,
For those discoveries sure as light'ning blast.
Might I advise, fraud should with fraud be paid;
Let arms repel all who with arms invade.

But since your letters may be brought to light,
What if in several hands you learn'd to write!
My curse on him who first the sex betray'd,
And this advice so necessary made.
Nor let your pocket-book two hands contain,
First rub your lover's out, then write again.
Still one contrivance more remains behind,
Which you may use as a convenient blind;
As if to women writ, your letters frame,
And let your friend to you subscribe a female name.

Now greater things to tell, my muse prepare,
And clap on all the sail the bark can bear.

Let no rude passions in your looks find place ;
For fury will deform the finest face :
It swells the lips, and blackens all the veins,
While in the eye a Gorgon horror reigns.

When on her flute divine Minerva play'd,
And in a fountain saw the change it made,
Swelling her cheek ; she flung it quite aside :
" Nor is thy music so much worth," she cry'd.
Look in your glass when you with anger glow,
And you'll confess, you scarce yourselves can know.

Nor with excessive pride insult the sight,
For gentle looks, alone, to love invite.
Believe it as a truth that's daily try'd,
There's nothing more detestable than pride.
How have I seen some airs disgust create,
Like things which by antipathy we hate !
Let looks with looks, and smiles with smiles be paid,

And when your lover bows, incline your head.
So love preluding, plays at first with hearts,
And after wounds with deeper-piercing darts.
Nor me a melancholy mistress charms ;
Let sad Tecmessa weep in Ajax' arms.
Let mourning beauties fatten heroes move,
We cheerful men like gaiety in love.
Let Hector in Andromache delight,
Who, in bewailing Troy, wastes all the night.
Had they not both born children (to be plain),
I ne'er could think they'd with their husbands lain.
I no idea in my mind can frame,
That either one or t'other doleful dame
Could toy, could fondle, or could call their lords
" My life, my soul ;" or speak endearing words.

Why from comparisons should I refrain,
Or fear small things by greater to explain ?
Observe what conduct prudent generals use,
And how their several officers they choose ;
To one a charge of infantry commit,
Another for the horse is thought more fit.
So you your several lovers should select,
And, as you find them qualified, direct.
The wealthy lover store of gold should send ;
The lawyer should, in courts, your cause defend.
We, who write verse, with verse alone should bribe ;
Most apt to love is all the tuneful tribe.
By us, your fame shall through the world be blaz'd ;

So Nemesis, so Cynthia's name was rais'd.
From east to west, Lycoris' praises ring ;
Nor are Corinna's silent, whom we sing.
No fraud the poet's sacred breast can bear ;
Mild are his manners, and his heart sincere :
Nor wealth he seeks, nor feels ambition's fires,
But thuns the bar ; and books and shades requires.

Too faithfully, alas ! we know to love,
With ease we fix, but we with pain remove ;
Our softer studies with our souls combine,
And both to tenderness our hearts incline.
Be gentle, virgins, to the poet's prayer,
The God that fills him, and the muse revere ;
Something divine is in us, and from heaven
Th' inspiring spirit can alone be given.

'Tis sin, a price from poets to exact ;
But 'tis a sin no woman fears to act.
Yet hide, howe'er, your avarice from sight,
Lest you too soon your new admirer fright.

As skilful riders rein with different force,
A new-back'd courser, and a well-train'd horse ;
Do you, by different management, engage
The man in years, and youth of greener age.
This, while the wiles of love are yet unknown,
Will gladly cleave to you, and you alone :
With kind caresses oft indulge the boy,
And all the harvest of his heat enjoy.
Alone, thus blest, of rivals most beware ;
Nor love nor empire can a rival bear.
Men more discreetly love, when more mature,
And many things, which youth disdains, endure :
No windows break, nor houses set on fire,
Nor tear their own, or mistress's attire.
In youth, the boiling blood gives fury vent,
But men in years more calmly wrongs resent.
As wood when green, or as a torch when wet,
They slowly burn, but long retain their heat.
More bright is youthful flame, but sooner dies ;
Then swiftly seize the joy that swiftly flies.

Thus all betraying to the beauteous foe,
How surely to enslave ourselves we show !
To trust a traitor, you'll no scruple make,
Who is a traitor only for your sake.

Who yields too soon, will soon her lover lose ;
Would you retain him long, then long refuse.
Oft at your door make him for entrance wait,
There let him lie, and threaten and entreat.
When cloy'd with sweets, bitters the taste restore ;
Ships, by fair winds, are sometimes run ashore.
Hence springs the coldness of a marry'd life,
The husband, when he pleases, has his wife.
Bar but your gate, and let your porter cry
" Here's no admittance, Sir ; I must deny."
The very husband, so repuls'd, will find
A growing inclination to be kind.

Thus far with foils you've fought ; those laid
aside,
I now sharp weapons for the sex provide ;
No doubt, against myself to see them try'd.

When first a lover you design to charm
Beware, lest jealousies his soul alarm ;
Make him believe, with all the skill you can,
That he, and only he's the happy man.
Anon, by due degrees, small doubts create,
And let him fear some rival's better fate.
Such little arts make love its vigour hold,
Which else would languish, and too soon grow old
Then strains the courser, to outstrip the wind,
When one before him runs, and one he hears be-
hind.

Love, when extinct, suspicions may revive ;
I own, when mine's secure, 'tis scarce alive.
Yet one precaution to this rule belongs ;
Let us at most suspect, not prove our wrongs.
Sometimes, your lover to incite the more,
Pretend your husband's spies beset the door :
Though free as Thais, still affect a fright,
For seeming danger heightens the delight.
Oft let the youth in through your window steal,
Though he might enter at the door as well ;

And sometimes let your maid surprise pretend,
And beg you in some hole to hide your friend.
Yet ever and anon dispel his fear,
And let him taste of happiness sincere;
Left, quite dishearten'd with too much fatigue,
He should grow weary of the dull intrigue.

But I forget to tell how you may try
Both to evade the husband, and the spy.

That wives should of their husbands stand in
awe,

Agrees with justice, modesty, and law:
But that a mistress may be lawful prize,
None but her keeper, I am sure, denies:
For such fair nymphs these precepts are design'd,
Which ne'er can fail, join'd with a willing mind.
Though stuck with Argus' eyes your keeper
were,

Advise'd by me, you shall elude his care.

When you to wash or bathe retire from sight,
Can he observe what letters then you write?
Or, can his caution against such provide,
Which, in her breast, your confidant may hide?
Can he the note beneath her garter view,
Or that, which, more conceal'd, is in her shoe?
Yet, these perceiv'd, you may her back undress,
And, writing on her skin, your mind express.
New milk, or pointed spires of flax, when green,
Will ink supply and letters mark unseen:
Fair will the paper show, nor can be read,
Till all the writing's with warm ashes spread.

Acrisus was, with all his care, betray'd;
And in his tower of brass a grandfire made.

Can spies avail, when you to plays resort,
Or in the circus view the noble sport?
Or, can you be to Isis' fane pursued,
Or Cybele's, whose rites all men exclude?
Though watchful servants to the bagnio come,
They're ne'er admitted to the bathing room.
Or when some sudden sickness you pretend,
May you not take to your sick bed a friend?
False keys a private passage may procure,
If not, there are more ways besides the door.
Sometimes, with wine, your watchful follower
treat;

When drunk, you may with ease his care defeat;
Or, to prevent too sudden a surprise,
Prepare a sleeping draught to seal his eyes:
Or let your maid, still longer time to gain,
An inclination for his person feign;
With saint resistance let her drill him on,
And, after competent delays, be won.

But what need all these various doubtful wiles,
Since gold the greatest vigilance beguiles?
Believe me, men and gods with gifts are pleas'd;
Ev'n angry Jove with offerings is appeas'd.
With presents, fools and wife alike are caught,
Give but enough, the husband may be bought.
But let me warn you, when you bribe a spy,
That you for ever his connivance buy;
Pay him his price at once, for with such men
You'll know no end of giving now and then.

Once, I remember, I with cause complain'd
Of jealousy, occasion'd by a friend:
Believe me, apprehensions of that kind
Are not alone to our false sex confin'd.

Trust not too far your she-companion's truth,
Lest she sometimes should intercept the youth:
The very confidant that lends the bed,
May entertain your lover in your stead;
Nor keep a servant with too fair a face,
For such I've known supply her lady's place.

But whither do I run with heedless rage,
Teaching the foe unequal war to wage?
Did ever bird the fowler's net prepare?
Was ever hound instructed by the hare?
But, all self-ends and interest set apart,
I'll faithfully proceed to teach my art:
Defenceless and unarm'd, expose my life,
And for the Lemman ladies whet the knife.

Perpetual fondness of your lover feign,
Nor will you find it hard, believ'd to gain;
Full of himself, he your design will aid,
To what we wish, 'tis easy to persuade.
With dying eyes his face and form survey,
Then sigh, and wonder he so long could stay.
Now drop a tear your sorrows to assuage,
Anon reproach him, and pretend to rage:
Such proofs as these will all distrust remove,
And make him pity your excessive love.
Scarce to himself will he forbear to cry,
"How can I let this poor fond creature die?"
But chiefly one, such fond behaviour fires,
Who courts his glass, and his own charms ad-
mires.

Proud of the homage to his merit done,
He'll think a goddess might with ease be won.

Light wrongs, be sure, you still with mildness
bear,

Nor straight fly out, when you a rival fear:
Let not your passion o'er your sense prevail,
Nor credit lightly every idle tale.
Let Procris' fate a sad example be
Of what effects attend credulity.

Near where his purple head Hymettus shows,
And flowering hills, a sacred fountain flows;
With soft and verdant turf the soil is spread,
And sweetly-smelling shrubs the ground o'er shade.
There rosemary and bay their odours join,
And with the fragrant myrtle's scent combine.
The tamarisks with thick leav'd box are found,
And cythrus and garden pines about:
While through the toughs soft winds of zephyr
pass,

Tremble the leaves, and tender tops of grass.
Hither would Cephalus retreat to rest,
When tir'd with hunting, or with heat oppress;
And thus to Air the panting youth would pray,
"Come, gentle Aura, come, this heat allay."
But some tale-bearing, too officious friend,
By chance o'erheard him, as he thus complain'd;
Who with the news to Procris quick repair'd,
Repeating word for word what he had heard.
Soon as the name of Aura reach'd her ears,
With jealousy surpris'd, and fainting fears,
Her rosy colour fled her lovely face,
And agonies, like death, supply'd the place:
Pale she appear'd as are the falling leaves,
When first the vine the winter's blast receives.
Of ripen'd quinces, such the yellow hue,
Or, when unripe, we cornel-berries view.

Reviving from her swoon, her robes she tore,
Nor her own faultless face to wound forbore.
Now all dishevell'd, to the wood she flies,
With Bacchanalian fury in her eyes.
Thither arriv'd, she leaves below her friends,
And all alone the shady hill ascends.
What folly, Procris, o'er thy mind prevail'd?
What rage thus fatally to lie conceal'd?
Whoe'er this Aura be (such was thy thought),
She now shall in the very fact be caught.
Anon, thy heart repents its rash designs,
And now to go, and now to stay inclines:
Thus love with doubts perplexes still thy mind.
And makes thee seek what thou must dread to find.

But still thy rival's name rings in thy ears,
And more suspicious still the place appears;
But more than all, excessive love deceives,
Which all it fears, too easily believes.

And now a chinefs run through every vein,
Soon as she saw where Cephalus had lain.
'Twas noon, when he again retir'd, to shun
The scorching ardour of the mid-day sun:
With water first he sprinkled o'er his face,
Which glow'd with heat, then sought his usual place.

Procris, with anxious, but with silent care,
View'd him extended, with his bosom bare;
And hear'd him soon th' accustomed words repeat,
"Come, zephyr; Aura, come; allay this heat:"
Soon as she found her error, from the word,
Her colour and her temper were restor'd.
With joy she rose to clasp him in her arms,
But Cephalus, the rustling noise alarms;
Some beast he thinks he in the bushes hears,
And frait his arrows and his bow prepares.
"Hold, hold, unhappy youth!"—I call in vain,
With thy own hand thou hast thy Procris slain:
"Me, me (she cries) thou'lt wounded with thy
"dart!"

"But Cephalus was wont to wound this heart.
"Yet lighter on my ashes earth will lie,
"Since, though untimely, I unrivall'd die:
"Come, close with thy dear hand my eyes in
"death,

"Jealous of air, to air I yield my breath."
Close to his heavy heart her cheek he laid,
And wash'd, with streaming tears, the wound he made;

At length the springs of life their currents leave,
And her last gasp her husband's lips receive.

Now, to pursue our voyage we provide,
Till safe to port our weary bark we guide.

You may expect, perhaps, I now should teach
What rules to treats and entertainments reach.

Come not the first, invited to a feast;

Rather come last, as a more grateful guest.

For that, of which we fear to be depriv'd,

Meets with the surest welcome when arriv'd.

Besides, complexions of a coarser kind

From candle-light no small advantage find.

During the time you eat observe some grace,

Nor let your unwip'd hands besmear your face;

Nor yet too squeamishly your meat avoid,
Lest we suspect you were in private cloy'd.

Of all extremes in either kind beware,
And still before your belly's full forbear.
No glutton-nymph, however fair, can wound,
Though more than Helen she in charms abound.

I own, I think, of wine the moderate use
More suits the sex, and sooner finds excuse;
It warms the blood, adds lustre to the eyes,
And wine and love have always been allies.
But carefully from all intemperance keep,
Nor drink till you see double, lisp, or sleep.
For in such sleeps brutalities are done,
Which, though you lothe, you have no power to shun.

And now th' instructed nymph from table led,
Should next be taught how to behave in bed.
But modesty forbids: nor more, my muse
With weary wings the labour'd flight pursues;
Her purple swans unyok'd the chariot leave,
And needful rest (their journey done) receive.

Thus, with impartial care, my art I show,
And equal arms on either sex bestow:
While men and maids, who by my rules improve,
Ovid must own their master is in love.

OF PLEASING.

AN EPISTLE TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE.

'Tis strange, dear Temple, how it comes to pass,
That no one man is pleas'd with what he has.
So Horace sings—and sure as strange is this,
That no one man's displeas'd with what he is.
The foolish, ugly, dull, impertinent,
Are with their persons and their parts content.
Nor is that all, so odd a thing is man,
He most would be what least he should or can.
Hence, homely faces still are foremost seen,
And cross-shap'd tops affect the nicest mien;
Towards extol true courage to the skies,
And fools are still most forward to advise;
Th' untrussed wretch to secrecy pretends,
Whispering his nothing round to all as friends.
Dull rogues affect the politician's part,
And learn to nod, and smile, and shrug with art,
Who nothing has to lose, the war bewails,
And he who nothing pays, at taxes rails.
Thus man perverse against plain nature strives,
And to be artfully absurd contrives.
Plautus will dance, Luscus at ogling aims,
Old Tritus keeps, and undone Probus games.
Noisome Curculio, whose envenom'd breath,
Though at a distance utter'd, threatens death,
Full in your teeth his stinking whisper throws;
Nor mends his manners, though you hold your nose.
Thersites, who seems born to give offence,
From uncouth form, and frontless impudence,
Assumes soft airs, and with a slur comes in,
Attempts a smile, and shocks you with a grin.
Raucus harangues with a dissuasive grace,
And Helluo invites with a forbidding face.
Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
But, that forsaken, we like comets err: [broke,
Toss'd through the void, by some rude shock we're
And all her boasted fire is lost in smoke:

Next to obtaining wealth, or power, or ease,
Men most affect in general to please;
Of this affection vanity's the source,
And vanity alone obstructs its course;
That telescope of fools, through which they spy
Merit remote, and think the object nigh.
The glass remov'd, would each himself survey,
And in just scales his strength and weakness weigh,

Pursue the path for which he was design'd,
And to his proper force adapt his mind;
Scarce one but to some merit might pretend,
Perhaps might please, at least would not offend.
Who would reprove us while he makes us laugh,
Must be no Bavius, but a Bickerstaff.
If Garth, or Blackmore, friendly potions give,
We bid the dying patient drink and live:
When Marus comes, we cry, "Beware the pill;"
And with the tradesman were a tradesman still.
If Addison, or Rowe, or Prior write,
We study them with profit and delight:
But when vile Macer and Mundungus rhyme,
We grieve we've learnt to read, ay, curse the time.
All rules of pleasing in this one unite,
"Affect not any thing in nature's spite."
Baboons and apes ridiculous we find;
For what? For ill-resembling human-kind.
"None are, for being what they are, in fault."
"But for not being what they would be thought."

Thus I, dear friend, to you my thoughts impart,
As to one perfect in the pleasing art;
If art it may be call'd in you, who seem
By nature form'd for love, and for esteem.
Affecting none, all virtues you possess,
And really are what others but profess.
I'll not offend you, while myself I please;
I loath to flatter, though I love to praise.
But when such early worth so bright appears,
And antedates the fame which waits on years;
I can't so stupidly affected prove,
Not to confess it in the man I love.
Though now I aim not at that known applause
You've won in arms, and in your country's cause;
Nor patriot now, nor hero I commend,
But the companion praise, and boast the friend.

But you may think, and some, less partial, say,
That I presume too much in this essay:
How should I show what pleases? How explain
A rule, to which I never could attain?
To this objection I'll make no reply,
But tell a tale, which, after, we'll apply.

I've read, or heard, a learned person once
(Concern'd to find his only son a dunce)
Compos'd a book in favour of the lad,
Whose memory, it seems, was very bad.
This work contain'd a world of wholesome rules,
To help the frailty of forgetful fools.
The careful parent laid the treatise by,
Till time should make it proper to apply.
Simon, at length, the look'd-for age attains,
To read and profit by his father's pains;
And now the fire prepares the book to impart,
Which was yecept, of memory the art.
But, ah! how oft is human care in vain!
For, now he could not find his book again.

The place where he had laid it he forgot,
Nor could himself remember what he wrote.

Now to apply the story that I tell,
Which, if not true, is yet invented well.
Such is my case: like most of theirs who teach;
I ill may practise what I well may preach.
Myself not trying, or not turn'd to please,
May lay the line, and measure out the ways.
The Mulcibers, who in the minories sweat,
And massive bars on stubborn anvils beat,
Deform'd themselves, yet forge those staves of steel,
Which arm Aurelia with a shape to kill.
So Macer and Mundungus school the times,
And write in rugged prose the rules of softer rhymes.

Well do they play the careful critic's part,
Instructing doubly by their matchless art:
Rules for good verse they first with pains indure,
Then show us what are bad by what they write.

A LETTER

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
LORD VISCOUNT COBHAM, 1729.

"Albi sermonum nostrorum candide iudex."

SINCEREST critic of my prose or rhyme,
Tell how thy pleasing Stowe employs thy time,
Say, Cobham, what amuses thy retreat?
Or stratagems of war, or schemes of state?
Dost thou recal to mind with joy, or grief,
Great Marlborough's actions; that immortal chief,
Whose slightest trophy rais'd in each campaign,
More than suffic'd to signalize a reign?
Does thy remembrance rising warm thy heart
With glory past, where thou thyself hadst part?
Or dost thou grieve indignant now to see
The fruitless end of all thy victory;
To see th' audacious foe, so late subdued,
Dispute those terms for which so long they sued,
As if Britannia now were sunk so low,
To beg that peace she wonted to bestow?
Be far that guilt! be never known that shame!
That England should retract her rightful claim,
Or, ceasing to be dreaded and ador'd,
Stain with her pen the lustre of her sword.
Or dost thou give the winds afar to blow
Each vexing thought, and heart devouring woe,
And fix thy mind alone on rural scenes;
To turn the levell'd lawns to liquid plains,
To raise the creeping rills from humble beds,
And force the latent springs to lift their heads,
On watery columns, capitals to rear,
That mix their flowing curls with upper air!
Or dost thou, weary grown, these works neglect,
No temples, statues, obelisks, erect,
But catch the morning breeze from fragrant meads?
Or shun the noontide ray in wholesome shades?
Or slowly walk along the mazy wood,
To meditate on all that's wise and good?
For nature, bountiful, in thee has join'd
A person pleasing with a worthy mind.

N n iii

Not given thee form alone, but means, and art,
 To draw the eye, or to allure the heart.
 Poor were the praise in fortune to excel,
 Yet want the way to use that fortune well.
 While thus adorn'd, while thus with virtue crown'd,
 At home in peace, abroad in arms renown'd;
 Graceful in form, and winning in address;
 While well you think, what aptly you express;
 With health, with honour, with a fair estate,
 A table free, and eloquently neat.
 What can be added more to mortal bliss?
 What can he want who stands possess'd of this?
 What can the fondest wishing mother more
 Of heaven attentive for her son implore?
 And yet a happiness remains unknown,
 Or to philosophy reveal'd alone;
 A precept, which, unpractis'd, renders vain
 Thy flowing hopes, and pleasure turns to pain.
 Should hope and fear thy heart alternate tear,
 Or love, or hate, or rage, or anxious care,
 Whatever passions may thy mind infest,
 (Where is that mind which passions ne'er molest?)
 Amidst the pangs of such intestine strife,
 Still think the present day the last of life;
 Defer not till to-morrow to be wife,
 To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.
 Or should to-morrow chance to cheer thy sight
 With her enlivening and unlook'd-for light,
 How grateful will appear her dawning rays!
 As favours unexpected doubly please. [sues,
 Who thus can think, and who such thoughts pursue,
 Content may keep his life, or calmly lose:
 All proofs of this thou may'st thyself receive,
 When leisure from affairs will give thee leave.
 Come, see thy friend, retir'd without regret,
 Forgetting care, or striving to forget;
 In easy contemplation soothing time
 With morals much, and now and then with rhyme:
 Not so robust in body, as in mind,
 And always undejected, though declin'd;
 Not wondering at the world's new wicked ways,
 Compar'd with those of our fore-father's days;
 For virtue now is neither more or less,
 And vice is only varied in the dress.
 Believe it, men have ever been the same,
 And all the golden age is but a dream.

WRITTEN AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS,

ON

MISS TEMPLE,

AFTERWARDS LADY OF SIR THOMAS LYTTTELTON.

LEAVE, leave the drawing-room,
 Where flowers of beauty us'd to bloom;
 The nymph that's fated to o'ercome,
 Now triumphs at the wells.
 Her shape, and air, and eyes,
 Her face, the gay, the grave, the wife,
 The beau, in spite of box and dice,
 Acknowledge, all excels.

Cease, cease, to ask her name,
 The crowned muse's noblest theme,
 Whose glory by immortal fame

Shall only founded be.
 But if you long to know,
 Then look round yonder dazzling row!
 Who most does like an angel show,
 You may be sure 'tis she.

See near those sacred springs,
 Which cure to fell diseases brings,
 (As ancient fame of Ida sings)
 Three goddesses appear!
 Wealth, glory, two possess;
 The third with charming beauty blest,
 So fair, that heaven and earth confess
 She conquer'd everywhere.

Like her, this charmer now
 Makes every love-sick gazer bow;
 Nay, even old age her power allow,
 And banish'd flames recall.
 Wealth can no trophy rear,
 Nor glory now the garland wear:
 To beauty every Paris here
 Devotes the golden ball.

EPIGRAM

ON THE SICKNESS OF MADAM MOHUN, AND
 MR. CONGREVE.

ONE fatal day, a sympathetic fire
 Seiz'd him that writ, and her that did inspire.
 Mohun, the muses theme, their master Congreve,
 Beauty and wit, had like to've lain in one grave.

A PINDARIC ODE

HUMBLY OFFERED TO THE QUEEN,

On the victorious Progress of her Majesty's Arms
 under the conduct of the Duke of Marlborough.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

A DISCOURSE ON THE PINDARIC ODE.

" — Opera parvus
 " Carmina fingo." Hor. Lib. iv. Ode 2.

A Discourse on the Pindaric Ode.

THE following ode is an attempt towards restoring the regularity of the ancient lyric poetry, which seems to be altogether forgotten or unknown by our English writers.

There is nothing more frequent among us, than a sort of poems intitled Pindaric Odes; pretending to be written in imitation of the manner and style of Pindar, and yet I do not know that there is to this day extant in our language, one ode contrived after his model. What idea can an English reader have of Pindar (to whose mouth, when a child, the bees brought their honey, in omen of the future sweetness and melody of his songs) when he shall see such rumbling and grating papers of verses, pretending to be copies of his works?

The character of these late Pindarics is, a bundle of rambling incoherent thoughts, expressed in a like parcel of irregular stanzas, which also consist of such another complication of disproportioned, uncertain, and perplexed verses and rhymes. And I appeal to any reader, if this is not the condition in which these titular odes appear.

On the contrary, there is nothing more regular than the odes of Pindar, both as to the exact observation of the measures and numbers of his stanzas and verses, and the perpetual coherence of his thoughts. For though his digressions are frequent, and his transitions sudden, yet is there ever some secret connection, which, though not always appearing to the eye, never fails to communicate itself to the understanding of the reader.

The liberty which he took in his numbers, and which has been so misunderstood and misapplied by his pretended imitators, was only in varying the stanzas in different odes; but in each particular ode they are ever correspondent one to another in their turns, and according to the order of the ode.

All the odes of Pindar which remain to us, are songs of triumph, victory, or success, in the Grecian games: they were sung by a chorus, and adapted to the lyre and sometimes to the lyre and pipe: they consisted oftentimes of three stanzas; the first was called the *Strophé*, from the version or circular motion of the fingers in that stanza from the right hand to the left. The second stanza was called the *Antistrophé*, from the controversion of the chorus; the fingers, in performing that, turning from the left hand to the right, contrary always to their motion in the *strophé*. The third stanza was called the *Epode* (it may be as being the after-song), which they sung in the middle, neither turning to one hand nor the other.

What the origin was of these different motions and stations in singing their odes, is not our present business to inquire. Some have thought that, by the contrariety of the *strophé* and *antistrophé*, they intended to represent the contrarotation of the *primum mobile*, in respect of the *secunda mobilis*; and that, by their standing still at the *epode*, they meant to signify the stability of the earth. Others ascribe the institution to Theseus, who thereby expressed the windings and turnings of the labyrinth, in celebrating his return from thence.

The method observed in the composition of these odes, was therefore as follows: The poet having made choice of a certain number of verses to constitute his *strophé* or first stanza, was obliged to observe the same in his *antistrophé*, or second stanza; and which accordingly perpetually agreed whenever repeated, both in number of verses and quantity of feet: he was then again at liberty to make a new choice for his third stanza, or *epode*; where, accordingly, he diversified his numbers, as his ear or fancy led him: composing that stanza of more or fewer verses than the former, and those verses of different measures and quantities, for the greater variety of harmony, and entertainment of the ear.

But then this *epode* being thus formed, he was

strictly obliged to the same measure as often as he should repeat it in the order of his ode, so that every *epode* in the same ode is eternally the same in measure and quantity, in respect to itself; as is also every *strophé* and *antistrophé*, in respect to each other.

The lyric poet, Stesichorus (whom Longinus reckons amongst the ablest imitators of Homer, and of whom Quintilian says, that if he could have kept within bounds, he would have been nearest of any body, in merit, to Homer), was, if not the inventor of this order in the ode, yet so strict an observer of it in his compositions, that the three stanzas of Stesichorus became a common proverb to express a thing universally known, "*ne tria quidem Stesichori nôsti*;" so that when any one had a mind to reproach another with excessive ignorance, he could not do it more effectually than by telling him, "he did not so much as know the three stanzas of Stesichorus;" that is, did not know that an ode ought to consist of a *strophé*, an *antistrophé*, and an *epode*. If this was such a mark of ignorance among them, I am sure we have been pretty long liable to the same reproof; I mean, in respect of our imitations of the odes of Pindar.

My intention is not to make a long preface to a short ode, nor to enter upon a dissertation of lyric poetry in general: but thus much I thought proper to say, for the information of those readers whose course of study has not led them into such inquiries.

I hope I shall not be so misunderstood, as to have it thought that I pretend to give an exact copy of Pindar in this ensuing ode; or that I look upon it as a pattern for his imitators for the future: far from such thoughts, I have only given an instance of what is practicable, and am sensible that I am as distant from the force and elevation of Pindar, as others have hitherto been from the harmony and regularity of his numbers.

Again, we having no chorus to sing our odes, the titles, as well as use of *strophé*, *antistrophé*, and *epode*, are obsolete and impertinent: and certainly there may be very good English odes, without the distinction of Greek appellations to their stanzas. That I have mentioned them here, and observed the order of them in the ensuing ode, is therefore only the more intelligibly to explain the extraordinary regularity of the composition of these odes, which have been represented to us hitherto, as the most confused structures in nature.

However, though there be no necessity that our triumphal odes should consist of the three aforementioned stanzas; yet if the reader can observe that the great variation of the numbers in the third stanza (call it *epode*, or what you please) has a pleasing effect in the ode, and makes him return to the first and second stanzas with more appetite than he could do, if always cloyed with the same quantities and measures; I cannot see why some use may not be made of Pindar's example, to the great improvement of the English ode. There is certainly a pleasure in beholding any thing that has art and difficulty in the contrivance; especially if it appears so carefully executed, that the difficult-

ry does not show itself, till it is sought for; and that the seeming easiness of the work, first sets us upon the inquiry. Nothing can be called beautiful without proportion. When symmetry and harmony are wanting, neither the eye nor the ear can be pleased. Therefore, certainly, poetry, which includes painting and music, should not be destitute of them; and of all poetry, especially the ode, whose end and essence is harmony.

Mr. Cowley, in his preface to his Pindaric odes, speaking of the music of numbers, says, "which sometimes (especially in songs and odes) almost without any thing else makes an excellent poet."

Having mentioned Mr. Cowley, it may very well be expected, that something should be said of him, at a time when the imitation of Pindar is the theme of our discourse. But there is that great deference due to the memory, great parts, and learning of that gentleman, that I think nothing should be objected to the latitude he has taken in his Pindaric odes. The beauty of his verses are an atonement for the irregularity of his stanzas; and though he did not imitate Pindar in the strictness of his numbers, he has very often happily copied him in the force of his figures, and sublimity of his style and sentiments.

Yet I must beg leave to add, that I believe those irregular odes of Mr. Cowley may have been the principal, though innocent, occasion of so many deformed poems since, which, instead of being true pictures of Pindar, have (to use the Italian painter's term) been only caricatures of him, resemblances that for the most part have been either horrid or ridiculous.

For my own part, I frankly own my error in having heretofore miscalled a few irregular stanzas a Pindaric ode; and possibly, if others, who have been under the same mistake, would ingenuously confess the truth, they might own that, never having consulted Pindar himself, they took all his irregularity upon trust; and, finding their account in the great ease with which they could produce odes without being obliged either to measure or design, remained satisfied; and, it may be, were not altogether unwilling to neglect being undeceived.

Though there be little (if any thing) left of Orpheus but his name, yet, if Pausanias was well informed, we may be assured that brevity was a beauty which he most industriously laboured to preserve in his hymns, notwithstanding, as the same author reports, that they were but few in number.

The shortness of the following ode will, I hope, atone for the length of the preface, and in some measure for the defects which may be found in it. It consists of the same number of stanzas with that beautiful ode of Pindar, which is the first of his pythics; and though I was unable to imitate him in any other beauty, I resolved to endeavour to copy his brevity, and take the advantage of a remark he has made in the last strophé of the same ode; which take in the paraphrase of Suetonius.

"Qui multa paucis stringere commode
"Novere, morsus hi facile invidos
"Spernunt, et auris mensque pura
"Omne supervacuum rejectat."

O D E.

I.

DAUGHTER of memory, immortal muse,
Calliope; what poet wilt thou choose,
Of Anna's name to sing?
To whom wilt thou thy fire impart,
Thy lyre, thy voice, and tuneful art;
Whom raise sublime on thy æthereal wing,
And consecrate with dews of thy Castalian spring?

II.

Without thy aid, the most aspiring mind
Must flag beneath, to narrow flights confin'd,
Striving to rise in vain:
Not e'er can hope with equal lays
To celebrate bright virtue's praise.
Thy aid obtain'd, ev'n I, the humblest swain,
May climb Pierian heights, and quit the lowly plain.

III.

High in the starry orb is hung,
And next Alcides' guardian arm,
That harp to which thy Orpheus sung,
Who woods, and rocks, and winds, could
charm;
That harp which on Cyllene's shady hill,
When first the vocal shell was found,
With more than mortal skill
Inventor Hermes taught to sound:
Hermes on bright Latona's son,
By sweet persuasion won,
The wondrous work bestow'd;
Latona's son, to thine
Indulgent, gave the gift divine;
A god the gift, a god th' invention shew'd.

I.

To that high-sounding lyre I tune my strains;
A lower note his lofty song disdains
Who sings of Anna's name.
The lyre is struck: the sounds I hear!
O muse, propitious to my prayer!
O well-known sounds! O melody, the same
That kindled Mantuan fire, and rais'd Mæonian
flame.

II.

Nor are these sounds to British bards unknown,
Or sparingly reveal'd to one alone;
Witness sweet Spenser's lays;
And witness that immortal song,
As Spenser sweet, as Milton strong,
Which humble Boyne o'er Tiber's flood could
raise, [praise.
And mighty William sing with well-proportion'd

III.

Rise, fair Augusta, lift thy head,
With golden towers thy front adorn;
Come forth, as comes from Tiphon's bed
With cheerful ray the ruddy morn.

Thy lovely form, and fresh-reviving state,
In crystal flood of Thames survey;
Then blest thy better fate,
Blest Anna's most auspicious sway.
While distant realms and neighbouring lands,
Arm'd troops and hostile bands
On every side molest,
Thy happier clime is free,
Fair capital of liberty!
And plenty knows, and days of halcyon rest.

I.
As Britain's isle, when old vex'd ocean roars,
Unshaken sees against her silver shores
His foaming billows beat;
So Britain's queen, amidst the jars
And tumults of a world in wars,
Fix'd on the base of her well founded state,
Serene and safe looks down, nor feels the shocks of
fate.

II.
But greatest souls, though blest with sweet repose,
Are soonest touch'd with sense of others woes.
Thus Anna's mighty mind,
To mercy and soft pity prone,
And mov'd with sorrows not her own,
Has all her peace and downy rest resign'd,
To wake for common good, and succour human-
kind.

III.
Fly, tyranny; no more be known
Within Europa's blissful bound;
Far as th' uninhabitable zone
Fly every hospitable ground.
To horrid Zembla's frozen realms repair,
There with the baleful beldam, night,
Unpeopled empire share,
And rob those lands of legal right.
For now is come the promis'd hour,
When justice shall have power;
Justice to earth restor'd!
Again Althea reigns!
Anna her equal scale maintains,
And Marlborough wields her sure-deciding sword.

I.
Now, couldst thou soar, my muse, to sing the man,
In heights sublime, as when the Mantuan swan
Her towering pinions spread; [hand
Thou should'st of Marlborough sing, whose
Unerring from his queen's command,
Far as the seven-mouth'd Ister's secret head,
To save th' Imperial state, her hardy Britons led.

II.
Nor there thy song should end; though all the Nine
Might well their harps and heavenly voices join
To sing that glorious day,
When bold Bavaria fled the field,
And veteran Gauls, unus'd to yield,
On Blenheim's plain imploring mercy lay;
And spoils and trophies won, perplex'd the victor's
way.

III.
But could thy voice of Blenheim sing,
And with success that song pursue;
What art could aid thy wearied wing
To keep the victor still in view?

For as the sun ne'er stops his radiant flight,
Nor sets but with impartial ray,
To all who want his light
Alternately transfers the day:
So in the glorious round of fame,
Great Marlborough, still the same,
Incessant runs his course:
To climes remote and near
His conquering arms by turns appear,
And universal is his aid and force.

I.
Attempt not to proceed, unwary muse, [choofe,
For O! what notes, what numbers could'st thou
Though in all numbers skill'd,
To sing the hero's matchless deed,
Which Belgia sav'd, and Brabant freed:
To sing Ramillia's day! to which must yield
Cannæ's illustrious fight, and fam'd Pharsalia's
field?

II.
In the short course of a diurnal sun,
Behold the work of many ages done!
What verse such worth can raise?
Lustre and life, the poet's art
To middle virtue may impart;
But deeds sublime, exalted high like these,
Transcend his utmost flight, and mock his distant
praise.

III.
Still would the willing muse aspire,
With transport still her strains prolong;
But fear unstrings the trembling lyre,
And admiration stops her song.
Go on, great chief, in Anna's cause proceed;
Nor sheath the terrors of thy sword,
Till Europe thou had freed,
And universal peace restor'd.
This mighty work when thou shalt end,
Equal rewards attend,
Of value far above
Thy trophies and thy spoils;
Rewards ev'n worthy of thy toils,
The queen's just favour, and thy country's love.

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PINDARIC ODE.

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“Hunc capit argenti splendor—
“Hic mutat merces surgente à sole, ad eum quo
“Vespertina tepet regio: quin per mala præceps
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I.
To hazardous attempts and hasty toils
Ambition some excites;

ry does not show itself, till it is sought for; and that the seeming easiness of the work, first sets us upon the inquiry. Nothing can be called beautiful without proportion. When symmetry and harmony are wanting, neither the eye nor the ear can be pleased. Therefore, certainly, poetry, which includes painting and music, should not be destitute of them; and of all poetry, especially the ode, whose end and essence is harmony.

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Whom raise sublime on thy zepheral wing,
And consecrate with dews of thy Castalian spring?

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Without thy aid, the most aspiring mind
Must flag beneath, to narrow flights confin'd,
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"Omnes hi metuunt versus, odere poetas."

HOR. L. i. Sat. 4.

I.

To hazardous attempts and hardy toils
Ambition some excites;

And some desire of martial spoils
To bloody fields invites;
Others insatiate thirst of gain
Provokes to tempt the dangerous main,
To pass the burning line, and bear
Th' inclemency of winds, and seas, and air;
Pressing the doubtful voyage till India's shore
Her spicy bosom bares, and spreads her shining ore.

II.

Nor widows tears, nor tender orphans cries,
Can stop th' invader's force;
Nor swelling seas, nor threatening skies,
Prevent the pirate's course:
Their lives to selfish ends decreed,
Through blood or rapine they proceed;
No anxious thoughts of ill repute
Suspend th' impetuous and unjust pursuit:
But power and wealth obtain'd; guilty and great,
Their fellow-creatures fears they raise, or urge
their hate.

III.

But not for these his ivory lyre
Will tuneful Phoebus string,
Nor Polyhymnia crown'd amid the choir,
Th' immortal epode sing.
Thy springs, Castalia, turn their streams aside
From rapine, avarice, and pride;
Nor do thy greens, shady Aonia, grow
To bind with wreaths a tyrant's brow.

I.

How just, most mighty Jove, yet how severe,
Is thy supreme decree,
That impious men shall joyless hear
The muse's harmony!
Their sacred songs, (the recompense
Of virtue and of innocence)
Which pious minds to rapture raise,
And worthy deeds at once excite and praise,
To guilty hearts afford no kind relief;
But add inflaming rage, and more afflicting grief.

II.

Monstrous Typhæus thus new terrors fill,
He, who assail'd the skies,
And now beneath the burning hill
Of dreadful Ætna lies.
Hearing the lyre's celestial sound,
He bellows in th' abyss profound;
Sicilia trembles at his roar,
Tremble the seas and far Campania's shore;
While all his hundred mouths at once respire
Volumes of curling smoke, and floods of liquid fire.

III.

From heaven alone all good proceeds;
To heavenly minds belong
All power and love, Godolphin, of good deeds,
And sense of sacred song!
And thus most pleasing are the muse's lays
To them who merit most her praise;
Wherefore, for thee her ivory lyre she strings,
And soars with rapture while she sings.

I.

Whether affairs of most important weight
Require thy aiding hand,
And Anna's cause and Europe's fate
Thy serious thoughts demand;

Whether thy days and nights are spent
In cares, on public good intent;
Or whether leisure hours invite
To manly sports, or to refin'd delight;
In courts residing, or to plains retir'd,
Where generous steeds contend, with emulation fir'd;

II.

There still she seeks, and tuneful sings thy name,
As once she Theron sung,
While with the deathless worthy's fame
Olympian Pifa rung:
Nor less sublime is now her choice,
Nor less inspir'd by thee her voice.
And now she loves aloft to found
The man for more than mortal deeds renown'd;
Varying anon her theme, she takes delight
The swift-heel'd horse to praise, and sing his rapid
flight.

III.

And see! the air-born racers start,
Impatient of the rein;
Faster they run than flies the Scythian dart,
Nor, passing, print the plain!
The winds themselves, who with their swiftness
vie,
In vain their airy pinions ply;
So far in matchless speed thy coursfers pass
Th' æthereal authors of their race.

I.

And now awhile the well-strain'd coursfers
breathe;
And now, my muse, prepare
Of olive-leaves a twisted wreath
To bind the victor's hair.
Pallas, in care of human-kind,
The fruitful olive first design'd;
Deep in the glebe her spear she lanc'd,
When all at once the laden boughs advanc'd:
The Gods with wonder view'd the teeming
earth,
And all, with one consent, approv'd the beauteous
birth.

II.

This done, earth-shaking Neptune next essay'd,
In bounty to the world,
To emulate the blue-ey'd maid;
And his huge trident hurl'd
Against the sounding beach; the stroke
Transfix'd the globe, and open broke
The central earth, whence, swift as light,
Forth rush'd the first-born horse. Stupendous
fight!

Neptune for human good the beast ordains,
Whom soon he tam'd to use, and taught to bear
the reins.

III.

Thus gods contended (noble strife,
Worthy the heavenly mind!)
Who most should do to soften anxious life,
And most endear mankind.

Thus thou, Godolphin, dost with Marlborough
strive,

From whose joint toils we rest derive:
Triumph in wars abroad his arm assures,
Sweet peace at home thy care secures,

AN IMPOSSIBLE THING.

A TALE.

To thee, dear Dick, this tale I send,
Both as a critic and a friend.
I tell it with some variation
(Not altogether a translation)
From La Fontaine; an author, Dick,
Whose muse would touch thee to the quick.
The subject is of that same kind,
To which thy heart seems most inclin'd:
How verse may alter it, God knows;
Thou lov'st it well, I'm sure, in prose.
So, without preface, or pretence,
To hold thee longer in suspense,
I shall proceed, as I am able,
To the recital of my fable.

A goblin of the merry kind,
More black of hue, than curst of mind.
To help a lover in distress,
Contriv'd a charm with such success,
That in short space the cruel dame
Relented, and return'd his flame.
The bargain, made betwixt them both,
Was bound by honour and by oath:
The lover laid down his salvation,
And Satan stak'd his reputation.
The latter promis'd, on his part,
(To serve his friend, and show his art),
That madam should by twelve o'clock,
Though hitherto as hard as rock,
Become as gentle as a glove,
And kiss and coo like any dove.
In short, the woman should be his,
That is, upon condition—viz.
That he, the lover, after tasting
What one would wish were everlasting,
Should, in return for such enjoyment,
Supply the fiend with fresh employment:
"That's all, quoth Pug; my poor request
Is, only, never to have rest.
"You thought, 'tis like, with reason too,
That I should have been serv'd, not you:
"But what? upon my friend impose!
"No—though a devil, none of those,
"Your business then, pray understand me,
"Is nothing more but to command me.
"Of one thing only let me warn ye;
"Which somewhat nearly may concern ye:
"As soon as e'er one work is done,
"Straight name a new one; and so on:
"Let each to other quick succeed,
"Or else—you know how 'tis agreed—
"For if through any hums or haws
"There haps an intervening pause,
"In which, for want of fresh commands,
"Your slave obsequious idle stands,
"Nor soul nor body ever more.
"Shall serve the nymph whom you adore;
"But both be laid at Satan's feet,
"To be dispos'd as he thinks meet."
At once the lover all approves;
For who can hesitate that love?

And thus he argues in his thought:
"Why, after all, I venture nought:
"What mystery is in commanding?
"Does that require much understanding?
"Indeed, wer't my part to obey,
"He'd go the better of the lay:
"But he must do what I think fit—
"Pshaw, pshaw, young Belzebub is bit."
Thus pleas'd in mind, he calls a chair,
Adjusts, and combs, and courts the fair:
The spell takes place, and all goes right,
And happy he employs the night
In sweet embraces, balmy kisses,
And riots in the blifs of blisses.
"O joy," cried he, "that has no equal!"
But hold—no raptures—mark the sequel.
For now, when near the morning's dawn,
The youth began as 'twere to yawn;
His eyes a silky slumber seiz'd,
Or would have done, if Pug had pleas'd:
But that officious Dæmon near,
Now buzz'd for business in his ear:
In haste, he names a thousand things;
The goblin plies his wicker wings,
And in a trice returns to ask
Another and another task.
Now palaces are built and towers,
The work of ages in few hours.
Then storms are in an instant rais'd,
Which the next moment are appeas'd.
Now showers of gold and gems are rain'd,
As if each India had been drain'd:
And he, in one astonish'd view,
Sees both Golconda and Peru.
These things, and stranger things than these,
Were done with equal speed and ease.
And now to Rome poor Pug he'll send;
And Pug soon reach'd his journey's end,
And soon return'd with such a pack
Of bulls and pardons at his back,
That now, the squire (who had some hope
In holy water and the pope)
Was out of heart, and at a stand
What next to wish, and what command;
Invention flags, his brain grows muddy,
And black despair succeeds brown study.
In this distress the woful youth
Acquaints the nymph with all the truth,
Begging her counsel, for whose sake
Both soul and body were at stake.
"And is this all?" replies the fair:
"Let me alone to cure this care.
"When next your Dæmon shall appear,
"Pray give him—look, what I hold here,
"And hid him labour, soon or late,
"To lay these ringlets lank and strait."
Then, something scarcely to be seen,
Her finger and her thumb between
She held, and sweetly smiling, cry'd,
"Your goblin's skill shall now be try'd."
She said; and gave—what shall I call
That thing so shining, crisp, and small,
Which round his finger strove to twine?
A tendril of the Cyprian vine?
Or sprig from Cytherea's grove;
Shade of the labyrinth of love?

With awe, he now takes from her hand
That fleece-like flower of fairy land:
Less precious, whilom, was the fleece
Which drew the Argonauts from Greece;
Or that, which modern ages see
The spur and prize of chivalry,
Whose curls of kindred texture grace
Heroes and kings of Spanish race.

The spark prepar'd, and Pug at hand,
He issues, thus, his strict command:
"This line, thus curve and thus orbicular,
"Render direct, and perpendicular;
"But so direct, that in no sort
"It ever may in rings retort.
"See me no more till this be done:
"Hence, to thy task—avaunt, be gone."

Away the fiend like lightning flies,
And all his wit to work applies:
Anvils and presses he employs,
And duns whole hell with hammering noise.
In vain: he to no terms can bring
One twirl of that reluctant thing;
Th' elastic fibre mocks his pains,
And its first spiral form retains.
New stratagems the sprite contrives,
And down the depths of sea he dives:
"This sprunt its perverseness sure will lose,
"When laid (said he) to soak in ooze."
Poor foolish fiend! he little knew
Whence Venus and her garden grew:
Old ocean, with paternal waves
The child of his own bed receives;
Which oft as dipt new force exerts,
And in more vigorous curls reverts.
So when to earth Alcides flung
The huge Antæus, whence he sprung,
From every fall fresh strength he gain'd,
And with new life the fight maintain'd.
The baffled goblin grows perplex'd,
Nor knows what flight to practise next:
The more he tries, the more he fails;
Nor charm, nor art, nor force avails.
But all concur his shame to show,
And more exasperate the foe.

And now he pensive turns and sad,
And looks like melancholic mad:
He rolls his eyes now off, now on
That wonderful phenomenon.
Sometimes he twists and twirls it round,
Then, pausing, meditates profound:
No end he sees of his surprise,
Nor what it should be can devise:
For never was yet wool or feather,
That could stand buff against all weather;
And unrelax'd, like this, resist
Both wind and rain, and snow and mist.
What stuff, or whence, or how 'twas made,
What spinster which could spin such thread,
He nothing knew; but, to his cost,
Knew all his fame and labour lost.
Subdued, abash'd, he gave it o'er;
'Tis said, he blush'd; 'tis sure, he swore
Not all the wiles that hell could hatch
Could conquer that superb mustach.
Defeated thus, thus discontent,
Back to the man the Daemon went:

"I grant," quoth he, "our contract null,
"And give you a discharge in full.
"But tell me now, in name of wonder,
"(Since I so candidly knock under)
"What is this thing? Where could it grow?
"Pray take it—'tis in *statu quo*.
"Much good may't do you; for my part,
"I wash my hands of't from my heart."
"In truth, Sir Goblin or Sir Fairy,"
Replies the lad, "you're too soon weary.
"What, leave this trifling task undone!
"And think'st thou this the only one?
"Alas! were this subdued, thou'dst find
"Millions of more such still behind;
"Which might employ, ev'n to eternity,
"Both you and all your whole fraternity."

THE PEASANT IN SEARCH OF HIS HEIFER.

A TALE AFTER M. DE LA FONTAINE.

It so befell: a silly swain
Had sought his heifer long in vain;
For wanton she had frisking stray'd,
And left the lawn, to seek the shade.
Around the plain he rolls his eyes,
Then to the wood in haste he hies;
Where, singling out the fairest tree,
He climbs, in hopes to hear or see.
Anon, there chanc'd that way to pass
A jolly lad and buxom lass:
The place was apt, the pastime pleasant;
Occasion with her forelock present;
The girl agog, the gallant ready;
So lightly down he lays my lady.
But so the turn'd, or so was laid,
That the some certain charms display'd,
Which with such wonder struck his sight
(With wonder, much; more, with delight)
That loud he cry'd in rapture, "What?
"What see I, gods? What see I not!"
But nothing nam'd; from whence 'tis guess'd,
'Twas more than well could be express'd.
The clown aloft, who lent an ear,
Straight stopp'd him short in mid career;
And louder cry'd, "Ho! honest friend,
"That of thy seeing see'st no end;
"Dost see the heifer that I seek?
"If dost, pray be so kind to speak."

HOMER'S HYMN TO VENUS.

SING, muse, the force and all informing fire,
Of Cyprian Venus, goddess of desire:
Her charms th' immortal minds of gods can move,
And tame the stubborn race of men to love.
The wilder herds, and ravenous beasts of prey,
Her influence feel, and own her kindly sway.
Through pathless air, and boundless ocean's space,
She rules the feather'd kind and finny race;
Whole nature on her sole support depends,
And far as life exists, her care extends.

Of all the numerous host of gods above,
But three are found inflexible to love.
Blue-ey'd Minerva free preserves her heart,
A virgin unbeguill'd by Cupid's art;
In shining arms the martial maid delights,
O'er war presides, and well-disputed fights;
With thirst of fame she first the hero fir'd,
And first the skill of useful arts inspir'd;
Taught art's first the carving tool to wield,
Chariots with brags to arm, and form the fence-
ful shield:

She first taught modest maids in early bloom,
To shun the lazy life, and spin, or ply the loom.

Diana next the Paphian queen defies,
Her smiling arts and proffer'd friendship flies:
She loves, with well-mouth'd hounds and cheer-
ful horn,

Or silver-sounding voice, to wake the morn,
To wound the mountain boar, or rouse the wood-
land deer;

To draw the bow, or dart the pointed spear.
Sometimes, of gloomy groves she likes the shades,
And there of virgin-nymphs the chorus leads;
And sometimes seeks the town, and leaves the plains,
And loves society where virtue reigns.

The third celestial power averse to love
Is virgin Vesta, dear to mighty Jove; [woo'd;
Whom Neptune fought to wed, and Phœbus
And both with fruitless labour long pursu'd.
For she, severely chaste, rejected both,
And bound her purpose with a solemn oath;
A virgin life inviolate to lead;
She swore, and Jove assenting, bow'd his head.
But since her rigid choice the joys deny'd
Of nuptial rites, and blessings of a bride,
The bounteous Jove with gifts that want sup-
ply'd.

High on a throne she sits amidst the skies,
And first is fed with fumes of sacrifice;
For holy rites to Vesta first are paid,
And on her altar first-fruit offerings laid;
So Jove ordain'd in honour of the maid.

These are the powers above, and only these,
Whom love and Cytherea's art displease;
Of other beings, none in earth or skies
Her force resists, or influence denies.
With ease her charms the thunderer can bind,
And captivate with love th' almighty mind:
E'en he, whose dread commands the gods obey,
Submits to her, and owns superior sway.
Enslav'd to mortal beauties by her power,
He oft descends, his creatures to adore;
While, to conceal the theft from Juno's eyes,
Some well-dissembled shape the god betrays.
Juno, his wife and sister, both in place
And beauty first among th' æthereal race;
Whom, all transcending, in superior worth,
Wife Saturn got, and Cybele brought forth:
And Jove, by never-erring counsel sway'd,
The partner of his bed and empire made.

But Jove at length, with just resentment fir'd,
The laughing queen herself with love inspir'd.
Swift through her veins the sweet contagion
ran,

And kindled in her breast desire of mortal man;

That she, like other deities, might prove
The pains and pleasures of inferior love;
And not insultingly the gods deride,
Whose sons were human by the mother's side:
Thus Jove ordain'd, she now for man should burn,
And bring forth mortal offspring in her turn.

Amongst the springs which flow from Ida's head,
His lowing herds the young Anchises fed;
Whose godlike form and face the smiling queen
Beheld, and lov'd to madness, soon as seen:
To Cyprus straight the wounded goddess flies,
Where Paphian temples in her honour rise,
And altars smoke with daily sacrifice.
Soon as arriv'd, she to her shrine repair'd,
Where entering quick, the shining gates she barr'd:
The ready graces wait, her baths prepare,
And oint with fragrant oils her flowing hair;
Her flowing hair around her shoulders spread,
And all adown ambrosial odour sheds.
Last, in transparent robes her limbs they fold,
Enrich'd with ornaments of purest gold;
And, thus-attir'd, her chariot she ascends,
And, Cyprus left, her flight to Troy she bends.

On Ida she alights, then seeks the seat,
Which lov'd Anchises chose for his retreat;
And ever as she walk'd through lawn or wood,
Promiscuous herds of beasts admiring stood;
Some humbly follow, while some fawning meet,
And lick the ground, and crouch beneath her feet.
Dogs, lions, wolves, and bears, their eyes unite,
And the swift panther stops to gaze with fix'd
delight.

For every glance she gives soft fire imparts,
Enkindling sweet desire in savage hearts.
Inflam'd with love, all single out their mates,
And to their shady dens each pair retreats.

Meantime the tent she spies so much desir'd,
Where her Anchises was alone retir'd;
Withdrawn from all his friends and fellow swains,
Who fed their flocks beneath, and sought the plains;
In pleasing solitude the youth the found,
Intent upon his lyre's harmonious sound.
Before his eyes Jove's beauteous daughter stood,
In form and dress, a huntress of the wood;
For, had he seen the goddess undisguis'd,
The youth with awe and fear had been surpris'd.
Fix'd he beheld her, and with joy admir'd
To see a nymph so bright, and so attir'd:
For from her flowing robe a lustre spread,
As if with radiant flames she were array'd;
Her hair in part disclos'd, and part conceal'd,
In ringlets fell, or was with jewels held:
With various gold and gems her neck was grac'd,
And orient pearls heav'd on her panting breast;
Bright as the moon she shone, with silent light,
And charm'd his sense with wonder and delight.

Thus while Anchises gaz'd, through every vein
A thrilling joy he felt, and pleasing pain:
At length he spake:—"All hail, celestial fair!
Who humbly dost to visit earth repair.
"Whoe'er thou art, descended from above,
"Latona, Cynthia, or the Queen of Love;
"All hail! all honour shall to thee be paid:
"Or art thou * Themis? or the † blue-ey'd maid?

* The goddess of equity and right. † Pallas.

" Or art thou fairest of the graces three,
 " Who with the gods share immortality?
 " Or else, some nymph, the guardian of these
 " woods,
 " These caves, these fruitful hills, or crystal floods?
 " Whoe'er thou art, in some conspicuous field,
 " I to thy honour will an altar build,
 " Where holy offerings I'll each hour prepare,
 " O prove but thou propitious to my prayer!
 " Grant me, among the Trojan race to prove
 " A patriot worthy of my country's love;
 " Bless'd in myself, I beg I next may be
 " Bless'd in my children and posterity:
 " Happy in health, long let me see the sun,
 " And, lov'd by all, late may my days be done."
 He said.—Jove's beauteous daughter thus reply'd,
 " Delight of human kind, thy sex's pride!
 " Honour'd Anchises, you behold in me
 " No goddess blest with immortality;
 " But mortal I, of mortal mother came,
 " Otreus my father (you have heard the name),
 " Who rules the fair extent of Phrygia's lands,
 " And all her towns and fortresses commands.
 " When yet an infant, I to Troy was brought,
 " There was I nurs'd, and there your language
 " taught;
 " Then wonder not, if, thus instructed young,
 " I, like my own, can speak the Trojan tongue.
 " In me, one of Diana's nymphs behold;
 " Why thus arriv'd, I shall the cause unfold.
 " As late our sports we practis'd on the plain,
 " I and my fellow nymphs of Cynthia's train,
 " Dancing in chorus, and with garlands crown'd,
 " And by admiring crowds encompass'd round,
 " Lo! hovering o'er my head I saw the god
 " Who Argus slew, and bears the golden rod;
 " Sudden he seiz'd, then bore me from their sight,
 " Cutting through liquid air his rapid flight:
 " O'er many states and peopled towns we pass'd,
 " O'er hills and vallies, and o'er deserts waite;
 " O'er barren moors, and o'er unwholesome fens,
 " And woods where beasts inhabit dreadful dens,
 " Through all which pathless way our speed was
 " such,
 " We stop't not once the face of earth to touch.
 " Meantime he told me, while through air we
 " fled,
 " That Jove ordain'd I should Anchises wed,
 " And with illustrious offspring blest his bed.
 " This said, and pointing to me your abode,
 " To heaven again up-soar'd the swift-wing'd god:
 " Thus, of necessity, to you I come,
 " Unknown, and lost, far from my native home.
 " But I conjure you, by the throne of Jove,
 " By all that's dear to you, by all you love,
 " By your good parents (for no bad could e'er
 " Produce a son so graceful, good, and fair),
 " That you no wiles employ to win my heart,
 " But let me hence an untouch'd maid depart;
 " Inviolate and guiltless of your bed,
 " Let me be to your house and mother led,
 " Me to your father and your brothers show,
 " And our alliance first let them allow:
 " Let me be known, and my condition own'd,
 " And no unequal match I may be found.

" Equality to them my birth may claim,
 " Worthy a daughter's or a filer's name,
 " Though for your wife of too inferior fame.
 " Next, let ambassadors to Phrygia haste,
 " To tell my father of my fortunes past,
 " And ease my mother in that anxious state
 " Of doubts and fears, which cares for me create.
 " They, in return, shall presents bring from thence
 " Of rich attire, and sums of gold immense:
 " You in peculiar shall with gifts be grac'd,
 " In price and beauty far above the rest.
 " This done, perform the rites of nuptial love,
 " Grateful to men below, and gods above."
 She said, and from her eyes shot subtle fires,
 Which to his heart insinuate desires.
 Resistless love-invading thus his breast,
 The panting youth the smiling queen address'd.
 " Since mortal you, of mortal mother came,
 " And Otreus you report your father's name;
 " And since th' immortal Hermes from above,
 " To execute the dread commands of Jove,
 " Your wondrous beauties hither has convey'd,
 " A nuptial life with me henceforth to lead:
 " Know, now, that neither gods nor men have
 " pow'r
 " One minute to defer the happy hour;
 " This instant will I seize upon thy charms,
 " Mix with thy soul and melt within thy arms:
 " Though Phœbus, arm'd with his unerring dart,
 " Stood ready to transfix my panting heart;
 " Though death, though hell, in consequence at-
 " tend,
 " Thou shalt with me the genial bed ascend."
 He said, and sudden snatch'd her beauteous hand:
 The goddess smil'd, nor did th' attempt withstand:
 But fix'd her eyes upon the hero's bed,
 Where soft and silken coverlets were spread,
 And over all a counterpane was plac'd,
 Thick cover'd with furs of many a savage beast;
 Of bears and lions, heretofore his spoil;
 And still remain'd the trophies of his toil.
 Now to ascend the bed they both prepare,
 And he with eager haste disrobes the fair.
 Her sparkling necklace first he laid aside;
 Her bracelets next, and braided hair untied:
 And now, his busy hand her zone unbrac'd,
 Which girt her radiant robe around her waist;
 Her radiant robe, at last, aside was thrown,
 Whose rosy hue with dazzling lustre shone.
 The queen of love the youth thus disarray'd,
 And on a chair of gold her vestments laid.
 Anchises now (so Jove and fate ordain'd)
 The sweet extreme of ecstacy attain'd;
 And mortal he, was like th' immortals blest'd,
 Not conscious of the goddess he possess'd.
 But when the swains their flocks and herds
 " had fed,
 And from the flow'ry field returning, led
 Their sheep to fold, and oxen to the shed;
 In soft and pleasing chains of sleep profound,
 The wary goddess her Anchises bound:
 Then gently rising from his side and bed,
 In all her bright attire her limbs array'd.
 And now her fair-crown'd head aloft the rears,
 Nor more a mortal, but herself appears:

of face refulgent, and majestic mien,
 onces'd the goddess, love's and beauty's queen.
 Then thus aloud she calls. "Anchises, wake;
 Thy fond repose and lethargy forsake:
 Look on the nymph who late from Phrygia came,
 Behold me well—say, if I seem the same."

At her first call the chains of sleep were broke,
 And, starting from his bed, Anchises woke:
 But when he Venus view'd without disguise,
 Her shining neck beheld, and radiant eyes:
 Awed and abash'd, he turn'd his head aside,
 Attempting with his robe his face to hide.
 Confus'd with wonder, and with fear oppress'd,
 In winged words he thus the queen address'd.

"When first, O goddess, I thy form beheld,
 Whose charms so far humanity excell'd;
 To thy celestial pow'r my vows I paid,
 And with humility implor'd thy aid:
 But thou, for secret cause to me unknown,
 Didst thy divine immortal state disown.
 But now, I beg thee by the filial love
 Due to thy father, ~~Earth~~-bearing Jove,
 Compassion on my human state to show;
 Nor let me lead a life infirm below:
 Defend me from the woes which mortals wait,
 Nor let me share of men the common fate:
 Since never man with length of days was blest.
 Who in delights of love a deity possess'd."

To him Jove's beauteous daughter thus replied.
 Be bold, Anchises; in my love confide:
 Nor me, nor other god, thou needst to fear,
 For thou to all the heav'nly race art dear.
 Know, from our loves, thou shalt a son obtain,
 Who over all the realm of Troy shall reign;
 From whom a race of monarchs shall descend,
 And whose posterity shall know no end.
 To him thou shalt the name Æneas give,
 As one, for whose conception I must grieve,
 Oft as I think he to exist began
 From my conjunction with a mortal man."

But Troy, of all the habitable earth,
 To a superior race of men gives birth;
 Producing heroes of th' æthereal kind,
 And next resembling gods in form and mind.

From thence great Jove to azure skies convey'd,
 To live with gods, the lovely Ganymede.

Where, by th' immortals honour'd, (strange to see!)
 The youth enjoys a blest'd eternity.
 In bowls of gold he ruddy nectar pours,
 And Jove regales in his unbended hours.
 Long did the king, his fire, his absence mourn,
 Doubtful by whom, or where the boy was borne:
 Till Jove, at length, in pity of his grief,
 Dispatch'd Argicides to his relief;
 And more, with gifts to pacify his mind,
 He sent him horses of a deathless kind,
 Whose feet outstrip, in speed, the rapid wind:
 Charging withal swift Hermes to relate
 The youth's advancement to a heavenly state;
 Where all his hours are past in circling joy,
 Which age can ne'er decay, nor death destroy.
 Now, when this embassy the king receives,
 No more for absent Ganymede he grieves;
 The pleasing news his aged heart revives,
 And with delight his swift-heel'd steeds he drives.

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"But when the gold-enthron'd Aurora made
 Tithonus partner of her rosy bed,
 (Tithonus too was of the Trojan line,
 Resembling gods in face and form divine)
 For him the strait the Thunderer address'd,
 That with perpetual life he might be blest'd:
 Jove heard her pray'r, and granted her request.
 But ah! how rash was she, how indiscreet!
 The most material blessing to omit;
 Neglecting, or not thinking to provide,
 That length of days might be with strength
 Supplied;

"And to her lover's endless life, engage
 An endless youth; incapable of age.
 But hear what fate beset this heav'nly pair,
 In gold enthron'd, the brightest child of air.
 Tithonus, while of pleasing youth possess'd,
 Is by Aurora with delight caress'd;
 Dear to her arms, he in her court resides, [tides.
 Beyond the verge of earth, and ocean's utmost
 But when the saw gray hairs begin to spread,
 Deform his beard, and disadorn his head,
 The goddess cold in her embraces grew,
 His arms declin'd, and from his bed withdrew;
 Yet still a kind of nursing care she show'd,
 And food ambrosial, and rich clothes bestow'd:
 But when of age he felt the sad extreme,
 And ev'ry nerve was shrunk, and limb was lame,
 Lock'd in a room her useless spouse the left,
 Of youth, of vigour, and of voice bereft.
 On terms like these, I never can desire
 Thou shouldst to immortality aspire.

"Couldst thou indeed, as now thou art, remain
 Thy strength, thy beauty, and thy youth retain,
 Couldst thou for ever thus my husband prove,
 I might live happy in thy endless love;
 Nor should I e'er have cause to dread the day,
 When I must mourn thy loss and life's decay.
 But thou, alas! too soon and sure must bend
 Beneath the woes which painful age attend;
 Inexorable age! whose wretched state
 All mortals dread, and all immortals hate.
 Now, know, I also must my portion share,
 And for thy sake reproach and shame must bear.
 For I, who heretofore in chains of love
 Could captivate the minds of gods above,
 And force them, by my all-subduing charms,
 To sigh and languish in a woman's arms:
 Must now no more that pow'r superior boast,
 Nor tax with weakness the celestial host;
 Since I myself this dear amends have made,
 And am at last by my own arts betray'd.
 Erring like them, with appetite deprav'd,
 This hour, by thee, I have a son conceiv'd;
 Whom hid beneath my zone, I must conceal,
 Till time his being and my shame reveal.
 Him shall the nymphs who these fair woods

"adorn,
 In their deep bosoms nurse, as soon as born;
 They nor of mortal nor immortal feed
 Are said to spring, yet on ambrosia feed,
 And long they live, and oft in chorus join
 With gods and goddesses in dance divine.
 These the Sileni court; these Hermes loves,
 And their embraces seeks in shady groves.

O o

" Their origin and birth these nymphs deduce
 " From common parent earth's prolific juice ;
 " With lofty firs which grace the mountain's brow,
 " Or ample-spreading oaks at once they grow ;
 " All have their trees allotted to their care,
 " Whose growth, duration, and decrease they share.
 " But holy are these groves by mortals held,
 " And therefore by the ax are never fell'd.
 " But when the fate of some fair tree draws nigh,
 " It first appears to droop, and then grows dry ;
 " The bark to crack and perish next is seen,
 " And last the boughs it sheds, no longer green :
 " And thus the nymphs expire by like degrees,
 " And live and die coræval with their trees.
 " These gentle nymphs, by my persuasion wop,
 " Shall in their sweet recesses nurse my son ;
 " And when his cheeks with youth's first blushes
 " glow,
 " To thee the sacred maids the boy shall show.
 " More to instruct thee, when five years shall
 " end,
 " I will again to visit thee descend,

" Bringing thy beauteous son to charm thy
 " sight,
 " Whose godlike form shall fill thee with delight ;
 " Him will I leave thenceforward to thy care,
 " And will that with him thou to Troy repair :
 " There, if inquiry shall be made, to know
 " To whom thou dost so bright an offspring owe ;
 " Be sure, thou nothing of the truth detect,
 " But ready answer make as I direct.
 " Say of a Sylvan nymph the fair youth came,
 " And Calycopis call his mother's name.
 " For should thou boast the truth, and madly own
 " That thou in bliss hadst Cytherea known,
 " Jove would his anger pour upon thy head,
 " And with avenging thunder strike thee dead.
 " Now all is told thee, and just caution giv'n,
 " Be secret thou, and dread the wrath of heav'n."
 She said, and sudden soar'd above his sight,
 Cutting through liquid air her heav'nward flight.
 All hail, bright Cyprion queen ! thee first I
 praise,
 Then to some other pow'r transfer my lays.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.

Containing
CREATION;

A PHILOSOPHICAL POEM, IN SEVEN BOOKS.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

The themes of vulgar lays, with just disdain
I leave unsung, the flocks, the amorous swain,
The pleasures of the land, and terrors of the main.—
I meditate to soar above the skies,
To heights unknown, through ways untry'd to rise;
I would th' Eternal from his works assert,
And sing the wonders of Creating Art.

CREATION, BOOK I.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

THE RICHARD B. BARNES

CREATION

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

PRINTED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

1907

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THE LIFE OF BLACKMORE.

OF SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, eminent as he was, both as a poet and a physician, very few memorials have been left by his contemporaries. His writings have attracted much notice; but it has been his lot to be much oftener mentioned by enemies than by friends.

He was the son of Robert Blackmore of Corsham, in Wiltshire, Gent. descended from a good family in Dorsetshire, and styled by Jacob, an "Attorney at Law." The time of his birth is not certainly known.

He received his early education at a private country school, from whence, in the thirteenth year of his age, he was removed to Westminster. Of his school exercises tradition has preserved no account.

In 1668, he was entered a commoner of Edmund Hall, Oxford, where he took the degree of Master of Arts, June 3. 1676, and resided thirteen years; a much longer time than it is usual to spend at the University, and which seems to have been passed in the studies preparatory to the profession he intended to follow; which was that of physic.

Dr. Johnson, who has written his life with candour and discernment, is of opinion that he spent his time at the University with very little attention to the business of the place; because, in his poems, the ancient names of nations, or places, which he often introduces, are pronounced by chance. But it may be reasonably doubted, whether a few instances of false pronunciation, or capricious orthography, are sufficient to warrant the supposition of his being negligent of study, or deficient in classical erudition.

In the early period of his life, he is said to have been engaged for some time in the profession of a schoolmaster; a situation certainly not in itself dishonourable, though it was often urged as a kind of reproach, when he became conspicuous enough to excite malevolence. In one of the numerous satirical pieces that were written against him, are the following pungent lines, attributed by T. Brown, to Colonel Codrington:

By nature form'd, by want a pedant made,
Blackmore at first set up the whipping trade;
Next quack commenced, then fierce with pride he swore;
That toothach, gout, and corns, should be no more.
In vain his drugs, as well as birch he tried;
His boys grew blockheads, and his patients died.

His being a schoolmaster, is also alluded to by Garth, in the following lines:

Unwieldy pedant, let thy awkward muse
With conscious praise, with flatteries abuse;
To lash, and not be felt, in thee's an art;
Thou'ne'er mad'st any but thy school-boys smart.

"And let it be remembered," says Dr. Johnson, "for his honour, that to have been once a schoolmaster, is the only reproach which all the perspicacity of malice, animated by wit, has ever fixed upon his private life."

It is probable that his indigence did not long compel him to teach a school. Some circumstances concurring, it may be presumed, in his favour, he travelled into Italy, and took the degree of Doctor of Physic, at the University of Padua.

He also visited France, Germany, and the Low Countries, and, having spent about a year and a half abroad, he returned to England.

On his arrival in London, he commenced Physician, and obtained high eminence and extensive practice.

He became Fellow of the College of Physicians, April 12. 1687, being one of the thirty which by the new charter of King James, were added to the former Fellows.

His residence was at Sadler's Hall in Cheapside, and his friends were chiefly in the city. At that time, a citizen was a term of reproach; and his place of abode was another topic to which his adversaries had recourse in the penury of scandal.

In his travels, he had seen too much of foreign slavery to be fond of domestic chains; and, therefore, early declared himself in favour of the Revolution, and zealously espoused those principles upon which it was effected.

He was not known as a poet till he published *Prince Arthur, an Heroic Poem, in Ten Books*, 1695, written, as he relates, "by such catches and starts, and in such occasional, uncertain hours, as his profession afforded, and for the greatest part in coffee-houses, or in passing up and down the streets. In the latter part of the apology, he was accused by Dryden of writing "to the rumbling of his chariot wheels." He incurred the displeasure of Dryden, by censuring, in his preface, the licentiousness of the stage.

Prince Arthur appears to have been generally read; for in two years it had three editions: a very uncommon instance of favourable reception, at a time when literary curiosity was yet confined to particular classes of the nation.

As he was not, however, "free of the poet's company, but a downright interloper, an unlicensed adventurer," his success naturally raised animosity; and Dennis attacked him in "Remarks on Prince Arthur," published in 1696, in which he endeavoured to show that his action had neither unity, integrity, nor morality, nor universality; and that consequently he could have no fable, nor no heroic poem; and that his narration was neither probable, delightful, nor wonderful. It was not, however, his design to prove that *Prince Arthur* was a work of no merit; for in his dedication to the Earl of Dorset, he says, "I believe *Prince Arthur* to be neither admirable nor contemptible: for, if I had either the one or the other opinion, I should certainly never have written against him." To the censure of Dennis, may be opposed the approbation of Locke, and the admiration of Molineux, which are found in their printed letters. Molineux is particularly delighted with the *Song of Mopsa*. It is also praised by Watts in the preface to his "Horæ Lyricæ." And Gildon, in his "Art of Poetry," says, "That notwithstanding his merit, this admirable author did not think himself upon the same footing with Homer."

The animadversions of Dennis, insolent and contemptuous as they were, raised no implacable resentment in Blackmore; for, in one of his latter works, he praises Dennis as "equal to Boileau in poetry, and superior to him in critical abilities."

His *Prince Arthur* was followed, in 1697, by *King Arthur*, an epic poem, in twelve books; in the preface to which, he atones for the "provoking preface" to *Prince Arthur*, by bestowing a genteel and just eulogium on Congreve's "Mourning Bride." He also acknowledges, that several considerable defects are to be found in *Prince Arthur*; and apologizes for them, by confessing that, when he undertook it, he had been long a stranger to the muses. "I had read but little poetry," says he, "throughout my whole life; and in fifteen years before, I had not, as I can remember, wrote a hundred lines in verse, excepting a copy of Latin verses in honour of a friend's book."

The resentment of the wits and critics was not softened either by the panegyric or the apology; but he found advantages more than equivalent to all their outrages; for he was this year made one of the Physicians in ordinary to King William, and advanced by him to the honour of knighthood, with a present of a gold chain and a medal.

The malignity of the wits attributed his knighthood to his new poem; but poetical merit was not a sufficient recommendation to the favour and notice of William, who, in conferring honours and rewards on Blackmore, no doubt, regarded the eminence which he had attained in his profession, and his zealous attachment to the principles of the Revolution.

Pope, when he became his enemy, mentions this as an instance of honours and rewards being improperly bestowed by kings.

The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore and one pensioned Quarles,

In 1700, he published *A Satire upon Wit*, or rather the abuse of wit, the disposition which so much prevailed of turning every thing serious into ridicule and banter. This poem united almost all the poets against him, and brought upon him lampoons and ridicule from every side. In T. Brown's works, are upwards of twenty different satirical pieces in verse, written by men of high rank and genius, against Blackmore, who is sometimes called the *Cheapside-Knight*, and the *City Bard*, and sometimes the *Merry Postmaster of Sadler's Hall in Cheapside*.

In this performance, he justly censured Dryden's impurities, but praised his powers; though in a subsequent edition, he ungenerously retained the satire and omitted the praise.

The same year, he published *A Paraphrase on the Book of Job*, and other parts of the scripture, which Dryden, who pursued him with great malignity, lived long enough to ridicule in a prologue.

Upon the king's death, March 8. 1701-2, he was one of the physicians who gave their opinions at the opening of his Majesty's body. At the accession of Queen Anne, he was appointed one of her Physicians, and continued in that station for some time.

In 1705, he published *Eliza, an Heroic Poem* in ten books, which does not appear to have found many readers at the time, and is now neglected.

In 1706, he published his *Advice to the Poets*, a poem on the Duke of Marlborough's victories; which was followed, in 1708, by *The Kit-Kats*, a poem, and the next year by *Instructions to Vanderbank*, a sequel to the *Advice to the Poets*, which Steele ridiculed in the "Tatler," with such success, that he put an end to the species of writers who give advice to painters.

In 1712, he published his *Creation, a Philosophical Poem* in seven books; which is deservedly esteemed a classical performance, and, if he had written nothing else, would have transmitted his name to posterity, among the first favourites of the English muse.

There is a tradition, that, as he proceeded in writing it, he laid his manuscript, from time to time, before a club of wits, with whom he associated, and that every man contributed, as he could, either improvement or correction. But, admitting this friendly revision to have actually taken place, which is by no means certain, Blackmore will still retain an ample dividend of praise; for to him must always be assigned the plan of the work, the distribution of its parts, the choice of topics, the train of argument, and what is yet more, the general predominance of philosophical judgment and poetical spirit; for correction seldom effects more than the suppression of faults: a happy line, or a single elegance, may perhaps be added; but of a large work, the original constitution and general character must always remain.

In 1713, when the "Spectator" stopped, he condescended to entertain the polite world, as a periodical essayist. "I resolved," he says in a letter to Hughes, "by the aid of another friend, to publish a paper three times a week, and to own that I had some hand in it. Accordingly this design has been twice publicly advertised. The paper is called the *Lay-Monk*; and now I believe the tenderness of your friendship, joined with your diffidence of success, begins to put you in pain, and make you tremble for me. But I entreat you to dismiss all concern of that nature, for I can run no risk. I am not determined by desire of fame, or profit, to undertake this difficult and hazardous promise; but I have other views, which I am under obligations to pursue, though I should run a greater venture than I do now. If I miscarry, I am but where I was; if I succeed, I shall have the satisfaction of accomplishing a design, that I have formed for public good." [*Letters of Eminent Persons*, Vol. I. p. 82.]

The first paper was published Nov. 16. 1713, the last Feb. 25. 1713-14. Hughes is said to have contributed every third paper. The papers were afterwards collected into a volume, and called in the title, *The Lay-Monastery, a sequel to the Spectator*. He became one of the *Elects* of the College of Physicians, Aug. 22. 1716, and was soon after (Oct. 1.) chosen *Censor*.

In 1716 and 1717, he published two volumes of *Essays on several Subjects*, which deserve commendation only as they are written for the highest and noblest purpose, the promotion of virtue and religion.

He had very just ideas of the true ends of writing; but his thoughts are seldom recommended by elegance of style and correctness of composition.

In 1718, he published a collection of *Poems on various Subjects*, containing, the small pieces formerly printed, together with *Hymn to the Light of the World, with a description of the Cartoons of Raphael*, first printed in 1703, *The Nature of Man*, in three books, first printed 1711, and *Cremes*, a satire, *The Story of Don Carlos, Prince of Spain*, *An Ode to the Creator*, *Hymn to the Sacred Spirit*, *On Repentance*, *On Retirement*, &c.

Having succeeded so well in demonstrating the existence and providence of God, in his poem on the *Creation*, he now undertook to establish the truth of Revelation, and published, in 1721, *The Redeemer*, a Poem in six books.

The same year he produced *A new version of the Psalms of David, fitted to the tunes used in Churches*, which was recommended by public authority to be used in the Churches and Chapels of England.

There was yet another monarch of this island whom he considered as worthy of the epic muse, and in 1723, he produced *King Alfred, an Heroic Poem*, in twelve books, which, like *Eliza*, "dropped dead-born from the press," and closed his epic labours. In the dedication he says, that "he had a greater part in the succession of the House of Hanover than ever he had boasted."

"Of his four epic poems," says Dr. Johnson, "the first had such reputation and popularity, as enraged the critics; the second was at least known enough to be ridiculed; the two last found neither friends nor enemies."

Besides the original poems and essays already enumerated, he wrote a variety of historical, theological, and medical tracts, which were published in the following order: *A Discourse on the Plague*, 8vo, 1720; *Modern Ariens Unmasked*, 8vo, 1721; *a Treatise on the Small-Pox*, 8vo, 1722; *History of the Conspiracy against King William*, 8vo, 1723; *a Treatise on Consumptions*, 8vo, 1724; *a Treatise on the Spleen and Vapours*, 8vo, 1725; *a Critical Dissertation on the Spleen*, 8vo, 1725; *Just Prejudices against the Arian Hypothesis*, 8vo, 1725; *Discourses on the Gout, Rheumatism, and King's Evil*, 8vo, 1726; *Dissertations on a Dropsy, a Tympany, the Jaundice, the Stone, and Diabetes*, 8vo, 1727, *Natural Theology*, 8vo, 1728.

His biographers have reported, that the ridicule which was thrown on the poet, was in time followed by the neglect of the physician; and that his practice, which was once invidiously great, forsook him in the latter part of his life: but the fact may be reasonably doubted, and some communications in the "Gentleman's Magazine," for 1792, shew that he was consulted by persons of the highest rank, and preserved his professional credit and reputation till the close of his life.

He died on the 8th of October 1749, in an advanced age, and manifested in his last illness the same fervent piety which had distinguished him in his life. He left behind him *The Accomplished Preacher, or an Essay upon Divine Eloquence*, which was printed in 8vo, 1731, by the Rev. Mr. John White of Nayland in Essex, who attended his death-bed, and bore testimony to the elevated piety with which he prepared for his approaching dissolution.

Since his death, none of his numerous publications have been reprinted, except his *Creation*, which has gone through several editions, and was recommended by Dr. Johnson to be inserted in the collection of "The English Poets," with the general approbation of the public.

Of the private life and domestic character of Blackmore, there are no memorials. As a man he was justly entitled to great applause: for numerous as his enemies and opponents were, they seem to have been incapable of fixing the least imputation on his character; and those who personally knew him, spoke highly of his virtues. He was the friend of Hughes. Addison appears to have had a great personal regard for him, and he was in terms of friendship with Pope, so late as 1714. This friendship was broken by his accusing Pope, in his *Essays*, of profaneness and immorality, on a report from Curl that he was the author of a "Travellic on the First Psalm." Pope was afterwards the perpetual and incessant enemy of Blackmore, and fatirized him in the "Dunciad," in the following lines:

But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain;
Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again.
In Tot'nam fields, the brethren, with amaze!
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze,
Long Chanc'ry-lane retentive rolls the found,
And courts to courts return it round and round;

THE LIFE OF BLACKMORE.

39

Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both arts of song,
Who sings so loudly and who sings so long.

Hardly any writer has ever been more ridiculed than Blackmore; yet there have been few, perhaps none, who have had better intentions. He was certainly a man of considerable learning and abilities, and a most zealous advocate for the interests of religion and virtue. He wrote, indeed, too much, and was deficient in taste; nor did he take sufficient time to polish his compositions; but he was far from being deficient in genius, and, it is evident, that it was not his dullness which excited so much animosity against him.

His *Creation* is by universal consent accounted the noblest production of his genius. Addison [*Spect.* 339.] says, it "was undertaken with so good an intention, and executed with so great a mastery, that it deserves to be looked upon as one of the most useful and noble productions in our English verse. The reader cannot but be pleased to see the depths of philosophy enlivened with all the charms of poetry, and to see so great a strength of reason amidst so beautiful a redundancy of the imagination." Even Dennis calls it a "Philosophical Poem, which has equalled that of Lucretius, in the beauty of its versification, and infinitely surpassed it in the solidity and strength of its reasoning." "This writer," says Mr. Duncombe, [*Letters of Eminent Persons*, vol. I. p. 82.] "though the butt of the wits, especially Dryden and Pope, was treated with more contempt than he deserved. In particular, his poem on the *Creation* has much merit. And let it be remembered, that the resentment of those wits were excited by Sir Richard's zeal for religion and virtue, by censuring the libertinism of Dryden, and the (supposed) profaneness of Pope."

"Blackmore," says Dr. Johnson, "by the unremitted enmity of the wits, whom he provoked more by his virtue than his dullness, has been exposed to worse treatment than he deserved: his name was so long used to point every epigram upon dull writers, that it became at last a bye-word of contempt; but it deserves observation, that malignity takes hold only of his writings, and that his life passed without reproach, even when his boldness of reprehension naturally turned upon him many eyes desirous to spy faults, which many tongues would have made haste to publish."

"As an author, he may justly claim the honours of magnanimity. The incessant attacks of his enemies, whether serious or merry, are never discovered to have disturbed his quiet, or to have lessened his confidence in himself; they neither awaked him to silence nor to caution; they neither provoked him to petulance, nor depressed him to complaint. While the distributors of literary fame were endeavouring to depreciate and degrade him, he either despised or defied them, wrote on as he had written before, and never turned aside to quiet them by civility or repress them by consultation."

"He depended with great security on his own powers, and perhaps was for that reason less diligent in perusing books. His literature was, I think, but small. What he knew of antiquity, I suspect him to have gathered from modern compilers; but though he could not boast of much critical knowledge, his mind was stored with general principles; and he left minute reproaches to those whom he considered as little minds."

"With this disposition he wrote most of his poems. Having formed a magnificent design, he was careless of particular and subordinate elegancies; he studied no niceties of versification; he waited for no felicities of fancy; but caught his first thoughts on his first words in which they were presented; nor does it appear that he saw beyond his performances, or had ever elevated his ideas to that ideal perfection which every genius born to excel is condemned always to pursue, and never overtake. In the first suggestions of his imagination, he acquiesced; he thought them good, and did not seek for better. His works may be read a long time without the occurrence of a single line that stands prominent from the rest."

"The poem on *Creation* has, however, the appearance of more circumspection; it wants neither harmony of numbers, accuracy of style, nor elegance of diction; it has either been written with great care, or what cannot be imagined of so long a work, with such felicity as made care less necessary."

" Its two constituent parts are ratiocination and description. To reason in verse, is allowed to be difficult; but Blackmore, not only reasons in verse, but very often reasons poetically, and finds the art of uniting ornament with strength, and ease with closeness. This is a skill which Pope might have condescended to learn from him, when he needed it so much in his "Moral Essays."

" In his descriptions both of life and nature, the poet and the philosopher happily co-operate; truth is recommended by elegance, and elegance sustained by truth.

" In the structure and order of the poem, not only the greater parts are properly consecutive, but the dedactic and illustrative paragraphs are so happily mingled, that labour is relieved by pleasure, and the attention is led on through a long succession of varied excellence, to the original position, the fundamental principle of wisdom and of virtue."

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C R E A T I O N ;
A
P H I L O S O P H I C A L P O E M .

IN SEVEN BOOKS.

BY SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, KNIGHT, M. D.

AND FELLOW OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS IN LONDON.

" Principio cœlum, ac terras camposque liquentes,
" Lucentemque globum Lunæ, Titaniaque astra
" Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus
" Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.
" Inde hominum, pecudumque genus, viteque volantum,
" Et quæ marmoreo fert monstra sub æquore pontus."

VIRG.

P R E F A C E .

It has been the opinion of many persons of great sense and learning, that the knowledge of a God, as well as some other self-evident and uncontested notions, is born with us, and exists antecedent to any perception or operation of the mind. They express themselves on this subject in metaphorical terms, altogether unbecoming philosophical and judicious inquiries, while they assert, that the knowledge of a God is interwoven with our constitution, that it is written, engraven, stamped, and imprinted in clear and discernible characters on the heart; in which manner of speech they affect to follow the great orator of the Romans.

By these unartful phrases they can mean nothing but this, that the proposition, *There is a God*, is actually existent in the mind, as soon as the mind has its being; and is not at first acquired, though it may be afterwards confirmed, by any act of reason, by any argument or demonstration. I must confess my inability to conceive this inbred knowledge, these original independent ideas, that owe not their being to the operation of the understanding, but are, I know not how, congenite and co-existent with it.

For how a man can be said to have knowledge before he knows, how ideas can exist in the mind without and before perception, I must own is too difficult for me to comprehend. That a man is born with a faculty or capacity to know, though as yet without any actual knowledge; and that, as the eye has a native disposition and aptitude to perceive the light, when firstly offered, though as yet it never exercised any act of vision, and had no innate images in the womb; so the mind is endued with a power and faculty to know and perceive the truth of this proposition, *There is a God*, as soon as it shall be represented to it; all this is clear and intelligible; but any thing more is, as I have said, above my reach. In this opinion, which I had many years ago entertained, I was afterwards confirmed by the famous author of the *Essay on Human Understanding*. Nor can I see that, by this doctrine, the argument for the existence of a Deity, drawn from the general assent of all nations (excepting perhaps some few, who are so barbarous that they approach very near the condition of brute animals), is at all invalidated. For supposing there is no inbred know-

ledge of a God; yet if mankind generally assent to it, whether their belief proceeds from their reflection on themselves, or on the visible creation about them, it will be certainly true, that the existence of a Deity carries with it the clearest and most uncontrollable evidence; since mankind so readily and so universally perceive and embrace it. It deserves consideration, that St. Paul upon this argument does not appeal to the light within, or to any characters of the Divine Being originally engraven on the heart, but deduces the cause from the effect, and from the creation infers the Creator.

It is very probable that those who believe an innate idea of a Divine Being, unproduced by any operation of the mind, were led by this to another opinion, namely, that there never was in the world a real Atheist in belief and speculation, how many soever there may have been in life and practice. But, upon due examination, this opinion, I imagine, will not abide the test; which I shall endeavour to make evident.

But, before I enter upon this subject, it seems proper to take notice of the apology, which several persons of great learning and candour have made for many famous men, and great philosophers, unjustly accused of impiety.

Whoever shall set about to mend the world, and reform men's notions, as well as their manners, will certainly be the mark of much scandal and reproach; and will effectually be convinced, that it is too possible the greatest lovers and benefactors of mankind may be represented by the multitude, whose opinions they contradict, as the worst of men. The hardy undertakers, who express their zeal to rectify the sentiments of a prejudiced people in matters of religion, who labour to stem the tide of popular error, and strike at the foundations of any ancient, established superstition, must themselves expect to be treated as pragmatists and insolent innovators, disturbers of the public peace, and the great enemies of religion. The observation of all ages confirms this truth; and, if any man who is doubtful of it would try the experiment, I make no question he will very soon be thoroughly convinced.

It is no wonder, therefore, that Anaxagoras, though he was the first philosopher who plainly asserted an Eternal Mind by whose power the world was made, for opposing the public worship at Athens, whose refined wits were plunged in the most senseless idolatry, and particularly for denying the divinity of the Sun, should be condemned for irreligion, and treason against the gods; and be heavily fined and banished the city. It is no wonder, after so sharp a persecution of this zealous reformer, that Socrates, the next successor but one to Anaxagoras, and the last of the Ionic school, for opposing their scandalous rabble of deities, and asserting one Divine Being, should be condemned for atheism, and put to death, by blind superstition and implacable bigotry.

Some have been condemned by their antagonists for impiety, who maintain positions, which those from whom they dissent imagine have a tendency

to the disbelief of a Deity. But this is a manifest violation of justice, as well as candour, to impute to any man the remote consequences of his opinion, which he himself disclaims and detests, and who, if he saw the connection of his principles with such conclusions, would readily renounce them. No man can be reasonably charged with more opinions than he owns; and if this justice were observed in polemical discourses, as well of theology as philosophy, many persons had escaped those hard names, and terrible censures, which their angry antagonists have thought fit to fix upon them. No one, therefore, is to be reputed an Atheist, or an enemy to religion, upon the account of any erroneous opinion, from which another may, by a long chain of sequels, draw that conclusion; much less for holding any doctrines in philosophy, which the common people are not able to examine or comprehend, who, when they meddle with speculations, of which they are unqualified to judge, will be as apt to censure a philosopher for an atheist, as an astronomer for a magician.

I would fain too in this place make some apology for the great numbers of loose and vicious men, who laugh at religion, and seem in their conversation to disclaim the belief of a Deity. I do not mean an apology for their practice, but their opinion. I hope these unhappy persons, at least the greatest part, who have given up the reins to their passions and exorbitant appetites, are, rather than atheists, a careless and stupid sort of creatures, who, either out of a supine temper, or for fear of being disturbed with remorse in their unwarrantable enjoyments, never soberly consider with themselves, or exercise their reason on things of the highest importance. These persons never examine the arguments that enforce the belief of a Deity, and the obligations of religion: but take the word of their ingenious friends, or some atheistical pretender to philosophy, who assures them there is no God, and therefore no religion. And notwithstanding all atheists have leave given them by their principles to become libertines, yet it is not true that all libertines are atheists. Some plainly assert their belief of a God; and others, who deny his existence, yet do not deny it upon any principles, any scheme of philosophy which they have framed, and by which they account for the existence and duration of the world, in the beautiful order in which we see it, without the aid of a Divine Eternal Mind.

But there are two sorts of men, who, without injustice, have been called atheists; those who frankly and in plain terms have denied the being of a God; and those who, though they asserted his being, denied those attributes and perfections, which the idea of a God includes; and so, while they acknowledged the name, subverted the thing. These are as real atheists as the former, but less sincere. If any man should declare he believes a Deity, but affirms that this Deity is of human shape, and not eternal; that he derives his being from the fortuitous concurrence and complication of atoms; or, though he allowed him to be eternal;

should maintain, that he showed no wisdom, design, or prudence, in the formation, and no care or providence in the government of the world; that he never reflects on any thing exterior to his own being, nor interests himself in human affairs; does not know, or does not attend to, any of our actions: such a person is, indeed, and in effect, as much an atheist as the former. For though he owns the appellation, yet his description is destructive of the idea of a God. I do not affirm, that the idea of a God implies the relation of a Creator: but, since in the demonstration of the existence of a God, we argue from the effect to the cause, and proceed from the contemplation of the creature to the knowledge of the Creator, it is evident we cannot know there is a God, but we must know him to be the Maker, and, if the Maker, then the Governor and Benefactor of the world. Could there be a God, who is entirely regardless of things without him, who is perfectly unconcerned with the direction and government of the world, is altogether indifferent whether we worship or affront him, and is neither pleased nor displeased with any of our actions; he would certainly to us be the same as no God! The log in the fable would be altogether as venerable a deity; for, if he has no concern with us, it is plain, we have none with him: if we are not subject to any laws he has made for us, we can never be obedient, or disobedient; nor can we need forgiveness, or expect reward. If we are not the subjects of his care and protection, we can owe him no love or gratitude; if he either does not hear, or disregards our prayers, how impertinent is it to build temples, and to worship at his altars! In my opinion, such notions of a Deity, which lay the axe to the root of all religion, and make all the expressions of it idle and ridiculous; which destroy the distinction of good and bad, all morality of our actions, and remove all the grounds and reasons of fear of punishment, and hope of reward; will justly denominate a man an atheist, though he ever so much disclaims that ignominious title.

Thales, the founder of the Ionic school, and the philosophers who succeeded him, Anaximander, Anaximenes, Diogenes, Apollonates, Anaxagoras, and Archelaus, are censured by Aristotle as disbelievers of a Deity; the reason he gives is, that these philosophers, in treating of the principles of the world, never introduce the Deity as the efficient cause. But if it be considered, that natural science was then in its infancy, and that those primitive philosophers only undertook to account for the material principle out of which the world was made, which one asserted to be water; one fire, another air; though this may prove that they formed but a lame and unfinished scheme of philosophy, yet it does not evince, that they denied the being of a God, or that they did not believe him to be the efficient cause of all things. It is indeed a convincing evidence that their philosophy was imperfect, as at first it might well be; but from their silence or omission of him in their systems, when they designed to treat only of the material causes of things, it is unreasonable to as-

sert that they denied his being: and it is certain Anaxagoras taught, that, besides *it* matter, was absolutely necessary to assert a Divine Mind, the Contriver and Maker of the world; and for this religious principle, as we said before, he was at Athens an illustrious confessor.

After the death of Socrates, the Ionic school was soon divided into various sects and philosophical parties: of the Cyrenaic school, Theodorus and Dion Boristhenites, were reputed Atheists, contemners of the Gods, and deriders of religion. Yet since it does not appear, that they had formed any impious scheme of philosophy, or maintained their irreligion by any pretended principles of reason, it is not improbable that these men were rather abandoned libertines, without consideration and reflection, than speculative and philosophical Atheists.

The Italic school, to its great dishonour, was more fertile in impiety, and produced a greater number of these irreligious philosophers. The masters, who succeeded their famous founder Pythagoras, soon degenerated from his noble and pious principles, and not only corrupted the purity of his doctrine, but became downright apostates, renouncing the belief of a God, and subverting the foundations of religion. Leucippus, Democritus, Diagoras, and Protagoras, were justly reckoned in this rank; who asserted, that the world was made by the casual combination of atoms, without any assistance or direction of a Divine Mind. They taught their followers this doctrine, supported it with arguments, and so were Atheists on the pretended principles of reason. But among all the ancient obdurate Atheists, and inveterate enemies of religion, no one seems more sincere, or more implacable, than Epicurus.

And though this person was perhaps of as dull an understanding, of as unrefined thought, and as little sagacity and penetration, as any man who was ever complimented with the name of a philosopher; yet several great wits, and men of distinguished learning, in this last age, have been pleased to give the world high encomiums of his capacity and superior attainments.

After a long night of ignorance had overspread the face of Europe, many wise men, from a generous love of truth, resolved to exercise their reason, and free themselves from prejudice, and a servile veneration of great names, and prevailing authority; and, growing impatient of tyrannical impositions, as well in philosophy as religion, to their great honour, separated both from the church of Rome, and the school of Aristotle. These patriots of the commonwealth of learning, combined to reform the corruptions, and redress the grievances of philosophy; to pull down the Peripatetic monarchy, and set up a free and independent state of science; and, being fully convinced of the weakness and unreasonableness of Aristotle's system, which consisted chiefly of words without any determined meaning, and of idle metaphysical definitions, of which many were false, and many unintelligible; they in this case had recourse to

the Corpuscularian hypothesis, and revived the obsolete and exploded system of Epicurus.

Many of these noble leaders, who had declared against the Peripatetic usurpation, and asserted the rights and liberties of human understanding, called in this philosopher, for want of a better, to depose Aristotle. And though a general revolution did not follow, yet the defection from the prince of science, as he was once esteemed, was very great. When these first reformers of Aristotle's school had espoused the interest of Epicurus, and introduced his doctrines, that his hypothesis might be received with the less opposition, they thought it necessary to remove the ignominious character of impiety, under which their philosopher had long lain. And it is indeed very natural for a man, who has embraced another's notions and principles, to believe well of his master, and to stand up in the defence of his reputation. The learned Gassendus is eminent above all others for the warm zeal he has expressed, and the great pains he has taken, to vindicate the honour of Epicurus, and clear his character from the imputation of irreligion.

After the unhappy fate of Anaxagoras and the great Socrates, it is no wonder that the philosophers, who succeeded should grow more cautious in propagating their opinions, for fear of provoking the magistrate, and making themselves obnoxious to the laws of their country: and, if any had formed irreligious schemes, it is to be supposed, they would take care to guard, as well as they could, against the punishment to be inflicted on all who denied the gods, and derided the established worship. An atheist cannot be supposed to be fond of suffering, when pain and death are what he chiefly abhors: and therefore Epicurus, who, if Cicero and Plutarch knew his opinion, was a downright professed atheist, has not in terms denied, but indeed asserted, the being of the gods; and speaks honourably of them, so far as regards the excellence of their nature, and their happiness. But when he describes his gods, and gives them a human face and limbs, and says they are neither incorporeal nor corporeal, but as they were corporeal; while he excludes them from any hand in making, or care in guiding and governing the world, and undertakes to show that all things were brought about by mere chance, without any help or direction of the gods, who are altogether unconcerned with human affairs, and regardless of our actions; he must laugh in himself, and be supposed to have formed this ridiculous idea of a Divine Being, merely to escape the character of an impious philosopher. For though he owns the name of a God, by his description he entirely destroys the Divine Nature. Nor do I think, that Aristotle can be defended from the charge of atheism; for while he affirms, that the world, as to its formation, as well as its progression and duration, is independent on the gods, and owes nothing to their power, wisdom, or providence, he utterly subverts all pretence to religion and divine worship, and comes at last into the dregs of the Epicurean scheme: this, I believe, I have plainly proved in the following poem,

As to the modern Atheists, Vaninus, Hobbes, and Spinoza; I have spoken of them in their turn, and shall not anticipate what is said hereafter.

I have been determined to employ some of my leisure hours in writing on this subject, by the melancholy reflection I have often made on the growth of profaneness, and the prevailing power of loose and irreligious principles in this nation.

It is a mortifying consideration to all who love mankind, and wish well to their country, that this opinion has of late years, above the example of past ages, spread its contagious influence so far and wide, that now, emboldened by the power and number of its assertors, it becomes insolent and formidable. Those impious maxims, which a small party in the last age, when inflamed with wine, vented in private, are now the entertainment of the coffee-house, publicly professed, and in many companies spoken of in cool blood, as the ordinary subjects of conversation.

All ages have brought forth some monsters, some professors and patrons of irreligion; monsters in respect of their scarceness, as well as deformity; but the amazing abundance of these odious productions is, I believe, peculiar to this fertile age. I am apt to think, that most who were reckoned atheists in former reigns were rather unbridled libertines, than irreligious in principle: but now we are so far advanced, that the infection has seized the mind; the Atheist in practice is become one in speculation, and looseness of manners improved to intellectual impiety.

Many (which is without example) express an ardent zeal for profaneness, are grown bigots in atheism, and with great industry and application propagate their principles, form parties, and concert measures to carry on with vigour the cause of irreligion. They care not, and are very fond of, those who boldly declare for impiety, and mock all religion as cheat and imposture. These are wits, men of sense, of large and free thoughts, and cannot fail of being men in fashion. And as the renegades and deserters of heaven, who renounce their God for the favour of men, and choose to grow popular at the dearest rate, are by many protected and applauded: so there are places where a man, that has the assurance to own the belief of a Deity and a future state, would be exposed and laughed out of countenance. Hence many are tempted to conceal their notions of religion, for fear of blasting their reputation, and of being neglected and despised by those from whose favour they expect profit or promotion.

Immediately after the Restoration, (the people, intoxicated with the pleasures of peace, and influenced by the example of a loose court, as well as from their great aversion to the former fanatical strictness and severity of conversation, which they detested as hypocrisy, indulged themselves in sensual liberties, and by degrees sunk deep into luxury and vice. Then it was that some irreligious men, taking advantage of this growing dissolution of manners, began to propagate their detestable notions, and sow the seeds of profaneness and impiety, which sprung up apace, and flourished in

proportion to the growth of immorality. Thus vice and irreligion, mutually assisting each other, extended their power by daily encroachments; and the solid temper and firmness of mind, which the people once possessed, being slackened and dissolved by the power of riot and forbidden pleasure, their judgment soon became vitiated; which corruption of taste has ever since gradually increased, as the confederate powers of vice and profaneness have spread their infection, and gained upon religion.

While loose principles and impious opinions pervert the judgment, a petulant humour, that inclines men to give an air of levity and ridicule to all their discourses, and turn every thing to mirth and raillery, does in proportion get ground; this being esteemed the most successful method to weaken the power and authority of religion in the minds of men.

I would not here be understood as if I condemned the qualifications of wit and pleasantry, but only the misapplication of them. I shall always retain a great value for ingenious men, provided they do not abuse and prostitute their talents to the worst purposes; I mean the deriding all sobriety of manners, and turning into jest the principles which constitute our duty here, and assure our happiness hereafter. But can any man who reveres a God, and loves his country, stand by unconcerned, while loose and profane wits show so much zeal and diligence in propagating maxims, which tend so directly to the dishonour of the one, and the ruin of the other?

Should Atheism and corruption of manners, those inseparable companions, which, as causes and effects, mutually introduce and support each other, prevail much farther; should impious notions in any age hereafter generally infect the highest, as well as the inferior ranks of men; what confusion of affairs must ensue! It would be impossible to find men of principle to fill the places of trust and honour, or patrons to promote them: merit would incapacitate and disqualify for the favour of great men, and a religious character would be an invincible obstruction to advancement; there would be no persons of rank to encourage men of worth, and bring neglected virtue into fashion. On the contrary, the contemners of heaven and deriders of piety would be caressed, applauded, and promoted; the disposers of preferment would confer all on those who embrace their opinions: and what a terrible temptation would this be to our youth, to accommodate their notions to those of the men in power, when they shall see that their favour is not otherwise to be procured!

Is it not highly probable that, in such an age, clubs and cabals would be formed of scoffers and buffoons, to laugh religion out of countenance, and make the professors of it the object of public scorn and contempt?

Besides, it is natural to believe that magistrates in a commonwealth, generally composed of atheists, would likewise proceed to violence, and persecute those whom they could not persuade to embrace their notions, as much as any sect of religion has ever done. For it is not religion, but

corrupted human nature, that pushes men on to compulsive methods of obliging their adversaries to renounce their own, and assert the opinions of men in power. It is from the factious temper of a party, not the spirit of piety; it is from pride and an impatience of contradiction, or from lust of dominion, or a violent desire of engrossing the places of honour and profit, that men endeavour, by cruel and coercive methods, to silence their opponents, and suppress their competitors. And if it will be allowed that human passions will always exert themselves with uniformity, and therefore still produce the like effects; if we may foretell what atheists when in power are like to do, from what they have done, as far as they had ability; we may be assured, when they do not want power, they will never want a will to employ violence, to extinguish the notions of piety, and the hateful heresy of religion. It would not be strange if atheistical tests, in such a state of affairs, should be formed and imposed, to keep men of dangerous principles out of all posts of power and profit; and all that believed the being of a God, and the rewards and punishments of another life, should be looked on as disaffected to the government, and the disturbers of the public peace.

And if such notions of impiety, and such a degenerate constitution of manners, should ever prevail in this unhappy nation, any man, without the gift of prophecy, and, indeed, with a very moderate penetration, may foresee, that the public will then be exposed to inevitable ruin.

But before the interests of virtue and religion are reduced to so deplorable a state, it is to be hoped this once wise and sober nation will awaken from its lethargy; that, notwithstanding the present popularity of vice, levity, and impiety, it may one day recover its relish of solid knowledge and real merit; that buffoons themselves may one day be exposed, the laughers in their turn become ridiculous, and an atheistical scoffing be as much out of credit, as a sober and religious man is at present: virtue, seriousness, and a due reverence of sacred and divine things, may revive among us; and it is the duty and interest of every man that loves his country, and wishes well to mankind, to make his utmost efforts to bring about such a happy revolution. This would the sooner be effected, if the virtuous part of ingenious men (for virtue has still a party) would not supinely stand by, and see the honour and interest of religion exposed and insulted; but, instead of an abject, unactive despondence, would unite their endeavours, with vigour and resolution, against the common enemies of God and their country. It is great pity, that in so noble a cause any should show such poorness of spirit, as to be ashamed of asserting their religion, and stemming the tide of impiety, for fear of becoming the entertainment of scoffing libertines.

I know the gentlemen of atheistical notions pretend to refined parts, and pass themselves upon the world for wits of the first rank: yet in debate they decline argument, and rather trust to the decision of raillery. But if it were possible for these gentlemen to apply themselves in good earnest to

the reasons alleged in proof of a Divine Being, in a manner that becomes an inquiry of such consequence, I should believe their conviction were not to be despaired of.

But there is little appearance that they will be ever prevailed on to consider this matter with deliberate and unprejudiced thought; and, therefore, I am not so sanguine to think, that any arguments I can bring, though ever so clear and demonstrative, are like to make any impression upon a veteran atheist. I have, nevertheless, thought it a seasonable service to endeavour to stop the contagion, and, as far as I am able, to preserve those who are not yet infected.

I would entreat these to distinguish between raillery and argument, and not believe that mirth ought to determine in so weighty a case, that they would not admit of principles of the utmost concern without examination, and take impiety upon content: that they would appeal from the buffoon and the mocker, to the impartial decision of right reason, and debate this matter with the gravity that becomes the importance of the subject.

But, since the gentlemen who own no obligations of religion for the rule of behaviour, set up in its stead a spurious principle, which they call honour, and a greatness of mind, that will not descend to a mean or base action; let them reflect, whether that term, as they use it, is not an empty sound without any determined meaning. If honour lays a man under any obligation to perform or forbear any action, then, it is evident honour is a law or rule, and the transgression of it makes us guilty and obnoxious to punishment: and if it be a law, it must be the declaration of some legislator's will; for this is the definition of a law that regulates the manners of a moral agent. Now, I ask a man of honour, who denies religion, what, or whose law he breaks, if he deviates from what he imagines a point of honour? It is plain there can be no transgression, where there is no law; no irregularity where there is no rule; nor can a man do a base or dishonourable thing, if he lies under no obligation to the contrary. Honour, therefore, abstracted from the notion of religion, which enjoins it, is an idle chimera, which can have little power over any man that does not believe a Divine Legislator, whose authority must enforce it.

It is the same with friendship and gratitude, which are principles that the Atheist will often commend. But how is any man bound to be grateful, or to be a friend? Should he act a contrary part, and be treacherous and ungrateful, what guilt has he contracted? Has he offended against any law? or can he become guilty, without the breach of any? If you say he has broken any law, tell us the law, and by whom it was made. If the laws of the Supreme Being are set aside, we can lie under no regulation, but have an unbounded liberty over all our actions; we may, without the least fault or dishonour, break our oaths, subvert the government, betray our friends, assassinate our parents: in short, commit all kinds of the most detestable crimes without remorse; for, not being

controlled by any obligation, we may do whatever our passions or our interests prompt us to, without being accountable to any tribunal for the least transgression.

If it be said, we are obliged by the laws of our country; I answer, that, as to the actions we are speaking of, such as a man of honour, a great and generous mind, a friend, a grateful person, is supposed to think himself obliged to, these are such as are not regulated by municipal laws, and therefore men are at liberty, whether they will act by what they call a principle of honour or not, and can justly incur no censure or reproach, should they have no regard to that pompous and sounding word; for if their actions are not morally determined either by human or divine laws, they may very justly, and honourably too, act with unlimited freedom in these matters. Besides, whoever believes himself free from the obligations of divine precepts, cannot look on himself as bound by any human laws. He may indeed, from the apprehension of punishment, forbear an action thus forbidden, and it is his interest so to do: but, if he thinks no divine authority makes it his duty to submit to the magistrate, and obey the laws of his country, he is at liberty, as to any guilt, whether he will obey or no. If he ventures the punishment, he escapes the sin. If an Atheist swears fidelity to his prince, what controlling power is he under, which affects the mind, not to betray him, if he thinks it fit and safe to do it? If he lets his parents, or his patron, or his friend perish, what iniquity is he accountable for?

The existence of a God has been already cleared, and abundantly demonstrated, by many pious and learned authors; whence this attempt may be censured as impertinent and unnecessary. But all those excellent performances being writ in prose, and the greatest part in the learned languages, or at least in a scholastic manner, are ill-accommodated to great numbers not of a learned education; and many who have more knowledge, and greater genius, will not undergo the trouble of reading and considering the arguments expressed in a manner to them obscure, dry, and disagreeable. I have therefore formed a poem on this great and important subject, that I might give it the advantages peculiar to poetry, and adapt it more to the general apprehension and capacity of mankind. The harmony of numbers engages many to read and retain what they would neglect if written in prose; and I persuade myself the Epicurean philosophy had not lived so long, nor been so much esteemed, had it not been kept alive and propagated by the famous poem of Lucretius.

I have chosen to demonstrate the existence of a God from the marks of wisdom, design, contrivance, and the choice of ends and means, which appear in the universe. Out of the various arguments that evince the truth of this proposition, "There is a God," I have selected this as the most evident and intelligible.

I may with reason presume, that I shall not incur any censure for not employing new arguments to prove the being of a God; none but what have

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been produced before by many writers, even from the eldest days of philosophy. It was never objected to Lucretius, that, in his applauded poem, he has not invented a new system of philosophy, but only recited in poetical numbers the ancient doctrines of Democritus and Epicurus. Nor can it with reason be supposed, that the arguments by which he supports their opinions were not long before in the schools of Greece. Nor have modern writers on this subject invented, but pursued the demonstration of a God, from the evident appearance of contrivance and wisdom in the visible world, which they have done with more clearness and strength, than those who went before them. And while these have attempted to evince the existence of a God only from the contemplation of corporeal nature, I have carried the argument on to the actions of living, sensitive, and intelligent beings, so far as we are acquainted with them; believing that brighter and more noble strokes of wisdom and design appear in the principles of life, sensation, and reason, than in all the compass of the material world.

I have endeavoured to give the subject yet greater degrees of periphrasis, more variety of argument, as well as easy and familiar expression, that, the style being more pleasing, and the demonstration more readily apprehended, it may leave a deeper impression, and its effects and usefulness may become more extensive. In order to this, I have rarely used any term of art, or any phrase peculiar to the writing and conversation of learned men. I have attempted, as Monsieur Fontenelle has done with great success, in his plurality of worlds, to bring philosophy out of the secret recesses of the schools, and strip it of its uncouth and mysterious dress, that it may become agreeable, and admitted to a general conversation.

I take it for granted, that no judicious reader will expect, in the philosophical and argumentative parts of this poem, the ornaments of poetical eloquence. In this case, where metaphor and description are not admitted lest they should darken and enfeeble the argument, if the reasoning be close, strong, and easily apprehended; if there be an elegant simplicity, purity, and propriety of words, and a just order and connection of the parts, mutually supporting and enlightening one another, there will be all the perfection which the style can demand.

I may safely conclude, that no man will expect that in this poem I should borrow any embellishments from the exploded and obsolete theology of the ancient idolaters of Greece or Rome; that I should address any rapturous invocations to their idle deities, or adorn the style with allusions to their fabulous actions. I have more than once publicly declared my opinion, that a Christian poet cannot but appear monstrous and ridiculous in a Pagan dress; that though it should be granted, that the heathen religion might be allowed a place in light and loose songs, mock heroic, and the lower lyric compositions; yet, in Christian poems of the sublime and greater kind, the mixture of the Pagan theology must, by all who are masters

of reflection and good sense, be condemned, if not as impious, at least as impertinent and absurd. And this is a truth so clear and evident, that I make no doubt it will by degrees force its way, and prevail over the contrary practice. Should Britons recover their virtue, and reform their taste, they would no more bear the heathen religion in verse, than in prose. Christian poets, as well as Christian preachers, the business of both being to instruct the people, though the last only are wholly appropriated to it, should endeavour to confirm and spread their own true religion. If a divine should begin his sermon with a solemn prayer to Bacchus, or Apollo; to Mars, or Venus, what would the people think of their preacher? And is it not as really, though not equally, absurd, for a poet in a great and serious poem, wherein he celebrates some wonderful and happy event of Divine Providence, or magnifies the illustrious instrument that was honoured to bring the event about, to address his prayer to false deities, and cry for help to the abominations of the heathen?

The design of this poem is to demonstrate the self-existence of an Eternal Mind from the created and dependent existence of the universe, and to confute the hypothesis of the Epicureans and Fatalists, under whom all the patrons of impiety, ancient or modern, of whatsoever denomination, may be ranged. The first of whom affirm the world was in time caused by chance; and the other that it existed from eternity without a cause. It is true, as before mentioned, both these acknowledged the existence of gods; but, by their absurd and ridiculous description of them, it is plain they had nothing else in view, but to avoid the obnoxious character of atheistical philosophers.

This likewise has been often objected to the deists of the present times, that at least a great part of them only conceal their notions under that name, while they are really to be numbered among the atheists. I have before expressed my reasons, why I cannot embrace this opinion. It is true, indeed, that most of the deists maintain a particular friendship with the atheists, are pleased with their loose and impious conversation, and appear very tender of their credit and esteem. They are charitable in crying up their shining qualities, and in concealing, excusing, or lessening, their immoral actions; while at the same time they show an affectation in exposing the faults and follies of the Christians, especially those who are the most strict and regular in their manners, and appear to be most in earnest. It is likewise remarkable, that these gentlemen express no zeal for the extirpation of irreligious principles: they have never, as far as I know, written any thing against them; nor are they pleased in company to declare their detestation of such impious maxims, or to produce arguments to confute them; while at the same time they take great pains, and show a warm zeal, to weaken the belief of the Christian religion, and to expose the pretended errors of its different professors; which seems, indeed, strange, since he that owns a God and his providence, should in reason look upon those who believe neither to be infinitely

more opposite to him, than those who agree with him in the belief of a God, and differ only in the point of revealed religion.

Besides, it is observable that the present deists have not drawn and published any scheme of religion, or catalogues of the duties they are obliged to perform, or whence such obligations arise. They do not tell us, that they look on man as an accountable creature; nor, if they do, for what, and to whom, or when, that account is to be made, and what rewards and punishments will attend it. I do not affirm they have no such scheme in their thoughts; but, since they will not let us know their creed, and in the mean time deride and triumph over that of the Christians, I cannot defend them from those who say they are justly to be suspected.

And that the deist may clear himself from the suspicion of being an atheist, or at least a friend and favourer of their principles; I could wish he would in public assert and demonstrate the being of a God and his providence, and declare his abhorrence of the principles of those who disbelieve them.

It would likewise give great satisfaction, and remove the objections of those that charge them with direct irreligion, if they would please to give some account of their belief: Whether they look upon God as one who governs mankind by laws to be discovered by the light of reason, which restrain our inclinations and determine our duty; that they would tell us what those laws are, and what sanctions do enforce them; and until this be done, they cannot well discharge themselves from the suspicion before-mentioned.

And here I would address myself to the irreligious gentlemen of the age: and I desire them not to take up prejudices against the existence of a God, and run away with impious maxims, until they have exercised their consideration, and made an impartial inquiry into the grounds and reasons that support the belief of a Divine Eternal Being. In order to such a reasonable examination, it is but just and decent they should be in earnest, and hear the arguments we offer with temper and patience; that they should inure themselves to think, and weigh the force of those arguments, as becomes sincere inquirers after truth. The being of a God, and the duties that result from that principle, are subjects of the greatest excellence and dignity in themselves, and of the greatest concern and importance to mankind; and, therefore, should never be treated in mirth and ridicule. Generals of armies and counsellors of state, senators, and judges, in the great and weighty affairs that come before them, do not put on the air of jesters and buffoons, and, instead of grave and solemn debates, aim at nothing but sallies of wit, and treat their subjects and one another only with raillery and derision; yet the business proposed to the consideration of the persons I speak to is, in every respect, infinitely superior to any of theirs before-mentioned.

Are they sure there is no God, and therefore no religion? If they are not, what a terrible risque do

they run! If their reasons amount only to a probability, the contrary opinion may be true, and that *may be* is enough to give them the most frightful apprehensions, and disturb them amidst all the pleasures they enjoy. But if they say they are assured, and past doubt, there is no God; let them consider, confidence in an opinion is not always the effect of certainty and demonstration. Their predecessors, the atheists of former ages, were as certain, that is, as confident, they reasoned right, as they can be. They cannot pretend to clearer light, and greater assurance of the truth of their maxims, than Epicurus and Lucretius did; or insult their adversaries with greater contempt than those have done: yet these men themselves, at least many of them, allow those philosophers were grossly mistaken, and will by no means trust to the Epicurean scheme, as the foundation of their opinions. If these great masters, notwithstanding their unexampled confidence, have been mistaken, why may not their successors be so?

If they set up Aristotle's scheme, and think they secure their principles by making the world to be eternal, and all effects and events the result of such a fatal necessity, and an indissoluble concatenation of causes, as render it impossible, that things that are should not be, or that they should be otherwise than they are; let them consider, that the greatest assertors of impiety, I mean Democritus, Leucippus, Epicurus, and Lucretius, opposed this as an idle and incoherent system; and that indeed it is so, shall be after demonstrated: and should not this shake their confidence, that all their friends in the Epicurean schools, who were sufficiently delivered from the prejudices of education and superstitious impressions, could not see the least probability in the scheme of the Fatalists, on which these gentlemen are pleased to rely in a matter of the highest importance?

Will they confide in Mr. Hobbes? has that philosopher said any thing new? does he bring any stronger forces into the field than the Epicureans did before him? will they derive their certainty from Spinoza? can such an obscure, perplexed, unintelligible author create such certainty, as leaves no doubt or distrust? If he is indeed to be understood, what does he allege more than the ancient Fatalists have done, that should amount to demonstration?

Besides, if, as they pretend, they are established beyond possibility of deception in the truth of their maxims, why are they so very fond of those authors, that set up any new doctrine? and why do they embrace with so much pleasure their new schemes of irreligion? They are very glad to hear of any great genius, that can invent fresh arguments to strengthen their opinions; and does not this betray a secret diffidence, that demands further light and confirmation?

But further; since these gentlemen show so much industry in propagating their opinions, and are so fond of making proselytes to atheism; since they affect a zeal in countenancing, applauding, and preferring, those whom they have delivered from religious prejudices, and reformed and re-

finer with their free, large, and generous principles; how comes it to pass, that they neglect to inform and improve their nearest relations? Are they careful to instruct their wives and daughters, that they need not revere the imaginary phantom of a God; that religion is the creature of a timorous and superstitious mind, or of crafty priests, and cunning politicians; that, therefore, they are free from all restraints of virtue and conscience, and may prostitute their persons in the most licentious manner, without any remorse, or uneasy reflection; that it is idle to fear any divine punishment hereafter; and as to the shame and dishonour that may attend the liberties they take, in case they become public, that scandal proceeds from the gross mistakes of people perverted with religion, and misguided by a belief of a Divine Being, and of rewards and punishments in an imaginary life after this?

Do they take pains to inform their eldest sons, that they owe them no gratitude or obedience; that they may use an uncontrolled freedom in indulging all their appetites, passions, and inclinations; that, if they are willing to possess their father's honour and estate, they may, by poison or the poignard, take away his life; and, if they are careful to avoid the punishment of the magistrate, by their secret conduct, they may be fully satisfied of the innocence of the action; and as they have done themselves much good, so they have done their father no injury, and therefore may enjoy in perfect tranquillity the fruits of their parricide? Whatever they may affirm among their loose friends, I cannot conceive they can be guilty of so much folly, as to propagate these opinions in their own families, and instruct their wives and children in the boundless liberties, which, by the principles of atheism, are their undoubted right; for in all actions, where religion does not interpose and restrain us, we are perfectly, as has been said, free to act as we think best for our profit and pleasure.

Besides, to what a deplorable condition would mankind be reduced, should these opinions be universally embraced! If so many kings and potentates, who yet profess their belief of a God, and of rewards and punishments in a life to come, do, notwithstanding, from boundless ambition and a cruel temper, oppress their subjects at home, and ravage and destroy their neighbours abroad, should think themselves free from all divine obligations, and therefore too from the restraints of oaths and solemn contracts; these fences and securities removed, what a deluge of calamities would break in upon the world! what oppression, what violence, what rapine, what desolation, would finish the ruin of human nature! for, if mighty princes are satisfied that it is impossible for them to do any wrong, what bounds are left to insatiable avarice and exorbitant thirst of power! If monarchs may, without the least guilt, violate their treaties, break their vows, betray their friends, and sacrifice their truth and honour at pleasure to

their passions, or their interest, what trust, what confidence, could be supported between neighbour potentates! and without this what confusion and distraction must of necessity ensue!

On the other hand, if subjects were universally atheists, and looked on themselves as under no divine obligation to pay any duty or obedience to the supreme magistrate; if they believed that, when they took their oaths of allegiance, they swore by nothing, and invoked a power not in being; that therefore those oaths oblige them no longer than they think it safe, and for their interest, to break them; should such principles obtain, would not the thrones of princes be most precarious? would not ambition, revenge, resentment, or interest continually excite some or other to betray or assault the lives of their sovereigns? and why should they be blamed by the atheist for doing it? why are traitors, assassins, haters of their princes, and enemies to their country, branded with the odious names of ruffians and villains, if they lie under no obligations to act otherwise than they do?

Should conspirators, who assassinate their lawful sovereign, have the good fortune to make their escape, I ask the atheist, if he has in the least an ill opinion of them for being engaged in such an execrable undertaking? If he says he has not, then the point is gained, and an atheist is what I have represented. If he says he has, I next ask him, why? Let him tell me in what their guilt consists? Is it in the breach of any divine law? That cannot be, for he owns none. Is it the transgression of any human law? Tell me what obligation he is under to obey any human law, if no divine law enforces such obedience. Does their guilt consist in the breach of their duty to their prince and their oaths of allegiance? Still the same question recurs, what duty can a subject owe to a prince which divine laws do not constitute and determine? and how can an oath of allegiance bind but by virtue of some divine command, that obliges us not to violate our vows?

By this it appears that an atheist must be the worst of subjects; that his principles subvert the thrones of princes, and undermine the foundations of government and society, on which the happiness of mankind so much depends; and therefore it is not possible to conceive how there can be a greater disturber of the public peace, or a greater enemy to his prince and country, than a professed atheist, who propagates with zeal his destructive opinions.

I have proved, in the following poem, that no hypothesis hitherto invented in favour of impiety has the least strength or solidity, no not the least appearance of truth to recommend it. A man must be deserted of Heaven, and inflexibly hardened, that cannot, or rather will not, see the unreasonableness of irreligious principles. I demand only a candid temper in the reader, and a mind pleased with truth, and delivered from the prejudices of atheistical conversation.

A SUMMARY ACCOUNT OF THE FOLLOWING POEM, AND OF WHAT IS CONTAINED IN EACH BOOK.

THE design of this work is to demonstrate the existence of a Divine Eternal Mind.

The arguments used for this end are taken from the various marks of wisdom and artful contrivance, which are evident to observation in the several parts of the material world, and the faculties of the human soul.

The first book contains the proof of a Deity, from the instances of design and choice, which occur in the structure and qualities of the earth and sea.

The second pursues the proof of the same proposition, THERE IS A GOD, from the celestial motions, and more fully from the appearances in the solar system, and the air.

In the third, the objections which are brought by atheistical philosophers against the hypothesis established in the two preceding books, are answered.

In the fourth, is laid down the hypothesis of the Atomists or Epicureans, and other irreligious philosophers, and confuted.

In the fifth, the doctrine of the Fatalists, or Aristotelians, who make the world to be eternal, is considered and subverted.

In the sixth, the argument of the two first books is resumed, and the existence of God demonstrated from the prudence and art discovered in the several parts of the body of man.

In the seventh, the same demonstration is carried on from the contemplation of the instincts in brute animals, and the faculties and operations of the soul of man.

The book concludes with a recapitulation of what has been treated of, and a hymn to the Creator of the World.

CREATION.

BOOK I.

The Argument.

The proposition. The invocation. The existence of a God demonstrated, from the marks of wisdom, choice, and art, which appear in the visible world, and infer an intelligent and free cause. This evinced from the contemplation, I. of the earth. 1. Its situation. 2. The cohesion of its parts, not to be solved by any hypothesis yet produced. 3. Its stability. 4. Its structure, or the order of its parts. 5. Its motion diurnal and annual, or else the motion of the sun in both those respects. The cause of these motions not yet accounted for by any philosopher. 6. Its outside or face; the beauties and conveniences of it; its mountains, lakes, and rivers. II. The existence of a God proved from the marks and impressions of prudence and design, which appear in the sea. 1. In its formation. 2. The proportion of its parts in respect of the earth. 3. Its situation. 4. The contexture of its parts. 5. Its brackish or briny quality. 6. Its flux and reflux.

No more of courts, of triumphs, or of arms,
No more of valour's force, or beauty's charms;
The themes of vulgar lays, with just disdain,
I leave unsung, the flocks, the amorous swain,
The pleasures of the land, and terrors of the
main.

How abject, how inglorious 'tis to lie
Groveling in dust and darkness, when on high
Empires immense, and rolling worlds of light,
To range their heavenly scenes, the muse invite!
I meditate to soar above the skies,
To heights unknown, through ways untry'd to
rise:

I would th' Eternal from his works assert;
And sing the wonders of creating art.

While I this unexampled task essay,
Pass awful gulfs, and beat my painful way;
Celestial Dove! divine assistance bring,
Sustain me on thy strong-extended wing,
That I may reach th' Almighty's sacred throne,
And make his causeless power, the cause of all
things known.

Thou dost the full extent of nature see,
And the wide realms of vast immensity:
Eternal Wisdom thou dost comprehend,
Rise to her heights, and to her depths descend:
The Father's sacred counsels thou canst tell,
Who in his bosom didst for ever dwell.
Thou on the deep's dark face, immortal dove!
Thou with Almighty energy didst move
On the wild waves, incumbent didst display
Thy genial wings, and hatch primeval day.
Order from thee, from thee distinction came,
And all the beauties of the wondrous frame.
Hence stamp'd on nature we perfection find,
Fair as th' idea in the Eternal Mind.

See, through this vast extended theatre
Of skill divine what shining marks appear!
Creating power is all around express'd,
The God discover'd, and his care confess'd.
Nature's high birth her heavenly beauties show;
By every feature we the parent know.
Th' expanded spheres, amazing to the sight!
Magnificent with stars and globes of light,
The glorious orbs, which heaven's bright host
compose,

Th' imprison'd sea, that restless ebbs and flows,
The fluctuating fields of liquid air,
With all the curious meteors hovering there,
And the wide regions of the land, proclaim
The Power Divine, that rais'd the mighty frame.

What things soe'er are to an end referr'd,
And in their motions still that end regard,
Always the fitness of the means respect,
These as conducive choose, and those reject,
Must by a judgment foreign and unknown
Be guided to their end, or by their own;
For to design an end, and to pursue
That end by means, and have it still in view,
Demands a conscious, wise, reflecting cause,
Which freely moves, and acts by reason's laws;
That can deliberate, means elect, and find
Their due connection with the end design'd.
And since the world's wide frame does not include
A cause with such capacities endued;
Some other cause o'er nature must preside,
Which gave her birth, and does her motions guide.
And here behold the cause, which God we name,
The source of beings, and the mind supreme;
Whose perfect wisdom, and whose prudent care,
With one confederate voice unnumber'd worlds
declare.

See, how the earth has gain'd that very place,
Which of all others in the boundless space,
Is most convenient, and will best conduce
To the wise ends requir'd for nature's use.
You, who the Mind and Cause Supreme deny,
Nor on his aid to form the world rely,
Must grant, had perfect wisdom been employ'd
To find, through all th' interminable void,
A seat most proper, and which best became
The earth and sea, it must have been the same.

Now who can this surprising fact conceive,
Who this event fortuitous believe,
That the brute earth, unguided, should embrace
The only useful, only proper place
Of all the millions in the empty space?

Could stupid atoms with impetuous speed
By different roads and adverse ways proceed;
From regions opposite begin their flight,
That here they might encounter, here unite?
What charms could these terrestrial vagrants see
In this one point of all immensity,
'That all th' enamour'd troops should thither flow?
Did they its useful situation know?

And, when the squadrons with a swift career
Had reach'd that point, why did they settle
there,

When nothing check'd their flight but gulfs } [of air;
Since Epicurus and his scholars say }
That unobstructed matter flies away, }
Ranges the void, and knows not where to stay? }
If you, sagacious sons of art, pretend }
That by their native force they did descend, }
And ceas'd to move, when they had gain'd }
their end;

'That native force till you enlighten'd know,
Can its mysterious spring disclose, and show
How 'tis exerted, how it does impel,
Your unstructive words no doubts dispel.
We ask you, whence does motive vigour flow?
You say, the nature of the thing is so.
But how does this relieve th' inquirer's pain?
Or how the dark impulsive power explain?

The Atomists, who skill mechanic teach;
Who boast their clearer sight, and deeper reach,
Assert their atoms took that happy seat,
Determin'd thither by their inbred weight;
That downward through the spacious void they
rove

To that one point, from all the parts above.
Grant this position true, though up and down
Are to a space not limited unknown;
But since they say our earth from morn to morn
On its own axis is oblig'd to turn;
That swift rotation must disperse in air
All things, which on the rapid orb appear:
And if no power that motion should controul,
It must disjoint and dissipate the whole.
'Tis by experience uncontested found,
Bodies orbicular, when whirling round,
Still shake off all things on their surface plac'd,
And to a distance from the centre cast.

If ponderous atoms are so much in love
With this one point, that all will thither move,
Give them the situation they desire;
But let us then, ye sages next inquire,

What cause of their cohesion can you find;
What props support, what chains the fabric bind?
Why do not beads that move, or stones that lie
Loose on the field, through distant regions fly?
Or why do fragments, from a mountain rent,
Tend to the earth with such a swift descent?

Those who ascribe this one determin'd course
Of ponderous things to gravitating force,
Refer us to a quality occult,
To senseless words, for which while they insult
With just contempt the famous Stagyrice,
Their schools should bless the world with clearer
light.

Some, the round earth's cohesion to secure,
For that hard task employ magnetic power.
Remark, say they, the globe: with wonder own
Its nature, like the fam'd attractive stone.
This has its axis, so th' observer tells,
Meridians, poles, equator, parallels,
To the terrestrial poles by constant fate
Th' obsequious poles themselves accommodate,
And, when of this position dispossess'd,
They move, and strive, nor ever will they rest,
Till their lov'd situation they regain,
Where pleas'd they settle, and unmov'd remain.
And should you, so experience does decide,
Into small parts the wondrous stone divide,
Ten thousand of minutest size express
The same propension, which the large possess.
Hence all the globe ('tis said) we may conclude
With this prevailing energy endued:
That this attractive, this surprising stone
Has no peculiar virtue of its own;
Nothing but what is common to the whole,
To sides, to axis, and to either pole.

The mighty magnet from the centre darts
This strong, though subtle force, through all the
parts;

Its active rays, ejaculated thence,
Irradiate all the wide circumference.
While every part is in proportion blest,
And of its due attractive power possess;
While adverse ways the adverse atoms draw
With the same strength, by nature's constant law
Balanc'd and fix'd; they can no longer move;
Through gulfs immense no more unguided rove.
If cords are pull'd two adverse ways, we find
The more we draw them, they the faster bind.
So when with equal vigour nature strains
This way and that these fine mechanic chains,
They fix the earth, they part to part unite,
Preserve their structure, and prevent their flight.
Pressure, they say, and weight, we must disown,
As things occult, by no ideas known,
And on the earth's magnetic power depend
To fix its seat, its union to defend.

Let us this fam'd hypothesis survey,
And with attentive thought remark the way,
How earth's attractive parts their force display.
The mass, 'tis said, from its wide bosom pours
Torrents of atoms, and eternal showers
Of fine magnetic darts, of matter made
So subtle, marble they with ease pervade:
Refin'd, and (next to incorporeal) thin,
Not by Ausonian glasses to be seen.

These emanations take their constant flight
Swift from the earth, as from the sun the light;
To a determin'd distance they ascend,
And there inflect their course, and downward
tend.

What can insult unequal reason more,
Than this magnetic, this mysterious power?
That cords and chains, beyond conception small,
Should gird and bind so fast this mighty ball!
That active rays should spring from every part,
And, though so subtle, should such force exert:
That the light legions should be sent abroad,
Range all the air, and traverse every road!
To stated limits should excursions make,
Then backward of themselves their journey take;
Should in their way to solid bodies cling,
And home to earth the captive matter bring;
Where all things on its surface spread are bound
By their coercive vigour to the ground!
Can this be done without a Guide Divine?
Should we to this hypothesis incline,
Say, does not here conspicuous wisdom shine?
Who can enough magnetic force admire?
Does it not counsel and design require
To give the earth this wondrous energy,
In such a measure, such a just degree,
That it should still perform its destin'd task,
As nature's ends and various uses ask?

For, should our globe have had a greater share
Of this strong force, by which the parts cohere,
Things had been bound by such a powerful chain,
That all would fix'd and motionless remain;
All men, like statues, on the earth would stand.
Nor would they move the foot, or stretch the hand;
Birds would not range the skies, nor beasts the
woods,

Nor could the fish divide the stiffen'd floods.
Again, had this strange energy been less,
Defect had been as fatal as excess.
For want of cement strong enough to bind
The structure fast, huge ribs of rock, disjoint'd
Without an earthquake, from their base would
start.

And hills unhing'd from their deep roots depart.
And, while our orb perform'd its daily race,
All beings, found upon his ample face,
Would, by that motion dissipate, fly
Whirl'd from the globe, and scatter through
the sky:

They must, obedient to mechanic laws,
Asssemble where the stronger magnet draws;
Whether the sun that stronger magnet proves,
Or else some planet's orb that nearer moves.

Who can unfold the cause that does recall
Magnetic rays, and make them backward fall?
If these effluvia, which do upward tend,
Because less heavy than the air, ascend;
Why do they ever from their height retreat,
And why return to seek their central seat?
From the same cause, ye sons of art, declare
Can they by turns descend, and rise in air?
Prodigious 'tis, that one attractive ray
Should this way bend, the next an adverse way;
For, should th' unseen magnetic jets descend
All the same way, they could not gain their end;

They could not draw and bind the fabric fast,
Unless alike they every part embrac'd

How does Cartesius all his sinews strain,
How much he labours, and how much in vain,
The earth's attractive vigour to explain!
This bold contriver thus his thoughts conveys:
Incessant streams of thin magnetic rays
Gush from their fountains with impetuous force,
In either pole, then take an adverse course:
Those from the southern pole the northern seek;
The southern those that from the northern break;
In either pole these rays emitted meet
Small pores provided, for their figures fit;
Still to and fro they circulating pass,
Hold all the frame, and firmly bind the mass.
Thus he the parts of earth from flight restrains,
And girds it fast by fine imagin'd chains.

But oh! how dark is human reason found!
How vain the man with wit and learning crown'd!
How feeble all his strength when he essays
To trace dark Nature, and detect her ways;
Unless he calls its Author to his aid,
Who every secret spring of motion laid,
Who over all his wondrous works presides,
And to their useful ends their causes guides!
These paths in vain are by inquirers trod;
There's no philosophy without a God.

Admir'd Cartesius, let the curious know,
If your magnetic atoms always flow
From pole to pole, what form'd their double source,
What spur'd, what gave them their inflected
course?

Tell, what could drill and perforate the poles,
And to th' attractive rays adapt their holes?
A race so long what prompts them to pursue?
Have the blind troops th' important end in view?
How are they sure they in the poles shall meet
Pores of a figure to their figure fit?
Are they with such sagacity endued
To know, if this their journey be pursued,
They shall the earth's constructure closely bind,
And to the centre keep the parts confin'd?

Let us review this whole magnetic scheme,
Till wiser heads a wiser model frame.
For its formation let fit atoms start.
To one determin'd point, from every part.
Encountering there from regions opposite,
They clash, and interrupt each other's flight;
And, rendezvousing with an adverse course,
Produce an equal poise, by equal force:
For while the parts by laws magnetic act,
And are at once attached, and attract;
While match'd in strength they keep the doubt-
ful field,

And neither overcome, and neither yield,
To happy purpose they their vigour spend;
For these contentions in the balance end,
Which must in liquid air the globe suspend.

Besides materials which are bruté and blind,
Did not this work require a knowing mind,
Who for the task should fit detachments choose
From all the atoms, which their host diffuse
Through the wide regions of the boundless
space,

And for their rendezvous appoint the place?

Who should command, by his almighty nod,
These chosen troops, unconscious of the road,
And unacquainted with th' appointed end,
Their marches to begin, and thither tend;
Direct them all to take the nearest way,
Whence none of all th' unnumber'd millions stray;
Make them advance with such an equal pace,
From all the adverse regions of the space,
That they at once should reach the destin'd
place;

Should muster there, and round the centre swarm,
And draw together in a globous form?

Grant, that by mutual opposition made
Of adverse parts, their mutual flight is staid;
That thus the whole is in a balance laid;
Does it not all mechanic heads confound,
That troops of atoms, from all parts around,
Of equal number, and of equal force,
Should to this single point direct their course;
That so the counter-pressure every way,
Of equal vigour, might their motions stay,
And, by a steady poise, the whole in quiet lay?

Besides, the structure of the earth regard:
For firmness how is all its frame prepar'd!
With what amazing skill is the vast building
rear'd!

Metals and veins of solid stone are found
The chief materials which the globe compound.
See, how the hills, which high in air ascend,
From pole to pole their lofty lines extend.

These strong unshaken mounds resist the shocks
Of tides and seas tempestuous, while the rocks,
That secret in a long continued vein
Pass through the earth, the ponderous pile sustain:
These mighty girders, which the fabric bind,
These ribs robust and vast, in order join'd;
These subterranean walls, dispos'd with art,
Such strength, and such stability impart,
That storms above, and earthquakes under ground,
Break not the pillars, nor the work confound.

Give to the earth a form orbicular,
Let it be pois'd, and hung in ambient air;
Give it the situation to the sun
Such as is only fit; when this is done,
Suppose it still remain'd a lazy heap;
From what we grant, you no advantage reap.
You either must the earth from rest disturb,
Or roll around the heavens the solar orb.
Else what a dreadful face will nature wear!
How horrid will these lonesome seats appear!
This ne'er would see one kind refreshing ray;
That would be ruin'd, but a different way,
Condemn'd to light, and curs'd with endless day:
A cold Icelandic desert one would grow;
One, like Sicilian furnaces, would glow.

That nature may this fatal error shun,
Move, which will please you best, the earth or sun.
But, say, from what great builder's magazines
You'll engines fetch, what strong, what vast ma-
Will you employ to give this motion birth, [chimes
And whirl so swiftly round the sun or earth?
Yet, learned heads, by what mechanic laws
Will you of either orb this motion cause?
Why do they move? why in a circle? why
With such a measure of velocity?

Say, why the earth—if not the earth, the sun
Does through his winding road the zodiac run?
Why do revolving orbs their tracks sublime
So constant keep, that since the birth of time
They never vary'd their accustomed place,
Nor lost a minute in so long a race?
But hold! perhaps I rudely press too far;
You are not vers'd in reasoning so severe.
To a first question your reply's at hand;
Ask but a second, and you speechless stand,
You swim at top, and on the surface strive,
But to the depths of nature never dive:
For if you did, instructed you'd explore
Divine contrivance, and a God adore.
Yet sons of art one curious piece devise,
From whose constructure motion shall arise.
Machines, to all philosophers 'tis known,
Move by a foreign impulse, not their own.
Then let Gassendus choose what frame he please,
By which to turn the heavenly orbs with ease;
Those orbs must rest, till by th' exerted force
Of some first mover they begin their course:
Mere disposition, mere mechanic art,
Can never motion to the globes impart;
And, if they could, the marks of wise design
In that contrivance would conspicuous shine.
These questions still recur: we still demand,
What moves them first, and puts them off at hand?
What makes them this one way their race direct,
While they a thousand other ways reject?
Why do they never once their course deflect?
Why do they roll with such an equal pace,
And to a moment still perform their race!
Why earth or sun diurnal stages keep?
In spiral tracks why through the zodiac creep?
Who can account for this, unless they say
These orbs th' Eternal Mind's command obey,
Who bad them move, did all their motions guide,
To each its destin'd province did divide;
Which to complete, he gave them motive power,
That shall, as long as he does will, endure?

Thus we the frame of nature have express;
Now view the earth in finish'd beauty dress;
The various scenes, which various charms display,
Through all th' extended theatre survey.

See how sublime th' uplifted mountains rise,
And with their pointed heads invade the skies!
How the high cliffs their craggy arms extend,
Distinguish states, and sever'd realms defend!
How ambient shores confine the restless deep,
And in their ancient bounds the billows keep!
The hollow vales their smiling pride unfold;
What rich abundance do their bosoms hold!
Regard their lovely verdure, ravish'd view
The party-colour'd flowers of various hue.
Not eastern monarchs, on their nuptial day,
In dazzling gold and purple shine so gay
As the bright natives of th' unlabour'd field,
Unvers'd in spinning, and in looms unskill'd.
See, how the ripening fruits the gardens crown,
Imbibe the sun, and make his light their own!
See the sweet brooks in silver mazes creep,
Enrich the meadows, and supply the deep;
While from their weeping urns the fountains flow,
And vital moisture, where they pass, bestow!

Admire the narrow stream, and spreading lake,
The proud aspiring grove, and humble brake:
How do the forests and the woods delight!
How the sweet glades and openings charm the sight!
Observe the pleasant lawn and airy plain,
The fertile furrows rich with various grain;
How useful all! how all conspire to grace
Th' extended earth, and beautify her face!

Now, see, with how much art the parts are made!
With how much wisdom are the strata laid,
Of different weight, and of a different kind,
Of sundry forms, for sundry ends design'd!
Here in their beds the finish'd minerals rest,
There the rich wombs the seeds of gold digest.
Here in fit moulds, to Indian nations known,
Are cast the several kinds of precious stone;
The diamond here, by mighty monarchs worn,
Fair as the star that beautifies the morn;
And, splendid by the sun's embody'd ray,
The rubies there their crimson light display;
There marble's various colour'd veins are spread;
Here of bitumen unctuous stores are bred.
What skill on all its surface is bestow'd,
To make the earth for man a fit abode!
The upper moulds, with active spirits stor'd,
And rich in verdant progeny, afford
The flowery pasture, and the shady wood,
To men their physic, and to beasts their food.

Proceed yet farther, and a prospect take
Of the swift stream, and of the standing lake.
Had not the deep been form'd, that might contain
All the collected treasures of the main,
The earth had still o'erwhelm'd with water flood,
To man an uninhabitable flood.
Yet had not part as kindly laid behind,
In the wide cisterns of the lakes confin'd;
Did not the springs and rivers drench the land,
Our globe would grow a wilderness of sand;
The plants and groves, the tame and savage beast,
And man, their lord, would die with drought oppress'd.

Now, as you see, the floating element
Part loose in streams, part in the ocean pent,
So wisely is dispos'd, as may conduce
To man's delight, or necessary use.

See how the mountains in the midst divide
The noblest regions, that from either side
The streams, which to the hills their currents
owe,

May every way along the valley flow,
And verdant wealth on all the soil bestow!
So Atlas and the mountains of the moon,
From north to south, in lofty ridges run
Through Afric realms, whence falling waters lave
Th' inferior regions with a winding wave.
They various rivers give to various soil,
Niger to Guinea, and to Egypt Nile.
So from the towering Alps on different sides,
Dissolving snows descend in numerous tides,
Which in the vale beneath their parties join
To form the Rhone, the Danube, and the Rhine.
So Caucasus, aspiring Taurus so,
And fam'd Imäus, ever white with snow,
Through eastern climes their lofty lines extend,
And this and that way ample currents send.

A thousand rivers make their crooked way,
And disemogue their floods into the sea;
Whence should they ne'er by secret roads retire,
And to the hills, from whence they came, aspire;
They by their constant streams would so increase
The watery stores, and raise so high the seas,
That the wide hollow would not long contain
Th' unequal treasures of the swelling main;
Scorning the mounds which now its tide withstand,
The sea would pass the shores, and drown the land.

Tell, by what paths, what subterranean ways,
Back to the fountain's head the sea conveys
The resluent rivers, and the land repays?
Tell, what superior, what controlling cause
Makes waters, in contempt of nature's laws,
Climb up, and gain th' aspiring mountains height,
Swift and forgetful of their native weight?
What happy works, what engines under-ground,
What instruments of curious art are found,
Which must with everlasting labour play,
Back to their springs the rivers to convey,
And keep their correspondence with the sea?

Perhaps you'll say, their streams the rivers owe
In part to rain, in part to melting snow;
And that th' attracted watery vapours rise
From lakes and seas, and fill the lower skies:
These when condens'd the airy region pours
On the dry earth in rain, or gentle showers;
Th' insinuating drops sink through the sand,
And pass the porous strainers of the land;
Which fresh supplies of watery riches bring
To every river's head, to each exhausted spring;
The streams are thus, their losses to repair,
Back to their source transmitted to the air;
The waters still their circling course maintain,
Flow down in rivers, and return in rain;
And on the soil with heat immoderate dry'd,
To which the rain's pure treasures are deny'd,
The mountains more sublime in æther rise,
Transfix the clouds, and tower amidst the skies;
The snowy fleeces, which their heads involve,
Still stay in part, and still in part dissolve;
Torrents and loud impetuous cataracts
Through roads abrupt, and rude unfashion'd tracks,
Roll down the lofty mountain's channell'd sides,
And to the vale convey their foaming tides;
At length, to make their various currents one,
The congregated floods together run; [head,
These confluent streams make some great river's
By stores still melting and descending fed;
Thus from th' aspiring mountains of the moon
Dissolving treasures rush in torrents down,
Which pass the sun-burnt realms and sandy soil,
And bless th' Egyptian nation with their Nile;
Then whosoe'er his secret rise would know,
Must climb the hills, and trace his head in snow;
And through the Rhine, the Danube, and the
Rhone,

All ample rivers of our milder zone,
While they advance along the flats and plains,
Spread by the showers augmented, and the rains;
Yet these their source and first beginning owe
To stores, that from the Alpine mountains flow;
Hence, when the snows in winter cease to weep,
And undissolv'd their flaky texture keep,

The banks with ease their humble streams contain,

Which swell in summer, and those banks disdain.
Be this account allow'd, say, do not here
Th' impressions of consummate art appear?

In every spacious realm a rising ground,
Observers tell, is in the middle found;
That all the streams, which flow from either side,
May through the valleys unobstructed glide.
What various kingdoms does the Danube lave,
Before the Euxine sea receives its wave!
How many nations of the sun-burnt soil
Fam'd Niger blest! how many drink the Nile!
Through what vast regions near the rising sun
Does Indus, Ganges, and Hydaspes, run!
What happy empires, wide Euphrates, teem,
And pregnant grow by thy prolific stream!
How many spacious countries does the Rhine,
In winding banks, and mazes serpentine,
Traverse, before he splits in Belgia's plain,
And lost in sand creeps to the German main!
Floods which through Indian realms their course
pursue,

That Mexico enrich, and wash Peru,
With their unwearied streams yet farther pass,
Before they reach the sea, and end their race.
And since the rivers and the floods demand,
For their descent, a prone and sinking land,
Does not this due declivity declare
A wife director's providential care?

See, how the streams advancing to the main
Through crooked channels draw their crystal train!
While lingering thus they in meanders glide,
They scatter verdant life on either side.
The valleys smile, and with their flowery face
And wealthy births confess the floods embrace.
But this great blessing would in part be lost,
Nor would the meads their blooming plenty boast;
Did uncheck'd rivers draw their fluid train
In lines direct, and rapid seek the main.

The sea does next demand our view; and there
No less the marks of perfect skill appear.
When first the atoms to the congress came,
And by their concourse form'd the mighty frame,
What did the liquid to th' assembly call,
To give their aid to form the ponderous ball?
First, tell us, why did any come? next, why
In such a disproportion to the dry?
Why were the moist in number so outdone,
That to a thousand dry, they are but one?
When they united, and together clung,
When undistinguish'd in one heap they hung,
How was the union broke, the knot untied?
What did th' entangled elements divide?
Why did the moist disjoin'd, without respect
To their less weight, the lowest seat elect?
Could they dispense to lie below the land,
With nature's law, and unrepal'd command;
Which gives to lighter things the greatest height,
And seats inferior to superior weight?
Did they foresee, unless they lay so low,
The restless flood the land would overflow,
By which the delug'd earth would useless grow?
What, but a conscious agent, could provide
The spacious hollow, where the waves reside?

Where, barr'd with rock, and fenc'd with hills, the
deep

Does in its womb the floating treasures keep;
And all the raging regiments restrain
In stated limits, that the swelling main
May not in triumph o'er the frontier ride,
And through the land licentious spread its tide?
What other cause the frame could so contrive,
That, when tempestuous winds the ocean drive,
They cannot break the tie, nor disunite
The waves, which roll connected in their flight?
Their bands, though slack, no dissolution fear,
Th' unsever'd parts the greatest pressure bear,
Though loose, and fit to flow, they still cohere.
This apt, this wise contexture of the sea,
Makes it the ships driv'n by the winds obey:
Whence hardy merchants sail from shore to shore,
Bring Indian spices home, and Guinea's ore.

When you with liquid stores have fill'd the deep,
What does the flood from putrefaction keep?
Should it lie stagnant in its ample seat,
The sun would through it spread destructive heat.
The wise Contriver, on his end intent,
Careful this fatal error to prevent,
And keep the waters from corruption free,
Mixt them with salt, and season'd all the sea.
What other cause could this effect produce?
The brackish tincture through the main diffuse?
You, who to solar beams this task assign,
To scald the waves, and turn the tide to brine,
Reflect, that all the fluid stores, which sleep
In the remotest caverns of the deep,
Have of the briny force a greater share
Than those above, that meet the ambient air.
Others, but oh how much in vain! erect
Mountains of salt, the ocean to infect.

Who, vers'd in nature, can describe the land,
Or fix the place on which those mountains stand?
Why have those rocks so long unwasted stood,
Since, lavish of their stock, they through the flood
Have, ages past, their melting crystal spread,
And with their spoils the liquid regions fed?

Yet more, the wise Contriver did provide,
To keep the sea from stagnating, the tide;
Which now we see advance, and now subside.
If you exclude this great Directing Mind,
Declare what cause of this effect you find.
You who this globe round its own axis drive,
From that rotation this event derive:
You say, the sea, which with unequal pace
Attends the earth in this its rapid race.
Does with its waves fall backward to the west,
And, thence repell'd, advances to the east:
While this revolving motion does endure,
The deep must reel, and rush from shore to shore:
Thus to the setting, and the rising sun,
Alternate tides in stated order run.

Th' experiments you bring us, to explain
This notion, are impertinent and vain:
An orb or ball round its own axis whirl,
Will not the motion to a distance hurl,
Whatever dust or sand you on it place,
And drops of water from its convex face?
If this rotation does the seas affect,
The rapid motion rather would eject

The stores the low capacious caves contain,
And from its ample basin cast the main;
Aloft in air would make the ocean fly,
And dash its scatter'd waves against the sky.

If you, to solve th' appearance, have recourse
To the bright sun's or moon's impulsive force;
Do you, who call for demonstration, tell
How distant orbs th' obedient flood impel?
This strong mysterious influence explain,
By which, to swell the waves, they press the main.
But if you choose magnetic power, and say
Those bodies by attraction move the sea;
Till with new light you make this secret known,
And tell us how 'tis by attraction done,
You leave the mind in darkness still involv'd,
Nor have you, like philosophers, resolv'd
The doubts, which we to reasoning men refer,
But with a cant of words abuse the ear.

Those who assert the lunar orb presides
O'er humid bodies, and the ocean guides;
Whose waves obsequious ebb, or swelling run,
With the declining or increasing moon;
With reason seem her empire to maintain,
As mistress of the rivers and the main.
Perhaps her active influences cause
Th' alternate flood, and give the billow laws;

The waters seem her orders to obey,
And ebb and flow, determin'd by her sway.

Grant that the deep this foreign sovereign owns,
That mov'd by her it this and that way runs:
Say, by what force she makes the ocean swell;
Does she attract the waters, or impel?
How does she rule the rolling waves, and guide
By fixt and constant laws the restless tide?
Why does she dart her force to that degree,
As gives so just a motion to the sea,
That it should flow no more, no more retire,
Than nature's various useful ends require?
A Mind Supreme you therefore must approve,
Whose high command caus'd matter first to
move:

Who still preserves its course, and, with respect
To his wise ends, all motions does direct.
He to the silver moon this province gave,
And fixt her empire o'er the briny wave;
Endued her with such just degrees of power,
As might his aims and wise designs procure,
Might agitate and work the troubled deep,
And rolling waters from corruption keep,
But not impel them o'er their bounds of sand,
Nor force the wasteful deluge o'er the land.

BOOK II.

The Argument.

The introduction. The numerous and important blessings of religion. The existence of a God demonstrated, from the wisdom and design which appear in the motions of the heavenly orbs; but more particularly in the solar system. I. In the situation of the sun, and its due distance from the earth. The fatal consequences of its having been placed otherwise than it is. II. In its diurnal motion, whence the change of day and night proceeds: then in its annual motion, whence arise the different degrees of heat and cold. The confinement of the sun between the tropics, not to be accounted for by any philosophical hypothesis. The difficulties of the same, if the earth moves, and the sun rests. The spring of the sun's motion, not to be explained by any irreligious philosophy. The contemplation of the solar light, and the uses made of it for the end proposed. The appearances in the solar system not to be solved, but by asserting a God. The systems of Ptolemy, Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler, considered. The solar system described, and compared with the fixed stars, which are supposed centres of the like systems. Reflections on that comparison. The hypothesis of Epicurus, in relation to the motion of the sun. Wisdom and design discovered in the air; in its useful structure, its elasticity, its various meteors; the wind, the rain, thunder, and lightning. A short contemplation of the vegetable kind.

CARUS, by hardy Epicurus taught,
From Greece to Rome his impious system brought;
Then war with heaven he did insulking wage,
And breath'd against the gods immortal rage:
See, he exclaims, the source of all our woe!
Our fears and sufferings from religion flow.

We grant a train of mischiefs oft proceeds
From superstitious rites and penal creeds;
But view religion in her native charms,
Dispersing blessings with indulgent arms;

From her fair eyes what heavenly rays are spread,
What blooming joys smile round her blissful head!

Offspring divine; by thee we bless the cause,
Who form'd the world, and rules it by his laws;
His independent being we adore,
Extol his goodness, and revere his power;
Our wondering eyes his high perfections view,
The lofty contemplation we pursue,
Till ravish'd we the great idea find,
Shining in bright impressions on our mind.

Inspir'd by thee, guest of celestial race,
With generous love, we human-kind embrace;
We provocations unprovok'd receive,
Patient of wrong, and easy to forgive;
Protect the orphan, plead the widow's cause,
Nor deviate from the line unerring justice draws.

Thy lustre, blest effulgence, can dispel
The clouds of error, and the gloom of hell;
Can to the soul impart ethereal light,
Give life divine and intellectual sight;
Before our ravish'd eyes thy beams display
The opening scenes of bliss, and endless day;
By which incited, we with ardour rise,
Scorn this inferior ball, and claim the skies.

Tyrants to thee a change of nature owe,
Dismiss their tortures, and indulgent grow.
Ambitious conquerors in their mad career,
Check'd by thy voice, lay down the sword and spear.
The boldest champions of impiety,
Scornful of Heav'n, subdu'd or won by thee,
Before thy hallow'd altars bend the knee;
Loose wits, made wise, a public good become,
The sons of pride an humble mien assume;
The profligate in morals grows severe,
Defrauders just, and sycophants sincere.

With amorous language, and bewitching smiles,
Attractive airs, and all the lover's wiles,
The fair Egyptian Jacob's son caress'd,
Hung on his neck, and languish'd on his breast;
Court'd with freedom now the beauteous slave,
Now flattering sued, and threatening now did rave;
Not the various eloquence of love,
Nor power enrag'd, could his fix'd virtue move.
Sec, aw'd by Heaven, the blooming Hebrew flies
Her artful tongue, and more persuasive eyes;
And, springing from her disappointed arms,
Prefers a dungeon to forbidden charms.

Stedfast in virtue's and his country's cause,
Th' illustrious founder of the Jewish laws,
Who, taught by Heaven, at genuine greatness
aim'd,

With worthy pride imperial blood disclaim'd;
Th' alluring hopes of Pharaoh's throne resign'd,
And the vain pleasures of a court declin'd;
Pleas'd with obscure recess, to ease the pains
Of Jacob's race, and break their servile chains;
Such generous minds are form'd where blest re-
ligion reigns.

Ye friends of Epicurus, look around,
All nature view with marks of prudence crown'd:
Mind the wise ends, which proper means promote;
See how the different parts for different use are
wrought;

Contemplate all this conduct and design,
Then own and praise th' Artificer Divine.
Regard the orb sublime, in æther borne,
Which the blue regions of the skies adorn;
Compar'd with whose extent this low-hung ball,
Shrunk to a point, is despicably small:
Their number, counting those th' unaided eye
Can see, or by invented tubes descry,
With those which in the adverse hemisphere,
Or near each pole to lands remote appear;
Tha widest stretch of human thought exceeds,
And in th' attentive mind amazement breeds;

While these so numerous, and so vast of size,
In various ways roll through the trackless skies;
Through crossing roads perplex'd and intricate,
Perform their stages, and their rounds repeat;
None by collision from their course are driven,
No shocks, no conflicts, break the peace of heaven;
No shatter'd globes, no glowing fragments fall,
No worlds o'erturn'd crush this terrestrial ball;
In beauteous order all the orbs advance,
And in their mazy complicated dance,
Not in one part of all the pathless sky,
Did any ever halt, or step awry.

When twice ten thousand men depriv'd of sight,
To some wide vale direct their footsteps right;
Shall there a various figur'd dance essay,
Move by just steps, and measur'd time obey;
Shall cross each other with unerring feet,
Never mistake their place, and never meet:
Nor shall in many years the least decline
From the same ground, and the same winding line:
Then may in various roads the orbs above,
Without a guide, in perfect concord move;
Then beauty, order, and harmonious laws,
May not require a wise Directing Cause.

See how th' indulgent father of the day
At such due distance does his beams display,
That he his heat may give to sea and land,
In just degrees, as all their wants demand!
But had he, in th' unmeasurable space
Of æther, chosen a remoter place;
For instance, pleas'd with that superior seat
Where Saturn, or where Jove, their course repeat;
Or had he happen'd farther yet to lie,
In the more distant quarters of the sky;
How sad, how wild, how exquisite a scene
Of desolation, had this planet been!
A wasteful, cold, untrodden wilderness,
The gloomy haunts of horror and distress:
Instead of woods, which crown the mountain's
head,

And the gay honours of the verdant mead;
Instead of golden fruits, the garden's pride,
By genial show'rs and solar heat supply'd;
Icelandian cold, and Hyperborean snows,
Eternal frost, with ice that never flows,
Unfufferable winter, had defac'd
Earth's blooming charms, and made a barren waste:
No mild indulgent gales would gently bear,
On their soft wings, sweet vapours through the air,
The balmy spoils of plants and fragrant flowers,
Of aromatic groves, and myrtle bowers,
Whose odoriferous exhalations fan
The flame of life, and recreate beast and man;
But storms, ev'n worse than vex Norwegian waves,
That breed in Scythia's hills, or Lapland caves,
Would through this bleak terrestrial desert blow,
Glaze it with ice, or whelm it o'er with snow.

Or had the sun, by like unhappy fate,
Elected to the earth a nearer seat,
His beams had cleft the hill, the valley dry'd,
Exhal'd the lake, and drain'd the briny tide:
A heat superior far to that which broils
Bornéo, or Sumatra, Indian isles;
Than that which ripens Guinea's golden ore,
Or burns the Lybian hind, or tans the Moor;

Had laid all nature waste, and turn'd the land
To hills of cinders, and to vales of sand;
No beasts could then have rang'd the leafless wood,
Nor finny nations cut the boiling flood:
Birds had not beat the airy road, the swains
No flocks had tended on the russet plains.
Thus, had the sun's bright orb been more remote,
The cold had kill'd; and, if more near, the
drought.

Next see, Lucretian fates, see the sun
His course diurnal and his annual run.
How in his glorious race he moves along,
Gay as a bridegroom, as a giant strong:
How his unvary'd labour he repeats,
Returns at morning, and at eve retreats;
And by the distribution of his light,
Now gives to man the day, and now the night;
Night, when the drowsy swain and traveller cease
Their daily toil, and soothe their limbs with
ease;

When all the weary sons of woe restrain
Their yielding cares with slumber's silken chain,
Solace sad grief, and lull reluctant pain.

And while the sun, ne'er covetous of rest,
Flies with such rapid speed from east to west,
In tracks oblique he through the zodiac rolls,
Between the northern and the southern poles:
From which revolving progress through the skies,
The needful seasons of the year arise.
And as he now advances, now retreats,
Whence winter colds proceed, and summer heats,
He qualifies and cheers the air by turns,
Which winter freezes, and which summer burns.
Thus his kind rays the two extremes reduce,
And keep a temper fit for nature's use.
The frost and drought, by this alternate power,
The earth's prolific energy restore.
The lives of man and beast demand the change;
Hence sows the air, and fish the ocean, range.
Of heat and cold this just successive reign,
Which does the balance of the year maintain;
The gardener's hope and farmer's patience props,
Gives vernal verdure and autumnal crops.

Should but the sun his duty once forget,
Nor from the north, nor from the south retreat:
Should not the beams revive, and soothe the soil,
Mellow the furrow for the ploughman's toil:
A teeming vigour should they not diffuse,
Ferment the glebe, and genial spirits loose,
Which lay imprison'd in the stiffen'd ground,
Congeal'd with cold, in frosty fetters bound;
Unfruitful earth her wretched fate would mourn,
No grass would clothe the plains, no fruit the trees
adorn.

But did the lingering orb much longer stay,
Unmindful of his course, and crooked way;
The earth, of dews defrauded, would detest
The fatal favour of th' effulgent guest;
To distant worlds implore him to repair,
And free from noxious beams the sultry air;
His rays productive now of wealth and joy,
Would then the pasture and the hills annoy,
And with too great indulgence would destroy:
In vain the labouring hind would till the land,
Turn up the glebe, and sow his seed in sand;

The meads would crack, in want of binding dews,
The channels would th' exhaling river lose:
While in their haunts wild beasts expiring lie,
The panting herds would on the pasture die.
But now the sun at neither tropic stays
A longer time than his alternate rays
In such proportion heat and lustre give,
As do not ruin nature, but revive.

When the bright orb, to solace southern seats,
Inverts his course, and from the north retreats;
As he advances, his indulgent beam
Makes the glad earth with fresh conceptions teem;
Restores their leafy honours to the woods,
Flowers to the banks, and freedom to the floods;
Unbinds the turf, exhilarates the plain,
Brings back his labour, and recruits the swain;
Through all the soil a genial ferment spreads,
Regenerates the plants, and new adorns the meads.
The birds on branches perch'd, or on the wing,
At nature's verdant restoration sing,
And with melodious lay salute the spring.

The heats of summer benefits produce
Of equal number, and of equal use:
The sprouting births, and beauteous vernal bloom,
By warmer rays to ripe perfection come;
Th' austere and ponderous juices they sublime,
Make them ascend the porous soil, and climb
The orange-tree, the citron, and the lime;
Which, drunk in plenty by the thirsty root,
Break forth in painted flowers, and golden fruit;
They explicate the leaves, and ripen food
For the silk-labourers of the mulberry wood;
And the sweet liquor on the cane bestow,
From which prepar'd the luscious sugars flow;
With generous juice enrich the spreading vine,
And in the grape digest the sprightly wine.
The fragrant trees, which grow by Indian floods,
And in Arabia's aromatic woods,
Owe all their spices to the summer's heat,
Their gummy tears, and odoriferous sweat.
Now the bright sun compacts the precious stone,
Imparting radiant lustre, like his own:
He tinctures rubies with their rosy hue,
And on the sapphire spreads a heavenly blue;
For the proud monarch's dazzling crown pre-
pares

Rich orient pearl, and adamantine stars.
Next autumn, when the sun's withdrawing ray
The night enlarges, and contracts the day,
To crown his labour to the farmer yields
The yellow treasures of his fruitful fields:
Ripens the harvest for the crooked steel,
(While bending stalks the rural weapon feel)
The fragrant fruit for the nice palate fits,
And to the press the swelling grape submits.

At length, forsaken by the solar rays,
See, drooping nature sickens and decays;
While winter all his snowy stores displays,
In hoary triumph unmolested reigns
O'er barren hills, and bleak untrodden plains;
Hardens the glebe, the shady grove deforms,
Fetters the floods, and shakes the air with storms.
Now active spirits are restrain'd with cold,
And prisons, cramp'd with ice, the genial captives
hold.

The meads their flowery pride no longer wear,
And trees extend their naked arms in air;
The frozen furrow, and the fallow field,
Nor to the spade, nor to the harrow, yield.

Yet in their turn the snows and frosts produce
Various effects, and of important use.
Th' intemperate heats of summer are controll'd
By winter's rigour, and inclement cold,
Which checks contagious spawn, and noxious steams,
The fatal offspring of immoderate beams;
Th' exhausted air with vital nitre fills,
Infection stops, and deaths in embryo kills;
Constrains the glebe, keeps back the hurtful weed,
And fits the furrow for the vernal feed.
The spirits now, as said, imprison'd stay,
Which else, by warmer sun-beams drawn away,
Would roam in air, and dissipated stray.
Thus are the winter frosts to nature kind,
Frosts, which reduce excessive heats, and bind
Prolific ferments in resistless chains;
Whence parent earth her fruitfulness maintains.
To compass all these happy ends, the sun
In winding tracks does through the zodiac run.

You, who so much are vers'd in causes, tell,
What from the tropics can the sun repel?
What vigorous arm, what repercussive blow,
Bands the mighty globe still to and fro,
Yet with such conduct, such unerring art,
He never did the trackless road desert?
Why does he never in his spiral race
The tropics or the polar circles pass? [trol
What gulfs, what mounds, what terrors can con-
The rushing orb, and make him backward roll?
Why should he halt at either station? why
Not forward run in unobstructive sky?
Can he not pass an astronomic line?
Or does he dread th' imaginary sign;
That he should ne'er advance to either pole,
Nor farther yet in liquid æther roll,
Till he has gain'd some unfrequented place
Loft to the world in vast unmeasur'd space?

If to the old you the new schools prefer,
And to the fam'd Copernicus adhere;
If you esteem that supposition best,
Which moves the earth, and leaves the sun at rest;
With a new veil your ignorance you hide,
Still is the knot as hard to be unt'y'd;
You change your scheme, but the old doubts remain,
And still you leave th' inquiring mind in pain.

This problem, as philosophers, resolve:
What makes the globe from west to east revolve?
What is the strong impulsive cause, declare,
Which rolls the ponderous orb so swift in air?
To your vain answer will you have recourse,
And tell us 'tis ingenerate, active force,
Mobility, or native power to move,
Words which mean nothing, and can nothing prove?
That moving power, that force innate explain,
Or your grave answers are absurd and vain:
We no solution of our question find;
Your words bewilder, not direct the mind.
If you, this rapid motion to procure,
For the hard task employ magnetic power;
Whether that power you at the centre place,
Or in the middle regions of the mass,

Or else, as some philosophers assert,
You give an equal share to every part;
Have you by this the cause of motion shown?
After explaining, is it not unknown?
Since you pretend, by reason's strictest laws,
Of an effect to manifest the cause;
Nature, of wonders so immense a field,
Can none more strange, none more mysterious yield,
None that eludes sagacious reason more
Than this obscure, inexplicable power.
Since you the spring of motion cannot show,
Be just, and faultless ignorance allow;
Say, 'tis obedience to th' Almighty nod,
That 'tis the will, the power, the hand of God.
Philosophers of spreading fame are found,
Who by th' attraction of the orbs around
Would move the earth, and make its course obey
The sun's and moon's inevitable sway.
Some from the pressure and impelling force
Of heavenly bodies would derive its course;
Whilst in the dark and difficult dispute
All are by turns confuted, and confute;
Each can subvert th' opponent's scheme, but none
Has strength of reason to support his own.

The mind employ'd in search of secret things,
To find out motion's cause and hidden springs,
Through all th' ethereal regions mounts on high,
Views all the spheres, and ranges all the sky;
Searches the orbs, and penetrates the air
With unsuccessful toil, and fruitless care;
Till, stopp'd by awful heights, and gulfs immense
Of wisdom, and of vast omnipotence,
She trembling stands, and does in wonder gaze,
Loft in the wide inextricable maze.

See, how the sun does on the middle shine,
And round the globe describe th' æquator line;
By which wise means he can the whole survey
With a direct, or with a slanting ray,
In the succession of a night and day.
Had the north pole been fix'd beneath the sun,
To southern realms the day had been unknown:
If the south pole had gain'd that nearer seat,
The northern climes had met as hard a fate.
And since the space, that lies on either side
The solar orb, is without limits wide;
Grant that the sun had happen'd to prefer
A seat ascant but one diameter,
Loft to the light by that unhappy place
This globe had lain a frozen, lonesome mass.

Behold the light emitted from the sun,
What more familiar, and what more unknown!
While by its spreading radiance it reveals
All nature's face, it still itself conceals.
See how each morn it does its beams display,
And on its golden wings bring back the day!
How soon th' effulgent emanations fly
Through the blue gulf of interposing sky!
How soon their lustre all the region fills,
Smiles on the vallies, and adorns the hills!
Millions of miles, so rapid is their race,
To cheer the earth, they in few moments pass.
Amazing progress! At its utmost stretch,
What human mind can this swift motion reach?
But if, to save so quick a sight, you say
The ever-rolling orb's impulsive ray

On the next threads and filaments does bear
Which form the springy texture of the air,
That those still strike the next, till to the sight
The quick vibration propagates the light;
'Tis still as hard, if we this scheme believe,
The cause of light's swift progress to conceive.

With thought from prepossession free, reflect
On solar rays, as they the sight respect.
The beams of light had been in vain display'd,
Had not the eye been fit for vision made:
In vain the author had the eye prepar'd
With so much skill, had not the light appear'd.

The old and new astronomers in vain
Attempt the heavenly motions to explain.
First Ptolemy his scheme celestial wrought,
And of machines a wild provision brought:
Orbs centric and eccentric he prepares,
Cycles and epicycles, solid spheres,
In order plac'd, and with bright globes inlaid,
To solve the tow'rs by heavenly bodies made.
But so perplex'd, so intricate a frame,
The latter ages with derision name.
The comets, which at seasons downward tend,
Then with their flaming equipage ascend;
Venus, which in the purlicues of the sun
Does now above him, now beneath him, run;
The ancient structure of the heavens subvert,
Rear'd with vast labour, but with little art.

Copernicus, who rightly did condemn
This eldest system, form'd a wiser scheme;
In which he leaves the sun at rest, and rolls
The orb terrestrial on its proper poles;
Which makes the night and day by this career,
And by its slow and crooked course the year.
The famous Dane, who oft the modern guides,
To earth and sun their provinces divides:
The earth's rotation makes the night and day;
The sun revolving through the th' ecliptic way
Effects the various seasons of the year,
Which in their turn for happy ends appear.
This scheme or that, which pleases best, embrace,
Still we the fountain of their motion trace.

Kepler asserts these wonders may be done
By the magnetic virtue of the sun,
Which he, to gain his end, thinks fit to place
Full in the centre of that mighty space,
Which does the spheres, where planets roll, include,
And leaves him with attractive force endued.
The sun, thus seated, by mechanic laws,
The earth and every distant planet draws;
By which attraction all the planets, found
Within his reach, are turn'd in æther round.

If all these rolling orbs the sun obey,
Who holds his empire by magnetic sway?
Since all are guided with an equal force,
Why are they so unequal in their course?
Saturn in thirty years his ring completes,
Which swifter Jupiter in twelve repeats.
Mars three and twenty months revolving spends;
The earth in twelve her annual journey ends.
Venus, thy race in twice four months is run;
For his, Mercurius three demands; the moon
Her revolution finishes in one.
If all at once are mov'd, and by one spring,
Why so unequal is their annual ring?

If some, you say, press'd with a ponderous load
Of gravity, move slower in their road,
Because, with weight incumber'd and oppress'd,
These sluggish orbs th' attractive sun resist;
Till you can weight and gravity explain,
Those words are insignificant and vain.
If planetary orbs the sun obey,
Why should the moon disown his sovereign sway?
Why in a whirling eddy of her own
Around the globe terrestrial should she run?
This disobedience of the moon will prove
The sun's bright orb does not the planet move.
Philosophers may spare their toil; in vain
They form new schemes, and rack their thought-
ful brain,

The cause of heavenly motions to explain:
After their various unsuccessful ways,
Their fruitless labour, and inept essays,
No cause of those appearances they'll find,
But power exerted by th' Eternal Mind;
Which through their roads the orbs celestial drives,
And this or that determin'd motion gives.
The Mind Supreme does all his worlds controul,
Which by his order this and that way roll;
From him they take a delegated force,
And by his high command maintain their course;
By laws decreed e'er fleeting time begun,
In their fix'd limits they their stages run.

But if the earth, and each erratic world,
Around their sun their proper centre whirl'd,
Compose but one extended vast machine,
And from one spring their motions all begin;
Does not so wide, so intricate a frame,
Yet so harmonious, sovereign art proclaim?
Is it a proof of judgment to invent
A work of spheres involv'd, which represent
The situation of the orbs above,
Their size and number show, and how they move?
And does not in the orbs themselves appear
A great contrivance, and design as clear?

This wide machine the universe regard,
With how much skill is each apartment rear'd!
The sun, a globe of fire, a glowing mass,
Hotter than melting flint, or fluid glass,
Of this our system holds the middle place.
Mercurius, nearest to the central sun,
Does in an oval orbit circling run;
But rarely is the object of our sight
In solar glory sunk, and more prevailing light.
Venus the next, whose lovely beams adorn
As well the dewy eve, as opening morn,
Does her fair orb in beauteous order turn.
The globe terrestrial next, with flanting poles,
And all its ponderous load, unwearied rolls.
Then we behold bright planetary Jove
Sublime in air through his wide province move;
Four second planets his dominion own,
And round him turn, as round the earth the
moon.

Saturn, revolving in the highest sphere,
With lingering labour finishes his year.
Yet is this mighty system, which contains
So many worlds, such vast æthereal plains,
But one of thousands, which compose the whole,
Perhaps as glorious, and of worlds as full.

The stars, which grace the high expansion, bright
By their own beams, and unprecious light,
Though some near neighbours seem, and some display

United lustre in the milky way,
At a vast distance from each other lie,
Sever'd by spacious voids of liquid sky.
All these illustrious works, and many more,
Which by the tube astronomers explore;
And millions which the glass can ne'er destroy,
Lost in the wilds of vast immensity;
Are suns, are centres, whose superior sway
Planets of various magnitude obey.

If we with one clear comprehensive sight
Saw all these systems, all these orbs of light;
If we their order and dependence knew;
Had all their motions and their ends in view,
With all the comets which in æther stray,
Yet constant to their time and to their way;
Which planets seem, though rarely they appear,
Rarely approach the radiant sun so near,
That his fair beams their atmosphere pervade,
Whence their bright hair and flaming trains are made;

Would not this view convincing marks impart
Of perfect prudence, and stupendous art?

The masters form'd in Newton's famous school,
Who does the chief in modern science rule,
Erect their schemes by mathematic laws,
And solve appearances with just applause;
These, who have nature's steps with care pursued,
That matter is with active force endued,
That all its parts magnetic power exert,
And to each other gravitate, assert.
While by this power they on each other act,
They are at once attracted, and attract.
Less bulky matter therefore must obey
More bulky matter's more engaging sway;
By this the fabric they together hold,
By this the course of heavenly orbs unfold.
Yet these sagacious sons of science own
Attractive virtue is a thing unknown.
This wondrous power, they piously assert,
Th' Almighty Author did at first impart
To matter in degrees, that might produce
The motions he design'd for nature's use.

But, lest we should not here due reverence pay
To learned Epicurus, see the way
By which this reasoner, of such high renown,
Moves through th' ecliptic road the rolling sun.
Opprest with thirst and heat, to adverse seats
By turns, says he, the panting sun retreats
To slake his drought, his vigour to repair
In snowy climes, and frozen fields of air;
Where the bright glutton revels without rest
On his cool banquet, and aerial feast;
Still to and fro he does his light convey
Through the same track, the same unalter'd way,
On luxury intent, and eager of his prey.

But if the sun is back and forward roll'd,
To treat his thirsty orb with polar cold,
Say, is it not, good Epicurus, strange
He should not once beyond the tropic range,
Where he, to quench his drought so much inclin'd,
May snowy fields, and nitrous pastures find,

Meet stores of cold so greedily pursu'd,
And be refresh'd with never-wasting food?

Sometimes this wondrous man is pleas'd to say,
This way and that strong blasts the fun convey:
A northern wind his orb with vigour drives,
Till at the southern tropic it arrives;
Then, wanting breath, and with his toil opprest,
He drops his wings, and leaves the air at rest;
Fresh gusts, now springing from the southern pole,
Assault him there, and make him backward roll.
Thus gales alternate through the zodiac blow
The sailing orb, and waft him to and fro;
While Epicurus, blest with thought refin'd,
Makes the vast globe the pastime of the wind.

Were it not idle labour to confute
Notions so wild, unworthy of dispute;
I'd of the learned Epicurus ask,
If this were for the winds a proper task?
Illustrious sage, inform th' inquirer, why
Still from one stated point of all the sky
The sickle meteor should the sun convey
Through the same stages of his spiral way?
Why in one path, why with such equal pace,
That he should never miss in all his race,
Of time one minute, or one inch of space?

Remark the air's transparent element,
Its curious structure, and its vast extent:
Its wondrous web proclaims the loom divine;
Its threads, the hand that drew them out so fine;
This thin contexture makes its bosom fit
Celestial heat and lustre to transmit;
By which of foreign orbs the riches flow
On this dependent, needy ball below.

Observe its parts link'd in such artful sort,
All are at once supported, and support:
The column pois'd sits hovering on our heads,
And a soft burden on our shoulders spreads;
So the side-arches all the weight sustain,
We find no pressure, and we feel no pain;
Still are the subtle strings in tension found,
Like those of lutes to just proportion wound,
Which of the air's vibration is the source,
When it receives the strokes of foreign force.

Let curious minds, who would the air inspect,
On its elastic energy reflect.
The secret force through all the frame diffus'd,
By which its strings are from compression loos'd;
The spongy parts, now to a straiter seat
Are forc'd by cold, and widen'd now by heat;
By turns they all extend, by turns retire,
As nature's various services require;
They now expand to fill an empty space,
Now shrink to let a ponderous body pass.
If raging winds invade the atmosphere,
Their force its curious texture cannot tear,
Make no disruption in the threads of air;
Or if it does, those parts themselves restore,
Heal their own wounds, and their own breaches cure.

Hence the melodious tenants of the sky,
Which haunt inferior seats, or soar on high,
With ease through all the fluid region stray,
And through the wide expansion wing their way;
Whose open meshes let terrestrial steams
Pass through, entic'd away by solar beams;

And thus a road reciprocal display
To rising vapours, and descending day.

Of heat and light, what ever-during stores,
Brought from the sun's exhaustless golden shores,
Through gulfs immense of intervening air,
Enrich the earth, and every loss repair!
The land, its gainful traffic to maintain,
Sends out crude vapours, in exchange for rain;
The flowery garden, and the verdant mead,
Warm'd by their rays, their exhalations spread, }
In showers and balmy dews to be repaid;
The streams, their banks forsaken, upward move,
And flow again in wandering clouds above:
These regions Nature's magazines on high
With all the stores demanded there supply;
Their different steams the air's wide bosom fill,
Moist from the flood, dry from the barren hill;
Materials into meteors to be wrought,
Which back to these terrestrial seats are brought,
By Nature flap'd to various figures, those
The fruitful rain, and these the hail compose,
The snowy fleece, and curious frost-work; these
Produce the dew, and those the gentle breeze:
Some form fierce winds, which o'er the mountain
pass,

And beat with vigorous wings the valley's face;
O'er the wide lake and barren desert blow,
O'er Libya's burning sand, and Scythia's snow;
Shake the high cedar, through the forest sweep,
And with their furious breath ferment the deep.

This thin, this soft texture of the air
Shows the wise Author's providential care,
Who did the wondrous structure so contrive,
That it might life to breathing creatures give;
Might reinspire, and make the circling mists
Through all its winding channels fit to pass.
Had not the Maker wrought the springy frame
Such as it is, to fan the vital flame,
The blood, defrauded of its nitrous food,
Had cool'd and languish'd in th' arterial road:
While the tir'd heart had strove with fruitless
pain

To push the lazy tide along the vein.

Of what important use to human kind,
To what great ends subservient, is the wind!
Behold, where'er this active vapour flies,
It drives the clouds, and agitates the skies:
This from stagnation and corruption saves
Th' aerial ocean's ever-rolling waves.
This animals, to succour life, demand;
For, should the air unventilated stand,
The idle deep corrupted would contain
Blue deaths, and secret stores of raging pain;
The scorching sun would with a fatal beam
Make all the void with births malignant teem,
Engender jaundice, spotted torments breed,
And purple plagues, from pestilential seed;
Exhaling vapours would be turn'd to swarms
Of noxious insects, and destructive worms,
More than were rais'd to scourge tyrannic lust,
By Moses' rod, from animated dust.

Another blessing, which the breathing wind
Benevolent conveys to human kind,
Is, that it cools and qualifies the air,
And with soft breezes does the regions cheer,

Vol. VII.

On which the sun o'er-friendly does display
Heat too prevailing, and redundant day.
Ye swarthy nations of the torrid zone,
How well to you is this great bounty known!
As frequent gales from the wide ocean rise
To fan your air, and moderate your skies;
So constant winds, as well as rivers, flow
From your high hills enrich'd with stores of snow:
For this great end, these hills rise more sublime
Than those erected in a temperate clime.
Had not the Author this provision made,
By which your air is cool'd, your sun allay'd,
Destroy'd by too intense a flame, the land
Had lain a parch'd inhospitable sand.
These districts, which between the tropics lie,
Which scorching beams directly darted fry,
Were thought an uninhabitable seat,
Burnt by the neighbouring orb's immoderate heat:
But the fresh breeze, that from the ocean blows,
From the wide lake, or from the mountain snows,
So soothes the air, and mitigates the sun,
So cures the regions of the sultry zone,
That oft' with Nature's blessings they abound,
Frequent in people, and with plenty crown'd.

As active winds relieve the air and land,
The seas no less their useful blasts demand:
Without this aid, the ship would ne'er advance
Along the deep, and o'er the billow dance,
But lie a lazy and a useless load,
The forest's wasted spoils, the lumber of the flood,
Let but the wind with an auspicious gale,
To shove the vessel, fill the spreading sail,
And see, with swelling canvass wing'd, she flies,
And with her waving streamers sweeps the skies!
Th' adventurous merchant thus pursues his way
Or to the rise, or to the fall of day.
Thus mutual traffic fever'd realms maintain,
And manufactures change to mutual gain;
Each other's growth and arts they sell and buy,
Ease their redundancy, and their wants supply.

Ye Britons, who the fruit of commerce find,
How is your isle a debtor to the wind,
Which thither wafts Arabia's fragrant spoils,
Gems, pearls, and spices, from the Indian isles,
From Persia silks, wines from Iberia's shore,
Peruvian drugs, and Guinea's golden ore!
Delights and wealth to fair Augusta flow
From every region whence the winds can blow.

See, how the vapours congregated rear
Their gloomy columns, and obscure the air!
Forgetful of their gravity, they rise,
Renounce the centre, and usurp the skies,
Where, form'd to clouds, they their black lines dis-
play,

And take their airy march, as winds convey.
Sublime in air while they their course pursue,
They from their sable fleeces shake the dew
On the parch'd mountain; and with genial rain
Renew the forest, and refresh the plain:
They shed their healing juices on the ground,
Cement the crack, and close the gaping wound:
Did not the vapours, by the solar heat
Thinn'd and exhal'd, rise to their airy seat,
Or not in watery clouds collected fly,
Then form'd to ponderous drops desert the sky;

The fields would no recruits of moisture find,
But, by the sun-beams dry'd, and by the wind,
Would never plant, or flower, or fruit, produce,
Or for the beast, or for his master's use.

But in the spacious climates, which the rain
Does never bless (such is th' Egyptian plain),
With how much art is that defect supply'd!
See, how some noble river's swelling tide,
Augmented by the mountains' melting snows,
Breaks from its banks, and o'er the region flows!
Hence fruitful crops and flowery wealth ensue,
And to the swain such mighty gains accrue,
He ne'er reproaches Heaven for want of dew.

See, and rever, th' artillery of heaven,
Drawn by the gale, or by the tempest driven!
A dreadful fire the floating batteries make,
O'erturn the mountain, and the forest shake.
This way and that they drive the atmosphere,
And its wide bosom from corruption clear,
While their bright flame consumes the sulphur
trains,

And noxious vapours, which infect our veins.
Thus they refine the vital element,
Secure our health, and growing plagues prevent.

Your contemplation farther yet pursue;
The wondrous world of vegetables view!
Observe the forest oak, the mountain pine,
The towering cedar, and the humble vine,
The bending willow, that o'er shades the flood,
And each spontaneous offspring of the wood!

The oak and pine, which high from earth arise,
And wave their lofty heads amidst the skies,
Their parent earth in like proportion wound,
And through crude metals penetrate the ground;
Their strong and ample roots descend so deep
That fix and firm they may their station keep,
And the fierce shocks of furious winds defy,
With all the outrage of inclement sky.
But the base brier and the noble vine
Their arms around their stronger neighbour twine,
The creeping ivy, to prevent its fall,
Clings with its fibrous grapples to the wall.
Thus are the trees of every kind secure,
Or by their own, or by a borrow'd power.
But every tree from all its branching roots
Amidst the glebe small hollow fibres shoots;
Which drink with thirsty mouths the vital juice,
And to the limbs and leaves their food diffuse:
Peculiar pores peculiar juice receive,
To this deny, to that admittance give.

Hence various trees their various fruits produce,
Some for delightful taste, and some for use.
Hence sprouting plants enrich the plain and wood,
For physic some, and some design'd for food.
Hence fragrant flowers, with different colours dy'd,
On smiling meads unfold their gaudy pride.

Review these numerous scenes, at once survey
Nature's extended face; then, sceptics, say,
In this wide field of wonders can you find
No art discover'd, and no end design'd?

BOOK III.

The Argument.

The introduction. Useful knowledge first pursued by man. Agriculture. Architecture. Sculpture. Painting. Music. The Grecian philosophers first engaged in useless speculations. The absurdity of asserting the self-existent, independent, and eternal being of atoms, according to the scheme of Epicurus. Answer to the objections of atheists to the scheme of creation asserted in the two former books. The objections brought by Lucretius against creation, from the necessity of pre-existent matter for the formation of all kinds of beings; from the pretended unartful contrivance of the world; from thorns, briars, and noxious weeds; from savage beasts, storms, thunder, diseases; from the painful birth and the short life of man; from the inequality of heat and cold in different climates; answered. The objections of the Pyrrhonians, or Sceptics, answered. A reply to those who assert all things owe their being and their motions to nature. Their different and senseless account of that word. More apparent and eminent skill and wisdom expressed in the works of nature than in those of human art. The unreasonableness of denying skill and design in the author of those works. Vaninus, Hobbes, and Spinoza, considered.

THE vain philosophy had rear'd her school,
Whose chiefs imagin'd realms of science rule,
With idle toil form visionary schemes,
And wage eternal war for rival dreams;
Studious of good, man disregarded fame,
And useful knowledge was his eldest aim:
Through metaphysic wilds he never flew,
Nor the dark haunts of school chimeras knew,
But had alone his happiness in view.

He milk'd the lowing herd, he press'd the
cheese,
Folded the flock, and spun the woolly fleece.
In urns the bees delicious dews he lay'd,
Whose kindling wax invented day display'd;
Wrested their iron entrails from the hills,
Then with the spoils his glowing forges fills;
And shap'd with vigorous strokes the ruddy bay
To rural arms, unconscious yet of war.

He made the ploughshare in the furrow shine,
And learn'd to sow his bread, and plant his vine.
Now verdant food adorn'd the garden beds,
And fruitful trees shot up their branching heads;
Rich balm from groves, and herbs from grassy
plains;

His fever sooth'd, or heal'd his wounded veins.

Our fathers next, in architecture skill'd,
Cities for use, and forts for safety build:
Then palaces and lofty domes arose;
These for devotion, and for pleasure those.
Their thoughts were next to artful sculpture turn'd,
Which now the palace, now the dome adorn'd.
The pencil then did growing fame acquire,
Then was the trumpet heard, and tuneful lyre,
One did the triumph sing, and one the war in-
spire.

Greece did at length a learned race produce,
Who needful science mock'd, and arts of use,
Consum'd their fruitless hours in eager chase
Of airy notions, through the boundless space
Of speculation, and the darksome void,
Where wrangling wits, in endless strife employ'd,
Mankind with idle subtilities embroil,
And fashion systems with romantic toil;
These with the pride of dogmatizing schools
Impos'd on nature arbitrary rules;
Forc'd her their vain inventions to obey,
And move as learned frenzy trac'd the way:
Above the clouds while they presum'd to soar,
Her trackless heights ambitious to explore,
And heaps of undigested volumes writ,
Illusive notions of fantastic wit;

So long they Nature search'd, and mark'd her laws,
They lost the knowledge of th' Almighty cause.

Th' erroneous dictates of each Grecian sage
Renounc'd the doctrines of the eldest age.
Yet these their matchless science did proclaim,
Usurp distinction, and appropriate fame.

But though their schools produc'd no nobler fruit
Than empty schemes, and triumphs of dispute;
The notions which arise from Nature's light
As well adorn the mind, as guide her right,
Enlarge her compass, and improve her sight.
These ne'er the breast with vain ambition fire,
But banish pride, and modest thoughts inspire.
By her inform'd, we blest religion learn,
Its glorious object by her aid discern;
The rolling worlds around us we survey,
Th' alternate sovereigns of the night and day;
View the wide earth adorn'd with hills and woods,
Rich in her herds, and fertile by her floods;
Walk through the deep apartments of the main,
Ascend the air to visit clouds and rain;
And, while we ravish'd gaze on Nature's face,
Remark her order, and her motions trace,
The long coherent chain of things we find
Leads to a Cause Supreme, a wise Creating Mind.

You, who the being of a God disclaim,
And think mere chance produc'd this wondrous
frame;

Say, did you e'er reflect, Lucretian-tribe,
To matter what perfections you ascribe?
Can you to dust such veneration show?
As atom with such privilege endow,

That from its nature's pure necessity
It should exist, and no corruption see?

Since your first atoms independent are,
And not each other's being prop and bear,
And since to this it is fortuitous
That others should existence have; suppose
You in your mind one atom should remove
From all the troops, that in the vacant strove,
Cannot our thought conceive one atom less?
If so, you Grecian sages must confess
That matter, which you independent name,
Cannot a being necessary claim;
For what has being from necessity,
It is impossible it should not be.

Why has an atom this one place possess
Of all the empty void, and not the rest?
If by its nature's force 'tis present here,
By the same force it must be every where;
Can beings be confin'd, which necessary are?
If a first body may to any place
Be not determin'd, in the boundless space,
'Tis plain, it then may absent be from all;
Who then will this a self-existence call?
As time does vast eternity regard,
So place is with infinitude compar'd:
A being then, which never did commence,
Must, as eternal, likewise be immense.
What cause within, or what without, is found,
That can a being uncreated bound?
None that's internal, for it has no cause;
Nor can it be controll'd by foreign laws,
For then it clearly would dependent be
On force superior, which will ne'er agree
With self-existence and necessity.

Absurdly then to atoms you assign
Such powers, and such prerogatives divine.
Thus while the notion of a God you slight,
Yourself (who vainly think you reason right)
Make vile material Gods, in number infinite.

Now let us, as 'tis just, in turn prepare
To stand the foe, and wage defensive war.
Lucretius first, a mighty hero, springs
Into the field, and his own triumph sings.
He brings, to make us from our ground retire,
The reasoner's weapons, and the poet's fire.
The tuneful sophist thus his battle forms,
Our bulwarks thus in polish'd armour storms.

To parent matter things their being owe,
Because from nothing no productions flow;
And, if we grant no pre-existent seed,
Things, different things, from what they do,
might breed,

And any thing from any thing proceed;
The spicy groves might Scythia's hills adorn,
The thistle might the amaranth have borne,
The vine the lemon, and the grape the thorn;
Herds from the hills, men from the seas might
rise,

From woods the whales, and lions from the skies.
Th' elated bard here, with a conqueror's air,
Disdainful smiles, and bids his foes despair..
But, Cæsar, here you use poetic charms,
And not assail us with the reasoner's arms.
Where all is clear, you fancy'd doubts remove,
And what we grant with ease, with labour prove;

What you would prove, but cannot, you decline;
But choose a thing you can, and there you shine.

Tell us, sam'd Roman, was it e'er denied,
That seeds for such productions are supplied?
That Nature always must materials find
For beasts and trees, to propagate their kind?
All generation, the rude peasant knows,
A pre-existent matter must suppose.
But what to Nature first her being gave?
Tell, whence your atoms their existence have?
We ask you, whence the seeds constituent spring
Of every plant, and every living thing?
Whence every creature should produce its kind,
And to its proper species be confin'd?
To answer this, Lucretius, will require
More than sweet numbers and poetic fire.

But see how well the poet will support
His cause, if we the argument retort.
If chance alone could manage, sort, divide,
And, beings to produce, your atoms guide;
If casual concurrence did the world compose,
And things from hits fortuitous arose;
Then any thing might come from any thing;
For how from chance can constant order spring?
The forest oak might bear the blushing rose,
And fragrant myrtles thrive in Russian snows;
The fair pomegranate might adorn the pine,
The grape the bramble, and the sloe the vine;
Fish from the plains, birds from the floods might
rise,

And lowing herds break from the starry skies.

But, see, the chief does keener weapons choose,
Advances bold, and thus the fight renews:

"If I were doubtful of the source and spring
"Whence things arise, I from the skies could
"bring,

"And every part of nature, proofs, to show
"The world to gods cannot its being owe;
"So full of faults is all th' unartful frame:
"First we the air's unpeopled desert blame.
"Brute beasts possess the hill, and shady wood;
"Much do the lakes, but more the ocean's flood
"(Which severs realms, and shores divided leaves)
"Take from the land by interposing waves;
"One third, by freezing cold and burning heat,
"Lies a deform'd, inhospitable seat;
"The rest, unlabour'd, would by nature breed
"Wild brambles only, and the noxious weed,
"Did not industrious man, with endless toil,
"Extort his food from the reluctant soil;
"Did not the farmer's steel the furrow wound,
"And harrows tear the harvest from the ground,
"The earth would no spontaneous fruits afford
"To man, her vain imaginary lord.
"Oft, when the labouring hind has plough'd the
"field,

"And forc'd the glebe unwillingly to yield,
"When green and flowery nature crowns his hope
"With the gay promise of a plenteous crop,
"The fruits (sad ruin!) perish on the ground,
"Burnt by the sun, or by the deluge drown'd;
"Or soon decay, by snows immoderate chill'd,
"By winds are blasted, or by lightning kill'd.
"Nature, besides, the savage beast sustains,
Breeds in the hills the terror of the plains,

"To man a fatal race. Could this be so,
"Did gracious gods dispose of things below?
"Their proper plagues with annual seasons come,
"And deaths untimely blast us in the bloom.
"Man at his birth (unhappy son of grief!)
"Is helpless cast on the wide coasts of life,
"In want of all things whence our comforts flow;
"A sad and moving spectacle of woe.
"Infants in ill-pressing cries complain,
"As conscious of a coming life of pain. [grants,
"All things mean time to beasts kind Nature
"Prevents their sufferings, and supplies their
"wants; [and feed,
"Brought forth with ease, they grow, and skip,
"No dangling nurse, or jingling gewgaw, need;
"In caves they lurk, or o'er the mountains range,
"Nor ever through the year their garment change;
"Unvers'd in arms, and ignorant of war,
"They need no forts, and no invasion fear;
"Whate'er they want, from Nature's hand they
"gain;

"The life she gave, she watches to maintain."
Thus impotent in sense, though strong in rage,
The daring Roman does the gods engage:
But undismay'd we face th' intrepid foe,
Sustain his onset, and thus ward the blow.

Suppose defects in this terrestrial seat,
That nature is not, as you urge, complete;
That a divine and wise Artificer
Might greater wonders of his art confer,
And might with ease on man, and man's abode,
More bounty, more perfection, have bestow'd;
If in this lower world he has not shown
His utmost skill, say, has he therefore none?

We in productions arbitrary see
Marks of perfection, different in degree.
Though masters now more skill, now less impart,
Yet are not all their works the works of art?
Do poets still sublimer subjects sing,
Still stretch to heaven a bold aspiring wing,
Nor e'er descend to flocks and labouring swains,
Frequent the floods, or range the humble plains?
Did, Grecian Phidias, all thy pieces shine
With equal beauty? or, Apelles, thine?
Or Raphael's pencil never choose to fall?
Say, are his works transfigurations all?
Did Buonorota never build, O Rome,
A meaner structure, than thy wondrous dome?
Though, in their works applauded as their best,
Greater design and genius are express'd,
Yet is there none acknowledg'd in the rest?

In all the parts of Nature's spacious sphere
Of art, ten thousand miracles appear:
And will you not the Author's skill adore,
Because you think he might discover more?
You own a watch th' invention of the mind,
Though for a single motion 'tis design'd,
As well as that, which is with greater thought,
With various springs, for various motions wrought.
An independent, wise, and conscious cause,
Who freely acts by arbitrary laws,
Who at connexion and at order aims,
Creatures distinguish'd in perfection frames.
Unconscious causes only still impart
Their utmost skill, their utmost power exert.

Those, which can freely choose, discern, and know,

In acting can degrees of vigour show,
And more or less of art or care bestow.

If all perfection were in all things shown,
All beauty, all variety, were gone.

As this inferior habitable seat
By different parts is made one whole complete;
So our low world is only one of those,
Which the capacious universe compose.
Now to the universal whole advert;
The earth regard as of that whole a part,
In which wide frame more noble worlds abound;
Witness, ye glorious orbs, which hang around,
Ye shining planets, that in æther stray,
And thou, bright lord and ruler of the day!
Witness, ye stars, which beautify the skies,
How much do your vast globes in height and size,
In beauty and magnificence outgo

Our ball of earth, that hangs in clouds below!
Between yourselves too is distinction found,
Of different bulk, with different glory crown'd;
The people, which in your bright regions dwell,
Must this low world's inhabitants excel;
And, since to various planets they agree,
They from each other must distinguish'd be,
And own perfections different in degree.

When we on fruitful Nature's care reflect,
And her exhaustless energy respect,
That stocks this globe, which you Lucretians call
The world's coarse dregs, which to the bottom fall,

With numerous kinds of life, and bounteous fills
With breathing guests the vallies, floods, and hills;

We may pronounce each orb sustains a race
Of living things adapted to the place.
Were the resplendent parts and most refin'd
Only to serve the dark and base design'd?
Were all the stars, whose beauteous realms of light,

At distance only hung to shine by night,
And with their twinkling beams to please our sight?

How many roll in æther, which the eye
Could ne'er, till aided by the glass, descry;
And which no commerce with the earth maintain!
Are all those glorious empires made in vain?

Now, as I said, the globe terrestrial view,
As of the whole a part, a mean one too.
Though 'tis not like th' æthereal worlds refin'd,
Yet is it just, and finish'd in its kind;
Has all perfection which the place demands,
Where in coherence with the rest it stands.
Were to your view the universe display'd,
And all the scenes of nature open laid;
Could you their place, proportion, harmony,
Their beauty, order, and dependence, see,
You'd grant our globe had all the marks of art,
All the perfection due to such a part,
Though not with lustre, or with magnitude,
Like the bright stars, or brighter sun, endued.

You oft' declaim on man's unhappy fate;
Insulting, oft' demand in this debate,
If the kind gods could such a wretch create?

But whence can this unhappiness arise?

You say, as soon as born, he helpless lies,
And mourns his woes in ill-presaging cries.
But does not Nature for the child prepare
The parent's love, the nurse's tender care,
Who, of their own forgetful, seek his good,
Enfold his limbs in bands, and fill his veins with food?

That man is frail and mortal, is confess'd;
Convulsions rack his nerves, and cares his breast;
His flying life is chas'd by ravening pains,
Through all its doubles in the winding veins;
Within himself he sure destruction breeds,
And secret torment in his bowels feeds;
By cruel tyrants, by the savage beast,
Or his own fiercer passions he's oppress'd;
Now breathes malignant air, now poison drinks;
By gradual death, or by untimely, sinks.

But these objectors must the cause upbraid
That has not mortal man immortal made:
For, if he once must feel the fatal blow,
Is it of great importance when, or how?
Should the Lucretian lingering life maintain
Through numerous ages, ignorant of pain,
Still might the discontented murmurer cry,
Ah, hapless fate of man! ah, wretch, doom'd once to die!

But oh! how soon would you, who thus complain,
And Nature's cause of cruelty arraign,
By reason's standard this mistake correct,
And cease to murmur, did you once reflect,
That death removes us only from our seat,
Does not extinguish life, but change its state.
Then are display'd (oh ravishing surprise!)
Fair scenes of bliss, and triumphs in the skies;
To which admitted, each superior mind,
By virtue's vital energy refin'd,
Shines forth with more than solar glory bright,
And, cloth'd with robes of beatific light,
His hours in heavenly transports does employ,
Young with immortal bloom from living streams of joy.

You ask us, why the soil the thistle breeds?
Why its spontaneous births are thorns and weeds?

Why for the harvest it the harrow needs?
The Author might a nobler world have made,
In brighter dress the hills and vales array'd,
And all its face in flowery scenes display'd:
The glebe untill'd might plenteous crops have borne,

And brought forth spicy groves instead of thorn;
Rich fruit and flowers, without the gardener's pains,
Might every hill have crown'd, have honour'd all the plains:

This nature might have boasted, had the mind,
Who form'd the spacious universe, design'd
That man, from labour free as well as grief,
Should pass in lazy luxury his life.
But he his creature gave a fertile soil,
Fertile, but not without the owner's toil;
That some reward his industry should crown,
And that his food in part might be his own.

But while, insulting, you arraign the land,
Ask why it wants the plough, or labourer's hand.

Kind to the marble rocks, you ne'er complain
That they without the sculptor's skill and pain
No perfect statue yield, no baffle relieve,
Or finish'd column for the palace give;
Yet if from hills unlabour'd figures came,
Man might have ease enjoy'd, though never fame.

You may the world of more defects upbraid,
That other works by Nature are unmade;
That she did never at her own expence
A palace rear, and in magnificence
Out-rival art, to grace the stately rooms;
That she no castle builds, no lofty domes.
Had Nature's hand these various works prepar'd,
What thoughtful care, what labour had been spar'd!
But then no realm would one great master show,
No Phidias Greece, and Rome no Angelo.
With equal reason too you might demand,
Why boats and ships require the artist's hand?
Why generous Nature did not these provide
To pass the standing lake, or flowing tide?

You say the hills, which high in air arise,
Harbour in clouds, and mingle with the skies,
The earth's dishonour and encumbering load,
Of many spacious regions man defraud,
For beasts and birds of prey a desolate abode.
But can th' object or no convenience find
In mountains, hills, and rocks, which gird and
bind.

The mighty frame, that else would be disjoint'd?
Do not those heaps the raging tide restrain,
And for the dome afford the marble vein?
Does not the river from the mountain flow,
And bring down riches to the vale below?
See how the torrent rolls the golden sand
From the high ridges to the flatter land.
The lofty lines abound with endless store
Of mineral treasure, and metallic ore;
With precious veins of silver, copper, tin,
Without how barren, yet how rich within!
They bear the pine, the oak and cedar yield,
To form the palace, and the navy build.

When the inclement meteors you accuse,
And ask if gracious God would storms produce;
You ne'er reflect, that by the driving wind
The air from noxious vapours is refin'd;
Freed from the putrid seeds of pain and death,
That living creatures might not, by their breath,
Through their warm veins, instead of vital food,
Disperse contagion, and corrupt their blood.
Without the wind, the ship were made in vain,
Adventurous merchants could not cross the
main,

Nor sever'd realms their gainful trade maintain.

Then with this wise reflection you disturb
Your anxious thought, that our terrestrial orb
In many parts is not by man possess'd,
With too much heat, or too much cold, oppress'd.
But in mistake you this objection found:
Unnumber'd isles and spacious tracts of ground,
Which feel the scorching sun's directer beam,
And did to you inhospitable seem,
With tawny nations, or with black, abound,
With noble rivers lav'd, with plenty crown'd;
And regions too from the bright orb remote
Are peopled, which you unfrequented thought.

But could Lucretius on the sun reflect,
His proper distance from the earth respect,
Observe his constant road, his equal pace,
His round diurnal, and his annual race;
Could he regard the nature of the light,
Its beauteous lustre, and its rapid flight,
And its relation to the sense of sight;
Could he to all these miracles advert,
And not in all perceive one stroke of art?
Grant, that the motions of the sun are such,
That some have light too little, some too much:
Grant, that in different tracts he might have roll'd,
And given each clime more equal heat and cold:
Yet view the revolutions, as they are,
Does there no wisdom, no design appear?
Could any but a knowing, prudent Cause
Begin such motions, and assign such laws?
If the Great Mind had form'd a different frame,
Might not your wanton wit the system blame?
Though here you all perfection should not find,
Yet is it all th' Eternal Will design'd:
It is a finish'd world, and perfect in its kind.
Not that its regions every charm include,
With which celestial empires are endued;
Nor is consummate goodness here conferr'd,
If we perfection absolute regard;
But what's before asserted, we repeat,
Of the vast whole it is a part complete.

But since you are displeas'd the partial sun
Is not indulgent to the frigid zone;
Suppose more suns in proper orbits roll'd,
Dissolv'd the snows, and chas'd the polar cold;
Or grant that this revolv'd in such a way,
As equal heat to all he might convey,
And give the distant poles their share of day;
Observe how prudent Nature's icy hoard,
With all her nitrous stores, would be devour'd;
Then would unbalanc'd heat licentious reign,
Crack the dry hill, and chap the russet plain;
Her moisture all exhal'd, the cleaving earth
Would yield no fruit, and bear no verdant birth.
You of the pools and spacious lakes complain,
And of the liquid deserts of the main,
As hurtful these, or useless, you arraign.

Besides the pleasure which the lakes afford,
Are not their waves with fish delicious stor'd?
Does not the wide capacious deep the sky
With dewy clouds, the earth with rain, supply?
Do not the rivers, which the valley lave,
Creep through the secret subterranean cave,
And to the hills convey the reflux wave?
You then must own, the earth the ocean needs,
Which thus the lake recruits, the fountain feeds.

The noxious plant, and savage animal,
Which you the earth's reproach and blemish call,
Are useful various ways; if not for food,
For manufactures or for medicine good.
Thus we repel with reason, not evade,
The bold objections by Lucretius made.

Pyrrhonians next, of like ambitious aim,
Wanton of wit, and panting after fame,
Who strove to sink the seeds of chief renown,
And on their ruin'd schools to raise their own;
Boldly presum'd, with rhetorician pride,
To hold of any question either side.

They thought, in every subject of debate,
In either scale the proof of equal weight.

Ask, if a God existent they allow?
The vain declaimers will attempt to show,
That, whether you renounce him, or assert,
There's no superior proof on either part.
Suppose a God, we must, say they, conclude
He lives; if so, he is with sense endued;
And, if with sense endued, may pain perceive,
And what can suffer pain may cease to live.

Pyrrhonians, we a living God adore,
An unexhausted spring of vital power;
But his immortal, uncreated life
No torment feels, and no destructive grief.
Does he by different organs taste or hear?
Or by an eye do things to him appear?
Has he a muscle, or extended nerve,
Which to impart or pain or pleasure serve?
Of all perfection possible possessor,
He finds no want, nor is with woe oppress'd.
Though we can ne'er explore the life divine,
And found the blest abyss by reason's line,
Yet 'tis not, mortal man, a transient life, like
thine.

Others, to whom the whole mechanic tribe
With an harmonious sympathy subscribe,
Nature with empire universal crown,
And this high queen the world's Creator own.
If you what builder rear'd the world demand,
They say 'twas done by Nature's powerful hand;
If whence its order and its beauty rose,
Nature, they say, did so the frame dispose;
If what its steady motions does maintain,
And holds of causes and effects the chain,
O'er all her works this Sovereign Cause presides,
Upholds the orbs, and all their motions guides.
Since to her bounty we such blessings owe,
Our generous Benefactor let us know.
When the word Nature you express, declare,
Form'd in your minds what image does appear?
Can you that term of doubtful sound explain?
Show it no idle offspring of the brain?

Sometimes by Nature your enlighten'd school
Intends of things the universal whole;
Sometimes it is the order, that connects,
And holds the chain of causes and effects:
Sometimes it is the manner and the way,
In which those causes do their force convey,
And in effects their energy display.
That she's the work itself, you oft assert,
As oft th' artificer, as oft the art;
That is, that we may Nature clearly trace,
And by her marks distinctly know her face;
She's now the building, now the architect,
And now the rule which does his hand direct.

But let this empress be whate'er you please;
Let her be all or any one of these;
She is with reason, or she's not, endu'd!
If you the first affirm, we thence conclude
A God, whose being you oppose, you grant:
But if this mighty queen does reason want,
How could this noble fabric be design'd,
And fashion'd by a Maker brute and blind?
Could it of art such miracles invent,
And raise a beauteous world of such extent?

Still at the helm does this dark pilot stand,
And with a steady, never-erring hand,
Steer all the floating worlds, and their set course
command?

That clearer strokes of masterly design,
Of wise contrivance, and of judgment, shine
In all the parts of Nature, we assert,
Than in the brightest works of human art:
And shall not those be judg'd th' effect of thought,
As well as these with skill inferior wrought?
Let such a sphere to India be convey'd,
As Archimede or modern Hugen made;
Will not the Indian, though untaught and rude,
This work th' effect of wise design conclude?
Is there such skill in imitation shown?
And in the things, we imitate, is none?
Are not our arts, by artful Nature taught,
With pain and careful observation sought?

Behold the painter, who with Nature vies:
See his whole soul exerted in his eyes!
He views her various scenes, intent to trace
The master lines, that form her finish'd face:
Are thought and conduct in the copy clear,
While none in all th' original appear?

Tell us, what master, for mechanics fam'd,
Has one machine so admirably fram'd,
Where you will art in such perfection grant,
As in a living creature or a plant?
Declare, what curious workmanship can vie
Or with a hand or foot, an ear, or eye?
That can for skill as much applause deserve,
As the fine texture of the fibrous nerve;
Or the stupendous system, which contains
Th' arterial channels, or the winding veins?
What artificial frame, what instrument,
Did one superior genius yet invent,
Which to the bones or muscles is prefer'd,
If you their order, form, or use, regard?
Why then to works of nature is assign'd
An Author unintelligent and blind,
When ours proceed from choice and conscious
mind?

To this you say, that Nature's are indeed
Most artful works, but then they ne'er proceed
From Nature acting with design and art,
Who, void of choice, her vigour does exert;
And by unguided motion things produce,
Regardless of their order, end, or use.
By Tully's mouth thus Cotta does dispute,
But thus, with ease, the Roman we confute.

Say, if in artful things no art is shown,
What are the certain marks, that make it known?
How will you artful from unartful bound,
And not th' ideas in our mind confound?
Than this no truth displays before our sight
A brighter beam, or more convincing light;
That skilful works suppose a skilful Cause,
Which acts by choice, and moves by prudent
laws.

Where you, unless you are as matter blind,
Conduct and beauteous disposition find,
Conspiring order, fitness, harmony,
Use, and convenience; will you not agree
That such effects could not be undesign'd,
Nor could proceed but from a knowing mind?

Old systems you may try, or new ones raise,
May shift and wind, and plot a thousand ways;
May various words, and forms of diction use,
And with a different cant th' unjudging ear amuse;

You may affirm, that chance did things create,
Or let it nature be, or be it fate;
Body alone, inert and brute, you'll find,
'The cause of all things is by you assign'd.
And, after all your fruitless toil, if you
A Cause distinct from matter will allow,
It must be conscious, not like matter blind,
And show you grant a God, by granting mind.

Vaninus next, a hardy modern chief,
A bold opposer of Divine Belief,
Attempts religion's fences to subvert,
Strong in his rage, but destitute of art;
In impious maxims fix'd, he Heaven defy'd,
An unbelieving, anti-martyr dy'd.
Strange, that an atheist pleasure should refuse,
Relinquish life, and death in torment choose!
Of science what a despicable share
Vaninus own'd, his publish'd dreams declare.
Let impious wits applaud a godless mind,
As blest with piercing sight, and sense refin'd,
Contriv'd and wrought by Nature's careful hand,
All the proud schools of learning to command;
Let them pronounce each patron of their cause
Claims by distinguish'd merit just applause;
Yet I this writer's want of sense arraign,
'Treat all his empty pages with disdain,
And think a grave reply mis-spent and vain:
'To borrow light, his error to amend,
I would the atheist to Vaninus send

At length Britannia's soil, immortal shame!
Brought forth a sage of celebrated name,
Who with contempt on blest religion trod,
Mock'd all her precepts, and renounc'd his God.
As awful shades and horrors of the night
Disturb the mother, and the child affright;
Who see dire spectres through the gloomy air
In threatening forms advance, and shuddering
hear

The groans of wandering ghosts, and yellings of
From the same spring, he says, devotion flows,
Conscience of guilt from dread of vengeance rose;
Religion is the creature of the spleen,
And troubled fancy forms the world unseen;
That timorous minds, with self-tormenting care,
Create these awful phantoms which they fear.

Such arms were us'd by impious chiefs of old,
Vain as this modern hero, and as bold.
Who would not this philosopher adore,
For finding worlds discover'd long before?
Can he one flower in all his garden show,
Which in his Grecian master's did not grow?
And yet, imperious, with a teacher's air,
Boastful, he claims a right to wisdom's chair;
Gasping with ardent thirst of false renown,
With Grecian wreaths he does his temples crown,
'Triumphs with borrow'd spoils, and trophies not
his own.

The world, he grants, with clouds was ever-
spread;

such as'er erected yet her starry head,

'Till he, bright genius, rose to chase the night,
And through all nature shone with new-sprung
light.

But let th' inquirer know, proud Briton! why
Hope should not gods, as well as fear supply;
Does not th' idea of a God include
The notion of beneficent and good;
Of one to mercy, not revenge, inclin'd,
Able and willing to relieve mankind?
And does not this idea more appear
The object of our hope, than of our fear?
Then tell us, why this passion, more than that,
Should build their altars, and the gods create?

But let us grant the weak and timorous mind
To superstitious terrors is inclin'd;
That horrid scenes, and monsters form'd in air,
By night the children and the mother scare;
That apparitions, by a fever bred,
Or by the spleen's black vapours, fill the head;
Does that affect the sage of sense refin'd,
Whose body's healthful, and serene his mind?
Yet more, insulting Briton! let us try
Your reason's force, your arguments apply.
You say, since spectres from the fancy flow,
To timorous fancy gods their being owe;
Since phantoms to the weak seem real things,
Religion from mistake and weakness springs.

But though the vulgar have illusions seen,
Thought objects were without that were with-
in;

Yet we from hence absurdly should conclude,
All objects of the mind the mind delude:
That our ideas idle are, that none
Were ever real, and that nothing's known.

But, leaving phantoms and illusive fear,
Let us at reason's judgment-seat appear;
There let the question be severely try'd;
By an impartial sentence we abide:
Th' Eternal Mind's existence we sustain,
By proofs so full, by evidence so plain,
That none of all the sciences have shown
Such demonstration of the truths they own.

Spinoza next, to hide his black design,
And to his side th' unwary to incline,
For heaven his ensigns treacherous displays,
Declares for God, while he that God betrays;
For whom he's pleas'd such evidence to bring,
As saves the name, while it subverts the thing.

Now hear his labour'd scheme of impious use:
No substance can another e'er produce;
Substance no limit, no confinement, knows,
And its existence from its nature flows;
The substance of the universe is one,
Which is the self-existent God alone.
The spheres of æther, which the world enclose,
And all th' apartments, which the whole com-
pose;

The lucid orbs, the earth, the air, the main,
With every different being they contain,
Are one prodigious aggregated God,
Of whom each sand is part, each stone and clod;
Supreme perfections in each insect shine,
Each shrub is sacred, and each weed divine.

Sages, no longer Egypt's sons despise,
For their cheap gods, and favoury deities!

No more their coarse divinities revile!
To leeks, to onions, to the crocodile,
You might your humble adorations pay,
Were you not gods yourselves, as well as they.
As much you pull religion's altars down,
By owning all things God, as owning none;

For should all beings be alike divine,
Of worship if an object you assign,
God to himself must veneration shew,
Must be the idol and the votary too;
And their assertions are alike absurd,
Who own no God, or none to be ador'd.

BOOK IV.

The Argument.

The introduction. No man happy, that has not conquered the fears of death. The inability of the Epicurean scheme to accomplish that end. Religion only capable of subduing those fears. The hypothesis of Epicurus concerning the formation of the universe shown to be absurd. I. In a more general survey of the parts of the universe. II. By a more close and strict examination of his scheme. The principle of motion not accounted for by that scheme; nor the determination of it one way. Pondus, gravity, innate mobility, words without a meaning. Descent of atoms; upwards and downwards, a middle or centre absurdly asserted by Epicurus in infinite space. His hypothesis not to be supported, whether his matter be supposed finite or infinite. His ridiculous assertion relating to the diurnal and annual motion of the sun. The impossibility of forming the world by the casual concurrence of atoms. They could never meet if they moved with equal speed. Primitive atoms, being the smallest parts of matter, would move more slowly than bodies of greater bulk, which have more gravity; yet these are absurdly supposed to move the swiftest. His assertion, that some primitive atoms have a direct, and others an inclining motion, implies a contradiction. Lucretius's explanation of this inclining motion of some first atoms not intelligible. The inexplicable difficulty of stopping the atoms in their flight, and causing them to settle in a formed world. The ponderous earth not to be sustained in liquid air. The Epicurean formation of the heavens very ridiculous. No account given by the Epicureans how the sun and stars are upheld in fluid æther. Their idle account of the formation of the air. The variety of figure and size given by Epicurus to his atoms, a convincing proof of wisdom and design. Another proof is the disproportion of the moist and dry atoms in the formation of the earth. His ludicrous and childish account of the formation of the hollow for the sea. No account given by Epicurus, or his followers, of the motion of the heavenly orbs, particularly of the sun.

CARUS, we grant, no man is blest, but he
Whose mind from anxious thoughts of death is free.

Let laurel wreaths the victor's brows adorn,
Sublime through gazing throngs in triumph borne;
Let acclamations ring around the skies,
While curling clouds of balmy incense rise;
Let spoils immense, let trophies gain'd in war,
And conquer'd kings, attend his rolling car;
If dread of death, still unsubdu'd remains,
And secret o'er the vanquish'd victor reigns;
Th' illustrious slave in endless thralldom bears
A heavier chain than his led captive wears.

With swiftest wing, the fears of future fate
Elude the guards, and pass the palace gate;
Traverse the lofty rooms, and uncontroll'd
Fly hovering round the painted roofs, and bold
To the rich arras cling, and perch on busts of
gold;

Familiar horrors haunt the monarch's head,
And thoughts ill-boding from the downy bed
Chafe gentle sleep; black cares the soul infect,
And broider'd stars adorn a troubled breast:

In vain they ask the charming lyre, in vain
The flatterer's sweeter voice, to lull their pain;
Riot and wine but for a moment please;
Delights they oft enjoy, but never ease.

What are distinction, honour, wealth, and state,
The pomp of courts, the triumphs of the great;
The numerous troops, that envy'd thrones secure,

And splendid ensigns of imperial power?
What the high palace, rear'd with vast expence,
Unrivall'd art, and luxury immense,
With statutes grac'd by ancient Greece supply'd,
With more than Persian wealth, and Tyrian pride?
What are the foods of all delicious kinds,
Which now the huntsman, now the fowler, finds;
The richest wines, which Gallia's happy field,
Which Tuscan hills, or thine, Iberia, yield?

Nature deprav'd abundance does pursue;
Her first and pure demands are cheap and few.
What health promotes, and gives unenvy'd peace,
Is all expenceless, and procur'd with ease.
Behold the shepherd, see th' industrious swain,
Who ploughs the field, or reaps the ripen'd grain,

How mean, and yet how tasteful is their fare!
How sweet their sleep! their souls how free from
care!

They drink the streaming crystal, and escape
Th' inflaming juices of the purple grape;
And, to protect their limbs from rigorous air,
Garments, their own domestic work, they wear:
Yet thoughts of death their lonely cots molest,
Affright the hind, and break the labourer's rest.

Since these reflections on approaching fate
Distrust and ill-presaging care create;
'Tis clear we strive for happiness in vain,
While fears of death within insulting reign.

But then Lucretian wits absurdly frame,
To sink those inbred fears, their impious scheme.
To chase the horrors of a conscious mind,
They desperate means and wild expedients find;
The hardy rebels aiming to appease
Their fierce remorse, and dream a while at ease,
Of crying guilt th' avenging power disown,
And pull their high Creator from his throne;
That done, they mock the threats of future pain,
As monstrous fictions of the poet's brain.

Thy force alone, Religion! Death disarms,
Breaks all his darts, and every viper charms;
Softened by thee, the grisly form appears
No more the horrid object of our fears;
We undismay'd this awful power obey, [way,
'That guides us through the safe, though gloomy
Which leads to life, and to the blest abode,
Where ravish'd minds enjoy, what here they own'd,
a God.

Regard, ye sages of Lucretian race,
Nature's rich dress, behold her lovely face,
Look all around, terrestrial realms survey,
The isles, the rivers, and the spacious sea;
Observe the air, view with attentive eyes
The glorious concave of the vaulted skies;
Could these from casual hits, from tumult, hose,
arise!

Can rule and beauty from distraction grow?
Can symmetry from wild confusion flow?
When atoms in th' unmeasur'd space did rove,
And in the dark for doubtful empire strove;
Did intervening chance the feuds compose,
Establish friendship, and disarm the foes?
Did this the ancient darksome horrors chase,
Distinction give, and spread celestial grace
O'er the black districts of the empty space?
Could atoms, which, with undirected flight,
Roam'd through the void, and rang'd the realms
of night,

Of reason destitute, without intent,
Depriv'd of choice, and mindless of event,
In order march, and to their posts advance,
Led by no guide, but undesigning chance?

What did th' entangled particles divide,
And sort the various seeds of things ally'd?
To make primæval elements select
All the fit atoms, and th' unfit reject?
Distinguish hot from cold, and moist from dry,
Range some to form the earth, and some the sky?
From the embrace, and gloomy arms, of night,
What freed the glimmering fire, and disengag'd
the light?

Could chance such just and prudent measures take?
To frame the world, such distribution make?

If to your builder you will conduct give,
A power to choose, to manage, and contrive,
Your idol chance, suppos'd inert and blind,
Must be inroll'd an active conscious mind.
Did this your wife and sovereign architect
Design the model, and the world erect?
Were by her skill the deep foundations laid,
The globes suspended, and the heavens display'd?
By what elastic engines did the rear
The starry roof, and roll the orbs in air?

On the formation of the earth reflect;
Is this a blind fortuitous effect?

Did all the grosser atoms, at the call
Of chance, file off, to form the ponderous ball,
And undetermin'd into order fall?
Did of themselves th' assembled seeds arrive,
And without art this artful frame contrive?
To build the earth, did chance materials choose,
And through the parts cementing glue diffuse;
Adjust the frontier of the sea and soil,
Balance and hang in air the finish'd pile?
Ye towering hills, whose snowy peaks arise
Above the clouds, and winter in the skies;
Ye rocks, which on the shores your heads ad-
vance;

Are you the labour and the care of chance?
To draw up stones of such prodigious weight,
And raise the amazing heaps to such a height,
What huge machine, what forceful instrument,
Did your blind builder of the world invent?
Could it distinguish, could it wall around
The damp and dark apartments under ground;
With rocky arches vault the hollow caves,
And form the tracks of subterranean waves;
Extend the different mineral veins, and spread
For rich metallic ores the genial bed?

What could prepare the gulfs to entertain
Between their shores the interposing main;
Disjoin the land, the various realms divide,
And spread with scatter'd isles th' extended tide?
Regard th' unnumber'd wonders of the deep,
Where confluent streams, their race completed,
sleep:

Did chance the compass take, and in the dark
The wide dimensions of the ocean mark;
Then dig the ample cave, and stretch the shores
Whose winding arms confine the liquid stores,
Which, gushing from the mountain to the main,
Through verdant vallies draw their humid train?
Did it design the deep abyss, and spread
The ancient waters on their central bed?
To the wild flood did sovereign fortune say,
Thus far advance, and here thy billows stay;
Be this thy harrier, this enclosing land
Thou shalt not pass, nor overflow the land?

And do the waves revere her high command?
Did chemic chance the furnaces prepare,
Raise all the labour-houses of the air,
And lay crude vapours in digestion there;
Where nature is employ'd, with wondrous skill,
To draw her spirits, and her drops distil;
Meteors for various purposes to form,
The breeze to cheer, to terrify the storm?

Did she extend the gloomy clouds on high,
Where all th' amazing fireworks of the sky
In unconcocted seeds fermenting lie,
Till the imprison'd flames are ripe for birth,
And ruddy bolts exploded wound the earth?
What ready hand applies the kindled match,
Which evening trains of unctuous vapours catch?
Whence shoots with lambent flight the falling
star,

And flames unhurtful hovering dance in air?
What curiousloom does chance by evening spread?
With what fine shuttle weave the virgin's thread,
Which, like the spider's net, hangs on the grassy
mead?

Let us the moulds to fashion meteors know,
How these produce the hail, and those the snow?
What gave the exhalations wings to rise,
To leave their centre, and possess the skies?

Let us no longer missive weapons throw,
But close the fight, and grapple with the foe;
Submit to reason's strictest test their scheme,
And by mechanic laws pursue the huddled frame.
See, how th' ambitious architects design:
To rear the world without the power divine,
As principles, the great contrivers place
Unbounded matter in unbounded space:
Matter was first, in parts minute, endued
With various figures, various magnitude;
Some, moving in the spacious infinite,
Describe a line oblique, and some a right;
For, did not some from a strait course deflect,
They could not meet, they could no world erect:
While unfatigued from endless ages past,
They rang'd the dark interminable waste,
Oft' clashing and rencountering in their flight,
Some atoms leap aside, and some upright;
They various ways recoil, and swiftly flow
By mutual repercussions to and fro,
Till, shuffled and entangled in their race,
They clasp each other with a close embrace;
Combin'd by concourse, mingled and compress'd,
They grow in bulk, and complicated rest.
Hence did the world and all its parts arise!
Hence the bright sun and stars, and hence the
skies!

Hence sprung the air, the ocean, and the earth!
And hence all nature had its casual birth!

If you demand what wise directing mind
The wondrous platform of the world design'd;
Did range, divide, and in their order place,
The crude materials of th' unfashion'd mass;
Did move, direct, and all the parts control,
With perfect skill, to serve the beauteous whole;
Fortune to this high honour they advance,
And no surveyor want, no guide, but chance.

Lucretian masters, now to make it plain
In building worlds how raw you are, and vain;
Grant that before this mighty frame was rear'd,
Before confusion fled, and light appear'd,
In the dark void and empty realms of night
Your restless atoms did pursue their flight;
And in their adverse paths, and wild career,
By chance rencounter, and by chance cohere;
Thus clasp'd in strict embraces, they produce
Unnumber'd casual forms for different use:

You, who to clearer reason make pretence,
Of wit refin'd, and eminent in sense,
Let us, ye sons of Epicurus, know
The spring, whence all these various motions flow.
What vigour push'd primæval atoms on?
Was it a foreign impulse, or their own?
If 'twas a foreign delegated force, [course;
Which mov'd those bodies, and control'd their
Asserting this, you your own scheme destroy,
And power divine, to form the world, employ.
If from a moving principle within
Your active atoms did their flight begin,
That spring, that moving principle explain,
And in the schools unrivall'd you shall reign;
Declare its nature, and assign its name;
For motion, and its cause, are not the same.

We know, you'll tell us, 'tis impulsive weight;
Mobility, or power to move innate:
Profound solution! worthy of your schools,
Where reason in its boasted freedom roles.
But thus you mock mankind, and language use,
Not to inform the mind, but to amuse.
Of motion we the principle demand;
You say 'tis power to move, and there you stand!
But is it to explain, to change the name?
Is not the doubt in different words the same?
Do you reveal the spring of motion more,
By wisely calling that a moving power,
Which we had term'd a principle before?
The youngest head new-vers'd in reasoning knows
That motion must a power to move suppose;
Which while in vain you labour to unfold,
You clearly tell us, that Lucretians hold
An active spring, a principle approve,
Distinct from matter, which must matter move.
Matter, as such, abstracted in the mind,
We from a power to move divested find,
Not more to motion than to rest inclin'd;
The power, which motion does to matter give,
We therefore most distinct from both conceive;
A power to nature given by Nature's Lord,
When first he spoke the high creating word,
When for his world materials he prepar'd,
And on each part this energy conferr'd.

Ye vain philosophers! presumptuous race!
Who would the Great Eternal Mind displace;
Take from the world its Maker, and advance
To his high throne your thoughtless idol chance;
Let us th' inquiry by just steps pursue;
With motion we your atoms will endue,
We ask, when in the spacious void they stray,
Why still they beat one track, and move one
way?

Still the same flight why do their parties take?
Why this, or that way, no digression make?

What will to this our Atomists reply?
They answer, by an innate gravity
The ponderous bodies still are downward borne,
And never upwards of themselves return.
Acute and solid answer! see a flight,
Worthy of finest wit, and clearest sight!
Do not these wise mechanic masters know,
That no man can conceive, or high or low,
Nor find distinction of superior place,
Or of inferior, in the empty space

Uncircumscrib'd, and ignorant of bound,
And where no midst, no centre, can be found?

Perhaps, your master's doctrine to sustain,
And matter's downward motion to explain,
You with this famous Gallic friend assert,
That is superior, whence your atoms start,
And that inferior in the empty space
To which they all direct their rapid race.

Now let us recollect, and what you say
At large, in one contracted view survey.
You say, your atoms move; we ask you, why?
Because it is their nature, you reply.
But since that native power you never show,
You only say they move, because they do;
But let your atoms move, we bid you say,
Why they move this, and not a different way?
You tell us, 'tis from inbred gravity;
That is, you tell us, 'tis you know not why.
Till what is gravity you let us know,
By senseless words how can we wiser grow?
We give you this ingenite, moving forte,
That makes them always downward take their
course;

We then demand, which place inferior is
Within the spacious unconfin'd abyss?
You say 'tis that, to which the atoms bend
Their swift career, for still they must descend;
That is, they downward move, because they
downward tend.

Let us, Lucretians, now our task pursue,
And of your scheme remaining wonders view.
Say, if your atoms of immortal race
Are equal and commensurate to space:
If so, the boundless vast immensity
While thus possess'd would full of matter be;
For in the vacant (as your schools approve)
Should finite matter be suppos'd to move,
Not knowing how to stop, or where to stay,
It unobstructed must pursue its way,
Be lost in void immense, and dissipated stray;
The scattering bodies never would combine,
Nor so compose a world by concourse join,
But, if all space is full, if all possess'd,
Which supposition you embrace as best,
Then crowded matter would for ever rest;
Nature no change of place had ever seen;
Where all is full, no motion can begin;
For, if it should, you'll be compell'd to say,
Body does body pierce, to force its way;
Or unconfin'd immensity retreats,
To give your atoms room to change their seats.
And here with us Lucretius does agree,
That, if some place from matter be not free,
In plenitude no motion could commence,
All would be stagnate in the vast immense.

If it be said, small parts of empty space
Are interspers'd through all the spreading mass,
By which some bodies give to others place;
Then matter, you must grant, would finite be,
And stretch unequal to immensity;
And then, as Epicurus judges right,
It would for ever take a useless flight,
Lost in expansion void and infinite.
Besides, allowing through th' extended whole
Small scatter'd spaces not of body full,

Then matter, you Lucretians must agree,
Has not existence from necessity;
For, if its being necessary were,
Why are some parts of space from matter clear?
Why does it here exist, and why not there?
Lucretians, now, which side you please, em-
brace:

If in your void you finite substance place,
'Tis dissipated through th' immense abyss,
And you to form the world materials miss;
You'll not the progress of your atoms stay,
Nor to collect the vagrants find a way.
Thus too your master's scheme will be destroy'd,
Who, wholly to possess the boundless void,
No less than matter infinite employ'd.
If you, in honour to your founder's skill,
The boundless void with boundless substance fill,
Then tell us, how you can your bodies roll
Through space, of matter so completely full?
The force this single reason does exert
Will the foundations of your scheme subvert:
Nor were it needful to pursue the blow,
Or form a fresh attack, unless to show
How slight your works in every quarter are,
How ill your huddled sentiments cohere.

Be this, O Greece, thy everlasting shame,
That thoughtless Epicurus rais'd a name,
Who built by artless chance this mighty frame.
Could one whose wit such narrow limits bound,
Nature, thy depths unfathomable found?
Of his sagacious thoughts to give a part,
Does not this wise philosopher assert
The radiant sun's extinguish'd every night,
And every morn, rekindled, darts his light?
That the vast orb, which casts so far his beams,
Is such, or not, much bigger, than he seems?
That the dimensions of his glorious face
Two geometric feet do scarce surpass?
Does he not make the fickle winds convey
The sun revolving through his crooked way?
But, since his school has gain'd such spreading
fame,

And modern wits his master-skill proclaim;
Let us yet farther carry this debate,
And, as you ask, confer on matter weight,
To make it move within the vast abyss,
And downward too, ev'n where no downward is.
If this be true, as you Lucretians say,
That atoms wing with equal speed their way,
Then how could this that atom overtake?
How could they clash, and how collisions make?
If in a line oblique your bodies rove,
Or in a perpendicular they move,
If some advance not slower in their race,
And some more swift should not pursue the
chase,
How could they be entangled, how embrace?
'Tis demonstration, 'tis meridian light,
Those bodies ne'er could juggle, ne'er could fight,
Nor by their mutual shocks be ruffled in their
flight.

Since matter of a greater magnitude
Must be with greater gravity endued,
Then the minutest parts must still proceed
With less, the greater with the greater speed.

Hence your first bodies, which the smallest are,
On which the swiftest motion you confer,
Must be contented with the slowest pace,
And yield to matter of more bulk the race.

How wondrous little must those atoms be,
Which you endow with such velocity!
Minute beyond conception, when we find
Bodies so small, where many are combin'd!
How many various figures must we take,
What numerous complications use, to make
Some compound things, so small of magnitude,
That all our senses they with ease elude!

Light exhalations, that from earth arise,
Attracted by the sun-beams through the skies,
Which the mysterious seeds of thunder bear,
Of winds, and all the meteors of the air;
Though they around us take their constant flight,
Their little size escapes the sharpest sight.
The fragrant vapours breath'd from rich per-
fumes,

From Indian spices, and Arabian gums,
Though many years they flow, will scarce abate
The odoriferous body's bulk or weight.

Though antimonial cups, prepar'd with art,
Their force to wine through ages should impart;
This dissipation, this profuse expence,
Nor shrinks their size, nor wastes their stores
immense.

The powder which destructive guns explode,
And by its force their hollow wombs unload,
When rarefy'd of space, possesses more,
Five hundred times, than what it fill'd before.
The seeds of fern, which, by prolific heat
Cheer'd and unfolded, form a plant so great,
Are less a thousand times than what the eye
Can unassisted by the tube descry.

By glasses aided, we in liquor see
Some living things minute to that degree,
That a prodigious number must unite,
To make the smallest object of the sight.

How little bodies must the light compound,
Which by your masters is corporeal own'd;
Since the vast deluge of resplendent rays,
Which in a day the sun a thousand ways
Through his wide empire lavishly conveys,
Were they collected in one solid mass,
Might not in weight a single drachm surpass!

At least those atoms wondrous small must be,
Small to an unconceivable degree;
Since though these radiant spoils, dispers'd in air,
Do ne'er return, and ne'er the sun repair,
Yet the bright orb, whence still new torrents flow,
Does no apparent loss, no diminution know.
Now, curious wits, who nature's work inspect
With rapture, with astonishment, reflect
On the small size of atoms, which unite
To make the smallest particle of light!
Then how minute primæval atoms are,
From this account Lucretians may infer:
Yet they on these, without regard to right,
Confer the honour of the quickest flight.

Within the void, with what a swift career
Your rapid matter moves will thus appear.
That all mix'd bodies are in speed outdone
By your first atoms, you with ease will own;

For compound beings can no motion have,
But what their first constituent atoms gave:
Then your primæval substances exceed
The swift-wing'd wind, or swifter light, in speed.
How soon the sun-beams at the morning's birth
Leap down from heaven, and light upon the earth;
Prodigious flight! they in few moments pass
The vast æthereal interposing space.
Should you enjoin a rock so hard a task,
It would more years, than light will minutes, ask.
One atom then (so you'll be forc'd to say)
Must rocks and hills and the whole globe out-
weigh;

Since it exceeds them by its swifter flight,
And swifter motion springs from greater weight.

If nature's rule your atoms do enjoin
To move directly downward in a line;
Say, how can any from that path decline?
Th' inclining motion then, which you suppose,
Whence the first concourse of your atoms rose,
Must the great maxim of your schools subvert,
Which still with one confederate voice assert,
That matter by necessity descends
In lines direct, yet part obliquely tends.
And thus your matter, by its native force,
To different points would steer a different course;
Determin'd by the same impulsive weight,
Move in a line oblique, and in a straight.

To heal your system's deep and ghastly wound,
Which this objection gives, Lucretius found
A method; who a motion did invent
Not straight entirely, nor entirely bent,
Which forms a line to crooked somewhat like,
Slanting almost, and, as it were, oblique.
Who does not now this wondrous bard adore?
See reason's conquering light, and wit's resistless
power?

If atoms, after their eternal dance,
Into this beauteous fabric leap'd by chance;
If they combin'd by casual concourse; say,
What, in a free and unobstructed way,
Did in a full career your atoms slay?
What mounds, what force, when rushing from
the height

Of space immense, could stop them in their flight?
Why in their road did they not forward pass?
But say, where now we find the settled mass,
Why did they cease from moving in despite
Of their own nature, and impelling weight?
Had the wise troops sagacity to know,
That, there arriv'd, they should no further go?
That, in this point of all the spacious void,
To form a world they were to be employ'd?
Did they, in prospect of so great a good,
In this one place of all the liquid road,
All their encumbering gravity unload?
Fatigued, and spent with labour infinite.
Did they grow torpid, and unfit for flight?
Or, in th' embrace and downy lap of air
Lull'd and enchanted, did they settle there!

Grant in this single place by chance they met,
That there by chance they did their weight for-
get;

It happen'd there they form'd a mighty mass,
Where yet no order, no distinction, was:

Let this be so; we ask you to explain
 The wondrous power 'hat did the parts sustain,
 For still their nature and their weight remain.
 What from descent should ponderous matter stay,
 When no more ponderous matter stops its way?
 Can airy columns prop the mighty ball,
 Its pressure balance, and prevent its fall?
 And after this remains a mighty task,
 Which more than human skill and power will ask,
 The strong mysterious cements to unfold,
 Which atoms strictly complicated hold.

But let us leave the heap in air's embrace,
 To rest unmov'd within the empty space,
 Which knows no height, or depth, or middle
 place:

Tell, how you build the chambers of the sky,
 Extend the spheres, and hang the orbs on high?
 You say, when matter first began to fall,
 And settle into this terrestrial ball,
 Press'd from the earth thin exhalations rose,
 Vapours and steams, materials to compose
 The spacious regions of the liquid air,
 The heavens, and all the luminaries there:
 These vapours soon (miraculous event!)
 Shuffled by chance, and mix'd by accident,
 Into such ranks and beauteous order fell,
 As no effect of wisdom can excel.
 Hence did the planets, hung in æther, stray!
 Hence rose the stars, and hence the milky way!
 Hence did the sun along the skies advance!
 The source of day but sprung from night and chance!

But who can show the legends, that record
 More idle tales, or fable so absurd?
 Does not your scheme affront ev'n vulgar sense;
 'That spheres of such a vast circumference,
 That all the orbs, which in the regions roll,
 Stretching from east to west, from pole to pole,
 Should their structure, and their beauty, owe
 To vapours press'd from this poor ball below!
 From this small heap could exhalations rise
 Enough, and fit, to spread and vault the skies?
 Lucretius thus the manner has display'd
 How meteors, not how heavenly globes, are made.
 But grant the steams, which by expression rose,
 Did all the spheres and every orb compose;
 Since their ingenite gravity remains,
 What girdle binds, what prop the frame sustains?

The sun's bright beams, which you of matter
 make,
 From heaven their downward flight perpetual
 take:

Why does not then his body, which outweighs
 By infinite degrees his golden rays,
 By its own force precipitated fall,
 And hide in ruins this terrestrial ball?
 Can air, unable to sustain the light,
 Support the sun of such superior weight;
 And all the ponderous heavenly orbs suspend
 Against their nature, which does downward tend?
 Tell, wise Lucretius, tell the secret art,
 Which keeps the heavens and earth so long apart.

Thus too the air, press'd from this mass, you
 say,
 Between the earth and skies expanded lay;

Not with intention that the solar light
 Through the thin gulf might take an easy flight;
 Or that with nitrous food it should inspire
 The breathing lungs, and feed the vital fire;
 But mere contingency did the gulf extend,
 Regardless of convenience, use, or end.
 Now, vaunting poet! should it be confess'd,
 That from the earth the air is thus express'd;
 Since things by heavier things are upward thrown,
 Which tend with stronger gravitation down;
 Why are the sun, and the fair orbs of light,
 All which so far exceed the air in weight,
 Hung from the centre at a greater height?
 Why do not these their nature's law obey,
 Rush from above, and near the centre stay,
 And make all lighter bodies give them way?
 Tell us, Lucretius, why they ne'er pursue
 This natural bent, and this undoubted due?
 Since to the earth you give the middle place,
 To which all heavy things direct their race;
 If nothing does obstruct, by certain fate
 Things would in order of their different weight
 Lie round the earth, and make one mighty heap;
 They would their place, as different strata, keep.
 Nor would the air, or interceding sky,
 Between the distant orbs and worlds divided lie;
 Æther and air would claim the highest place,
 The stars and planets would the earth embrace,
 As now the ocean floats upon its face.
 In vain you labour by mechanic rules,
 In vain exhaust the reason of your schools,
 These questions to resolve, and to explain
 How separate worlds were made, and separate
 still remain.

Since to your uncompounded atoms you
 Figures in number infinite allow,
 From which, by various combination, springs
 This unconfin'd diversity of things;
 Are not, in this, design and counsel clear?
 Does not the wise Artificer appear,
 Who the corporeal particles endued
 With different shape, and different magnitude,
 That from their mixtures all things might have
 birth,
 In the wide sea, and air, and heaven, and earth?
 To all these figures of distinguish'd kind,
 And different sizes, are not ends assign'd?
 Then own their cause did act with wise intent,
 Which did those sizes square, and every shape in-
 vent.

When atoms first the world began to frame,
 Is it not strange that every number came
 Of such a figure, and of such a size,
 As serv'd to found the earth, and spread the skies?
 Had they not met in such proportion, were
 Their form and number not as now they are,
 In a rude mass they had confus'dly join'd,
 Not in a finish'd world, like this, combin'd.
 Did these assembled substances reflect,
 That here a beauteous frame they must erect?
 Did they a general council wisely call,
 To lay the platform of each mighty ball;
 To settle prudent rules, and orders make,
 In rearing worlds, what methods they should
 take?

To every atom was his task enjoin'd?
His post, and fellow-labourers, assign'd?
Did they consent what parts they should compose;
That these should æther make, or water those?
That some should be the moon, and some the earth?

Those give the sun, and these the planet birth?
If all these noble worlds were undesign'd,
And carry'd on without a conscious mind;
Oh, happy accident! auspicious chance!
That in such order made the work advance!
At length to such admir'd perfection brought
The finish'd structure, as it had been wrought
With art transcendent and consummate thought!

Since 'tis an outrage done to common sense
To fix a central point in space immense;
Why is a middle to the earth assign'd,
To which your ponderous bodies are inclin'd?
Besides, reflect how this terrestrial mass
Does the whole sea a thousand times surpass;
Which in a line, if drawn directly down,
More than a mile in depth is rarely known.
Now if by chance more watery atoms came
Than earthy, to compose this wondrous frame;
Or had they both in equal number met,
Which might as well have been, had chance
thought fit;

Or if the watery (we no farther press)
Were but an hundred times in number less;
This globe had lain, if not a general flood,
At least a fen, a mass of ooze and mud,
With no rich fruit, or verdant beauty, blest,
Wild and unpeopled, or by man, or beast.

Who will our orb's unequal face explain,
Which Epicurus made all smooth and plain?
How did thy rocks, O earth! thy hills, arise?
How did thy giant sons invade the skies?
Lucretius, that it happen'd thus, replies.

Now give us leave, great poet, to demand,
How the capacious hollow in the land
Was first produc'd, with ease to entertain
All the assembled waters of the main?
When earth was made, this hollow for the sea
Was form'd; but how it happen'd so to be?
It on a time fell out, that every wave
Forsook the earth, and fill'd the mighty cave,
Which happen'd opportunely to be there,
Where now their heads the rolling billows rear.
It then fell out, that stones did rocks compose,
That vales subsided, and that hills arose.
Thus the formation of the world you know;
So all events fell out, and all things happen'd so.

Can tales more senseless, ludicrous, and vain,
By winter-fires old nurses entertain?
Does this unfold how all things first were made
Without divine and supernatural aid?
His penetration has Lucretius shown,
By saying things proceed from chance alone,
As their efficient cause, that is, from none?
But let your troops, which rang'd the plains of
night,
And through the vacant wing'd their careless
flight,

The high command of ruling chance obey,
Unguided and unconscious of the way,

Let them advance to one determin'd place,
Prescrib'd by chance, in all th' unmeasur'd space;
Their proper stations undirected find,
To form a world that never was design'd;
Let all the rolling globes, and spacious skies,
From happy hits of heedless atoms rise;
Be thus the earth's unmov'd foundations laid,
Thus the thin regions of the air display'd;
Chance shall the planets in their place suspend,
Between these worlds th' æthereal plains extend;
Direct the sun to that convenient seat,
Whence he displays his lustre and his heat.
This labour, all this progress, is in vain,
Unless the orbs their various motions gain:
For let the sun in buoyant æther float,
Nor nearer to the earth, nor more remote;
Yet did his orb unmov'd its beams diffuse,
He'd sure destruction to the earth produce;
One half for heat, and one for cold, would pray;
This would abhor the night, and that the day:
Did he not yearly through the zodiac pass,
Were he not constant to his daily race,
He would not, by alternate shade and light,
Produce the needful change of day and night:
Nor would the various seasons of the year,
By turns revolving, rise and disappear.

Now can judicious atomists conceive,
Chance to the sun could this just impulse give,
By which the source of day so swiftly flies,
His stages keeps, and traverses the skies! [flow?

We ask you, whence these constant motions
Will learned heads reply, they happen'd so?
You say, the solar orb, first mov'd by chance,
Does north and south, and east and west, advance!

We ask, why first in these determin'd ways
He chose to move? Why thence he never strays?
Why did he ne'er, since time began, decline
His round diurnal, or his annual line?

So steadily does fickle fortune steer
Th' obedient orb, that it should never err;

Should never start aside, and never stray;
Never in pathless æther miss his way?

Why does he ne'er beyond the tropics go?
Why still revolve? why travel to and fro?

Will it a wise philosopher content,
To say these motions came by accident,
That all is undesign'd, fortuitous event?

But if the sluggish sun you'll not disturb,
But motion give to this terrestrial orb;

Still of the earth we the same question ask,
Which to explain, you have as hard a task.

Can chance this frame, these artful scenes erect,
Which knows not works less artful to effect?

Did it mechanic engines e'er produce,
A globe, or tube of astronomic use?

Why do not vessels, built and rigg'd by chance,
Drawn in long order, on the billows dance?

Might not the Sovereign Cause with greater ease
A navy build, than make the winds and seas?

Let atoms once the form of letters take

By chance, and let those huddled letters make
A finish'd poem by a lucky hit,

Such as the Grecian, or the Mantuan, writ;
Then we'll embrace the doctrines you advance

And yield the world's fair poem made by chance;

BOOK V.

The Argument.

The introduction. A description of the calamitous state of mankind, by reason of innumerable woes and sufferings to which they are obnoxious. Diseases of the body. Trouble and grief of mind. Violence and oppression. The vicissitude of human affairs, and the certain prospect of death. Whence it appears that it suits the state of mankind, and therefore is desirable, there should be a God. Arguments against the Fatalists, who assert the eternity of the world. There must be granted some self-existent and independent being. The corporeal world cannot be that being: proved from its mutability, and the variety of forms rising and disappearing in the several parts of nature; from the possibility of conceiving, without any consequent contradiction, less or more parts in the world, than are actually existent; from the possibility of plants and animals having had different shapes, and limbs, from what they now have. The pretended fatal chain of things not self-existent and independent; because all its links or parts are dependent, and obnoxious to corruption. Fate, a word without sense or meaning. Two more arguments against the eternity of the world, from the contemplation of the light of the sun, and of motion. Aristotle's scheme considered and confuted.

Alas, hapless mortal man! ah, rigid fate!
What cares attend our short, uncertain state!
How wide a front, how deep and black a rear,
What sad varieties of grief and fear,
Drawn in array, exert their fatal rage,
And gall obnoxious life through every stage,
From infancy to youth, from youth to age!
Who can compile a roll of all our woes?
Our friends are faithless, and sincere our foes;
The poison'd arrows of an envious tongue
Improve our errors, and our virtues wrong;
Th' oppressor now with arbitrary night
Tramples on law, and robs us of our right;
Dangers unseen on every side invade,
And snares o'er all th' unfaithful ground are laid.

Oft wounds from foreign violence we feel,
Now from the Russian's, now the warrior's steel;
By bruises or by labour we are pain'd;
A bone disjointed, or a sinew strain'd;
Now festering sores afflict our tortur'd limbs;
Now to the yielding heart the gangrene climbs.

Acute distempers fierce our veins assail,
Rush on with fury, and by storm prevail;
Others with thrift dispense their stores of grief,
And by the sap prolong the siege of life;
While to the grave we for deliverance cry,
And, promis'd still, are still denied to die.

See colic, gout, and stone, a cruel train,
Oppos'd by all the healing race in vain;
Their various racks and lingering plagues employ,

Relieve each other, and by turns annoy,
And, tyrant like, torment, but not destroy.
We noxious insects in our bowels feed,
Engender deaths, and dark destruction breed.
The spleen with sullen vapours clouds the brain,
And binds the spirits in its heavy chain:

Howe'er the cause fantastic may appear,
Th' effect is real, and the pain sincere.
Hydropic wretches by degrees decay,
Growing the more, the more they waste away;
By their own ruins they augmented lie,
With thirst and heat amidst a deluge fry:
And while in floods of water these expire,
More scorching perish by the fever's fire;
Stretch'd on our downy, yet uneasy beds,
We change our pillows, and we raise our heads;
From side to side in vain for rest we turn,
With cold we shiver, or with heat we burn;
Of night impatient, we demand the day:
The day arrives, and for the night we pray;
The night and day successive come and go,
Our lasting pains no interruption know.

Since man is born to so much woe and care,
Must still new terrors dread, new sorrows bear;
Does it not suit the state of human kind,
There should preside a good Almighty Mind;
A Cause Supreme, that might all nature steer,
Avert our danger, and prevent our fear;
Who, when implor'd, might timely succour give,

Solace our anguish, and our wants relieve;
Father of comfort, might our souls sustain,
When prest with grief, and mitigate our pain?

'Tis certain something from all ages past
Without beginning was, and still will last;
For if of time one period e'er had been
When nothing was, then nothing could begin.
That things should to themselves a being give,
Reluctant reason never can conceive.
If you affirm, effects themselves produce,
You shock the mind, and contradiction choose;
For they, 'tis clear, must act and move, before
They were in being, or had motive power;

As active causes must of right at once
Existence claim, and as effects renounce.
Then something is, which no beginning had,
A causeless cause, or nothing could be made,
Which must by pure necessity exist,
And whose duration nothing can resist.

Let us inquire, and search by due degrees,
What, who, this self-existent being is.

Should this material world's capacious frame
Uncaus'd and independent being claim;
It would, thus form'd and fashion'd as we see,
Derive existence from necessity,
And then to ages unconfin'd must last,
Without the least diversity or waste.
Necessity, view'd with attentive thought,
Does plain impossibility denote,
That things should not exist, which actual are,
Or in another shape or different modes appear.

But see in all corporeal nature's scene,
What changes, what diversities, have been!
Matter not long the same appearance makes,
But shifts her old, and a new figure takes:
If now she lies in winter's rigid arms,
Dis honour'd and despoil'd of all her charms,
Soft vernal airs will loose th' unkind embrace,
And genial dews renew her wither'd face:
Like fabled nymphs transform'd, she's now a tree,
Now weeps into a flood, and streaming seeks the sea,
She's now a gaudy fly, before a worm,
Below a vapour, and above a storm;
This ooze was late a monster of the main,
That turf a lowing grazer of the plain,
A lion this did o'er the forest reign.
Behold that fair, that branching laurel plant,
Behold that lovely blushing amaranth;
One might have William's broken frame assum'd,
And one from bright Maria's dust have bloom'd.
These shifting scenes, these quick rotations, show
Things from necessity could never flow,
But must to mind and choice precarious being
owe.

Let us suppose, that Nature e'er was
Without beginning, and without a cause;
As her first order, disposition, frame,
Must then subsist unchangeably the same;
So must our mind pronounce, it would not be
Within the reach of possibility,
That e'er the world a being could have had
Different from what it is, or could be made
Of more or less, or other parts than those
Which the corporeal universe compose.
Now, Fatalist, we ask, if those subvert
Reason's establish'd maxims, who assert
That we the world's existence may conceive,
Though we one atom out of Nature leave;
Though sonic one wandering orb, or twinkling star,
Were absent from the heavens, which now is there;
Though some one kind of plant, or fly, or worm,
No being had, or had another's form?

And might not other animals arise
Of different figure, and of different size?
In the wide womb of possibility
Lie many things, which ne'er may actual be;
And more productions of a various kind
Will cause no contradiction in the mind.

VOL. VII.

'Tis possible the things in Nature found,
Might different forms and different parts have
own'd:

The boar might wear a trunk, the wolf a horn,
The peacock's train the bittern might adorn;
Strong tulks might in the horse's mouth have
grown,

And lions might have spots, and leopards none.

But, if the world knows no superior cause,
Obeys no sovereign's arbitrary laws;
If absolute necessity maintains
Of causes and effects the fatal chains;
What could one motion step, change one event?
It would transcend the wide, the vast extent,
The utmost stretch of possibility,
That things, from what they are, should disagree.

If, to elude this reasoning, you reply,
Things what they are, are by necessity;
Which never else so aptly could conspire
To serve the whole, and Nature's ends acquire;
To form the beauty, order, harmony,
Which we through all the works of Nature see:
Ready we this assertion will allow,
For what can more exalted wisdom show?
With zeal we this necessity defend,
Of means directed to their useful end:
But 'tis not that which fatalists intend,
Nor that which we oppose in this debate,
An uncontrol'd necessity of fate,
Which all things blindly does and must produce,
Unconscious of their goodness and their use,
Which cannot ends design, nor means conve-
nient choose.

If you persist, and fondly will maintain
Of causes and effects an endless train;
That this successive series still has been,
Will never cease, and never did begin;
That things did always, as they do, proceed,
And no first cause, no wise director, need:
Say, if no links of all your fatal chain
Free from corruption, and unchang'd remain;
If of the whole each part in time arose,
And to a cause its borrow'd being owes;
How then the whole can independent be?
How have a being from necessity?
Is not the whole, ye learned heads, the same
With all the parts, and different but in name?
Could e'er that whole the least perfection show,
Which from the parts, that form it, did not flow,
Then, tell us, can it from its parts derive,
What in themselves those parts had not to give?

Farther to clear the subject in debate,
Inform us, what you understand by fate.
Have you a just idea in the mind
Of this great cause of things by you assign'd?
If you the order and dependence mean,
By which effects upon their causes lean,
The long succession of th' efficient train,
And firm coherence of th' extended chain;
Then fate is nothing but a mode of things,
Which from continued revolution springs;
A pure relation and a mere respect
Between the cause effective and th' effect.
If causes and effects themselves are that
Which your clear-sighted schools intend by fate;

R r

Then fate by no idea can be known;
 'Tis one thing only, as a heap is one:
 You no distinguish'd being by it mean,
 But all th' effects and causes that have been.
 If you assert, that each sufficient cause
 Must act by fix'd inevitable laws;
 If you affirm this necessary state,
 And tell us this necessity is fate;
 When will you bless the world with light to see
 The spring and source of this necessity?
 Say, what did so dispose, so things ordain,
 To form the links of all the casual chain,
 That nature by inevitable force
 Should run one ring, and keep one steady course?
 That things must needs in one set order flow,
 And all events must happen as they do?
 Can you no proof of your assertion find?
 Produce no reason to convince the mind,
 That nature this determin'd way must go?
 Are all things thus, because they must be so?
 We grant with ease, there is necessity,
 The source of things should self-existent be.
 But then he's not a necessary cause;
 He freely acts by arbitrary laws:
 He gave to beings motive energy,
 And active things to passive did apply;
 In such wise order all things did dispose,
 That of events necessity arose:
 Without his aid, say, how will you maintain
 Your fatal link of causes? Hence 'tis plain,
 While the word fate you thus affect to use,
 You coin a senseless term, th' unwary to amuse.

You, who assert the world did ne'er commence,
 Prepare against this reasoning your defence.
 If solar beams, which through th' expansion dart,
 Corporeal are, as learned schools assert;
 Since still they flow, and no supply repays
 The lavish sun his dissipated rays;
 Grant, that his radiant orb did ne'er begin,
 And that his motions have eternal been;
 Then, by eternal, infinite expanse,
 By unrecruited waste, and spoils immense,
 By certain fate to slow destruction doom'd,
 His glorious stock long since had been consum'd;
 Of light unthrifty, and profuse of day,
 The rain'd globe had spent his latest ray,
 Dispers'd in beams eternally display'd,
 Had lost in æther roam'd, and loose in atoms stray'd.

Grant, that a grain of matter would outweigh
 The light the sun dispenses in a day
 Through all the stages of his heavenly way;
 That in a year the golden torrents, sent
 From the bright source, its losses scarce augment:
 Yet without end if you the waste repeat,
 Th' eternal loss grows infinitely great.
 Then, should the sun of finite bulk sustain
 In every age the loss but of a grain;
 If we suppose those ages infinite,
 Could there remain one particle of light?

Reflect, that motion must abate its force,
 As more or less obstructed in its course;
 That all the heavenly orbs, while turning round,
 Have some resistance from the medium found:
 Be that resistance ne'er so faint and weak,
 If 'tis eternal, 'twill all motion break;

If in each age you grant the least decrease,
 By infinite succession it must cease.
 Hence, if the orbs have still resisted been
 By air, or light, or æther, ne'er so thin;
 Long since their motion must have been suppress'd,
 The stars had flood, the sun had lain at rest;
 So vain, so wild a scheme, you fatalists have
 dress'd.

Let us the wise positions now survey
 Of Aristotle's school, who's pleas'd to say
 Nothing can move itself, no inward power
 To any being motion can procure.
 What'er is mov'd, its motion must derive
 From something else, which must an impulse give:
 And yet no being motion could begin;
 Else motion might not have eternal been.
 That matter never did begin to move,
 But in th' immense from endless ages strove,
 The Stagyrite thus undertakes to prove.
 He says, of motion time the measure is;
 Then that's eternal too, as well as this.
 Motion through ages without limit flows,
 Since time, its measure, no beginning knows.
 This feeble base upholds our author's hopes,
 And all his mighty superstructure props.
 On this he all his towering fabric rears,
 Sequel on sequel heaps to reach the spheres.
 But if this definition you deny
 Of time, on which his building does rely,
 You bring his lofty Babel from the sky:
 A thousand fine deductions you confound,
 Scatter his waste philosophy around,
 And level all his structure with the ground.

We then this definition thus defeat:
 Time is no measure, which can motion meet;
 For men of reasoning faculties will see,
 That time can nothing but duration be
 Of beings; and duration can suggest
 Nothing or of their motion, or their rest;
 Only prolong'd existence it implies,
 Whether the thing is mov'd, or quiet lies.
 This single blow will all the pile subvert,
 So proudly rais'd, but with so little art.

But, since the Author has such fame acquir'd,
 And as a God of science been admir'd,
 A stricter view we'll of his system take,
 And of the parts a short examen make.
 Let us observe, what light his scheme affords,
 His undigested heap of doubtful words.
 Great Stagyrite, the lost inquirer show
 The spring whence motion did for ever flow;
 Since nothing of itself e'er moves or strives,
 Tell what begins, what the first impulse gives.

Hear how the man, who all in fame surmounts,
 For motion's spring and principle accounts.
 To his supreme, unmov'd, unactive God,
 He the first sphere appoints, a blest abode;
 Who sits supinely on his azure throne,
 In contemplation of himself alone;
 Is wholly mindless of the world, and void
 Of providential care, and unemploy'd.
 To all the spheres inferior are assign'd
 Gods subaltern, and of inferior kind:
 On these he self-existence does confer,
 Who, as the God supreme, eternal are;

With admiration mov'd, and ardent love,
They all their spheres around in order move;
And from these heavenly revolutions flow
All motions, which are found in things below.

If you demand by what impulsive force
The under-gods begin their circling course:
He says, as things desirable excite
Desire, and objects move the appetite;
So his first God, by kindling ardent love,
Does all the gods in seats inferior move:
Thus mov'd, they move around their mighty

spheres,
With their resplendent equipage of stars;
From sphere to sphere communicate the dance,
Whence all in heavenly harmony advance;
And from this motion propagated rise
All motions in the earth, and air, and skies.

And thus by learned Aristotle's mind
All things were form'd, yet nothing was design'd.
He owns no choice, no arbitrary will,
No artist's hand, and no exerted skill;
All motion flows from necessary fate,
Which nothing does resist, or can abate;
Things sink and rise, a being lose or gain
In a coherent, undissolving chain [tain.]
Of causes and effects, which Nature's course suf-
Th' unmoveable Supreme the rest does move,
As proper objects raise desire and love;
They, mov'd without their choice, without consent
Move all their spheres around without intent;
Whate'er he calls his moving cause, to choose
He gives that cause no power, or to refuse.
And thus from fate all artful order springs,
This rear'd the world, this is the rise of things.

Now give us leave to ask, great Stagyrite,
How the first God th' inferior does excite?
Of his own substance does he parts convey;
Whose motive force the under-gods obey?
If so, he may be chang'd, he may decay.
But if by steadfast gazing they are mov'd,
And admiration of the object lov'd;
If those below their motive force acquire
From the strong impulse of divine desire;
'Tell us, what good your God Supreme can grant,
Which those beneath, to make them happy, want.
If admiration of the God Supreme,
And heavenly raptures should their breasts inflame,
Is that of motion a resistless cause,
Of motion constant to eternal laws?
Might not each second god inactive lie
On his blue sphere, and fix his raviish'd eye
On the Supreme Unmoveable, and ne'er
Be forc'd to roll around his solid sphere?
Say, how could wonder drive them from their
place?

How in a circle make them run their race?
How keep them steady in one certain pace?

He this a fundamental maxim lays,
That Nature wisely acts in all her ways;
That she pursues the things which most conduce
To order, beauty, decency, and use.
Who can to reason thus affront endure?
Should it derision cause, or anger more,
To hear a deep philosopher assert
That nature, not endu'd with skill or art,

Of liberty of choice, of reason void,
Still wisely acts, wherever she's employ'd?
Can actions be denominated wise,
Which from a brute necessity arise,
Which the blind agent never did intend,
The means unchosen, and unknown the end?

On this be laid the stress of this debate;
What wisely acts can never act by fate.
The means and end must first be understood;
The means, as proper; and the end, as good;
The act must be exerted with intent
By using means to gain the wish'd event.
But can a senseless and unconscious cause,
By foreign impulse mov'd, and fatal laws,
This thing as good, and that as fit, respect,
Design the end, and then the means elect?
Nature, you grant, can no event intend,
Yet that she acts with prudence you pretend:
So nature wisely acts, yet acts without an end!

Yet while this prince of science does declare
That means or ends were never nature's care;
That things which seem with perfect art contriv'd,
By the resistless force of fate arriv'd;
This cautious master, to secure his fame,
And 'scape the atheist's ignominious name,
Did to his gods of all degrees allow
Counsel, design, and power to choose and know.
Yet, since he's pleas'd so plainly to assert,
His gods no act of reasoning power exert,
No mark of choice, or arbitrary will,
Employ'd no prudence, and express'd no skill,
In making or directing Nature's frame,
Which from his fate inevitable came;
These gods must, as to us, be brute and blind,
And as unuseful, as if void of mind:
Acting without intent, or care, or aim,
Can they our prayer regard, or praises claim?
Of all the irreligious in debate,
This shameful error is the common fate;
That though they cannot but distinctly see
In Nature's works, and whole oeconomy,
Design and judgment in a high degree;
This judgment, this design, they ne'er allow
Do from a cause endued with reason flow.
The art they grant, th' artificer reject,
The structure own, and not the architect;
That unwise nature all things wisely makes,
And prudent measures without prudence takes.

Grant that their admiration and their love
Of the first God may all th' inferior move;
Grant, too, though no necessity appears, [spheres:]
That, with their rapture mov'd, they move their
These questions let the Stagyrite resolve,
Why they at all, why in this way revolve?
Declare by what necessity control'd,
In one determin'd manner they are roll'd?
Why is their swift rotation west and east,
Rather than north and south, or east and west?
Why do not all th' inferior spheres obey
The highest sphere's inevitable sway?
Tell us, if all celestial motions rise
From revolutions of the starry skies,
Whence of the orbs the various motions come?
Why some the general road pursue; and some
In siller stray, and disobedient roam?

If yours the source of motion is, declare,
 Why this is fix'd, and that a wandering star?
 Tell by what fate, by what resistless force,
 This orb has one, and that another course?
 How does the learned Greek the cause unfold
 With equal swiftness why the sun is roll'd
 Still east and west, to mark the night and day?
 To form the year, why through th' ecliptic way?
 What magic, what necessity, confines
 The solar orb between the tropic lines?
 What charms in those enchanted circles dwell,
 That with controlling power the sun repel?
 The Stagyrite to this no answer makes;
 Of the vast globe so little thought he takes,
 That he to solve these questions never strives,
 No cause or of its place or motion gives.
 But farther yet, applauded Greek, suppose
 Celestial motions from your spring arose;
 That motion down to all the worlds below
 From the first sphere may propagated flow:
 Since you of things to show th' efficient source
 Have always to necessity recourse;
 From what necessity do spheres proceed
 With such a measur'd, such a certain speed?
 We fain would this mysterious cause explore,
 Why motion was not either less or more,
 But in this just proportion and degree,
 As suits with nature's just economy.
 This is a cause, a right one too, we grant,
 But 'tis the final, we th' efficient want;
 With greater swiftness if the spheres were whirl'd,
 The motion given to this inferior world
 Too violent had been for nature's use,
 Of too great force mix'd bodies to produce;
 The elements, air, water, earth, and fire,
 Which now to make compounded things con-
 spire,
 By their rude shocks could never have combin'd,
 Or had been disengag'd as soon as join'd:
 But then had motion in a less degree
 Been given, than that which we in nature see;
 Of greater vigour had been stood in need,
 To mix and blend the elemental feed,
 To temper, work, incorporate, and bind
 Those principles, that thence of every kind
 The various compound beings might arise,
 Which fill the earth and sea, and store the skies.
 Say, what necessity, what fatal laws,
 Did in such due proportion motion cause,
 Nor more or less, but just so much as tends
 To frame the world, and serve all nature's ends?
 Ask why the highest of the rolling spheres,
 Deck'd to profusion with resplendent stars,
 And all with bright excrescences emboss'd,
 Has the whole beauty of the heavens engross'd;
 When of the others, to dispel the night,
 Each owns a single, solitary light;
 Only one planet in a sphere is found,
 Marching in air his melancholy round:
 Nature, he tells us, took this prudent care,
 That the sublimest and the noblest sphere
 Should be with nobler decoration best,
 And in magnificence outline the rest;
 That so its greater ornament and state
 Should bear proportion with its greater height.

It seems then nature does not only find
 Means to be good, beneficent, and kind,
 But has for beauty and for order car'd,
 Does rank, and state, and decency, regard.

Now should he not considering men forgive,
 If, sway'd by this assertion, they believe
 That nature, which does decency respect,
 Is something which can reason, choose, reflect?
 Or that some wise director must preside
 O'er nature's works, and all her motions guide?
 You here should that necessity declare,
 Why all the stars adorn the highest sphere;
 Say, how is this th' effect of fatal laws,
 Without reflecting on a final cause?
 One sphere has all the stars; we ask you, why?
 When you to beauty and to order fly,
 You plain assert the truth which you deny;
 That is, that Nature has wise ends in view,
 With foresight works, and does designs pursue.

Thus all the mighty wits that have essay'd
 To explicate the means how things are made
 By nature's power, without the Hand Divine,
 The final causes of effects assign.

They say, that this or that is so or so,
 That such events in such succession flow;
 Because convenience, decency, and use,
 Require that nature things should thus produce.
 They in their demonstrations always vaunt
 Efficient causes, which they always want.
 But thus they yield the question in debate,
 And grant the impotence of chance and fate;
 For, till they show by what necessity
 Things have the disposition which we see,
 Whether it be deriv'd from fate or chance,
 Not the least step in science they advance.

Grant Nature furnish'd, at her vast expence,
 One room of state with such magnificence,
 That it might shine above the others bright,
 Adorn'd with numerous burnish'd balls of light;
 Does she on one by decent rules dispense
 Of constellations such a wealth immense,
 While the next sphere in amplitude and height
 Rolls on with one erratic lonely light?
 But be it so, the question's still the same,
 Tell us, from what necessity it came?

Let us the great philosopher attend,
 While to the worlds below his thoughts descend:
 His elements, earth, water, air, and fire,
 He says, to make all compound things conspire;
 He in the midst leaves the dull earth at rest,
 In the soft bosom of the air careles'd;
 The red-wing'd fire must to the moon arise,
 Hover in air, and lick contiguous skies;
 No charms, no force, can make the fire descend,
 Nor can the earth to seats superior tend;
 Both unmolested peace for ever own,
 This in the middle, that beneath the moon:
 Water and air not so; for they, by fate
 Assign'd to constant duty, always wait;
 Ready by turns to rise or to descend,
 Nature against a vacant to defend;
 For should a void her monarchy invade,
 Should in her works the smallest breach be made,
 That breach the mighty fabric would dissolve,
 And in immediate ruin all involve.

A consequence so dismal to prevent,
Water and air are still (as said) intent
To mount or fall, this way or that to fly,
Seek subterranean vaults, or climb the sky;
While these with so much duty are oppress'd,
The earth and fire are privileg'd with rest.
These elements, 'tis clear, have not discern'd
The interest of the whole, nor are concern'd
Lest they, when once an interposing void
Has nature's frame o'erturn'd, should be destroy'd.

Tell, why these simple elements are four?
Why just so many? why not less or more?
Does this from pure necessity proceed?
Or say, does nature just that number need?
If this, you mock us, and decline the task;
You give the final cause, when we th' efficient
ask.

If that, how often shall we call in vain,
That you would this necessity explain?
But here forgive me, famous Stagyrice,
If I esteem it idle to recite

The reasons (so you call them) which you give,
To make us this necessity believe;
Reasons so trifling, so absurd, and dry,
That those should blush, who make a grave reply.

Your elements we grant: but now declare,
How you to form compounded things prepare,
And mix your fire and water, earth and air? }
The swift rotation of the spheres above,
You say, must all inferior bodies move;
The elements in sublunary space
Are by this impulse forc'd to leave their place;
By various agitations they combine
In different forms, by different mixtures join;
Blended and justly temper'd, they compound
All things in all th' inferior regions found:
Thus beings from th' incorporated four
Result, by undesigning Nature's power.
Hence metals, plants, and minerals arise,
The clouds and all the meteors of the skies!
Hence all the clans that haunt the hill or wood,
That beat the air, or cut the limpid flood!
Ev'n man, their lord, hence into being came,
Breath'd the pure air, and felt the vital flame!
Say, is not this a noble scheme, a piece
Worthy the Stagyrice, and worthy Greece?

But now, acute philosopher, declare }
How this rotation of the heavenly sphere
Can mingle fire and water, earth and air?
The fire that dwells beneath the lunar ball,
To meet ascending earth, must downward fall.
Now turn your sphere contiguous to the fire,
Will from its seat that element retire?
The sphere could never drive its neighbour down,
But give a circling motion, like its own.
So give the air impression from above,
In a whirl vertiginous would move;
And thus the rolling spheres can ne'er displace.
The fire or air, to make a mingled mass;
The elements distinct might keep their seat,
Elude the ruffle, and your scheme defeat.

But since th' applauded author will demand
For complex bodies no director's hand;
Since art without an artist he maintains,
A building rears without a builder's pains;

He comes at length to Epicurus' scheme,
Pleas'd by his model compound works to frame,
One all his various atoms does unite
To form mixt things; the famous Stagyrice,
By his invented elements combin'd,
Composes beings of each different kind;
But both agree, while both alike deny
The gods did e'er their care or thought apply
To form or rule this universal frame,
Which or from fate or casual pleacourse came.
Whether to raise the world you are inclin'd
By this man's chance, or that man's fate, as
blind;

If still mechanic, necessary laws
Of moving matter must all beings cause;
If artful works from a brute cause result,
From springs unknown, and qualities occult:
With schemes alike absurd our reason you insult.

And now, to finish this less pleasant task,
Of our renown'd philosopher we ask,
How was the earth determin'd to its place?
Why did it first the middle point embrace?
What blandishments, what strong attractive power,
What happy arts adapted to allure,
Were by that single point of all the void,
To captivate and charm the mass employ'd?
Or what machines, what grapples did it cast
On earth, to fix it to the centre fast?
But if the earth, by strong enchantment caught,
This point of all the vacant fondly sought,
Since it is unintelligent and blind,
Could it the way, the nearest could it find?
When at that point arriv'd, how did it know
It was arriv'd, and should no farther go?
When in a globous form collected there,
What wondrous cement made the parts cohere?
Why did the orb suspended there remain
Fix'd and unmov'd? what does its weight sustain?
Tell what its fall prevents; can liquid air
The ponderous pile on its weak columns bear?
The earth must, in its gravity's despatch,
Uphold itself; our careless Stagyrice
For its support has no provision made,
No pillar rear'd, and no foundation laid:
When by occult and unknown gravity
'Tis to its station brought, it there must lie
In undisturb'd repose: in vain we ask him, why? }

Say, if the world uncaus'd did ne'er begin,
If nature what it is has always been;
Why do no arms the poet's song employ
Before the Theban war, or siege of Troy?
And why no elder histories relate
The rise of empires, and the turns of state?

If generations infinite are gone,
Tell, why so late were arts and letters known?
Their rise and progress is of recent date,
And still we mourn their young imperfect state.
If unconfin'd duration we regard,
And time be with eternity compar'd,
But yesterday the sages of the east
First some crude knowledge of the stars express'd.
In sacred emblems Egypt's sons conceal'd
Their mystic learning, rather than reveal'd.
Greece after this, for subtle wit renown'd,
The sciences and arts improv'd or found;

First, causes search'd, and Nature's secret ways;
First taught the bards to sing immortal lays;
The charms of music and of painting rais'd,
And was for building first, and first for sculpture
prais'd.

Man in mechanic arts did late excel,
That succour life, and noxious power repel;
Which yield supplies for necessary use,
Or which to pleasure or to pomp conduce.
How late was found the loadstone's magic force,
That seeks the north, and guides the sailor's course!
How newly did the printer's curious skill
Th' enlighten'd world with letter'd volumes fill!
But late the kindled powder did explode
The massy ball, and the brass tube unload;
The tube, to whose loud thunder Albion owes
The laurel honours that adorn her brows;
Which awful, during eight renown'd campaigns,
From Belgia's hills, and Gallia's frontier plains,
Did through th' admiring realms around proclaim
Marlborough's swift conquests, and great Anna's
name!

By this the leader of the British powers
Shook Menin, Lilla, and high Ganda's towers;
Next his wide engines level'd Tournay's pride,
Whose lofty walls advancing foes defy'd:
Though nitrous tempests, and clandestine death,
Fill'd the deep caves and numerous vaults beneath,
Which, form'd with art, and wrought with endless
toil,

Ran through the faithless excavated soil.
See, the intrepid Briton delves his way,
And to the caverns lets in war and day;
Quells subterranean foes, and rises crown'd
With spoils, from martial labour under ground.
Mons, to reward Blarignia's glorious field,
To Marlborough's terrors did submissive yield.

The hero next assail'd proud Doway's head;
And, spite of confluent inundations spread
Around, in spite of works for sure defence
Rais'd with consummate art, and cost immense,
With unexampled valour did succeed:
(Villars, thy host beheld the hardy deed!)
Aria, Venantia, Bethune, and Bouchain,
Of his long triumphs close th' illustrious train.
While thus his thunder did his wrath declare,
And artful lightnings flash'd along the air,
Somona's castles with th' impetuous roar
Astonish'd tremble, but their warriors more;
Lutetia's lofty towers, with terror struck,
Caught the contagion, and at distance shook.
Tell, Gallic chiefs, for you have often heard
His dreadful cannon, and his fire rever'd,
Tell, how you rag'd, when your pale cohorts run
From Marlborough's sword, the battle scarce begun,
Tell, Scaldis! Legia, tell! how to their head
Your frighted waves in reflux errors fled. [land,
While Marlborough's cannon thus prevails by
Britain's sea-chiefs, by Anna's high command,
Refuseless o'er the Tuscan billows ride,
And strike rebellowing caves on either side;
Their sulphur tempests ring from shore to shore,
Now make the Ligur start, and now the Moor.
Hark how the sound disturbs imperious Rome,
Shakes her proud hills, and rolls from dome to
dome!

Her mitred princes hear the echoing noise,
And, Albion, dread thy wrath, and awful voice.
Aided by thee, the Austrian eagles rise
Sublime, and triumph in Iberian skies.
What panic fear, what anguish, what distress,
What consternation, Gallia's sons express,
While trembling on the coast, they from afar
View the wing'd terrors and the floating war!

BOOK VI.

The Argument.

The fabulous account of the first rise of mankind, given by the ancient poets. The opinions of many of the Greek philosophers concerning that point not less ridiculous. The assertion of Epicurus and his followers, that our first parents were the spontaneous production of the earth, most absurd and incredible. The true origin of man inquired into. He is proved to be at first created by an intelligent, arbitrary cause; from the characters and impressions of contrivance, art, and wisdom, which appear in his formation. The wonderful progress of it. The figure, situation, and connection of the bones. The system of the veins, and that of the arteries. The manner of the circulation of the blood described. Nutrition, how performed. The system of the nerves. Of the animal spirits, how made, and how employed in muscular motion and sensation. A wife, intelligent cause inferred from these appearances.

THE pagan world, to Canaan's realms unknown,
Where knowledge reign'd, and light celestial shone,
Lost by degrees their parent Adam's name,
Forgot their stock, and wonder'd whence they came;

Unguided, in the dark they strove to find,
With fruitless toil, the source of human kind.
The heathen bards, who idle fables dress,
Illusive dreams in mystic verse express'd,

And, foes to natural science and divine,
In beauteous phrase made impious notions shine,
In strains sublime their different fictions sung,
Whence the first parents of our species sprung.

Prometheus (so some elder poets say)
Temper'd and form'd a paste of purer clay,
To which, well mingled with the river's steam,
His artful hand gave human shape and frame;
Then, with warm life his figures to inspire,
The bold projector stole celestial fire.

While others tell us how the human brood
Ow'd their production to the fruitful wood;
How from the laurel and the ash they sprung,
And infants on the oak, like acorns hung:
The crude conceptions prest the bending trees,
Till cherish'd by the sun-beams, by degrees,
Ripe children dropp'd on all the soil around,
Peopled the woods, and overspread the ground.

Great Jupiter (so some were pleas'd to sing),
Of fabled gods the father and the king,
The moving prayer of Æacus did grant,
And into men and women turn'd the ant.

Some tell, Deucalion and his Pyrrha threw
Obdurate stones, which o'er their shoulders flew,
Then shifting shape receiv'd a vital flame,
And men and women (wondrous change!) became.

And thus the hard and stubborn race of man
From animated rock and flint began.

Now to the learned schools of Greece repair,
Who chance the author of the world declare:
Then judge if wise philosophers excel
Those idle tales, which wanton poets tell.

They say, at first to living things the earth
At her formation gave spontaneous birth;
When youthful heat was through the glebe diffus'd,

Mankind, as well as insects, she produc'd;
That genial wombs by parent chance were form'd
Adapted to the soil, which, after warm'd
And cherish'd by the sun's enlivening beam,
With human offsprings did in embryo teem;
These nourish'd there a while imprison'd lay,
Then broke their yielding bands, and forc'd their way;

The field a crop of reasoning creatures crown'd,
And crying infants grovel'd on the ground;
A milky store was by the mother earth
Pour'd from her bosom, to sustain the birth;
In strength and bulk increas'd, the earth-born race

[place,
Could move, and walk, and ready change their
O'er every hill and verdant pasture stray,
Skip o'er the lawns, and by the rivers play,
Could eat the tender plant, and by degrees
Browse on the shrubs, and crop the budding trees;
The fragrant fruit from bending branches shake,
And with the crystal stream their thirst at pleasure slake.

The earth by these applauded schools, 'tis said,
This single crop of men and women bred;
Who grown adult (so chance it seems enjoin'd)
Did male and female propagate their kind.

This wise account Lucretian fables give,
Whence our first parents their descent derive.

Severely on this subject to dispute,
And tales so wild, so senseless, to confute,
Were with inglorious labour to disgrace
The schools, and reason's dignity debase.
But since, with this of man's original,
The parts remaining of their scheme must fall
(Yet farther to pursue the present theme),
Behold how vain philosophers may dream.

Grant, Epicurus, that by casual birth
Men sprung spontaneous from the fruitful earth.
When on the glebe the naked infants lay,
How were the helpless creatures fed? You say,
The teeming soil did from its breasts exude
A soft and milky liquor for their food.
I will not ask what this apt humour made,
Nor by what wondrous channels 'twas convey'd;
For, if we such inquiries make, we know
Your short reply, It happen'd to be so;
Without assigning once a proper cause,
Or solving questions by mechanic laws,
To every doubt your answer is the same,
It so fell out, and so by chance it came.

How shall the new-born race their food command,

Who cannot change their place, or move a hand?
Grant that the glebe beneath will never drink,
Nor through its pores let the soft humour sink;
Will not the sun with his exhaling ray
Defraud the babe, and draw his food away?

Since for so long a space the human birth
Must lie expos'd and naked on the earth;
Say, could the tender creature, in despite
Of heat by day, and chilling dews by night,
In spite of thunder, winds, and hail, and rain,
And all inclement air, its life maintain?

In vain, you say, in earth's primeval state,
Soft was the air, and mild the cold and heat;
For did not then the night succeed the day?
The sun as now roll through its annual way?
Th' effects then on the air must be the same,
The frosts of winter, and the summer's flame.

In the first age, you say, the pregnant ground
With human kind in embryo did abound,
And pour'd her offspring on the soil around.
But tell us, Epicurus, why the field
Did never since one human harvest yield?
And why we never see one ripening birth
Heave in the glebe, and struggle through the earth?

You say, that, when the earth was fresh and young,

While her prolific energy was strong,
A race of men she in her bosom bred,
And all the fields with infant people spread;
But that first birth her strength did to exhaust,
The genial mother so much vigour lost,
That, wasted now by age, in vain we hope
She should again bring forth a human crop.

Mean time, she's not with labour so much worn,

But she can still the hills with woods adorn.
See, from her fertile bosom how she pours
Verdant conceptions, and, refresh'd with showers,
Covers the field with corn, and paints the mead
with flowers.

See, her tall sons, the cedar, oak, and pine,
The fragrant myrtle, and the juicy vine,
Their parent's undecaying strength declare,
Which with fresh labour, and unwearied care,
Supplies new plants, her losses to repair.
Then, since the earth retains her fruitful power
To procreate plants, the forest to restore;
Say, why to nobler animals alone
Should she be feeble, and unfruitful grown?
After one birth she ceas'd not to be young,
The glebe was succulent, the mould was strong.
Could she at once fade in her perfect bloom,
Waste all her spirits, and her wealth consume?

Grant that her vigour might in part decrease,
From like productions must the ever cease?
To form a race she might have still inclin'd,
Though of a monstrous, or a dwarfish kind.
Why did she never, by one crude essay,
Imperfect lines and rudiments display?
In some succeeding ages had been found
A leg or arm unfinish'd in the ground;
And sometimes in the fields might plowing swains
Turn up soft bones, and break unfashion'd veins.

But grant the earth was lavish of her power,
And sent at once her whole prolific store;
Would not so long a rest new vigour give,
And all her first fertility revive?
Learn, Epicurus, of th' experienc'd swain,
When frequent wounds have worn th' impoverish'd
plain:

Let him a while the furrow not molest,
But leave the glebe to heavenly dews and rest;
If then he till and sow the harrow'd field,
Will not the soil a plenteous harvest yield?

The sun, by you, Lucretius, is assign'd
The other parent of all human kind.
But does he ever languish or decay?
Does he not equal influence display,
And pierce the plains with the same active ray?
If then the glebe, warm'd with the solar flame,
Men once produc'd, it still should be the same.

You say, the sun's prolific beams can form
Th' industrious ant, the gaudy fly, and worm;
Can make each plant, and tree, the gardener's care,
Beside their leaves, their proper insects bear:
Then might the heavens, in some peculiar state,
Or lucky aspect, beasts and men create.
But late inquirers by their glasses find
That every insect of each different kind,
In its own egg, cheer'd by the solar rays,
Organs involv'd and latent life displays:
This truth, discover'd by sagacious art,
Does all Lucretian arrogance subvert.
Proud wits, your frenzy own, and overcome
By reason's force, be now for ever dumb.

If, learn'd Epicurus, we allow
Our race to earth primæval being owe,
How did the male and female sexes frame?
Say, if from fortune this distinction came?
Or did the conscious parent then foresee
By one conception she should barren be,
And therefore, wisely provident, design'd
Prolific pairs to propagate the kind;
That, thus preserv'd, the godlike race of man
Might not expire e'er yet it scarce began?

Since, by these various arguments, 'tis clear
The teeming mould did not our parents bear;
By more severe inquiries let us trace
The origin and source of human race.

I think, I move, I therefore know I am;
While I have been, I still have been the same,
Since, from an infant, I a man became.
But though I am, few circling years are gone,
Since I in nature's roll was quite unknown.
Then, since 'tis plain I have not always been,
I ask, from whence my being could begin?
I did not to myself existence give,
Nor from myself the secret power receive,
By which I reason, and by which I live.
I did not build this frame, nor do I know
The hidden springs from whence my motions flow.

If I had form'd myself, I had design'd
A stronger body, and a wiser mind,
From sorrow free, nor liable to pain;
My passions should obey, and reason reign.
Nor could my being from my parents flow,
Who neither did the parts or structure know,
Did not my mind or body understand,
My sex determine, nor my shape command:
Had they design'd and rais'd the curious frame,
Inspir'd my branching veins with vital flame,
Fashion'd the heart, and hollow channels made,
Through which the circling streams of life are
play'd;

Had they the organs of my senses wrought,
And form'd the wondrous principle of thought;
Their artful work they must have better known,
Explain'd its springs, and its contrivance shown.

If they could make, they might preserve me
too,

Prevent my fears, or dissipate my woe.
When long in sickness languishing I lay,
They with compassion touch'd did mourn and pray,
To soothe my pain, and mitigate my grief,
They said kind things, yet brought me no relief.
But whatsoever cause my being gave,
The power that made me can its creature save.

If to myself I did not being give,
Nor from immediate parents did receive;
It could not from my predecessors flow,
They, than my parents, could not more bestow.
Should we the long depending scale ascend
Of sons and fathers, will it never end?
If 'twill, then must we through the order run
To some one man, whose being ne'er begun:
If that one man was sempiternal, why
Did he, since independent, ever die?
If from himself his own existence came,
The cause, that could destroy his being, name.

To seek my maker, thus in vain I trace
The whole successive chain of human race.

Bewilder'd I my Author cannot find,
Till some First Cause, some Self-existent Mind,
Who form'd, and rules all nature, is assign'd.

When first the womb did the crude embryo
hold,
What shap'd the parts? what did the limbs un-
fold?

O'er the whole work in secret did preside,
Give quickening vigour, and each motion guide?

What kindled in the dark the vital flame,
And, ere the heart was form'd, push'd on the
 reddening stream?

Then for the heart the aptest fibres strung?
And in the breast th' impulsive engine hung?
Say, what the various bones so wisely wrought?
How was their frame to such perfection brought?
What did their figures for their uses fit,
Their number fix, and joints adapted knit;
And made them all in that just order stand,
Which motion, strength, and ornaments demand?
What for the sinews spun so strong a thread,
The curious loom to weave the muscles spread;
Did the nice strings of tended membranes drill,
And perforate the nerve with so much skill,
Then with the active stream the dark recesses
 fill?

The purple mazes of the veins display'd,
And all th' arterial pipes in order laid,
What gave the bounding current to the blood,
And to and fro convey'd the restless flood?

The living fabric now in pieces take,
Of every part due observation make;
All which such art discover, so conduce
To beauty, vigour, and each destin'd use;
The arseil, if to search for truth inclin'd,
May in himself his full conviction find,
And from his body teach his erring mind.

When the crude embryo careful nature breeds,
See how she works, and how her work proceeds;
While through the mafs her energy she darts,
To free and swell the complicated parts,
Which only does unravel and untwist
Th' envelop'd limbs, that previous there exist.
And as each vital speck, in which remains
Th' entire, but rumpled animal, contains
Organs perplex'd, and clues of twining veins;
So every fœtus bears a sacred hoard,
With sleeping, unexpanded issue stor'd;
Which numerous, but unquicken'd progeny,
Clasp'd and inwrapt within each other lie:
Engendering heats these one by one unbind,
Stretch their small tubes, and hamper'd nerves
 unwind:

And thus, when time shall drain each magazine,
Crowded with men unborn, unripe, unseen,
Nor yet of parts unfolded; no increase
Can follow, all prolific power must cease.

Th' elastic spirits, which remains at rest
In the strait lodgings of the brain compress,
While by the ambient womb's enlivening heat,
Cheer'd and awaken'd, first themselves dilate;
Then quicken'd and expanded every way,
The genial labourers all their force display:
They now begin to work the wondrous frame,
To shape the parts, and raise the vital flame;
For when th' extended fibres of the brain
Their active guests no longer can restrain,
Their backward spring, which due effort compels
The labouring spirits to forsake their cells;
The spirits thus exploded from their seat,
Swift from the head to the next parts retreat,
Force their admission, and their passage beat:
Their tours around th' unopen'd mafs they take,
And by a thousand ways their inroads make,

Till there resisted they their race infect,
And backward to their source their way direct,
Thus with a steady and alternate toil
They issue from, and to the head recoil;
By which their plastic function they discharge,
Extend their channels, and their tracts enlarge;
For, by the swift excursions which they make,
Still sallying from the brain, and leaping back,
They pierce the nervous fibre, bore the vein,
And stretch th' arterial channels which contain
The various streams of life, that to and fro
Through dark meanders undirected flow;
Th' inspected egg this gradual change betrays,
To which the brooding hen expanding heat con-
 veys.

The beating heart, demanded first for use,
Is the first muscle nature does produce;
By this impulsive engine's constant aid,
The tepid floods are every way convey'd;
And did not nature's care at first provide
The active heart, to push the circling tide,
All progress to her work would be denied.

The salient point, so first is call'd the heart,
Shap'd and suspended with amazing art,
By turns dilated, and by turns compress'd,
Expels and entertains the purple guest;
It sends from out its left contracted side
Into th' arterial tube its vital pride;
Which tube, prolong'd but little from its source,
Parts its wide trunk, and takes a double course.

One channel to the head its way directs,
One to th' inferior limbs its path infects:
Both smaller by degrees, and smaller grow,
And on the parts, through which they branch-
 ing go,
A thousand secret subtle pipes bestow;
From which, by numerous convolutions wound,
Wrapt with th' attending nerve, and twisted
 round,

The complicated knots and kernels rise,
Of various figures, and of various size.
Th' arterial ducts, when thus involv'd, produce
Unnumber'd glands, and of important use;
But after, as they farther progress make,
The appellation of a vein they take;
For though th' arterial pipes themselves extend
In smallest branches, yet they never end;
The same continued circling channels run
Back to the heart, where first their course begun.

The heart, as said, from its contractive cave
On the left side, ejects the bounding wave;
Exploded thus, as splitting channels lead,
Upward it springs, or downward is convey'd;
The crimson jets with force elastic thrown
Ascend, and climb the mind's imperial throne;
Arterial streams through the soft brain diffuse,
And water all its fields with vital dews:
From this overflowing tide the curious brain
Does through its pores the purer spirits strain;
Which to its inmost seats their passage make,
Whence their dark rise th' extended sinews take;
With all their mouths the nerves these spirits drink,
Which through the cells of the fine strainer sink;
These all the channel'd fibres every way
For motion and sensation still convey.

The greatest portion of th' arterial blood,
By the close structure of the parts withstood,
Whose narrow meshes stop the grosser flood,
By apt canals and furrows in the brain,
Which here discharge the office of a vein,
Invert their current, and the heart regain.

The shooting streams, which through another road

The beating engine downward did explode,
To all th' inferior parts descend, and lave
The members with their circulating wave :
To make th' arterial treasure move as slow,
As nature's ends demand, the channels grow
Still more contracted, as they farther go :
Besides, the glands, which o'er the body spread
Fine complicated clues of nervous thread,
Involv'd and twist'd with th' arterial duct,
The rapid motion of the blood obstruct :
These labyrinths the circling current stay
For noble ends, which after we display.

Soon as the blood has pass'd the winding ways,
And various turnings of the wondrous maze,
From the entangled knot of vessels freed,
It runs its vital race with greater speed ;
And from the parts and members most remote,
By these canals the streams are backward
brought, [wrought ;

Which are of thinner coats and fewer fibres
Till all the confluent rills their current join,
And in the ample Porta vein combine.
This larger channel by a thousand roads
Enters the liver, and its store unloads ;
Which from that store by proper inlets strains
The yellow dregs, and sends them by the veins
To the large cistern, which the gall contains ;
Then to the vein we Cava name, the blood
Calls in the scatter'd streams, and re-collects the flood.

As when the Thames advances through the plain,
With his fresh waters to dilute the main ;
He turns and winds amidst the flowery meads,
And now contracts, and now his water spreads ;
Here in a course direct he forward tends,
There to his head his waves retorted bends :
See, now the sportive flood in two divides
His silver train, now with uniting tides
He wanton clasps the intercepted soil,
And forms with erring streams the reedy isle ;
At length collecting all his watery band,
The ocean to augment he leaves the land.
So the red currents in their secret maze
In various rounds through dark meanders pass,
Till all, assembled in the Cava vein,
Bring to the heart's right side their crimson train,
Which now compress'd with force elastic drives
The flood, that through the secret passages strives ;
The road that to the lungs this store transmits
Into unnumber'd narrow channels splits ;
The venal blood crowds through the winding ways,

And through the tubes the broken tide conveys ;
Those numerous streams, their rosy beauty gone,
Poor by expence, and faint with labour grown,
Are in the lungs enrich'd, which reinspire
The languid liquors, and restore their fire.

The large arterial ducts that thither lead,
By which the blood is from the heart convey'd,
Through either lobe ten thousand branches
spread.

Here its bright stream the bounding current parts,
And through the various passages swiftly darts,
Each subtle pipe, each winding channel, fills
With sprightly liquors, and with purple rills ;
The pipe, distinguish'd by its glist'ny rings,
To cherish life aerial pasture brings,
Which the soft breathing lungs with gentle force
Constant embrace by turns, by turns divorce ;
The springy air this nitrous food impels
Through all the spongy parts and bladder'd
cells,

And with dilating breath the vital billows swells ;
Th' admitted nitre agitates the flood,
Revives its fire, and re-ferments the blood.
Behold, the streams now change their languid
blue,

Regain their glory, and their flame renew ;
With scarlet honours re-adorn'd, the tide
Leaps on, and, bright with more than Tyrian pride,
Advances to the heart, and fills the cave
On the left side, which the first motion gave ;
Now through the same involv'd arterial ways,
Again th' exploded jets th' impulsive engine plays.
No fons of wisdom could this current trace,
Or of th' Ionic, or Italic race :

From thee, Democritus, it lay conceal'd,
Though yielding nature much to thee reveal'd ;
Though with the curious knife thou didst invade
Her dark recesses, and hast oft' display'd
The crimson mazes, and the hollow road,
Which to the heart conveys the resurgent blood.
It was to thee, great Stagyrice, unknown,
And thy preceptor of diving renown.
Learning did ne'er this secret truth impart
To the Greek masters of the healing art.
'Twas by the Coan's piercing eye unview'd,
And did attentive Galen's search elude.

Thou, wondrous Harvey ! whose immortal fame,
By thee instructed, grateful schools proclaim ;
Thou, Albion's pride, didst first the winding way,
And circling life's dark labyrinth display ;
Attentive from the heart thou didst pursue
The starting flood, and keep it still in view ;
Till thou with rapture saw'st the channels bring
The purple currents back, and form the vital ring.

See, how the human animal is fed,
How nourishment is wrought, and how convey'd :
The mouth, with proper faculties endued,
First entertains, and then divides the food ;
Two adverse rows of teeth the meat prepare,
On which the glands fermenting juice confer ;
Nature has various tender muscles plac'd,
By which the artful gullet is embrac'd ;
Some the long funnels curious mouth extend,
Through which ingested meats with ease descend ;
Other confederate pairs for nature's use
Contract the fibres, and the twitch produce,
Which gently pushes on the grateful food
To the wide stomach, by its hollow road :
That this long road may unobstructed go,
As it descends, it bores the midriff through ;

The large receiver for concoction made
 Betold amidst the warmest bowels laid;
 The spleen to this, and to the adverse side
 The glowing liver's comfort is apply'd;
 Beneath, the pancreas has its proper seat,
 To cheer its neighbour, and augment its heat;
 More to assist it for its destin'd use,
 This ample bag is stor'd with active juice,
 Which can with ease subdue, with ease unbind,
 Admitted meats of every different kind;
 This powerful ferment, mingling with the parts,
 The leaven'd mass to milky chyle converts;
 The stomach's fibres this concocted food,
 By their contraction's gentle force, exclude,
 Which by the mouth on the right side descends
 Through the wide pass, which from that mouth
 depends;

In its progression soon the labour'd chyle
 Receives the confluent rills of bitter bile,
 Which by the liver fever'd from the blood,
 And striving through the gall-pipe, here un-
 load

Their yellow streams, more to refine the flood;
 The complicated glands, in various ranks
 Dispos'd along the neighbouring channel's banks,
 By constant weeping mix their watery store
 With the chyle's current, and dilute it more;
 Th' intestine roads, inflected and inclin'd,
 In various convolutions turn and wind,
 That these meanders may the progress stay,
 And the descending chyle by this delay
 May through the milky vessels find its way,
 Whose little mouths in the large channel's side
 Suck in the flood, and drink the cheering tide:
 These numerous veins (such is the curious frame!)
 Receive the pure insinuating stream;
 But no corrupt or dreggy parts admit,
 To form the blood, or feed the limbs unfit;
 Th' intestine spiral fibres these protrude,
 And from the winding tubes at length exclude.

Observe, these small canals conspire to make
 With all their treasure one capacious lake,
 Whose common receptacle entertains
 Th' united streams of all the lacteal veins.
 Hither the rills of water are convey'd
 In curious aqueducts by nature laid,
 To carry all the limpid humour strain'd,
 And from the blood divided by the gland;
 Which mingling currents with the milky juice
 Makes it more apt to flow, more fit for use;
 These liquors, which the wide receiver fill,
 Prepar'd with labour, and refin'd with skill,
 Another course to distant parts begin,
 Through roads that stretch along the back within;
 This useful channel, lately known, ascends,
 And in the vein near the left shoulder ends,
 Which there unloads its wealth, that with the
 blood

Now flows in one incorporated flood;
 Soon by the vein 'tis to the heart convey'd,
 And is by that elastic engine play'd
 Into the lungs, whence, as describ'd before,
 It onward springs, and makes the wondrous tour.
 Now all the banks the branching river laves
 With dancing streams, and animated waves;

New florid honours and gay youth bestows,
 Diffusing vital vigour, where it flows;
 Supplies fresh spirits to the living frame,
 And kindles in the eyes a brighter flame;
 Muscles impair'd receive new fibrous thread,
 And every bone is with rich marrow fed;
 Nature revives, cheer'd with the wealthy tide,
 And life regal'd displays its purple pride.

But how the wondrous distribution's made,
 How to each part its proper food convey'd;
 How fibrous strings for nourishment are wrought,
 By what conveyance to the muscles brought;
 How rang'd for motion, how for beauty mix'd;
 With vital cement how th' extremes are fix'd;
 How they agree in various ways to join
 In a transverse, a straight, and crooked line;
 Here lost in wonder we adoring stand
 With rapture own the wise Director's hand,
 Who nature made, and does her works com-
 mand.

Let us howe'er the theme as far pursue,
 As learn'd observers know, or think they do.
 Mix'd with the blood in the same circling
 tide,

The rills nutritious through the vessels glide:
 Those pipes, still lessening as they further pass,
 Retard the progress of the flowing mass.
 The glands, that nature o'er the body spreads,
 All artful knots of various hollow threads,
 Which lymphæducts, on artery, nerve, and vein,
 Involv'd and close together wound, contain,
 Make yet the motion of the streams more slow,
 Which through those mazes intricate must flow:
 And hence it comes the interrupted blood
 Distends its channels with its swelling flood;
 Those channels, turgid with th' obstructive tide,
 Stretch their small holes, and make their meshes
 wide,

By skilful nature pierc'd on every side.
 Mean time, the labour'd chyle pervades the pores
 In all th' arterial perforated shores;
 The liquid food, which through those passes strives,
 To every part just reparation gives;
 Through holes of various figures various juice
 Insinuates, to serve for nature's use.
 See softer fibres to the flesh are sent,
 While the thin membrane finer strings augment;
 The tough and strong are on the sinews laid,
 And to the bones the harder are convey'd;
 But what the mass nutritious does divide,
 To different parts the different portions guide,
 What makes them aptly to the limbs adhere,
 In youth augment them, and in age repair,
 The deepest search could never yet declare.

Nor less contrivance, nor less curious art,
 Surprise and please in every other part.
 See, how the nerves, with equal wisdom made,
 Arising from the tender brain, pervade,
 And secret pass in pairs the channel'd bone,
 And thence advance through paths and roads un-
 known;

Form'd of the finest complicated thread,
 These numerous cords are through the body spread;
 A thousand branches from each trunk they send,
 Some to the limbs, some to the bowels tend;

Some in strait lines, some in transverse, are found,
One forms a crooked figure, one a round;
The entrails these embrace in spiral strings,
Those clasp th' arterial tubes in tender rings;
The tendons some compacted close produce,
And some thin fibres for the skin diffuse.

These subtle channels (such is every nerve!)
For vital functions, sense, and motion serve;
Included spirits through their secret road
Pass to and fro, as through the veins the blood;
Some to the heart advancing take their way,
Which move and make the beating muscle play;
Part to the spleen, part to the liver, flows,
These to the lungs, and to the stomach those;
They help to labour and concoct the food,
Refine the chyle, and animate the blood;
Exalt the ferments, and the strainers aid,
That, by a constant separation made,
They may a due œconomy maintain,
Exclude the noxious parts, the good retain.

Yet we these wondrous functions ne'er perceive,
Functions, by which we move, by which we live;
Unconscious we these motions never heed,
Whether they err, or by just laws proceed.

But other spirits, govern'd by the will,
Shoot through their tracks, and distant muscles fill:
This Sovereign by his arbitrary nod
Refrains, or sends his ministers abroad;
Swift and obedient to his high command,
They stir a finger, or they lift a hand;
They tune our voices, or they move our eyes;
By these we walk, or from the ground arise;
By these we turn, by these the body bend;
Contract a limb at pleasure, or extend.
And though these spirits, which obsequious go,
Know not the paths through which they ready
flow,

Nor can our mind instruct them in their way,
Of all their roads as ignorant as they;

Yet seldom erring they attain their end,
And reach that single part, which we intend;
Unguided they a just distinction make,
This muscle swell, and leave the other slack;
And when their force this limb or that infects,
Our will the measure of that force directs;
The spirits which distend them, as we please,
Exert their power, or from their duty cease.

These out-guards of the mind are sent abroad,
And still patrolling beat the neighbouring road;
Or to the parts remote obedient fly,
Keep posts advanc'd, and on the frontier lie.
The watchful centinels at every gate,
At every passage to the senses wait;
Still travel to and fro the nervous way,
And their impressions to the brain convey,
Where their report the vital envoys make,
And with new orders are remanded back;
Quick, as a darted beam of light, they go,
Through different paths to different organs flow,
Whence they reflect as swiftly to the brain,
To give it pleasure, or to give it pain.

Thus has the muse a daring wing display'd,
Through trackless skies ambitious flight essay'd,
To sing the wonders of the human frame;
But, oh! bewails her weak, unequal flame.
Ye skilful masters of Machaon's race,
Who nature's mazy intricacies trace,
And to sublimer spheres of knowledge rise
By manag'd fire, and late-invented eyes:
Tell, how your search has here eluded been,
How oft amaz'd and ravish'd you have seen
The conduct, prudence, and stupendous art,
And master-strokes in each mechanic part.
Tell, what delightful mysteries remain
Unsung, which my inferior voice disdain.
Who can this field of miracles survey
And not with Galen all in rapture say
Behold a God, adore him, and obey!

BOOK VII.

The Argument.

The introduction, in imitation of King Solomon's ironical concessions to the libertine. The Creator asserted, from the contemplation of animals. Of their sense of hearing, tasting, smelling, and especially of seeing. Of the nobler operations of animals, commonly called instincts. The Creator demonstrated farther, from the contemplation of human understanding, and the perfections of the mind. The vigour and swiftness of thought. Simple perception. Reflection. Of the mind's power of abstracting, uniting, and separating ideas. Of the faculty of reasoning, or deducing one proposition from two others. The power of human understanding, in inventing skilful works, and in other instances. The mind's self-determining power, or freedom of choice. Her power of electing an end, and choosing means to attain that end. Of controlling our appetites, rejecting pleasures, and choosing pain, want, and death itself, in hopes of happiness in a distant unknown state of life. The conclusion, being a short recapitulation of the whole; with a hymn to the Creator of the world.

While rosy youth in perfect bloom maintains,
Thoughtless of age, and ignorant of pains;
While from the heart rich streams with vigour
spring, [ring;
Bound through their roads, and dance their vital

And spirits, swift as sun-beams through the skies,
Dart through thy nerves, and sparkle in thy
eyes;
While nature with full strength thy sinews arms,
Glow in thy cheeks, and triumphs in her charms;

Indulge thy instincts, and intent on ease
With ravishing delight thy senses please.

Since no black clouds dishonour now the sky,
No winds, but balmy genial zephyrs, fly,
Eager embark, and to th' inviting gale
Thy pendants loose, and spread thy silken sail;
Sportive advance on pleasure's wanton tide
Through flowery scenes, diffus'd on either side.
See how the hours their painted wings display,

And draw, like harness'd doves, the smiling day!
Shall this glad spring, when active ferments climb,
These months, the fairest progeny of time,
The brightest parts in all duration's train,
Ask thee to seize thy bliss, and ask in vain?
To their prevailing smiles thy heart resign,
And wisely make the proffer'd blessings thine.
Near some fair river, on reclining land,
'Midst groves and fountains let thy palace stand;
Let Parian walls unrivall'd pomp display,
And gilded towers repel augmented day;
Let porphyry pillars in high rows uphold
The azure roof enrich'd with veins of gold;
And the fair creatures of the sculptor's art
Part grace thy palace, and thy garden part;
Here let the scentful spoils of opening flowers
Breathe from thy citron walks, and jasmine bowers;
Hesperian blossoms in thy bosom smell;
Let all Arabia in thy garments dwell.

That costly banquets and delicious feasts
May crown thy table, to regale thy guests,
Ransack the hills, and every park and wood,
The lake unpeople, and despoil the flood;
Procure each feather'd luxury, that bears
Its native air, or from its clime retreats,
And by alternate transmigration flies
O'er interposing seas, and changes skies;
Let artful cooks to raise their relish strive,
With all the spicy tastes the Indies give.

While wreaths of roses round thy temples twine,
Enjoy the sparkling blessings of the vine;
Let the warm nectar all thy veins inspire,
Solace thy heart, and raise the vital fire.

Next let the charms of heavenly music cheer
Thy soul with rapture listening in thy ear;
Let tuneful chiefs exert their skill, to show
What artful joys from manag'd sound can flow;
Now hear the melting voice and trembling string;
Let Pepusch touch the lyre, and Margarita sing.

While wanton ferments swell thy glowing veins,
To the warm passion give the slacken'd reins;
Thy gazing eyes with blooming beauty feast,
Receive its dart, and hug it in thy breast;
From fair to fair with gay inconstance rove,
Taste every sweet, and cloy thy soul with love.

But 'midst thy boundless joys, unbridled youth,
Remember still this sad, but certain truth,
That thou at last severely must account;
To what wilt thy congested guilt amount!

Allow a God; he must our deeds regard;
A righteous Judge must punish and reward:
Yet that he rears no high tribunal here,
Impartial justice to dispense, is clear.
His sword unpunish'd criminals defy,
Nor by his thunder does the tyrant die;

While Heaven's adorer's prest with want and pain,
Their unrewarded innocence maintain.

See his right hand he unextended keeps, [sleeps.
Though long provok'd, th' inactive vengeance

Hence we a world succeeding this infer, }
Where he his justice will assert; prepare
To stand arraign'd before his awful bar,
Where wilt thou hide thy ignominious head?
Shuddering with horror, what hast thou to plead?
Despairing wretch! he'll frown thee from his throne,

And by his wrath will make his being known.

Yet more Religion's empire to support,
To push the foe, and make our last effort;
Let beings with attention be reviv'd,
Which, not alone with vital power endued,
Can move themselves, can organiz'd perceive
The various strokes, which various objects give.
By laws mechanic can Lucretius tell
How living creatures see, or hear, or smell?
How is the image to the sense convey'd?
On the tun'd organ how the impulse made?
How, and by which more noble part, the brain
Perceives th' idea, can their schools explain?
'Tis clear, in that superior seat alone
The judge of objects has her secret throne;
Since, a limb sever'd by the wounding steel,
We still may pain, as in that member, feel.

Mark how the spirits watchful in the ear
Seize undulating sounds, and catch the vocal air,
Observe how others, that the tongue possess,
Which salts of various shape and size impress,
From their affected fibres upward dart,
And different tastes by different strokes impart.
Remark, how those, which in the nostril dwell,
That artful organ destin'd for the smell,
By vapours mov'd, their passage upward take,
And scents unpleasant or delightful make.

If in the tongue, the nostril, and the ear,
No skill, no wisdom, no design, appear;
Lucretians, next, regard the curious eye;
Can you no art, no prudence, there descry?
By your mechanic principles, in vain
The sense of sight you labour to explain.
You say, from all the objects of the eye
Thin colour'd shapes uninterrupted fly.
As wandering ghosts (so ancient poets feign)
Skim through the air, and sweep th' infernal plain;

So these light figures roam by day and night,
But undiscover'd till betray'd by light.

But can corporeal forms with so much ease
Meet in their flight a thousand images,
And yet no conflict, no collusive force,
Break their thin texture, and disturb their course?
What fix'd their picture, and made them so cohere,
That they the picture of the object wear?
What is the shape, that from a body flies?
What moves, what propagates, what multiplies, }
And paints one image in a thousand eyes?
When to the eye the crowding figures pass, }
How in a point can all possess a place,
And lie distinguish'd in such narrow space?
Since all perception in the brain is made,
(Though where and how was never yet display'd)

And since so great a distance lies between
The eye-ball, and the seat of sense within;
While in the eye th' arrested object stays,
Tell, what th' idea to the brain conveys?

You say, the spirits in the optic nerve,
Mov'd by the intercepted image, serve
To bear th' impression to the brain, and give
The stroke, by which the object we perceive.

How does the brain, touch'd with a different
stroke,

The whole distinguish from the marble rock?
Pronounce this tree a cedar, that an oak?
Can spirits weak or stronger blows express,
One body greater, and another less?
How do they make us space and distance know?
At once distinct a thousand objects show?

Lucretians, now proceed; contemplate all
The nobler actions of the animal,
Which instinct some, some lower reason, call,
Say, what contexture did by chance arrive,
Which to brute creatures did that instinct give,
Whence they at sight discern and dread their foe,
Their food distinguish, and their physic know?
By which the lion learns to hunt his prey,
And the weak herd to fear and fly away?
The birds contrive inimitable nests?
And dens are haunted by the forest beasts?
Whence some in subterranean dwellings hide,
These in the rocks, and those in woods abide?
Whence timorous beasts, through hills and lawns
pursued,

By artful shifts the ravening foe elude?

What various wonders may observers see
In a small insect, the sagacious bee!
Mark, how the little untaught builders square
Their rooms; and in the dark their lodgings rear!
Nature's mechanics, they unwearied strive,
And fill with curious labyrinths the hive.
See, what bright strokes of architecture shine
Through the whole frame, what beauty, what de-
sign!

Each odoriferous cell, and waxen tower,
The yellow pillage of the rifled flower,
Has twice three sides, the only figure fit
To which the labourers may their stores commit,
Without the loss of matter, or of room,
In all the wondrous structure of the comb.
Next view, spectator, with admiring eyes,
In what just order all th' apartments rise!
So regular their equal sides cohere,
Th' adapted angles so each other bear,
That, by mechanic rules refin'd and bold,
They are at once upheld, at once uphold.
Does not this skill ev'n vie with reason's reach?
Can Euclid more, can more Palladin, teach?
Each verdant hill th' industrious chemists climb,
Extract the riches of the blooming thyme,
And, provident of winter long before, [store;
They stock their caves, and hoard their flowery
In peace they rule their state with prudent care,
Wisely defend, or wage offensive war.

Maro, these wonders offer'd to his thought,
Felt his known ardour, and the rapture caught:
Then rais'd his voice, and, in immortal lays,
Did high as heaven the insect nation raise.

If, Epicurus, this whole artful frame
Does not a wise Creator's hand proclaim,
To view the intellectual world advance;
Is this the creature too of fate or chance?
Turn on itself thy godlike reason's ray,
Thy mind contemplate, and its power survey.

What high perfections grace the human mind,
In flesh imprison'd, and to earth confin'd!
What vigour has she! what a piercing sight!
Strong as the winds, and sprightly as the light!
She moves unwearied as the active fire,
And, like the flame, her flights to heaven aspire:
By day her thoughts in never-ceasing streams
Flow clear; by night they strive in troubled
dreams.

She draws ten thousand landscapes in the brain,
Dresses of airy forms an endless train,
Which all her intellectual scenes prepare,
Enter by turns the stage, and disappear.
To the remoter regions of the sky
Her swift-wing'd thought can in a moment fly;
Climb to the heights of heaven, to be employ'd
In viewing thence th' interminable void;
Can look beyond the stream of time, to see
The stagnant ocean of eternity.
Thoughts in an instant through the zodiac run,
A year's long journey for the labouring fun;
Then down they shoot, as swift as darting light,
Nor can opposing clouds retard their flight;
Through subterranean vaults with ease they sweep,
And search the hidden wonders of the deep.

When man with reason dignify'd is born,
No images his naked mind adorn;
No sciences or arts enrich his brain,
Nor fancy yet displays her pictur'd train:
He no innate ideas can discern,
Of knowledge destitute, though apt to learn.
Our intellectual, like the body's, eye,
Whilst in the womb, no object can descry;
Yet is dispos'd to entertain the light,
And judge of things when offer'd to the sight.
When objects through the senses passage gain,
And fill with various imagery the brain,
Th' ideas, which the mind does thence perceive,
To think and know the first occasion give.
Did he not use the senses' ministry,
Nor ever taste, or smell, or hear, or see,
Could she possess of power perceptive be?
Wretches, who sightless into being came,
Of light or colour no idea frame.
Then grant a man his being did commence,
Deny'd by Nature each external sense,
These ports unopen'd, diffident we guess,
Th' unconscious soul no image could possess;
Though what in such a state the restless train
Of spirits would produce, we ask in vain.
The mind proceeds, and to reflection goes,
Perceives she does perceive, and knows she knows;
Reviews her acts, and does from thence con-
clude

She is with reason and with choice endued.

From individuals of distinguish'd kind,
By her abstracting faculty, the mind
Precisely general natures can conceive;
And birth to notions universal give;

The various modes of things distinctly shows,
 A pure respect, a nice relation knows, [flows; }
 And sees whence each respect and each relation
 By her abstracting power in pieces takes [makes;
 The mix'd and compound whole, which Nature
 On objects of the senses she refines,
 Beings by Nature separated joins, }
 And severs qualities, which that combines.
 The mind, from things repugnant, some respects
 In which their natures are alike select,
 And can some difference and unlikeness see
 In things which seem entirely to agree:
 She does distinguish here, and there unite;
 The mark of judgment that, and this of wit.

As she can reckon, separate, and compare, }
 Conceive what order, rude, proportion, are,
 So from one thought the still can more infer;
 Maxim from maxim can by force express,
 And make discover'd truths associate truths confess:
 On plain foundations, which our reason lays,
 She can stupendous frames of science raise;
 Notion on notion built will towering rise,
 Till th' intellectual fabrics reach the skies;
 The mathematic axioms, which appear }
 By scientific demonstration clear,
 The master-builders on two pillars rear:
 From two plain problems by laborious thought
 Is all the wondrous superstructure wrought.

The soul, as mention'd, can herself inspect,
 By acts reflex can view her acts direct;
 A task too hard for sense; for though the eye
 Its own reflected image can descry,
 Yet it ne'er saw the sight by which it sees,
 Vision can show no colour'd images.

The mind's tribunal can reports reject
 Made by the senses, and their faults correct;
 The magnitude of distant stars it knows,
 Which erring sense, as twinkling tapers, shows:
 Crooked the shape our cheated eye believes,
 Which through a double medium it receives;
 Superior mind does a right judgment make,
 Declares its straight, and mends the eye's mistake.

Where dwells this sovereign arbitrary soul, }
 Which does the human animal control,
 Inform each part, and agitate the whole?
 O'er ministerial senses does preside,
 To all their various provinces divide, }
 Each member move, and every motion guide?
 Which, by her secret uncontested nod,
 Her messengers the spirits sends abroad, }
 Through every nervous pass, and every vital road,
 To fetch from every distant part a train
 Of outward objects, to enrich the brain?
 Where fits this bright intelligence enthron'd,
 With numberless ideas pour'd around?
 Where sciences and arts in order wait,
 And truths divine compose her godlike state?
 Can the dissecting steel the brain display,
 And the august apartment open lay,
 Where this great queen still chooses to reside
 In intellectual pomp, and bright ideal pride?
 Or can the eye, assisted by the glass,
 Discern the strait, but hospitable place,
 In which ten thousand images remain,
 Without confusion, and their rank maintain?

How does this wondrous principle of thought
 Perceive the object by the senses brought?
 What philosophic builder will essay
 By rules mechanic to unfold the way
 How a machine must be dispos'd to think,
 Ideas how to frame, and how to link?
 Tell us, Lucretius, Epicurus, tell,
 And you in wit unrival'd shall excel;
 How through the outward sense the object flies,
 How in the soul her images arise;
 What thinking, what perception is, explain;
 What all the airy creatures of the brain;
 How to the mind a thought reflected goes,
 And how the conscious engine knows it knows.

The mind a thousand skilful works can frame,
 Can form deep projects to procure her aim.
 Merchants for eastern pearl and golden ore
 To cross the main, and reach the Indian shore,
 Prepare the floating ship, and spread the sail,
 To catch the impulse of the breathing gale.
 Warriors in framing schemes their wisdom show,
 To disappoint or circumvent the foe.
 Th' ambitious statesman labours dark designs,
 Now open force employs, now undermines;
 By paths direct his end he now pursues,
 By side approaches now, and slanting views.

See, how resistless orators persuade,
 Draw out their forces, and the heart invade;
 Touch every spring and movement of the soul,
 This appetite excite, and that controul;
 Their powerful voice can flying troops arrest,
 Confirm the weak, and melt th' obdurate breast;
 Chase from the sad their melancholy air,
 Sooth discontent, and solace anxious care.
 When threatening tides of rage and anger rise,
 Usurp the throne, and reason's sway despise,
 When in the seats of life this tempest reigns,
 Beats through the heart, and drives along the veins;
 See, eloquence with force persuasive binds
 The restless waves, and charms the warring winds,
 Resistless bids tumultuous uproar cease,
 Recalls the calm, and gives the bosom peace.

Did not the mind, on heavenly joy intent,
 The various kinds of harmony invent?
 She the theorbo, she the viol found,
 And all the moving melody of sound;
 She gave to breathing tubes a power unknown,
 To speak inspir'd with accents not their own;
 Taught tuneful sons of music how to sing,
 How, by vibrations of th' extended string,
 And manag'd impulse on the suffering air,
 T' extort the rapture, and delight the ear.

See, how celestial reason does command
 The ready pencil in the painter's hand;
 Whose strokes affect with Nature's self to vie,
 And with false life amuse the doubtful eye:
 Behold the strong emotions of the mind
 Exerted in the eyes, and in the face design'd.
 Such is the artist's wondrous power, that we
 Ev'n pictur'd souls and colour'd passions see,
 Where without words (peculiar eloquence)
 The busy figures speak their various sense.
 What living face does more distress or woe,
 More finish'd shame, confusion, horror, know,
 Than what the masters of the pencil show?

Mean time the chisel with the pencil vies;
The sister arts dispute the doubtful prize.
Are human limbs, ev'n in their vital state,
More just and strong, more free and delicate,
Than Buonorota's curious tools create?
He to the rock can vital instincts give,
Which, thus transform'd, can rage, rejoice, or
grieve:

His skillful hand does marble veins inspire
Now with the lover's, now the hero's fire;
So well th' imagin'd actors play their part,
The silent hypocrites such power exert,
That passions, which they feel not, they bestow.
Affright us with their fear, and melt us with their
woe.

There Niobe leans weeping on her arm:
How her sad looks and beauteous sorrow charm!
See, here a Venus soft in Parian stone;
A Pallas there to ancient fables known;
That from the rock arose, not from the main,
This not from Jove's, but from the sculptor's brain.

Admire the carver's fertile energy,
With raviſh'd eyes his happy offspring see.
What beauteous figures by th' unrival'd art
Of British Gibbons from the cedar start!
He makes that tree unnative charms assume,
Usurp gay honours, and another's bloom;
The various fruits, which different climates bear,
And all the pride the fields and gardens wear;
While from unjuicy limbs without a root
New buds devis'd, and leafy branches, shoot.

As human kind can by an act direct,
Perceive and know, then reason and reflect:
So the self-moving spring has power to choose,
These methods to reject, and those to use;
She can design and prosecute an end,
Exert her vigour, or her act suspend;
Free from the insults of all foreign power,
She does her godlike liberty secure;
Her right and high prerogative maintains,
Impatient of the yoke, and scorns coercive chains;
She can her airy train of forms disband,
And makes new levees at her own command;
O'er her ideas sovereign she presides,
At pleasure these unites, and those divides.

The ready phantoms at her nod advance,
And form the busy intellectual dance;
While her fair scenes to vary, or supply;
She singles out fit images, that lie
In memory's records, which faithful hold
Objects immense in secret marks inroll'd;
The sleeping forms at her command awake,
And now return, and now their cells forsake,
On active fancy's crowded theatre,
As she directs, they rise or disappear. [way,
Objects, which through the senses make their
And just impressions to the soul convey,
Give her occasion first herself to move,
And to exert her hatred, or her love;
Ideas, which to some impulsive seem,
A& not upon the mind, but that on them.
When she to foreign objects audience gives,
Their strokes and motions in the brain perceives;
As these perceptions, we ideas name,
From her own power and active nature came,

So when discern'd by intellectual light,
Herself her various passions does excite,
To ill her hate, to good her appetite;
To shun the first, the latter to procure,
She chooses means by free elective power;
She can their various habitudes survey,
Debate their fitness, and their merit weigh,
And, while the means suggested she compares,
She to the rivals this or that prefers.

By her superior power the reasoning soul
Can each reluctant appetite controul;
Can every passion rule, and every sense,
Change Nature's course, and with her laws dispense;
Our breathing to prevent, she can arrest
Th' extension, or contraction, of the breast;
When pain'd with hunger, we can food refuse,
And wholesome abstinence, or famine choose.
Can the wild beast his instinct disobey,
And from his jaws release the captive prey?
Or hungry herds on verdant pastures lie,
Mindless to eat, and resolute to die?
With heat expiring, can the panting hart
Patient of thirst from the cool stream depart?
Can brutes at will imprison'd breath detain?
Torment prefer to ease, and life disdain?

From all restraint, from all compulsion free,
Unforc'd, and unneccitated, we
Ourselves determine, and our freedom prove,
When this we fly, and to that object move.
Had not the mind a power to will and choose,
One object to embrace, and one refuse;
Could she not act, or not her act suspend,
As it obstructed, or advanc'd her end;
Virtue and vice were names without a cause,
This would not hate deserve, nor that applause;
Justice in vain has high tribunals rear'd,
Whom can her sentence punish, whom reward?
If impious children should their father kill,
Can they be wicked, when they cannot will;
When only causes foreign and unseen
Strike with resistless force the springs within,
Whence in the engine man all motion must
begin?

Are vapours guilty which the vintage blast?
Are storms proſcrib'd, which lay the forest waste?
Why lies the wretch then tortur'd on the wheel,
If forc'd to treason, or compell'd to steal?
Why does the warrior, by auspicious fate
With laurels crown'd, and clad in robes of state,
In triumph ride amidst the gazing throng,
Deaf with applauses, and the poet's song;
If the victorious, but the brute machine
Did only wreaths inevitable win,
And no wise choice or vigilance has shown,
Mov'd by a fatal impulse, not his own?

Should trains of atoms human sense impel,
Though not so fierce, so strong, so visible
As soldiers arm'd, and do not men arrest
With clubs upheld, and daggers at their breast?
Yet means compulsive are not plainer shown,
When russians drive, or conquerors drag us on;
As much we're forc'd, when by an atom's sway
Control'd, as when a tyrant we obey;
And, by whatever cause constrain'd to act,
We merit no reward, no guilt contract.

Our mind of rulers feels a conscious awe,
Reveres their justice, and regards their law:
She rectitude and deviation knows,
That vice from one, from one that virtue flows;
Of these she feels unlike effects within,
From virtue pleasure, and remorse from sin;
Hopes of a just reward by that are fed,
By this, of wrath vindictive, secret dread.
The mind, which thus can rules of duty learn,
Can right from wrong, and good from ill discern;
Which, the sharp stroke of justice to prevent,
Can shame express, can grieve, reflect, repent;
From fate or chance her rise can never draw,
Those causes know not virtue, vice, or law.

She can a life succeeding this conceive,
Of bliss or woe an endless state believe.
Dreading the just and universal doom,
And aw'd by fears of punishment to come,
By hopes excited of a glorious crown,
And certain pleasures in a world unknown:
She can the fond desires of sense restrain,
Renounce delight, and choose distress and pain;
Can rush on danger, can destruction face,
Joyful relinquish life, and death embrace:
She to afflicted virtue can adhere,
And chains and want to prosperous guilt prefer;
Unmov'd, these wild tempestuous steps survey,
And view serene this restless rolling sea.
In vain the monsters, which the coast infest,
Spend all their rage to interrupt her rest;
Her charming song the fyers sings in vain,
She can the tuneful hypocrite disdain;
Fix'd and unchang'd the faithless world behold,
Deaf to its threats, and to its favour cold.
Sages, remark, we labour not to show
The will is free, but that the man is so;
For what enlighten'd reasoner can declare
What human will and understanding are?
What science from those objects can we frame
Of which we little know, besides the name?
The learned, who with anatomic art
Dissect the mind, and thinking substance part,
And various powers and faculties assert,
Perhaps by such abstraction of the mind,
Divide the things that are in nature join'd.
What masters of the schools can make it clear
Those faculties, which two to them appear,
Are not residing in the soul the same,
And not distinct, but by a different name?

Thus has the muse pursu'd her hardy theme,
And sung the wonders of this artful frame.
Ere yet one subterranean arch was made,
One cavern vaulted, or one girder laid;
Ere the high rocks did o'er the shores arise,
Or snowy mountains tower'd amidst the skies;
Before the wat'ry troops fil'd off from land,
And lay amidst the rocks entrench'd in sand;
Before the air its bosom did unfold,
Or burnish'd orbs in blue expansion roll'd,
She sung how Nature then in embryo lay,
And did the secrets of her birth display.

When after, at th' Almighty's high command,
Obedient waves divided from the land;
And shades and lazy mists were chas'd away,
While rosy light diffus'd the tender day;

Vol. VII.

When uproar ceas'd, and wild confusion fled,
And new-born Nature rais'd her beauteous head;
She sung the frame of this terrestrial pile,
The hills, the rocks, the rivers, and the soil:
She view'd the sandy frontiers, which restrain
The noisy insults of th' imprison'd main;
Rang'd o'er the wide diffusion of the waves,
The moist ærean walks, and search'd the coral
caves.

She then survey'd the fluid fields of air,
And the crude seeds of meteors fashion'd there;
Then with continued flight she sped her way,
Mounted, and bold pursu'd the source of day;
With wonder of celestial motions sung,
How the pois'd orbs are in the vacant hung;
How the bright sluices of æthereal light,
Now shut, defend the empire of the night;
And now, drawn up with wise alternate care,
Let floods of glory out, and spread with day the
air.

Then, with a daring wing, she soar'd sublime,
From realm to realm, from orb to orb did climb:
Swift through the spacious gulf she urg'd her way,
At length emerg'd in empyrean day;
Where far, oh far, beyond what mortals see,
In the void districts of immensity;
The mind new suns, new planets, can explore,
And yet beyond can still imagine more.

Thus in bold numbers did th' adventurous muse
To sing the lifeless parts of Nature choose;
And then advanc'd to wonders yet behind,
Survey'd and sung the vegetable kind;
Did lofty woods, and humble brakes review,
Along the valley swept, and o'er the mountain
flew.

Then left the muse, the field, and waving grove,
And, unfatigu'd with grateful labour, strove
To climb th' amazing heights of sense, and sing
The power perceptive, and the inward spring
Which agitates and guides each living thing.

She next essay'd the embryo's rise to trace
From an unfashion'd, rude, unchannel'd mass;
Sung how the spirits waken'd in the brain,
Exert their force, and genial toil maintain;
Erect the beating heart, the channels frame,
Unfold entangled limbs, and kindle vital flame:
How the small pipes are in meanders laid,
And bounding life is to and fro convey'd;
How spirits, which for sense and motion serve,
Unguided find the perforated nerve,
Through every dark recess pursue their flight,
Unconscious of the road, and void of sight,
Yet certain of the way, still guide their motions
right.

From thence a nobler flight she did essay,
The mind's extended empire to survey.
She sung the godlike principle of thought,
And how, from objects by the senses brought,
The intellectual imagery is wrought;
How she the modes of beings can discern,
A nice respect, a mere relation learn;
Can all the thin abstracted notions reach,
Which Grecian wits, or Britain, thine can teach.

Thus has the muse strove to display a part
Of those unnumber'd miracles of art;

S f

Of prudence, conduct, and a wise design,
Which to th' attentive thought conspicuous shine.

Still, vanquish'd atheists! will you keep the field,
And, hard in error, still refuse to yield?
See, all your broken arms lie spread around,
And ignominious rout deforms the ground;
Be wise, and, once admonish'd by a foe,
Where lies your strength; and where your weak-
ness know;

No more at reason's solemn bar appear,
Hardy no more scholastic weapons bear;
Disband your feeble forces, and decline
The war; no more in tinsel armour shine;
Nor shake your bulrush spears, but swift repair
To your strong place of arms, the scoffer's chair;
And thence, supported with a mocking ring,
Sarcastic darts, and keen invectives sling
Against your foes, and scornful at your feasts
Religion vanquish with decisive jests;
Arm'd with resistless laughter, heaven assail,
Relinquish reason, and let mirth prevail. [sight,

Good Heav'n! that men, who vaunt discerning
And arrogant from wisdom's distant height
Look down on vulgar mortals, who revere
A Cause Supreme, should their proud building rear }
Without one prop the ponderous pile to bear!
How much the Judge, who does in heaven preside,
Re-mocks the scoffer, and contemns his pride!
Behold, the sad, unfortun'd hour
Advances near, which will his error cure;
When he compell'd shall drink the wrathful
And ruin'd feel immortal vengeance roll [bowl,
Through all his veins, and drench his inmost soul.
O'erwhelm'd with horror, sunk in deep despair,
And lost for ever, will the wretch forbear
To curse his madness, and blaspheme the power
Of his just Sovereign, which he mock'd before?

Hail, King Supreme! of Power immense Abyss!
Father of Light! Exhaustless Source of Bliss!
Thou uncreated, Self-existent Cause,
Control'd by no superior being's laws,
Ere infant light essay'd to dart the ray,
Smil'd heav'nly sweet, and try'd to kindle day:
Ere the wide fields of aether were display'd,
Or silver stars cerulean spheres inlaid;
Ere yet the eldest child of time was born,
Or verdant pride young nature did adorn;
Thou art; and didst eternity employ
In unmolested peace, in plenitude of joy.

In its ideal frame the world, design'd
From ages past, lay finish'd in thy mind.
Conform to this divine imagin'd plan,
With perfect art th' amazing work began.
Thy glance survey'd the solitary plains,
Where shapeless shade inert and silent reigns;
Then in the dark and undistinguish'd space,
Unfruitful, unenclos'd, and wild of face,
Thy compass for the world mark'd out the de-
stin'd place.

Then didst thou through the fields of barren night
Go forth, collected in Creating Might.
Where Thou almighty vigour didst exert,
Which emicant did this and that way dart
Through the black bosom of the empty space:
The gulfs confess th' omnipotent embrace,

And, pregnant grown with elemental seed,
Unfinish'd orbs and worlds in embryo breed.
From the crude mass, Omniscient Architect,
Thou for each part materials did select,
And with a master-hand thy world erect. }
Labour'd by Thee, the globes, vast lucid buoys,
By Thee uplifted, float in liquid skies:
By Thy cementing word their parts cohere,
And roll by Thy impulsive nod in air.
Thou in the vacant didst the earth suspend,
Advance the mountains, and the vales extend:
People the plains with flocks, with beasts the wood,
And store with scaly colonies the flood.

Next, man arose at Thy Creating Word,
Of Thy terrestrial realms vicegerent lord.
His soul, more artful labour, more refin'd,
And emulous of bright Seraphic Mind,
Ennobled by Thy image, spotless shone,
Prais'd Thee her author, and ador'd Thy throne;
Able to know, admire, enjoy her God,
She did her high felicity applaud.

Since Thou didst all the spacious worlds display,
Homage to Thee let all obedient pay.
Let glittering stars, that dance their destin'd ring }
Sublime in sky, with vocal planets sing [King!
Confederate praise to Thee, O Great Creator!
Let the thin districts of the waving air,
Conveyancers of sound, Thy skill declare.
Let winds, the breathing creatures of the skies,
Call in each vigorous gale, that roving flies
By land or sea; then one loud triumph raise,
And all their blasts employ in songs of praise.

While painted herald-birds Thy deeds proclaim,
And on their spreading wings convey Thy fame;
Let eagles, which in heaven's blue concave soar,
Scornful of earth, superior seats explore,
And rise with breasts erect against the sun,
Be ministers to bear Thy bright renown,
And carry ardent praises to Thy throne.

Ye fish, assume a voice; with praises fill
The hollow rock, and loud reactive hill.
Let lions with their roar their thanks express,
With acclamations shake the wilderness.
Let thunder clouds, that float from pole to pole,
With salvos loud salute Thee as they roll.
Ye monsters of the sea, ye noisy waves,
Strike with applause the repercussive caves.
Let hail and rain, let meteors form'd of fire,
And lambent flames, in this blest work conspire.
Let the high cedar and the mountain pine
Lowly to thee, Great King, their heads incline.
Let every spicy odoriferous tree
Present its incense and its balm to Thee. [low,

And thou, Heaven's viceroy o'er this world be
In this blest task superior ardour show:
To view thyself, inspect thy reason's ray,
Nature's replenish'd theatre survey;
Then all on fire the Author's skill adore,
And in loud songs extol Creating Power.

Degenerate minds, in mazy error lost,
May combat Heaven, and impious triumphs boast;
But, while my veins feel animating fires,
And vital air this breathing breast inspires,
Grateful to Heaven, I'll stretch a pious wing,
And sing His praise, who gave me power to sing.

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THE SONG OF MOPUS*.

But that which Arthur with most pleasure heard,
 Were noble strains, by Mopus sung, the bard
 Who to his harp in lofty verse began,
 And through the secret maze of Nature ran.
 He the great Spirit sung, that all things fill'd,
 That the tumultuous waves of Chaos still'd;
 Whose nod dispos'd the jarring seeds to peace,
 And made the wars of hostile atoms cease.
 All beings we in fruitful nature find,
 Proceeded from the great Eternal Mind;
 Streams of his unexhausted spring of power,
 And cherish'd with his influence, endure.
 He spread the pure æthereal fields on high,
 And arch'd the chambers of the vaulted sky,
 Which he, to suit their glory with their height,
 Adorn'd with globes, that reel, as drunk with
 light.

His hand directed all the tuneful spheres,
 He turn'd their orbs, and polish'd all the stars.
 He fill'd the sun's vast lamp with golden light,
 And bid the silver moon adorn the night.
 He spread the airy ocean without shores,
 Where birds are wafted with their feather'd oars.
 Then sung the bard how the light vapours rise
 From the warm earth, and cloud the smiling skies.
 He sung how some, chill'd in their airy flight,
 Fall scatter'd down in pearly dew by night.
 How some, rais'd higher, sit in secret steams
 On the reflected points of bounding beams;
 Till, chill'd with cold, they shade th' ætherial plain,
 Then on the thirsty earth descend in rain.
 How some, whose parts a slight texture show,
 Sink hovering through the air, in fleecy snow.
 How part is spun in silken threads, and clings
 Entangled in the grass in glewy strings.
 How others stamp to stones, with rushing sound
 Fall from their crystal quarries to the ground.
 How some are laid in trains, that kindled fly
 In harmless fires by night, about the sky.
 How some in winds blow with impetuous force,
 And carry ruin where they bend their course:
 While some conspire to form a gentle breeze,
 To fan the air, and play among the trees.

How some, enrag'd, grow turbulent and loud,
 Pent in the bowels of a frowning cloud;
 That cracks, as if the axis of the world
 Was broke, and heaven's bright towers were
 downwards hurl'd.

He sung how earth's wide ball, at Jove's com-
 mand,
 Did in the midst on airy columns stand.
 And how the soul of plants, in prison held,
 And bound with sluggish fetters, lies conceal'd,
 Till with the spring's warm beams, almost re-
 lease

From the dull weight, with which it lay oppress'd,
 Its vigour spreads, and makes the teeming earth
 Heave up, and labour with the sprouting birth:
 The active spirit freedom seeks in vain,
 It only works and twists a stronger chain.
 Urging its prison's sides to break away,
 It makes that wider, where 'tis forced to stay:
 Till, having form'd its living house, it rears
 Its head, and in a tender plant appears.
 Hence springs the oak, the beauty of the grove,
 Whose stately trunk fierce storms can scarcely
 move.

Hence grows the cedar, hence the swelling vine
 Does round the elm its purple clusters twine.
 Hence painted flowers the smiling gardens bless,
 Both with their fragrant scent and gaudy dress.
 Hence the white lily in full beauty grows,
 Hence the blue violet, and blushing rose.
 He sung how sun beams brood upon the earth,
 And in the glebe hatch such a numerous birth;
 Which way the genial warmth in summer storms
 Turns putrid vapours to a bed of worms;
 How rain, transform'd by this prolific power,
 Falls from the clouds an animated shower.
 He sung the embryo's growth within the womb,
 And how the parts their various shapes assume.
 With what rare art the wondrous structure's
 wrought,
 From one crude mass to such perfection brought;
 That no part useless none misplac'd we see,
 None are forgot, and more would monstrous be.

* As the heroic poems of Blackmore are now little read, it is thought proper to insert, as a specimen from Prince Arthur, the above song, which is mentioned by Molyneux in his letter to Locke, [*Locke's Works*, Vol. iii. p. 568, 569, Edit. 1714.]

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ELIJAH FENTON.

Containing

ODES,
EPISTLES,
ELEGIES,
TALES,



SONGS
PROLOGUES,
TRANSLATIONS,
IMITATIONS.

U. U. U.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

A poet, blest beyond the poet's fate,
Whom heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great;
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace.
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he died.

POPE'S EPITAPH ON FENTON.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE

Anno 1794.

POETICAL WORKS

ELIJAH FENTON

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THE LIFE OF FENTON.

OF ELIJAH FENTON very little is known; and for that little we are chiefly indebted to the narratives of Jacob and Shiels, which have lately received every possible illustration and embellishment from the classical pen of Dr. Johnson.

He was born, according to Jacob, at Shelton, near Newcastle-under-Line, in Staffordshire. The time of his birth is not exactly known.

His father inherited an estate of 1000*l. per annum*, and his mother was descended from one Mare, an officer in William the Conqueror's army.

He was the youngest of twelve children; and being, therefore, necessarily destined to some lucrative profession, he was first sent to school, and afterwards entered of Jesus College, Cambridge, where he took a Bachelor's degree, in 1704.

Some time afterwards he entertained doubts of the legality of the Government; and refusing to take the oaths required, he became disqualified for entering into holy orders, according to the intention of his parents, and left the university.

In embracing the principles opposite to the Government, he excluded himself from the regular modes of profit and prosperity; but he kept his reputation unfulfilled, and his name was always mentioned with honour even by those who disapproved of the enthusiasm of his opposition.

He was now reduced to pick up a livelihood uncertain and fortuitous; and as the life that passes in penury, must necessarily pass in obscurity, it is impossible to trace him from year to year, or to discover what means he used for his support.

After quitting the university, he was for some time usher to Mr. Bonwicke, a celebrated schoolmaster at Headley, in Surry, and afterwards became Secretary to Charles Earl of Orrery, and tutor to his son, the celebrated translator of Pliny.

How long he remained in that station, cannot now be ascertained; but it appears that he kept for some time the free school at Sevenoaks in Kent, which he brought into reputation, but was persuaded to leave it (1710) by Mr. St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, with promises of a more honourable employment.

Early in life he discovered a propensity to poetry, which he seems to have indulged with no very rigid observance of his opinions, as a Non-juror; for he praised Queen Anne with great zeal and affection, in his *Verses on the Union*, and very willingly and liberally extolled the Duke of Marlborough (1707) when he was at the height of his glory.

In celebrating the victories of Marlborough, he concurred with Philips, Prior, and other poets of the Tory party, in shewing his delight in the increasing honour of his country; but it is to his honour that he expressed still more particular attention to Marlborough and his family, by his *Fle-relia, an Elegiac Pastoral on the Death of the Marquis of Blandford*, which could be prompted only by personal respect and kindness.

The elegance of his poetry, and the amiableness of his manners, entitled him to the company, and obtained him the love and esteem of the wits of his time; but with Pope and Southern he lived in habits of the most familiar and endearing intimacy.

In 1709, he published a collection of Poems under the title of "the Oxford and Cambridge Verses;" printed for Lintott without a date, to which he contributed some pieces, and wrote an elegant dedication to Lionel Earl of Dorset and Middlesex.

In 1701, he addressed a *Familiar Epistle* to his friend Southern, from Kent, which affords an agreeable specimen of Epistolary Poetry.

In the spring 1716, he wrote an *Ode to Lord Gower*, which was pronounced by Pope, the next ode in the English language to Dryden's "Alexander's Feast."

In 1717, he published a volume of *Miscellaneous Poems and Translations*, with a dedication to his patron Charles Earl of Orrery, from which it would seem, that he had not been dismissed from his service in 1705. It is probable, that his salary might be continued to him after he accepted the free school at Sevenoaks; and it is certain, that he was tutor to Lord Boyle, from 1713 to 1719.

In 1719, by the recommendation of Pope, he obtained the patronage of Mr. Secretary Craggs, the friend of Addison, and was received into his family, in a station that might have been of great advantage. "I am now commissioned to tell you," says Pope in his letter to Fenton, "that Mr. Craggs will expect you on the rising of the Parliament, which will be as soon as he can receive you in the manner he would receive a man *de belles lettres*, that is, in tranquillity and full leisure, I dare say, your way of life, (which in my taste will be the best in the world, and with one of the best men in the world) must prove highly to your contentment."

Craggs found in Fenton all that he wanted in a literary companion, and Fenton had now a prospect of ease and plenty, for Craggs had generosity to reward his merit; but an end was soon put to that pleasing expectation, by the premature death of Craggs, February 16. 1720, in the 35th year of his age:

Statesman, yet friend to truth, of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd by the muse he lov'd.

POPE.

When Pope undertook the translation of the *Odyssey*, he engaged Fenton and Broome as auxiliaries. The share which Pope had in that version, is not fairly stated at the end of the work. He took only twelve books to himself, and distributed the other twelve between his partners. The 1st, 4th, 19th, and 20th books, were translated by Fenton, who did not take the 11th, which he had before translated into blank verse. The 2d, 6th, 8th, 11th, 12th, 16th, 18th, and 23d books were translated by Broome, who also wrote all the notes. The price at which Pope purchased this assistance, was 300l. to Fenton, and 500l. to Broome, with as many copies as he wanted for his friends, which amounted to one hundred pounds more. The felicity with which the two associates performed their parts, is well known to the readers of poetry, who have never been able to distinguish their books from those of Pope. The books which Fenton translated are superior to Broome's.

In 1722, he contributed a *Prologue* to "The Spartan Dame," a tragedy, written by Southern, and acted at the theatre in Drury-lane.

The next year was brought on the stage, his *Marianne*, a tragedy, to which Southern, at whose house it was written, is said to have contributed such hints as his theatrical experience supplied. It was acted at the theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields, with general applause. His profits are said to have amounted to near a thousand pounds, with which he discharged a debt contracted by his attendance at Court.

Marianne is justly esteemed one of the best plays in our language. It is founded on the story of *Herod and Marianne*, related in the "Spectator," No. 171, and taken from Josephus. The plan is regular, simple, and interesting; the sentiments are masterly, and the characters finely distinguished. It is, however, in many places exposed to just criticism. The action is too figurative and ornamental. It superabounds in the richest poetic images; but this may be palliated, by urging, that

it suits the character of oriental heroes to talk in so high a strain, and to use such a luxuriance of metaphor.

"*Mariamne*" says Dr. Johnson, "is written in lines of ten syllables, with few of those redundant terminations which the drama not only admits, but requires, as more nearly approaching to real dialogue. The tenor of his verse is so uniform, that it cannot be thought common, and yet upon what principle he so constructed it, is difficult to discover."

With lines consisting of eleven syllables, Addison abounds more than Fenton, of which the following in "*Cato*" are examples,

The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me,
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.

It was, perhaps, after the exhibition of *Mariamne*, that he published an edition of *Milton's Poems*, to which he prefixed a short and elegant account of his life, written at once with tenderness and integrity.

In 1729, he published likewise a very splendid edition of *Waller's Poems*, with notes and illustrations, at once useful and entertaining, and an elegant poetical *Dedication to Lady Mary Cavendish Harley*.

He spent the latter part of his life in the family of Lady Trumbull, at Easthampstead, in Berkshire, who invited him, by the recommendation of Pope, to educate her son, whom he first instructed at home, and then attended to Cambridge. She afterwards detained him with her, as the auditor of her accounts; but he often quitted Easthampstead for London, and amused himself with the conversation of his friends.

He used, also, in the latter part of his time, to pay a yearly visit to his eldest brother, who inherited the family estate, where he was caressed by his relations, to whom he endeared himself by his tenderness and humanity upon every proper occasion.

A story is told by Shiels of his complaisance to one of his sisters, on a particular occasion, which ought not to be forgotten.

At an entertainment made for the family by his elder brother, he observed, that one of his sisters, who had married unfortunately, was absent, and found, upon inquiry, that distress, occasioned by the indiscretion and extravagance of her husband, had made her thought unworthy of invitation. As she was at no great distance, and had as good a right to an invitation as any of the rest who dined there in compliment to him, he refused to sit at the table till she was sent for; and in consequence of the slight shewn her by the rest of the family, when she had taken her place, he treated her with particular tenderness and attention.

He died at the seat of Lady Trumbull, in 1730, as appears from a letter of Pope to Broome, dated August 29th, 1730, in which he relates the circumstances of his death.

"All I hear is, that he felt a gradual decay, though so early in life, and was declining for five or six months. It was not, as I apprehended, a gout in his stomach, but I believe rather a complication, first of gross humours, as he was naturally corpulent, not discharging themselves, as he used no sort of exercise. No man better bore the approaches of his dissolution (as I am told,) or with less ostentation yielded up his being. The great modesty which you know was natural to him, and the great contempt for all sorts of vanity and parade, never appeared more than in his last moments. He had a conscious satisfaction (no doubt) in acting right, in feeling himself honest, true, and unpretending to more than was his own. So, he died as he lived, with that secret, yet sufficient contentment. As to any papers left behind him, I dare say they can be but few, for this reason; he never wrote out of vanity, or thought much of the applause of men. I knew an instance where he did his utmost to conceal his own merit that way; and if we join to this his natural love of ease, I fancy we must expect little of this sort; at least I hear of none, except some few further *Remarks on Waller*, (which his cautious integrity made him leave an order to be given to Mr. Tonson), and perhaps, though it is many years since I saw it, a translation of the first book of *Oppian*. He had begun a tragedy of *Dion*, but made small progress in it.

"As to his other affairs, he died poor, but honest, leaving no debts or legacies, except of a few pounds to Mr. Trumbull and my Lady, in token of respect, gratefulness, and mutual esteem. I shall with pleasure take upon me to draw this amiable, quiet, deserving, unpretending Christian, and philosophical character, in his epitaph.

"I condole with you from my heart, on the loss of so valuable a man, and a friend to us both. Now that he is gone, I must tell you he has done you many a good office, and set your character in the fairest light to some who either mistook you, or knew you not. I doubt not he has done the same for me. Let us love his memory, and profit by his example." Such is the testimony of Pope, who had been always his friend, and who honoured him with an epitaph, of which he borrowed the two first lines from Crashaw.

"Fenton," says Dr. Johnson, "was tall and bulky, inclined to corpulence, which he did not lessen by much exercise; for he was very sluggish and sedentary, rose late, and when he had risen, sat down to his book or papers. A woman that once waited on him in a lodging, told him, as she said, that he would 'lie a-bed and be fed with a spoon.'"

Of his morals and conversation, the account is uniform: he was never named but with praise and fondness, as a man in the highest degree amiable and excellent. Such was the character given him by the Earl of Orrery (Cork 1753) his pupil, and such were the suffrages of all who could boast of his acquaintance.

"Mr. Fenton," says the elegant translator and rival of Pliny, in a letter to a friend, 1756, "was my tutor; he taught me to read English, and attended me through the Latin tongue from the age of seven to thirteen. When I became a man, a constant and free friendship subsisted between us. He translated double the number of books in the *Odyssey* that Pope has owned. His reward was a trifle, an errant trifle. He has even told me that he thought Pope feared him more than he loved him; he had no opinion of Pope's heart, and declared him in the words of Bishop Atterbury; 'mens curva in corpore curvo.' Poor Fenton died of a great chair and two bottles of port a day. He was one of the worthiest and modestest men that ever belonged to the court of Apollo. Tears arise when I think of him, though he has been dead above twenty years."

His *Poems and Translations* have been frequently printed. They are characterized by elegance of diction, elevation of sentiment, opulence of imagery, and harmony of numbers. To examine his performances one by one would be tedious. His *Ode to Lord Gower* is written in the true spirit of lyric poetry. It has been praised by Pope, at least as much as it deserves. It has more of the ease and elegance of Horace, than the fire and enthusiasm of Dryden. The *Ode to the Sun* is very little inferior to it. His *Epistles to Southern* and *Lambard* are entitled to great praise. English poetry has perhaps never exceeded the smoothness and delicacy of his *Kisses*, translated from *Secundus*. The lines flow with an irresistible enchantment. In his *Tale, devised in the manner of Chaucer*, the humour and obsolete language of the father of English poetry, is happily imitated. The *Fair Nun* imitated from Fontaine, and *Olivia* a character, are particularly worthy of notice. His translations and imitations from *Propertius*, *Ovid*, and *Marullus*, are commonly spirited and elegant. The *Epistle to Phaon*, is inferior to Pope's in elegance and faithfulness. He has added another of his own invention of *Phaon to Sappho*, in which the story of the transformation of the former from an old mariner to a beautiful youth, is well told.

"Of his petty poems," says Dr. Johnson, with unreasonable fastidiousness, "some are very trifling, without any thing to be praised either in the thought or expression. He is unlucky in his competition; he tells the same tale with Congreve, and does not tell it so well. He translates from Ovid the same epistle as Pope, but I am afraid not with equal happiness. The *Ode to the Sun* is written upon a common plan, without uncommon sentiments; but its greatest fault is its length. Of *Florelia*, it is sufficient to say, that it is an occasional pastoral, which implies something neither natural nor artificial, neither comic nor serious. Of the *Paraphrase of Isaiah*, nothing very favourable can be said: sublime and solemn prose gain little by a change to blank verse. His translation from *Homer* into blank verse will find few readers, while another can be had in rhyme. Fenton may be justly styled an excellent versifier and a good poet."

P O E M S.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES EARL OF ORRERY,

*These Poems are most humbly Dedicated,
by his Lordship's most obliged,
and most obedient servant,*

E. FENTON.

A WISH TO THE NEW YEAR, 1705.

JANUS! great leader of the rolling year,
Since all that's past no vows can e'er restore,
But joys and griefs alike, once hurried o'er,
No longer now deserve a smile or tear;
Close the fantastic scenes—but grace
With brightest aspects thy fore-face,
While time's new offspring hasten to appear.
With lucky omens guide the coming hours,
Command the circling seasons to advance,
And form their renovated dance,
With flowing pleasures fraught, and blest'd by
friendly powers.

Thy month, O Janus! gave me first to know
A mortal's trifling cares below;
My race of life began with thee.
Thus far from great misfortunes free,
Contented, I my lot endure,
Nor nature's rigid laws arraign,
Nor spurn at common ills in vain,
Which folly cannot shun, nor wise reflection cure.

But, oh!—more anxious for the year to come,
I would foreknow my future doom.
Then tell me, Janus, canst thou spy
Events that yet in embryo lie,
For me, in time's mysterious womb?
Tell me—nor shall I dread to hear
A thousand accidents severe;
I'll fortify my soul the load to bear,
If love rejected add not to its weight, [fate.
To finish me in woes, and crush me down with

But if the goddess, in whose charming eyes,
More clearly written than in fate's dark book,
My joy, my grief, my all of future fortune lies;
If she must with a less propitious look
Forbid my humble sacrifice,
Or blast me with a killing frown;
If, Janus, this thou seest in store,
Cut short my mortal thread, and now
Take back the gift thou didst bestow!
Here let me lay my burden down,
And cease to love in vain, and be a wretch no
more.

AN ODE TO THE SUN,

FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1707.

"Augur, et fulgente decorus arcu
"Phœbus acceptusque novem Camœnis,
"Qui salutari levat arte fessos
"Corporis artus: —
"Alterum in lustrum meliusque semper
"Præroget ævum." Hor.

I.
BEGIN, celestial source of light,
To gild the new-revolving sphere;
And from the pregnant womb of night,
Urge on to birth the infant year.
Rich with auspicious lustre rise,
Thou fairest regent of the skies,

Conspicuous with thy silver bow!
To thee, a god, 'twas given by Jove
To rule the radiant orbs above,
To Gloriana this below.

II.

With joy renew thy destin'd race,
And let the mighty months begin:
Let no ill omen cloud thy face,
Through all thy circle smile serene.
While the stern ministers of fate
Watchful o'er pale Luteria wait,
To grieve the Gaul's perfidious head;
The hours, thy offspring heavenly fair,
Their whitest wings should ever wear,
And gentle joys on Albion shed.

III.

When Ilia bore the future fates of Rome,
And the long honours of her race began,
Thus, to prepare the graceful age to come,
They from thy stores in happy order ran.
Heroes elected to the list of fame
Fix'd the sure columns of her rising state;
Till the loud triumphs of the Julian name
Render'd the glories of her reign complete,
Each year advanc'd a rival to the rest,
In comely spoils of war, and great achievements dress'd.

I.

Say, Phœbus, for thy searching eye
Saw Rome the darling child of fate,
When nothing equal here could vie
In strength with her imperious state;
Say, if high virtues there did reign
Exalted in a nobler strain,
Than in fair Albion thou hast seen;
Or can her demi-gods compare
Their trophies for successful war,
To those that rise for Albion's queen!

II.

When Albion first majestic show'd
High o'er the circling seas her head,
Her the great Father smiling view'd,
And thus to bright Victoria said:
Mindful of Phlegra's happy plain,
On which, fair nymph, you fix'd my reign,
This isle to you shall sacred be;
Her hand shall hold the rightful scale,
And crowns be vanquish'd, or prevail,
As Gloriana shall decree.

III.

Victoria, triumph in thy great increase!
With joy the Julian stem the Tyber claims;
Young Ammon's might the Granic waves confess:
The Heber had a Mars, a Churchill Thames.
Roll, sovereign of the streams! thy rapid tide,
And bid thy brother floods revere the queen,
Whose voice the hero's happy hand employ'd
To save the Danube, and subdue the Seine;
And, boldly just to Gloriana's fame,
Exalt thy silver urn, and dutious homage claim.

I.

Advanc'd to thy meridian height,
On earth, great God of day, look down:
Let Windsor entertain thy fight,
Clad in fair emblems of renown:

And whilst in radiant pomp appear
The names to bright Victoria dear,
Intent the long procession view:
Confess none worthier ever wore
Her favours, or was deck'd with more,
Than she confers on Churchill's brow.

II.

But oh! withdraw thy piercing rays,
The nymph anew begins to mean,
Viewing the much-lamented space,
Where late her warlike William shone:
There fix'd by her officious hand,
His sword and sceptre of command,
To deathless fame, adopted rest;
Nor wants there to complete her wo,
Plac'd with respectful love below,
The star that beam'd on Gloucester's breast.

III.

O Phœbus! all thy saving power employ,
Long let our vows avert the distant woe,
Ere Gloriana re-ascends the sky,
And leaves a land of orphans here below!
But when (so Heaven ordains!) her smiling ray
Distinguish'd o'er the balance shall preside,
Whilst future kings her ancient sceptre sway,
May her mild influence all their councils guide:
To Albion ever constant in her love,
Of sovereigns here the best, the brightest fix
above.

I.

For lawless power, reclaim'd to right,
And virtue rais'd by pious arms,
Let Albion be thy fair delight,
And shield her safe from threaten'd harms:
With flowers and fruit her bosom fill,
Let laurel rise on every hill,
Fresh as the first on Daphne's brow:
Instruct her tuneful sons to sing,
And make each vale with Pæans ring,
To Blenheim and Ramillia due.

II.

Secure of bright eternal fame,
With happy wing the Theban swan
Towering from Pifa's sacred stream,
Inspir'd by thee, the song began:
Through deserts of unclouded night,
When he harmonious took his flight,
The gods constrain'd the sounding spheres:
Still envy darts her rage in vain,
The lustre of his worth to stain,
He growing whiter with his years.

III.

But, Phœbus, god of numbers, high to raise
The honours of thy art, and heavenly lyre,
What muse is destin'd to our sovereign's praise,
Worthy her acts, and thy informing fire?
To him for whom this springing laurel grows,
Eternal on the topmost heights of fame,
Be kind, and all thy Helicon disclose;
And all intent on Gloriana's name,
Let silence brood o'er ocean, earth, and air,
As when to victor Jove thou sung'st the giant's war.

I.

In sure records each shining deed,
When faithful Clio sets to view,

Posterity will doubting read,
And scarce believe her annals true:
The muses toil with art to raise
Fictitious monuments of praise,
When other actions they rehearse:
But half of Gloriana's reign,
That so the rest may credit gain,
Should pass unregistr'd in verse.

II.

High on its own establish'd base
Prevailing virtue's pleas'd to rise;
Divinely deck'd with native grace,
Rich in itself with solid joys;
Ere Gloriana on the throne,
Quitting for Albion's rest her own,
In types of regal power was seen:
With fair pre-eminence confest,
It triumph'd in a private breast,
And made the princeless more than queen.

III.

O Phœbus! would thy godhead not refuse
This humble incense, on thy altar laid;
Would thy propitious ear attend the muse,
That suppliant now invokes thy certain aid;
With Mantuan force I'd mount a stronger gale,
And sing the parent of her land, who strove
To exceed the transports of her people's zeal,
With acts of mercy, and majestic love;
By fate, to fix Britannia's empire, given
The guardian power of earth, and public care of
heaven.

I.

Then, Churchill, should the muse record
The conquests by thy sword achiev'd;
Quiet to Belgian states restor'd,
And Austrian crowns by thee retriev'd.
Imperious Leopold confess'd
His hoary majesty distress'd;
To arms, to arms, Bavaria calls,
Nor with less terror shook his throne,
Than when the rising crescent shone
Malignant o'er his shatter'd walls.

II.

The warrior led the Britons forth
On foreign fields to dare their fate,
Distinguish'd souls of shining worth,
In war unknowing to retreat:
Thou, Phœbus, saw'st the hero's face,
When Mars had breath'd a purple grace,
And mighty fury fill'd his breast:
How like thyself, when to destroy
The Greeks thou didst thy darts employ,
Fierce with thy golden quiver dress'd!

III.

Sudden, whilst banish'd from his native land,
Red with dishonest wounds, Bavaria mourn'd,
The chief, at Gloriana's high command,
Like a rous'd lion to the Maes return'd;
With vengeful speed the British sword he drew,
Unus'd to grieve his host with long delay;
Whilst wing'd with fear the force of Gallia flew;
As when the morning star restores the day,
The wandering ghosts of twenty thousand slain
Fleet sullen to the shades from Blenheim's mourn-
ful plain.

I.

Britannia, wipe thy dusty brow,
And put the Bourbon laurels on;
To thee deliver'd nations bow,
And bless the spoils thy wars have won.
For thee Bellona points her spear,
And whilst lamenting mothers fear,
On high her signal torch displays;
But when thy sword is sheath'd, again
Obsequious she receives thy chain,
And smooths her violence of face.

II.

Parent of arms! for ever stand
With large increase of fame rever'd,
Whilst arches to thy saving hand
On Danube's grateful banks are rear'd.
Eugene, inspir'd to war by thee,
Ausonia's weeping states to free,
Swift on th' imperial eagle flies;
Whilst, bleeding, from his azure bed
Th' asserted Iber lifts his head,
And safe his Austrian lord enjoys.

III.

Io Britannia! fix'd on foreign wars,
Guileless of civil rage extend thy name:
The waves of utmost ocean, and the stars,
Are bounds but equal to thy sovereign's fame.
With deeper wrath thy victor lion roars,
Wide o'er the subject world diffusing fear,
Whilst Gallia weeps her guilt, and peace im-
plores;

So earth, transfix'd by fierce Minerva's spear,
A gentler birth obedient did disclose,
And sudden from the wound eternal olives rose.

I.

When with establish'd freedom bless'd,
The globe to great Alcides bow'd,
Whose happy power reliev'd th' oppress'd
From lawless chains, and check'd the proud;
Mature in fame, the grateful gods
Receiv'd him to their bright abodes:
Where Hebe crown'd his blooming joys;
Garlands the willing muses wove,
And each with emulation strove
To adorn the Churchill of the skies.

II.

For Albion's chief, ye sacred nine!
Your harps with generous ardour string,
With fame's immortal trumpet join,
And safe beneath his laurel sing:
When clad in vines the Sciae shall glide,
And dutious in a smoother tide,
To British seas her tribute yield;
Wakeful at honour's shrine attend,
And long with living beams defend
From night, the warrior's votive shield.

III.

And, Woodstock, let his dome exalt thy fame,
Great o'er thy Norman ruins be restor'd;
Thou that with pride dost * Edward's cradle claim,
Receive an equal hero for thy lord:
Whilst every column to record their toils
Eternal monuments of conquest wears,

* The Black Prince.

And all thy walls are dress'd with mingled spoils,
Gather'd on fam'd Ramillia and Poitiers,
High on thy tower the grateful flag display,
Due to thy queen's reward, and Blenheim's glorious day.

FLORELIO; A PASTORAL,

LANENTING THE DEATH OF

THE LATE MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD.

Ask not the cause why all the tuneful swains,
Who us'd to fill the vales with tender strains,
In deep despair neglect the warbling reed,
And all their bleating flocks refuse to feed.
Ask not why greens and flowers so late appear
To clothe the glebe, and deck the springing year;
Why sounds the lawn with loud laments and cries,
And swoln with tears to floods the rivolets rise:
The fair Florelia now has left the plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every British swain.

For thee, lov'd youth! on every vale and lawn,
The nymphs and all thy fellow-shepherds moan.
The little birds now cease to sing and love,
Silent they sit, and droop in every grove:
No mounting lark now warbles on the wing,
Nor linnets chirp to cheer the fullen spring:
Only the melancholy turtles coo,
And Philomel by night repeats her woe.
O, charmer of the shades: the tale prolong,
Nor let the morning interrupt thy song:
Or softly tune thy tender notes to mine,
Forgetting Tereus, make my sorrows thine.
Now the dear youth has left the lonely plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every British swain.

Say, all ye shades, where late he us'd to rest,
If e'er your beds with lovelier swain were prest;
Say, all ye silver streams, if e'er ye bore
The image of so fair a face before.
But now, ye streams, assist me whilst I mourn,
For never must the lovely swain return;
And, as these flowing tears increase your tide,
O, murmur for the shepherd as ye glide:
Be sure, ye rocks, while I my grief disclose,
Let your sad echoes lengthen out my woes:
Ye breezes, bear the plaintive accent on,
And, whispering, tell the floods Florelia's gone;
For ever gone, and left the lonely plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every British swain.

Ripe strawberries for thee, and peaches grew,
Sweet to the taste, and tempering red to view.
For thee the rose put sweeter purple on,
Preventing, by her haste, the summer-sun.
But now the flowers all pale and blighted lie,
And in cold sweats of sickly mildew die.
Nor can the bees suck from the shrivel'd blooms
Æthereal sweets, to store their golden combs.
Oft' on thy lips they would their labour leave,
And sweeter odours from thy mouth receive:
Sweet as the breath of Flora, when she lies
In jasmine shades, and for young Zephyr sighs.

But now those lips are cold; relentless death
Hath chill'd their charms, and stopt thy balmy breath.

Those eyes, where Cupid tipp'd his darts with fire,

And kindled in the coldest nymphs desire,
Robb'd of their beams, in everlasting night
Are clos'd, and give us woes as once delight:
And thou, dear youth, hast left the lonely plain,
And art the grief, who wert the grace, of every British swain.

As in his bower the dying shepherd lay,
The shepherd yet so young, and once so gay!
The nymphs that swim the stream, and range the wood,

And haunt the flowery meads, around him flood.
There tears down each fair cheek unbounded fell,
And, as he gasp'd, they gave a sad farewell.

Softly, they cry'd, as sleeping flowers are clos'd
By night, be thy dear eyes by death compos'd:

A gentle fall may thy young beauties have,
And golden slumbers wait thee in the grave:

Yearly thy herse with garlands we'll adorn,
And teach young nightingales for thee to mourn;
Bees love the blooms, the flocks the bladed grain,
Nor less wert thou belov'd by every swain.

Come, shepherds, come, perform the funeral due,
For he was ever good and kind to you:
On every smoothest beech, in every grove,
In weeping characters record your love.

And as in memory of Adonis slain,
When for the youth the Syrian maids complain

His river, to record the guilty day,
With freshly bleeding purple stains the sea:

So thou, dear Cam, contribute to our woe,
And bid thy stream in plaintive murmurs flow:

Thy head with thy own willow boughs adorn,
And with thy tears supply the frugal urn.

The swains their sheep, the nymphs shall leave the lawn,
And yearly on their banks renew their moan:

His mother, while they there lament, shall be
The queen of love, the lov'd Adonis he:

On her, like Venus, all the Graces wait,
And he too like Adonis in his fate!

For fresh in fragrant youth he left the plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every British swain.

No more the nymphs, that o'er the brooks pre-
Dress their gay beauties by the crystal tide,
Nor fly the wintry winds, nor scorching sun,
Now he, for whom they strove to charm, is gone.
Oft' they beneath their reedy coverts sigh'd,
And look'd, and long'd, and for Florelia dy'd.

Of him they sang, and with soft ditties strove
To sooth the pleasing agonies of love.
But now they roam, distracted with despair,
And cypress, twin'd with mournful willows, wear.
Thus, hand-in-hand, around his grave they go,
And saffron-buds and fading lilies strow,
With sprigs of myrtle mix'd, and scattering cry,
So sweet and soft the shepherd was! so soon de-
creed to die!

There, fresh in dear remembrance of their woes,
His name the young anemones disclose:

Nor strange they should a double grief avow,
Then Venus wept, and Pastorella now.
Breathe soft, ye winds! long let them paint the
plain,

Unhurt, untouch'd by every passing swain.
And when, ye nymphs, to make the garlands gay,
With which ye crown the mistress of the May,
Ye shall these flowers to bind her temples take,
O pluck them gently for Florelia's sake! [stray,
And when through Woodstock's green retreats ye
Or Althorp's flowery vales invite to play;
O'er which young Pastorella's beauties bring
Elysium early, and improve the spring:
When evening gales attentive silence keep,
And heaven its balmy dew begins to weep,
By the soft fall of every warbling stream,
Sigh your sad airs, and bless the shepherd's name:
There to the tender lute attune your woe,
While hyacinths and myrtles round ye grow.
So may Sylvanus ever tend your bowers,
And Zephyr brush the mildew from the flowers!
Bid all the swans from Cam and Isis haste,
In the melodious choir to breathe their last.
O Colin, Colin, could I there complain
Like thee, when young Philifides was slain!
Thou sweet frequenter of the Muses' stream!
Why have I not thy voice, or thou my theme?
Though weak my voice, though lowly be my lays,
They shall be sacred to the shepherd's praise:
To him my voice, to him my lays belong,
And bright Myrtilia now must live unsung:
Even she, whose artless beauty bless'd me more
Than ever swain was bless'd by nymph before;
While every tender sigh to seal our bliss
Brought a kind vow, and every vow a kiss:
Fair, chaste, and kind, yet now no more can move,
So much my grief is stronger than my love:
Now the dear youth has left the lonely plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every Bri-
tish swain.

As when some cruel hind has borne away
The turtle's nest, and made the young his prey,
Sad in her native grove she sits alone,
There hangs her wings, and murmurs out her
moan;

So the bright shepherdess, who bore the boy,
Beneath a baleful yew does weeping lie;
Nor can the fair the weighty woe sustain,
But bends, like roses crush'd with falling rain;
Nor from the silent earth her eyes removes,
That, weeping, languish like a dying dove's.
Not such her look (severe reverse of fate!)
When little Love's in every dimple fate;
And all the smiles delighted to resort
On the calm heaven of her soft cheeks to sport:
Soft as the clouds mild April evenings wear,
Which drop fresh flowrets on the youthful year.
The fountain's fall can't lull her wakeful woes,
Nor poppy-garlands give the nymph repose:
Through prickly brakes, and unfrequented groves,
O'er hills and dales, and craggy cliffs, she roves.
And when she spies, beneath some silent shade,
The daisies press'd, where late his limbs were laid,
To the cold print there close she joins her face,
And all with gushing tears bedews the grass.

There with loud plaints she wounds the pitying
skies,
And, oh! return, my lovely youth, she cries;
Return, Florelia, with thy wonted charms
Fill the soft circle of my longing arms.—
Cease, fair affliction, cease! the lovely boy
In death's cold arms must pale and breathless lie.
The Fates can never change their first decree,
Or sure they would have chang'd this one for thee,
Pan for his Syrinx makes eternal moan,
Ceres her daughter lost, and then thy son.
Thy son for ever now has left the plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every Bri-
tish swain.

Adieu, ye mossy caves, and shady groves,
Once happy scenes of our successful loves:
Ye hungry herds, and bleating flocks, adieu!
Flints be your beds, and browse the bitter yew,
Two lambs alone shall be my charge to feed,
For yearly on his grave two lambs shall bleed.
This pledge of lasting love, dear shade, receive;
'Tis all, alas, a shepherd's love can give!
But grief from its own power will set me free,
Will send me soon a willing ghost to thee:
Cropt in the flowery spring of youth, I'll go
With hasty joy to wait thy shade below:
In ever-fragrant meads, and jasmine-bowers,
We'll dwell, and all Elysium shall be ours.
Where citron groves æthereal odours breathe,
And streams of flowing crystal purrl beneath;
Where all are ever young, and heavenly fair,
As here above thy sister graces are.

AN ODE.

I.

WHAT art thou, Life, whose stay we court?
What is thy rival Death we fear?
Since we're but fickle Fortune's sport,
Why should we wish to inhabit here,
And think the race we find so rough too short?

II.

While in the womb we forming lie,
While yet the lamp of life displays
A doubtful dawn with feeble rays,
New issuing from non-entity;
The shell of flesh pollutes with sin
Its gem, the soul, just enter'd in;
And, by transmitted vice defil'd,
The fiend commences with the child.

III.

In this dark region future fates are bred,
And mines of secret ruin laid:
Hot fevers here long kindling lie,
Prepar'd with flaming whips to rage,
And lash on lingering destiny:
Whene'er excess has fir'd our riper age,
Here brood in infancy the gout and stone,
Fruits of our fathers' follies, not our own.
Ev'n with our nourishment we death receive,
For here our guiltless mothers give
Poison for food when first we live.

Hence noisome humours * sweet through every
And blot us with an undistinguish'd sore: [pore,
Nor, mov'd with beauty, will the dire disease
Forbear on faultless forms to seize;
But vindicates the good, the gay,
The wife, the young, its common prey.
Had all, conjoin'd in one, had power to save,
The muses had not wept o'er Blandford's grave.

iv.

The spark of pure æthereal light
That actuates this fleeting frame,
Darts through the cloud of flesh a sickly flame,
And seems a glow-worm in a winter-night.
But man would yet look wondrous wise,
And equal chains of thought devise;
Intends his mind on mighty schemes,
Refutes, defines, confirms, declaims;
And diagrams he draws, t' explain
The learn'd chimeras of his brain;
And, with imaginary wisdom proud,
Thinks on the goddess while he clips the cloud.

v.

Through error's mazy grove, with fruitless toil,
Perplex'd with puzzling doubts we roam;
False images our sight beguile,
But still we stumble through the gloom,
And science feek, which still deludes the mind.
Yet, more enamour'd with the race,
With disproportion'd speed we urge the chase:
In vain! the various prey no bounds restrain;
Fleeting it only leaves, t' increase our pain,
A cold unsatisfying scent behind.

vi.

Yet, gracious God! presumptuous man
With random guesses makes pretence
To sound thy searchless providence
From which he first began:
Like hooded hawks we blindly tower,
And circumscribe, with fancy'd laws, thy power.
Thy will the rolling orbs obey,
The moon, presiding o'er the sea,
Governs the waves with equal sway:
But man perverse, and lawless still,
Boldly runs counter to thy will;
Thy patient thunder he defies;
Lays down false principles, and moves
By what his vicious choice approves;
And, when he's vainly wicked, thinks he's wise.

vii.

Return, return, too long misl'd!
With filial fear adore thy God:
Ere the vast deep of heaven was spread,
Or body first in space abode,
Glories ineffable adorn'd his head.
Unnumber'd seraphs round the burning throne,
Sung to th' incomprehensible Three-One:
Yet then his clemency did please
With lower forms t' augment his train,
And made thee, wretched creature, man,
Probationer of happiness.

viii.

On the vast ocean of his wonders here,
We momentary bubbles ride,
Till, crush'd by the tempestuous tide,
Sunk in the parent flood we disappear:

* The small-pox.

We, who so gaudy on the waters shone,
Proud, like the showery bow, with beauties met
our own.

ix.

But, at the signal given, this earth and sea
Shall set their sleeping vassals free;
And the belov'd of God,
The faithful, and the just,
Like Aaron's chosen rod,
Though dry, shall blossom in the dust:
Then, gladly bounding from their dark restraints,
The skeletons shall brighten into saints,
And, from mortality refin'd, shall rise
To meet their Saviour coming in the skies:
Instructed then by intuition, we
Shall the vain efforts of our wisdom see;
Shall then impartially confess
Our demonstration was but guess;
That knowledge, which from human reason flows,
Unless religion guide its course,
And faith her steady mounds oppose,
Is ignorance at best, and often worse.

PART OF THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER
OF ISAIAH PARAPHRASED.

Now has th' Almighty Father, seated high
In ambient glories, from th' eternal throne
Vouchsaf'd compassion; and th' afflictive power
Has broke, whose iron sceptre long had bruise'd
The groaning nations. Now returning peace,
Dove-ey'd, and rob'd in white, the blissful land
Deigns to re-visit; whilst beneath her steps
The soil, with civil slaughter oft' manur'd,
Pours forth abundant olives. Their high tops
The cedars wave, exulting o'er thy fall,
Whose steel from the tall monarch of the grove
Sever'd the regal honours, and up tore
The scious blooming in the parent shade.
When vehicled in flame, thou flow didst pass
Prone through the gates of night, the dreary
realms
With loud acclaim receiv'd thee. Tyrants old
(Gigantic forms, with human blood besmear'd)
Rose from their thrones; for thrones they still
possess,

Their penance and their guilt: Art thou, they cry,
O emulous of our crimes, here doom'd to reign
Associate of our woe? Nor com'st thou girt
With livery'd slaves, or bands of warrior-knights,
Which erst before thee flood, a flattering crowd,
Observant of thy brow; nor hireling quires
Attempting to the harp their warbled airs,
Thy panegyric chant; but, hush'd in death,
Like us thou ly'st unwept; a corse obscene
With dust, and preying worms, bare and despoil'd
Of ill got pomp. We hail thee our compeer!

How art thou with diminish'd glory fall'n
From thy proud zenith, swift as meteors glide
Aslope a summer-eve! Of all the stars
Titled the first and fairest, thou didst hope
To share divinity, or haply more,
Elated as supreme when o'er the north
Thy bloody banners stream'd, to rightful kings

Portending ruinous downfall; wond'rous low,
 Opprobrious and detested art thou thrown,
 Disrob'd of all thy splendors: round thee stand
 The swarming populace, and with fix'd regard
 Eying thee pale and breathless, spend their rage
 In taunting speech, and jovial ask their friends,
 Is this The Mighty, whose imperious yoke
 We bore reluctant, who to desert wilds
 And haunts of savages transform'd the marts,
 And capital cities raz'd, pronouncing thrall
 Or exile on the peerage? How becalm'd
 The tyrant lies, whose nostrils us'd to breathe
 Tempests of wrath, and shook establish'd thrones!

In solemn state the bones of pious kings.
 Gather'd to their great fires, are safe repos'd
 Beneath the weeping vault: but thou, a branch
 Blasted and curs'd by Heaven, to dogs and fowls
 Art doom'd a banquet; mingling some remains
 With criminals unabolv'd; on all thy race
 Transmitting guilt and vengeance. From thy
 domes

Thy children skulk erroneous and forlorn,
 Fearing perdition, and for mercy sue
 With eyes uplift, and tearful. From thy seed
 The sceptre Heaven resumes, by thee usurp'd
 By guile and force, and sway'd with lawless rage,

VERSES ON THE UNION.

THE Gaul, intent on universal sway,
 Sees his own subjects with constraint obey;
 And they who most his rising beams ador'd,
 Weep in their chains, and wish another lord.
 But, if the muse not uninspir'd presage,
 Justice shall triumph o'er oppressive rage:
 His power shall be reclaim'd to rightful laws,
 And all, like Savoy, shall desert his cause.
 So when to distant vales an eagle iters,
 His fierceness not disarm'd by length of years;
 From his stretch'd wing he sees the feathers fly,
 Which bore him to his empire of the sky.

Unlike, great queen, thy steps to deathless fame;
 O best, O greatest, of thy royal name!
 Thy Britons, fam'd for arts, in battle brave,
 Have nothing now to censure, or to crave;
 Ev'n vice and factious zeal are held in awe,
 Thy court a temple, and thy life a law.

When edg'd with terrors, by thy vengeful hand
 The sword is drawn to gore a guilty land;
 Thy mercy cures the wound thy justice gave,
 For 'tis thy lov'd prerogative to save:

And victory, to grace thy triumph, brings
 Palms in her hand, with healing in her wings.
 But as mild heaven on Eden's op'ning gems
 Bestow'd the balmy dews, and brightest beams:
 So, whilst remotest climes thy influence share,
 Britain's the darling object of thy care:
 By thy wise councils, and resistless might,
 Abroad we conquer, and at home unite:
 Before thou bid'st the distant battles cease,
 Thy piety cements domestic peace;
 Impatient of delay to fix the state,
 Thy dove brings olive ere the waves abate.

VOL. VII.

Hail, happy sister-lands! for ever prove
 Rivals alone in loyalty and love;
 Kindled from heaven, be your auspicious flame
 As lasting, and as bright, as Anna's fame!
 And thou, fair northern nymphs, partake our toil,
 With us divide the danger, and the spoil:
 When thy brave sons, the friends of Mars avow'd,
 In steel around our Albion standards crowd;
 What wonders in the war shall now be shown
 By her, who single shook the Gallic throne!

The day draws nigh, in which the warrior-queen
 Shall wave her union-crosses o'er the Seine:
 Rous'd with heroic warmth unfelt before,
 Her lions with redoubled fury roar;
 And urging on to fame, with joy behold
 The woody walks in which they rang'd of old.
 O Louis, long the terror of thy arms
 Has aw'd the continent with dire alarms;
 Exulting in thy pride, with hope to see
 Empires and states derive their power from thee;
 From Britain's equal hand the scale to wrest,
 And reign without a rival o'er the west:
 But now the laurels, by thy rapine torn
 From Belgian groves, in early triumphs borne;
 Wither'd and leafless in thy winter stand,
 Expos'd a prey to every hostile hand:
 By strange extremes of destiny decreed
 To flourish, and to fall with equal speed.

So the young gourd, around the prophet's head
 With swift increase her fragrant honours spread;
 Beneath the growing shade secure he fate,
 To see the towers of Ninus bow to fate;
 But, curs'd by Heaven, the greens began to fade,
 And, sickening, sadden as they rose, decay'd.

CUPID AND HYMEN.

CUPID resign'd to Sylvia's care
 His bow and quiver stor'd with darts;
 Commissioning the matchless fair
 To fill his shrine with bleeding hearts.

His empire thus secur'd, he flies
 To sport amid th' Italian grove;
 Whose feather'd choirs proclaim'd the joys,
 And blest'd the pleasing power of love.

The god their grateful songs engage,
 To spread his nets which Venus wrought;
 Whilst Hymen held the golden cage,
 To keep secure the game they caught.

The warblers, brisk with genial flame,
 Swift from the myrtle shades repair;
 A willing captive each became,
 And sweeter carol'd in the snare.

When Hymen had receiv'd the prey,
 To Cytherea's fane they flew;
 Regardless, while they wing'd their way,
 How fullen all the songsters grew.

Alas! no sprightly note is heard,
 But each with silent grief consumes;

T t

Though to celestial food preferr'd,
They pining drop their painted plumes.

Cupid, afflicted at the change,
To beg her aid to Venus run;
She heard the tale, nor thought it strange,
But, smiling, thus advis'd her son :

Pleasure grows languid with restraint,
'Tis Nature's privilege to roam :
If you'd not have your linnets faint,
Leave Hymen with his cage at home.

OLIVIA.

I.
OLIVIA's lewd, but looks devout,
And scripture-proofs she throws about,
When first you try to win her :
Pull your fob of guineas out ;
Fee Jenny first, and never doubt
To find the saint a sinner.

II.
Baxter by day is her delight :
No chocolate must come in sight
Before two morning chapters :
But, lest the spleen should spoil her quite,
She takes a civil friend at night
To raise her holy raptures.

III.
Thus oft' we see a glow-worm gay,
At large her fiery tale display,
Encourag'd by the dark :
And yet the sullen thing all day
Snug in the lonely thicket lay,
And hid the native spark.

TO A LADY,

SITTING BEFORE HER GLASS.

I.
So smooth and clear the fountain was,
In which his face Narcissus spy'd,
When, gazing in that liquid glass,
He for himself despair'd and dy'd :
Nor, Chloris, can you safer see
Your own perfections here than he.

II.
The lark before the mirror plays,
Which some deceitful swain has set,
Pleas'd with herself she fondly stays
To die deluded in the net.
Love may such frauds for you prepare,
Yourself the captive, and the snare.

III.
But, Chloris, whilst you there review
Those graces opening in their bloom,
Think how disease and age pursue,
Your riper glories to consume.
Then sighing you would wish your glass
Could show to Chloris what she was.

IV.

Let pride no more give nature law,
But free the youth your power enslave :
Her form, like yours, bright Cynthia saw,
Reflected on the crystal waves ;
Yet priz'd not all her charms above
The pleasure of Endymion's love.

V.

No longer let your glass supply
Too just an emblem of your breast ;
Where oft' to my deluded eye
Love's image has appear'd impress ;
But play'd so lightly on your mind,
It left no lasting print behind.

TO THE SAME,

READING THE ART OF LOVE.

WHILST Ovid here reveals the various arts,
Both how to polish and direct their darts,
Let meaner beauties by his rule improve,
And read these lines to gain success in love :
But heaven alone, that multiplies our race,
Has power t' increase the conquests of your face.
The spring, before he paints the rising flowers,
Receives mild beams, and soft descending showers,
But love blooms ever fresh beneath your charms,
Though neither pity weeps, nor kindness warms.
The chiefs who doubt success, assert their claim
By stratagems, and poorly steal a name :
The generous * son of Jove, in open fight,
Made bleeding victory proclaim his might :
Like him resolute, when you take the field,
Love sounds the signal, and the world must yield.

THE FAIR NUN ; A TALE.

" — Ire per ignes, [ullis,
" Et gladios ausim. Neque ad hoc tamen ignibus
" Aut gladiis opus est ; opus est mihi crine." —
OVID. Met. Lib. viii.

We sage Cartesians, who profess
Ourselves sworn foes to emptiness,
Assert that souls a tip-toe stand
On what we call the pineal gland ;
As weather-cocks on spires are plac'd,
To turn the quicker with each blast.

This granted, can you think it strange,
We all should be so prone to change ;
Ev'n from the go-cart till we wear
A satin cap i' the elbow chair ?
The follies that the child began,
Custom makes current in the man ;
And firm by livery and feisin
Holds the fee-simple of his reason.

But still the gusts of love we find
Blow strongest on a woman's mind ;
Nor need I learnedly pursue
The latent cause, th' effect is true :

† alexander

For proof of which, in manner ample,
I mean to give you one example.

Upon a time (for so my nurse,
Heaven rest her bones! began discourse)
A lovely nymph, and just nineteen,
Began to languish with the spleen:
She who had shone at balls and play
In gold brocade extremely gay,
All on a sudden grew precise,
Declaim'd against the growth of vice,
A very prude in half a year,
And most believ'd she was sincere:
Necklace of pearl no more she wears,
That's sanctify'd to count her prayers;
Venus, and all her naked loves,
The reformato nymph removes;
And Magdalen, with faints and martyrs,
Was plac'd in their respective quarters.
Nor yet content, she could not bear
The rankness of the public air,
'Twas so infected with the vice
Of luscious songs, and lovers' sighs:
So most devoutly would be gone,
And straight profess herself a Nun.

A youth of breeding and address,
And call him Thyrsis if you please,
Who had some wealth to recompense
His slender dividend of sense;
Yet could with little thought and care
Write tender things to please the fair;
And then successively did grow
From a half-wit, a finish'd beau!
(For sops thus naturally rise,
As maggots turn to butterflies.)
This spark, as story tells, before
Had held with madam an amour,
Which he resolving to pursue,
Exactly took the proper cue,
And on the wings of love he flies
To Lady Abbess, in disguise,
And tells her he had brought th' advowson
Of soul and body to dispose on.
Old Sanctity, who nothing fear'd
In petticoats, without a beard,
Fond of a proselyte, and fees,
Admits the fox among the geese,

Here duty, wealth, and honour prove,
Though three to one, too weak for love;
And to describe the war throughout,
Would make a glorious piece no doubt,
Where moral virtues might be slain,
And rise, and fight and fall again:
Love should a bloody myrtle wear,
And, like Camilla, fierce and fair,
The Nun should charge.—But I forbear.

All human joys, though sweet in tasting,
Are seldom (more's the pity) lasting:
The nymph had qualms, her cheeks were pale,
Which others thought th' effects of zeal:
But she, poor she, began to doubt,
(Best knowing what she'd been about)
The marriage earnest-penny lay,
And burnt her pocket, as we say.
She now invokes, to ease her soul,
The dagger and the poison'd bowl;

And, self-condemn'd for breach of vow,
To lose her life and honour too,
Talk'd in as tragical a strain, as
Your craz'd Monimias and Roxanas.

But as she in her cell lay sighing,
Distracted, weeping, drooping, dying,
The fiend (who never wants address
To succour damsels in distress)
Appearing, told her he perceiv'd
The fatal cause for which she griev'd;
But promis'd her *en cavalier*,
She should be freed from all her fear,
And with her Thyrsis lead a life
Devoid of all domestic strife,
If she would sign a certain scrawl—
Aye, that she would, if that was all.
She sign'd, and he engag'd to do
Whate'er she pleas'd to set him to.

The critics must excuse me now,
They both were freed, no matter how:
For when we epic writers use
Machines to disengage the muse,
We're clean acquit of all demands,
The matter's left in abler hands;
And if they cannot loose the knor,
Should we be censur'd? I think not.

The scene thus alter'd, both were gay,
For pomp and pleasures who but they,
Who might do every thing but pray?
Madam in her gilt chariot flattered,
And Pug brought every thing she wanted;
A slave devoted to her will:
But women will be wavering still.
Ev'n vice without variety
Their squeamish appetites will cloy:
And having stolen from Lady Abbess
One of our merry modern rabbies,
She found a trick she thought would pass,
And prove the devil but an ass.

His next attendance happen'd right
Amidst a moonless stormy night,
When madam and her spouse together
Guest'd at his coming by the weather.
He came: To-night, says he, I drudge
To fetch a heriot for a judge,
A gouty nine-i'th' hundred knave;
But, madam, do you want your slave?
I need not presently be gone,
Because the doctors have not done.
A rosy vicar and a quack
Repuls'd me in my last attack:
But all in vain, for mine he is;
A fig for both the faculties.

The dame produc'd a single hair,
But whence it came I cannot swear;
Yet this I will affirm is true;
It curl'd like any bottle screw.
Sir Nic, quoth she, you know us all,
We ladies are fantastical:
You see this hair—Yes, madam—Pray
In presence of my husband slay,
And make it straight; or else you grant
Our solemn league and covenant
Is void in law.—It is, I own it:
And so he sets to work upon it.

T t ij

He tries, not dreaming of a cheat,
If wetting would not do the feat :
And 'twas, in truth, a proper notion,
But still it kept th' elastic motion.
Well ! more ways may be found than one
To kill a witch that will not drown.

If I, quoth he, conceive its nature,
This hair has flourish'd nigh the water :
'Tis crisp'd with cold, perhaps, and then
The fire will make it straight again.
In haste he to the fire applies it,
And turns it round and round, and eyes it.
Heigh jingo, worse than 'twas before !
The more it warms, it twirls the more
He stamp'd his cloven foot, and chaf'd ;
The husband and the lady laugh'd.

Howe'er he fancy'd sure enough
He should not find it hammer-proof.
No Cyclops e'er at work was warmer,
At forging thunder-bolts or armour,
Than Satan was ; but all in vain :
Again he beats.—It curls again !
At length he bellow'd in a rage,
This hair will take me up an age.
This take an age ! the husband swore,
Z—ds ! Betty has five hundred more.
More ! take your bond, quoth Pug ; adieu,
'Tis loss of time to ply for you.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. SOUTHERNE,

FROM KENT, JANUARY 28, 1710-II.

BORN is the muse to leave her humble cell,
And sing to thee, who know'st to sit to well :
Thee ! who to Britain still preserv'st the crown,
And mak'st her rival Athens in renown.
Could Sophocles behold in mournful state
The weeping graces on Imoinda wait ;
Or hear thy Iliad's moving moan,
Distress'd and lost for vices not her own ;
If envy could permit, he'd sure agree,
To write by nature were to copy thee :
So full, so fair, thy images are shown,
He by thy pencil might improve his own.

There was an age (its memory will last !)
Before Italian airs debauch'd our taste,
In which the fable muse with hopes and fears
Fill'd every breast, and every eye with tears.
But where's that art which all our passions rais'd,
And mov'd the springs of nature as it pleas'd ?
Our poets only practise on the pit
With florid lines, and trifling turns of wit.
Howe'er 'tis well the present times can boast
The race of Charles's reign not wholly lost.
Thy scenes, immortal in their worth, shall stand
Among the chosen classics of our land.
And whilst our sons are by tradition taught
How Barry spoke what thou and Otway wrote,
They'll think it praise to relish and repeat,
And own thy works imitatively great.

Shakspeare, the genius of our isle, whose mind
(The universal mirror of mankind)

Express'd all images, enrich'd the stage,
But sometimes sloop'd to please a barbarous age :
When his immortal bays began to grow,
Rude was the language, and the humour low :
He, like the God of day, was always bright,
But rolling in its course, his orb of light
Was fully'd, and obscur'd, though soaring high,
With spots contracted from the nether sky.
But whither is th' adventurous muse betray'd ?
Forgive her rashness, venerable shade !
May spring with purple flowers perfume thy urn,
And Avon with his greens thy grave adorn :
Be all thy faults, whatever faults there be,
Imputed to the times, and not to thee.

Some scions shot from this immortal root,
Their tops much lower, and less fair the fruit :
Jonson the tribute of my verse might claim,
Had he not strove to blemish Shakspeare's name,
But, like the radiant twins that gild the sphere,
Fletcher and Beaumont next in pomp appear :
The first a fruitful vine, in blooming pride,
Had been by superfluity destroy'd,
But that his friend, judiciously severe,
Prun'd the luxuriant boughs with artful care ;
On various sounding harps the muses play'd,
And sung, and quaff'd their nectar in the shade.

Few moderns in the lists with these may stand.
For in those days were giants in the land :
Suffice it now by lineal right to claim,
And bow with filial awe to Shakspeare's fame ;
The second honours are a glorious name.
Achilles dead, they found no equal lord
To wear his armour, and to wield his sword.

An age most odious and accurs'd ensu'd,
Discolour'd with a pious monarch's blood ;
Whose fall when first the tragic virgin saw,
She fled, and left her province to the law.
Her merry sister still pursu'd the game,
Her garb was alter'd, but her gifts the same.
She first reform'd the muscles of her face,
And learn'd the solemn screw for signs of grace ;
Then circumsid'd her locks, and form'd her tone,
By humming to a tabor and a drone ;
Her eyes she disciplin'd precisely right,
Both when to wink, and how to turn the white :
Thus banish'd from the stage, she gravely next
Assum'd a cloke, and quibbled o'er a text.

But when, by miracles of mercy shown,
Much-suffering Charles regain'd his father's throne ;

When peace and plenty overflow'd the land,
She strait pull'd off her satin cap and band ;
Bade Wycherley be bold in her defence,
With pointed wit, and energy of sense :
Etherege and Sedley join'd him in her cause,
And all deserv'd, and all receiv'd, applause.

Restor'd with less success, the tragic muse
Had long forgot her style by long disuse ;
She taught her Maximins to rant in rhyme,
Mistaking rattling nonsense for sublime ;
Till witty Buckingham reform'd her taste,
And entering sham'd her into sense at last.
But now relaps'd, she dwindles to a song,
And weakly warbles on an eunuch's tongue,
And with her minstrelsy may still remain,
Till Southerne court her to be great again.

Perhaps the beauties of thy Spartan dame,
Who (long defrauded of the public fame)
Shall, with superior majesty avow'd,
Shine like a goddess breaking from a cloud;
Once more may reinstate her on the stage,
Her action graceful, and divine her rage.

Arts have their empires, and, like other states,
Their rise and fall are govern'd by the fates:
They, when their period's measur'd out by time,
Transplant their laurels to another clime.
The Grecian muse once fill'd with loud alarms,
The court of heaven, and clad the gods in arms;
The trumpet silent, humbly she essay'd
The Doric reed, and sung beneath the shade;
Extoll'd a frugal life, and taught the swains
T' observe the seasons, and mature the plains;
Sometimes in warbled hymns she paid her vow,
Or wove Olympic wreaths for Theron's brow;
Sometimes on flowery beds she lay supine,
And gave her thoughts a loose to love and wine;
Or in her sable stole and buskins dress'd,
Show'd vice enthron'd, and virtuous kings oppress'd.

The nymph still fair, however past her bloom,
From Greece at length was led in chains to Rome:
Whilst wars abroad, and civil discord reign'd,
Silent the beauteous captive long remain'd;
That interval employ'd her timely care
To study, and refine the language there.
She views with anguish on the Roman stage
The Grecian beauties weep, the warriors rage:
But most those scenes delight th' immortal maid,
Which Scipio had reviv'd, and Roscius play'd.
Thence to the pleadings of the gown she goes
(For Themis then could speak in polish'd prose):
Charm'd at the bar, amid th' attentive throng,
She blest'd the Syren-power of Tully's tongue.
But when, Octavius, thy successful sword
Was sheath'd, and universal peace restor'd,
Fond of a monarch, to the court she came,
And chose a numerous choir to chant his fame.
First from the green retreats and lowly plains,
Her Virgil soar'd sublime in epic strains;
His theme so glorious, and his flight so true,
She with Mæonian garlands grac'd his brow;
Taught Horace then to touch the Lesbian lyre,
And Sappho's sweetness join'd with Pindar's fire,
By Cæsar's bounty all the tuneful train
Enjoy'd, and sung of Saturn's golden reign;
No genius then was left to live on praise,
Or curs'd the barren ornament of bays;
On all her sons he cast a kind regard,
Nor could they write so fast as he reward.
The muse, industrious to record his name
In the bright annals of eternal fame,
Profuse of favours, lavish'd all her store,
And for one reign made many ages poor.

Now from the rugged North unnumber'd swarms
Invade the Latian coasts with barbarous arms;
A race unpolish'd, but inur'd to toil,
Rough as their heaven, and barren as their soil.
These locusts every springing art destroy'd,
And fast humanity before them dy'd.
Picture no more maintain'd the doubtful strife
With nature's scenes, nor gave the canvas life;

Nor sculpture exercis'd her skill, beneath
Her forming hand to make the marble breathe:
Struck with despair, they stood devoid of thought,
Less lively than the works themselves had wrought.
On those twin-sisters such disasters came,
Though colours and proportions are the same
In every age and clime; their beauties known
To every language, and confin'd by none.
But fate less freedom to the muse affords,
And checks her genius with the choice of words:
To paint her thoughts, the diction must be found
Of easy grandeur, and harmonious sound.
Thus when she rais'd her voice divinely great
To sing the founder of the Roman state;
The language was adapted to the song,
Sweet and sublime, with native beauty strong:
But when the Goths insulting troops appear'd,
Such dissonance the trembling virgin heard!
Chang'd to a swan, from Tyber's troubled streams
She wing'd her flight, and fought the silver
Thames.

Long in the melancholy grove she staid,
And taught the pensive Druids in the shade;
In solemn and instructive notes they sung
From whence the beauteous frame of nature sprung,
Who polish'd all the radiant orbs above,
And in bright order made the planets move;
Whence thunders roar, and frightful meteors fly,
And comets roll unbounded through the sky;
Who wing'd the winds, and gave the streams to
flow,
And rais'd the rocks, and spread the lawns below;
Whence the gay spring exults in flowery pride,
And autumn with the bleeding grape is dy'd;
Whence summer suns imbrown the labouring
swains,
And shivering winter pines in icy chains:
And prais'd the Power Supreme, nor dar'd ad-
vance

So vain a theory as that of chance.

But in this isle she found the nymphs so fair,
She chang'd her hand, and chose a softer air,
And love and beauty next became her care.
Greece, her lov'd country, only could afford
A Venus and a Helen to record;
A thousand radiant nymphs she here beheld,
Who match'd the goddess, and the queen excell'd,
T' immortalize their loves she long essay'd,
But still the tongue her generous toil betray'd.
Chaucer had all that beauty could inspire,
And Surrey's numbers glow'd with warm desire:
Both now are priz'd by few, unknown to most,
Because the thoughts are in the language lost.
Even Spenser's pearls in muddy waters lie,
Yet soon their beams attract the diver's eye:
Rich was their imagery, till time defac'd
The curious works; but Waller came at last.
Waller, the muse with heavenly verse supplies,
Smooth as the fair, and sparkling as their eyes;
"All but the nymph that should redress his wrong,
Attend his passion, and approve his song."
But when this Orpheus sunk, and hoary age
Suppress'd the lover's and the poet's rage,
To Granville his melodious lute he gave,
Granville, whose faithful verse is beauty's slave;

Accept this gift, my favourite youth! she cry'd,
To sound a brighter theme, and sing of Hyde,
Hyde's and thy lovely Myra's praise proclaim;
And match Carlisle's and Sacharissa's fame.

O! would he now forsake the myrtle grove,
And sing of arms, as late he sung of love!
His colours and his hand alone should paint
In Britain's queen the warrior and the saint;
In whom conspire, to form her truly great,
Wisdom with power, and piety with state.
Whilst from her throne the streams of justice flow,
Strong and serene, to bless the land below;
O'er distant realms her dreaded thunders roll,
And the wild rage of tyranny control.
Her power to quell, and pity to redress,
The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine confess;
Whence bleeding Iber hopes around his head
To see fresh olive spring, and plenty spread:
And whilst they sound their great deliverer's fame,
The Seine retires, and sickens at her name.
O Granville! all these glorious scenes display,
Instruct succeeding monarchs how to sway;
And make her memory rever'd by all,
When triumphs are forgot, and mouldering
arches fall.

Pardon me, friend! I own my muse too free,
To write so long on such a theme to thee:
'To play the critic here—with equal right
Bid her pretend to teach Argyll to fight;
Instruct th' unerring sun to guide the year,
And Harley by what schemes he ought to steer;
Give Harcourt eloquence to adorn the seal,
Maxims of state to Leeds, to Beaufort zeal;
Try to correct what Orrery shall write,
And make harmonious St. John more polite;
Teach law to Isla for the crown's support,
And Jersey how to serve and grace a court;
Dictate soft warbling airs to Sheffield's hand,
When Venus and her loves around him stand;
In sage debates to Rochester impart
A searching head, and ever faithful heart;
Make Talbot's finish'd virtue more complete,
High without pride, and amiably great,
Where nature all her powers with fortune join'd,
At once to please and benefit mankind.

When cares were to my blooming youth unknown,
My fancy free, and all my hours my own;
I lov'd along the laureat grove to stray,
The paths were pleasant, and the prospect gay:
But now my genius sinks, and hardly knows
To make a couplet tinkle in the close.
Yet when you next to Medway shall repair,
And quit the town to breathe a purer air;
Retiring from the crowd to steal the sweets
Of easy life in Twydden's calm retreats
(As Terence to his Lælius lov'd to come,
And in Campania scorn'd the pomp of Rome);
Where Lambard, form'd for business, and to please,
By sharing, will improve your happiness;
In both their souls imperial reason sways,
In both the patriot and the friend displays;
Belov'd, and prais'd by all, who merit love and
praise.

With bright ideas there inspir'd anew,
By them excited, and inform'd by you,
I may with happier skill essay to sing
Sublimar notes, and strike a bolder string.

Languid and dull, when absent from her cave,
No oracles of old the Sibyl gave;
But when beneath her sacred shrine she stood,
Her fury soon confess'd the coming god;
Her breast began to heave, her eyes to roll,
And wondrous visions fill'd her labouring soul.

A LETTER

TO THE KNIGHT OF THE SABLE SHIELD.

"—Habet Bibliopola Tryphon."

MART. Lib. iv.

SIR Knight, who know with equal skill
To make a poem and a pill,
'Twas my misfortune t'other night,
To be tormented with a spright.
On either side his head the hair
Seem'd bushing out, the top was bare;
His garb antique, but on his face
There reign'd a sweet majestic grace;
Of comely port, and in his hand
He decent wav'd a laurel-wand.
On the left foot (by which I found
His name was on the stage renown'd)
A sock of curious shape he wore,
With myrtle foliage flourish'd o'er;
A purple buskin grac'd the right,
And strong he step'd, yet lovely light.

Thy friendly care, he cry'd, I crave
To give me quiet in my grave;
Tryphon constrains me from the dead,
A wizard whom I hate and dread;
By him to dangle on a post,
I'm conjur'd up—"Alas, poor Ghost!"
A pendulum I there am made,
To move the leaden wheels of trade.
And while each little author struts
In calves-skin gilt, adorn'd with cuts;
I, vouching, pass 'em off as dear
As any staple-clastic ware.
Peers, parsons, cits, a motley tribe,
Flock there to purchase, and subscribe;
While Tryphon, as the gudgeons bite,
Chuckles to see them grow polite.

For ends thus infamously low,
It sure would seem as a-propos,
For Dennis at his door to stand,
With a good broomstick in his hand.
Then, should the chaps find ought amiss,
Or blame the price, the tragic Swift
Might have his better parts employ'd,
To criticise them back and fide.

Or is there none of all his race,
Whose features would a sign-board grace?
Oft' in the wizard's cell I've seen
A forrel man, of awkward mien,
Prying with busy leer about,
As if he were the devil's scout.

He'er was vers'd in modish vice,
But sure those whorison gloating eyes
Have travell'd much on love affairs,
Between the key-hole and the stairs.
O cheat the gibbet of a sign,
And with his head commute for mine.

When first I heard his damn'd intent,
To Tryphon's bed by night I went;
Where he lay blest with dreams of gain,
Furs, scarlet, and a golden chain.
I rous'd the wretch, and weeping said,
O! take my wit, and spare my head,
Urge not the wags to sneer, and jape us,
Just as of old they us'd Priapus.
But as a whelp starts up with fear
When a bee's humming at his ear:
With upper lip elate, he grins,
Whilst round the little teaser spins;
But when aloof in air it soars,
He strait forgets th' alarm, and snores:
So did his fellow-creature flight
The fleeting vision of the night.
My prayers were lost, though while I stay'd
I smelt they strong impressions made.

There is a knight, who takes the field
With Saxon pen, and fable shield;
Who doubtless can relieve my ghost,
And disenchant me from the post.
Then I could rest as still as those
Whom he has drudg'd to sure repose;
As if he traded in the whole,
And with the body kill'd the soul.
To him for aid with speed repair—
"But soft! I scent the morning air:"
Be mindful of my piteous plight,
And to my cause engage the knight.

Now, gentle Sir, give ear to me,
For I prescribe without a fee;
From Curll's remove the seat of war,
Encamp on t'other side the bar:
Level your eye at Tryphon's shop,
Another epic at him pop;
What though without report it move,
Like the sure darts of death or love?
I know your powder is so strong,
No mortal sign can stand you long.

But if by magic this oppose
The volley of your verse and prose;
I'll be your 'squire, and firm ally,
Write, crimp, and cox him up to buy;
Not all the necromancer's art
Will save it then, beshrew his heart!
What can support a shop, or sign,
When two such perilous wits combine?

THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

In Milton's Style.

"———To th' Orphean lyre
"He sung of Chaos and eternal night;
"Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down

"The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
"Though hard, and rare."

PARADISE LOST, B. iii.

WHEN speeding sea-ward, to the fleet we came
That anchor'd nigh the coast, we launch'd our ship
Into the sacred deep: the mast up-rear'd
Bore every sail expanded; whilst aboard
We stow'd devoted victims, and ascend
The vessel, inly griev'd, and silent showers
Fell from our drooping eyes. A friendly wind
Circe the fair, of human race divine,
Propitious sent; to ply the struggling oar
Small need remain'd, the freshening gale suffic'd
Each bellying canvas. On with speed we fare
Prosperous; and when the sun careering prone
Sunk to the western isles, and dewy shade
Sabled the pole, we tilting o'er the waves
On ocean's utmost bound, approach the realms
Unblest'd, where the Cimmerians darkling dwell;
(A lamentable race!) of heavenly light
Unvisited, and the sun's gladfome ray.
Mooring the vessel on that dreary beach
We take the destin'd sheep, and flow sojourn
Along the marsh, till the fated place
We found, which Circe will'd we should explore
Eurylochus and Perimedes guard
The holy offerings; I mean time unsheath
My falchion, and prepare t' intrench the ground
A cubit square, and there oblations pour
To reconcile the shades; infusing milk
With honey temper'd sweet, and bowls of must
Pure from the mellowest grape, with added store
Of water; and with flower of wheat bestow
The mix'd ingredients: to the feeble ghosts
Then vow'd, if Heaven to my dear native land
Should favour my return, a barren cow
Of stateliest growth; and to th' oraculous† seer
A ram of fable fleece, the leading pride
Of all my flocks. These solemn rites perform'd
And vows prefer'd, the destin'd sheep I slew:
Forth gush'd the vital purple, and surcharg'd
The hollow'd trench; when lo! from the dun verge
Of Erebus, the ghosts promiscuous troop
Unnumber'd, youths and maidens immature
Crop'd in their spring, who wandering pensive
wail'd

The shortness of their date: trembling, and hoar
With age, some slowly pace; others more fierce,
Array'd in arms, ensanguin'd o'er with wounds
Receiv'd in battle, clamorous approach
To drink the reeking gore. Shuddering and pale
I stood astounded, but with quick dispatch
Bade burn the sacrifice, a grateful steam
To Proserpine, who there with Dis divides
The regency of night: sudden I wav'd
My glittering falchion, from the sanguine pool
Driving th' unbody'd host that round me swarm'd;
Nor deign'd to let them slip, before I saw
Th' oraculous seer. Foremost of all the crowd
Elpenor came, whose unregarded corse
We left behind in Circe's sumptuous dome,
Unwept, unbury'd, eager to pursue
Our voyage: Strait to tender pity mov'd,

† Tiresias.

T. i. iiij

With words dissolv'd in tears I cry'd, relate,
 Elpenor, how these rueful shades you reach'd
 Sooner than I full-fail'd. He thus reply'd
 In accents of much dolour: Me, O King!
 The minister of adverse fate malign'd,
 Unweeting of mishap; and wrought my doom,
 Drench'd with excess of wine: prone from the top
 Of Circe's tower I fell, and the neck-bones
 Disjointing dy'd. But to your pious care
 Suppliant, I beg by those endearing names
 Of parent, wife, and son (though distant, dear
 To your remembrance), when you re-ascend
 To Circe's blissful isle, to my remains
 Discharge funereal rites; nor let me lie
 Unwept, unbury'd there, lest Heaven avenge
 The dire neglect. While the devouring flames
 Consume my earthly, on the flagrant pile
 My armour cast complete; then raise a tomb
 For my memorial on the foamy strand;
 And on it place that oar which erst I ply'd
 With my associates. Pensive I rejoin,
 Poor shade! I'll pay the decent rites you crave.

While with the friendly phantom I maintain'd
 Such melancholy parley, with brandish'd steel
 Guarding the goary pool, I through th' obscure
 My mother view'd: her lineage she deriv'd
 From Maia's wingy son, and ceas'd to breathe
 This vital air, since I my legion led
 To war on Ilium. From my pitying eyes
 Abundant sorrow stream'd; but though regret
 With'd my resolution, from the pool
 I made the dear maternal form recede,
 Till I should learn from the grave Theban seer
 The sum of fate. The sage at length advanc'd
 Bearing a golden sceptre, and began:

Son of Laertes, what misfortunes dire
 Compel your progress from th' all-cheering sun,
 And heavenly azure, in this seat of woe
 To roam among the dead? But from the pool
 Withdraw, and sheath your faulchion, while I taste
 That bloody beverage, then the fates decree
 Instant I'll utter. Sudden I withdrew,
 Sheathing my faulchion whilst he drank the gore;
 Then thus the seer pronounc'd the fates decree.

What means may best besit your wish'd return,
 Illustrions Greek! you'd know. The sovereign
 power

Whose strong earth-shaking mace the floods revere,
 Insidious waits a time to wreak revenge
 For Polypheme, his son; whose visual orb
 You late eclips'd with ever-during shade.
 Howe'er you safe may voyage, and avoid
 Disasters various, if your mates refrain
 From sacrilegious spoil, when safe they tread
 Trinacria's herby soil: for there the flocks
 And herds of Phœbus o'er the verdurous lawn
 Browse fattening pasture (he the world's great eye
 Views all below his orient beam, nor aught
 Can shun his wakeful ear); with evil hand
 If them they seize, unerring I foretell
 An hideous wreck. Unequal to the storm
 Your ship, deep in the nether waves ingulf'd,
 Shall perish with her crew: you shall regain
 The dry, without surviving friend to cheer

* Anticla.

Your pilgrim-steps: however late and hard,
 You shall revisit your lov'd natal shore,
 Transported in a vessel not your own.
 Much of domestic damage, and misrule,
 Will fadden your return; for in your court
 Suitors voluptuous swarm; with amorous wiles
 Studious to win your comfort, and seduce
 Her from chaste fealty to joys impure,
 In bridal pomp; vain efforts! but they soon
 By stratagem, or our puissant arm,
 To ruin are fore-doom'd. Then to a race
 Remote from ocean, who with savoury salt
 Ne'er season their repast, nor vessel view'd
 Furrowing the foamy flood with painted prow,
 And all her tackle trim, with speed repair
 Carrying a taper oar; way-faring thus,
 One journeying obvious will misname that oar
 A corn van; fix it there, and victims slay
 To Neptune reverent; from the fleecy fold
 A ram select, and from the beeves and swine,
 The choicest male entire, of either herd.
 Thence homeward haste, and hecatombs prepare
 For the bright order of the gods, who reign
 Spher'd in empyreal splendors. White with years,
 The balm of life evaporating flow,
 At length, when Neptune points the dart of death,
 Without a pang you'll die, and leave your land
 With fair abundance blest. In these fix'd laws
 Of fate repose affiance and beware.

I thus reply'd: In this authentic will
 Of fate, O Seer! I acquiesce; but lo!
 Pensive and silent, by the goary pool,
 Abides my mother's shade; nor me vouchsafes
 Language or look benign: Oh! tell me how
 She here may recognise me. He rejoin'd;
 Whatever ghost by your permission slips
 That sacred purple, will to all your quest
 Without deceit reply; the rest withdraw
 At your stern interdiction. This said, the seer
 To the high capital of Dis retir'd.
 Mean time I firm abode, till the dear shade
 had slip'd the sacred purple; then her son
 Instant the knew, and wailing thus began:

My son! how reach'd you these Tartarean
 bounds,

Corporeal? Many a river interfus'd,
 And gulfs unvoyageable, from access
 Debar each living wight; besides th' expanse
 Of ocean wide to sail. Are you from Troy
 With your associate peers but now return'd,
 Erroneous from your wife and kingdom still?

I thus: By strong necessity constrain'd,
 Down to these nether realms I have presum'd
 An earthly guest, to hear my doom disclos'd
 By sage Tircias; for since I led
 Auxiliars bands, with Agamemnon leagu'd
 To war on Ilium, traversing the main
 Through various perils, I have voyag'd far
 Estrang'd from Greece. But say by what disease,
 By slow consumption through the gates of death
 Prone did you pass; or by Diana's dart
 Transfix'd, a sudden fate? My hoary sire!
 Survives he? Is my bloomy son possess'd
 Of any domain, or groans it now beneath

† He was killed with the bone of a sea-turtle;

Usurping powers, who lord it uncontroll'd,
Thoughtless of my return? My consort dear!
Abides she with my son, of all his rights
A guardian regent; or, no longer mine,
Hath she been won to plight connubial vows?

The venerable shade thus answer'd mild:
Still in your regal dome your spouse abides
Disconsolate, with ever-flowing eyes
Wailing your absence; and your son possess'd
Of principality, with his compeers,
Bounteous of soul, free intercourse maintains
Of social love. Beneath a Sylvan lodge,
Far from the cheerful steps of men, your fire
Lives inconsolable; on gorgeous beds,
With rich embroidery spread, and purple palls,
No more indulging sweet repose; but clad
In coarse attire, couch'd with his village hinds
On the warm hearth he sleeps, when winter reigns
Inclement, till the circling months return
New-rob'd in flowering verdure: then, the vines
High interwove a green pavilion form,
Where pillow'd on the leaves he mourns for you
Nocturnal; to th' unfriendly damp of age
Adding corrosive anguish and despair.
So perish'd I with slow-consuming pile!
Me nor the silver-shafted goddesses flew,
Nor racking malady; but anxious love
Of my Ulysses on my vitals prey'd,
And sunk my age with sorrow to the grave.

She ceas'd: I thrice with filial fondness strove
To embrace the much-lov'd form, and thrice it fled,
Delusive as a dream. Anew with grief
Heart-chill'd, I spake: Why, mother, will you fly
Your son's incircling arms? O here permit
My duteous love, and let our sorrows flow
Mingling in one full stream! Or has the queen
Whose frown the shades revere, to work me woe,
A gulfish image form'd? She thus replies:

Of all mankind, O most to grief inur'd!
Deem not that aught of guile by phantoms vain
Is here intended, but the essence pure
Of separate souls is of all living touch
Impassive: here no gross material frame
We wear, with flesh incumbent, nerves, and bone;
They're calcin'd on the pile: but when we cease
To draw the breath of life, the soul on wing
Fleets like a dream, from elemental dross
Disparted and refin'd. Now to the realms
Illumin'd with the sun's enlivening beam,
Hence journeying upward, to your consort dear
Disclose the secrets of our state below.

Thus we alternate, till a beauteous train
Of nobles near advance their steps, enlarg'd
By radiant Proserpine, daughters and wives
To kings and heroes old: the goary pool
The fair assembly thick surround, to sip
The tasteless liquid: I the fates of each
Desirous to hear storied, wave my sword
In airy circles, while they singly fate
Their appetites; then curious ask of each
Her ancestry, which all in order told.

Tyro first audience claim'd, the daughter fair
Of great Salmoneus; she with Cretheus shar'd
Connubial love, but long in virgin bloom
Enamour'd of Enipeus, inly pin'd:

Enipeus, swift from whose reclining urn
Rolls a delicious flood. His lovely form
Neptune assum'd, and the bright nymph beguil'd
Wandering love-penive near his amber stream:
Them plunging in the slopy flood receiv'd
Redounding; and to screen his amorous theft,
On either side the parted waxed up-rear'd
A crystal mound. Potent of rapturous joy,
And fated, thus he spake: Hail, royal fair!
Thy womb shall teem with twins (a god's embrace
Is ever fruitful), and those pledges dear
Of our sweet casual bliss nurture and tend
With a fond mother's care: hence homeward speed
And from all human ken our amorous act
Conceal: so Neptune bids thee now farewell.
He ceas'd, and diving sudden was engulf'd
Deep in the gurgling eddy. Two fair sons
Th' appointed months discharg'd, by supreme Jove
Both scepter'd. Pelias first; his empire wide
Stretch'd o'er Iöikos, whose irriguous vales
His grazing folds o'erfleck'd: her younger birth,
Neleus, was honour'd through the sandy realm
Of Pylus. She by Cretheus then espous'd,
A fair increase, Æson and Phereas bore;
And great Amythaon, who with many steeds
Off' difarray'd the foes in battle rang'd.

The daughter of Aëolus next I view'd,
Antiope, boastful that she, by Jove
Impregnate, had the fam'd Amphion borne,
And Zethus, founder of imperial Thebes,
Stately with seven large gates, and bulwark'd
strong

Against invading powers. Alcmena fair,
Amphitryon's consort, then advanc'd to view;
To heaven's supreme who bore Alcides, bold
And lion-hearted. Next that lovely shade
Stood Megara, of Creon's royal race,
By great Alcides spous'd. To her succeeds
The sheeny form of Epicaste, woo'd
By Oedipus her son, to whom she deign'd
Spousal embraces, thoughtless of misdeed,
He having too (ill-star'd!) destroy'd his fire,
His lineage with incestuous mixture soil'd,
Blinded by destiny; but the just gods
Disclos'd th' unnatural scene. In Thebes he sway'd;
With various ills by Heaven's afflictive rod
Discomfited; but she through fell despair,
Self-strangled, from the stings of mortal life
Fled to the shades, and her surviving son
With delegated furies fierce pursued.

An amiable image next appear'd;
Bright Chloris, of Amphion's lofty stem
The youngest bud: in sweet attractive pomp,
On her the Graces ever waiting smit
The heart of Neleus, whom the Pylian tribes
Homag'd with fealty: from their wedded love
Sprung Nestor, Chromius, and the boastful power
Of Periclymenus; besides a nymph,
Pero, of form divine: her virgin vows
By many a prince was sought, but Neleus deign'd
To none her bed, but him whose prowess'd arm
Should force from Phylace a furious herd
Of wild Thessalian bees, to avenge the dower
Which Iphiclus detain'd. This bold emprise
A peer accepted; but, in combat foil'd,

In thrall for twelve revolving moons he lay,
Deep in a dungeon close immur'd, till found
Divine of fate, by solving problems quaint
Which Iphiclus propos'd, who strait dismiss'd
The captive; so was Jove's high will complete.

Then Leda, spous'd by Tyndarus, I saw,
Mother of the fam'd twins, Castor export
To tame the steed, and Pollux far renown'd
On list'd fields for conflict; who from Jove
Receiv'd a grateful boon like gods to live,
Mounting alternate to this upper orb.

Next Iphimedia glides in view, the wife
Of great Aloeus, who, in love compress'd
By Neptune, bore (so fle the fact avow'd)
Otus and Ephialtus, whom the fates
Cut short in early prime: their infant years
Nurtur'd by Earth, enormous both attain'd
Gigantic stature, and for manly grace
Were next Orion rank'd; for in the course
Of nine swift circling years, nine cubits broad
Their shoulders measur'd, and nine ells their height.
Improvident of soul, they vainly dar'd
The gods to war, and on Olympus hoar
Rear'd Offa, and Offa Pelion pil'd,
Torn from the ~~W~~ale with all its woods; by scale
T' assault hea ven's battlements; and had their date
To manhood been prolong'd, had fure achiev'd
Their ruinous aim: but by the silver dart
Of Phæbus sheer transfix'd, ere springing down
Shaded their rosy youth, they both expir'd.

Ill-fated Phædra then with Procris came,
And Ariadne, who them both surpass'd
In goddess-like demeanour; from her fire
Minos, the rigid arbiter of right,
Theseus of old convey'd her, with intent
At Athens, link'd in love, with her to reign:
But stern Diana, by the guileful plea
Of Bacchus won, disfever'd soon their joys,
And caus'd the lovely nymph to fall forlorn
In Dia, with circumfluous seas in-girt,
Of nuptial rights defrauded. Next advance
Mæra and Clymenè, a beauteous pair;
And Eriphyle, whose once radiant charms
A cloud of sorrow dimm'd; for she, devoid
Of duteous love, for gold betray'd her lord.—

Here let me cease narration, nor relate
What other objects fair, daughters and wives
Of herots old, I saw; for now the night
In clouded majesty has journey'd far,
Admonishing to rest, which with my mates,
Or here with you, my wearied nature craves;
Mean time affianc'd in the gods and you,
To speed my voyage to my native realm.

He ceas'd: a while th' attentive audience fate
In silent rapture; his persuasive tongue,
Mellifluous, so with eloquence had charm'd
Their still insatiate ears; at length thus spake
The queen Arete, graceful and humane.

Think ye, Phæacians, that the godlike form,
The port, the wisdom of this wanderer claim
Aught of regard? Peculiar him my guest
I style; but since the honour he vouchsafes,
Delighted ye partake, give not too soon
Him signal of departure, but prepare
With no penurious hand proportion'd gifts,

Vicing in bounteous deeds, since Heaven hath
shower'd

Your peerage with abundant favours boon.

Up rose Echeucus then, whose wavy locks
Silver'd with age, adorn'd his reverend brow,
Fraught with maturest counsel, and began
Addressing his compeers: Rightful and wife
The queen's proposal is, let none demur
Obedience to her will; Alcinous best
By fair ensample may prescribe the rule.

Alcinous from his bed of state reply'd,
With aspect bland: While here I live enthron'd,
Jove's delegate of empire, and this hand
Sways the Phæacian sceptre, will I cheer
Th' erroneous and afflicted, with meet acts
Of regal bounty; but, our princely guest
Must, though impatient, for a time defer
His voyage, that with due munificence
Our gifts may be prepar'd: let all accord
Benevolent, and free to furnish stores
Worthy acceptance; me you shall confess
The first in bounty, as the first in power.

He ended, and Ulysses answer'd blythe:
O thou, by kingly virtues justly rais'd
To this imperial eminence! By thee
Were I detain'd, till the revolving sun
Completes his annual circle, in thy will
I acquiesce obedient, till meet stores
For my return be rais'd: then at my realm,
With royal largesses arriving grac'd,
And gay retinue, strait the wondering Greeks
Will render respect and prompter homage yield.

To whom Alcinous: Your distinguish'd worth
Too plain is character'd in all your port,
To doubt you of those vagrant clans, who roam
Fallacious, and with copious legend take
The credulous ear; you, with severest truth,
Rob'd in rich eloquence, instruct and please,
When (like some bard, vers'd in heroic theme
Attemper'd to the lyre) you sweetly tell
Whate'er in Grecian story was of old
Recorded eminent, or when you speak
Your own disastrous fate. But now proceed,
Say, affable, if while you low sojourn'd
In gross Tartarean gloom, the mighty shades
Of those brave warring Greeks appear'd, who fell
By doom of battle; for the lingering night
Hath yet much space to measure, and the hour
Of sleep is far to come: I can attend
With raptiment, to hear the pleasing tale
Fruitful of wonders, till the roseate morn
Purples the east. Ulysses thus reply'd:

Due time, O king, for converse and repose
Is still remaining; nor will I refuse
With coy denial, what the sacred ear
Of majesty with audience deigns to grace.
Hear next how my associate warriors fell,
O'erwhelm'd with huge afflictions and oppress'd
In their own realms by feminine deceit,
To them more fatal than the prowess'd foe.

When, by imperious Proserpine recall'd,
The lady-train dispers'd, the pensive form
Of Agamemnon came, with those begirt,
Whom, in one common fate involv'd, of life
Ægythus had bereav'd. Sipping the gore,

He recogniz'd me instant, and outstretch'd
His unsubstantial arms, exhausted now
Of all their vital vigour; with shrill plaints,
Piercing the doleful region far: mine eyes,
Sore wounded with the piteous object dear,
Effus'd a flood of tears, while thus I spake:

O king of hosts! O ever-honour'd son
Of Atreus! say to what severe decree
Of destiny you bow'd. By Neptune's wrath
Tempesting th' ocean, did you there expire
Whelm'd in the watery abyss? Or fell you arm'd,
Making fierce inroad on some hostile coast,
To ravage herds and flocks; or in assault
Of some imperial fortress, thence to win
Rich spoils and beauteous captives, were you slain
Defeated of your seizure? He replied:

I perish'd not, my friend, by Neptune's wrath,
Whelm'd in the ocean wave; nor dy'd in arms
Heroic deeds attempting: but receiv'd
From base Ægythus, and my baser queen,
Irreparable doom, whilst I partook
Refreshment, and at supper jovial fate,
Slain like an ox that's butcher'd at the crib,
A death most lamentable! Round me lay
An hideous carnage of my breathless friends,
Like beasts new slaughter'd for the bridal board
Of some luxurious noble, or devote
To solemn festival. On well-fought fields
You various scenes of slaughter have survey'd,
And in fierce tournament; yet bad it quell'd
Your best of man to view us on the floor
Rolling in death, with viands round us spread,
And ponderous vases bruised, while human gore
Flooded the pavement wide. With shrilling cries
Cassandra pierc'd my ear, whom at my side
False Clytemnestra slew: 't' avenge her wrong,
I with a dying grasp my sabre seiz'd,
But the curs'd assassin withdrew, nor clos'd
My lips and eyes. O woman! woman! none
Of nature's savage train have less remorse
In perpetrating crimes: to kill her mate,
What beast was e'er a complice? I return'd
Hopeful in affluence of domestic joy
To reign, encircled with my offspring dear,
And court-retinue; but my traitress wife
On female honour bath diffus'd a stain
Indelible; and her pernicious arts,
Recorded for reproach on all the sex,
Shall wound soft innocence with touch of blame.

I answer'd, O ye powers! by women's wiles
Jove works sure bane to all th' imperial race
Of Atreus (till: for Helen's vagrant lust
Greece mourns her states dispeopled; and you fell
By your adulterers! Plaintive he reply'd:

By my disasters warn'd, to woman's faith
Unbosom nought momentous; though she peal
Your ear (by nature importune to know),
Unlock not all your secrets. But your wife,
Of prudent meek deport, no train of ills
Will meditate for you by force or guile:
Her, when we led th' embattled Greeks to Troy,
We left in blooming beauty fresh; your son
Then hanging on her breast; who now to man
Full grown, with men associates; your approach
With rapture he will meet, and glad his fire

With filial duty dear; a bliss to me
Not deign'd! my son I saw not ere I fell
A victim to my wife: then, timely warn'd,
Trust not to woman's ken the time prefix'd
For your return to Greece. But say sincere,
Aught have you heard where my Orestes bides,
In rich Orchomenus, or sandy Pyle;
Or with my brother lives he more secure
In spacious Sparta? for of this dark realm
He's not inhabitant. I thus rejoind:

Vain is your quest, Atreides; whether fate
Permits your son to draw the breath of heaven,
Friendly to life; or whether in these shades
He roams a ghost, I know not; nor with speech
False or ambiguous will beguile your ear.

While mournful thus we talk'd, suffus'd with
tears

Of tender sympathy, young Peleus came,
With his associates most in life belov'd,
Faithful Patroclus, and th' egregious *son
Of Nestor, great in arms; with them (conjoin'd)
In amicable converse, e'en by death
Uncancel'd) walk'd the tall illustrious shade
Of Ajax, with attractive grace adorn'd,
And prowess; paragon'd for both to none
But great Achilles: me the goddess born
Ey'd curious, and at length thus sad began:

What cause, Ulysses, moves thy mind, expert
Of warlike machinations; what emprise
Hath aught of such importance, as to tempt
This dire descent, where we in dolorous night
Frail incorporeal forms, are doom'd abode?

O peerless chief, I cried, of all the Greeks
The foremost name! I hither am constrain'd,
From the wise Theban oracle to hear
Best means reveal'd how to revisit safe
My native realm; by rigid fate repell'd,
I'm exil'd yet, with troops of various ills
Surrounded. But the gods, to your high worth
Ever propitious, crown their favourite chief
With choicer blessings than the eye of time
Yet saw conferr'd, or future shall behold:
On earth you equal honours with the gods
From us receiv'd; nor by the stroke of fate
Sink with diminish'd lustre, but supreme
Reign o'er the shades. He solemn sad replied:

Reign here supreme! deem not thy eloquence
Can aught console my doom: rather on earth
A village slave I'd be, than titled here
Imperial and august. But say me true,
Or did my son illustrate his descent
First in the files of war; or fled he pale
A recreant from the fight? do all our tribes
In Phthia still revere my father's throne;
Or lives he now of regal power despoil'd,
A weak contempt'd old man, wanting my arm
To hold his sceptre firm? that arm! which erst
Warring for Greece bestrew'd the Phrygian plains
With many a prowess'd knight! Would Heaven
restore

The same puissant form, I'd soon avenge
His injur'd age, and re-assert his claim.

He ceasing, I reply'd: Of Peleus' state
Fame hath to me been silent; but attend

* Antilochus,

While I th' achievements of thy glorious son
Blazon, as truth shall dictate. Him to Troy
From Scyros o'er th' Ægean safe I bore,
To join th' embattled Greeks : whene'er we fate
In council, to mature some high design,
First of the peerage with persuasive speech
His sentence he disclos'd, by all confes'd
The third from Nestor. But whene'er we mov'd
In battailous array, and the shrill clang
Of onset sounded, he, with haughty strides
Advancing in the van, the foremost chief,
Pierc'd through the adverse legions, nor was deem'd
Not equal to the best. Each hardy deed,
Which in his country's cause the youth achiev'd,
Were long to tell ; but by his javelin dy'd
Eurypylos, of all th' auxiliary bands
Fam'd after Memnon first ; with many a peer
Of Pergamenian race, around him strown.

When in the wooden horse, by Epeus form'd,
Selected heroes lay, aghast and pale
The rest, shuddering with fear, let round big drops
Roll from their drooping eyes, he sole abode
Undaunted, undismay'd ; no chilling doubt
Frosted his damask cheek, nor silent tear
Cours'd from its crystal sluice, but grasping fierce
His spear and faulchion, for the combat grew
Impatient, menacing decisive rout
To Troy's opponent powers ; and when the height
Of Ilium had receiv'd the final stroke
From Grecian valour, with barbaric spoil,
To his high fame proportion'd, he return'd,
Unmark'd with hostile wound, though round him
Mars

With tenfold rage oft made the battle burn.

I ended : joy ineffable possess'd
The great paternal shade ; his steps he rais'd
With more majestic portance o'er the mead
Verdant with asphodel, elate to hear
His son's exploits emblazon'd fair by fame

The rest, a pensive circle, round await
Reciting various dooms, to mortal ear
Calamitous and sad ! From these apart
The Telamonian hero, whom I foil'd
In contest for Achilles' arms, abode
Sullen with treasur'd wrath ; the fatal strife
By Thetis was propos'd, and every judge
Instinct by Pallas, to my claim declar'd
The prize of right. O ! why was I constrain'd
By honour to prevail, and cause to die
Ajax, the chief with manly grace adorn'd,
And prowess ; paragon'd for both, to none
But the great son of Peleus ! Him with speech
Lenient of wrath I thus accosted mild :

Ajax, let this oblivious gloom deface
The memory of those arms, which Heaven decreed
Pernicious to the Greeks, who lost in thee
Their power of strong defence : to mourn thy fall
The voice of grief along the tented shore
Was heard, as loud as when the flower of war,
Divine Achilles, dy'd : nor deem that aught
Of human interpos'd to urge thy doom,
But ireful Jove, to punish all our host,
Cut off its darling hope. O royal shade !
Approach, and affable to me vouchsafe
Mild audience, calming thy tempestuous rage.

Vain was my suit ! for with th' unbody'd troop
Of spectres, fleeing to th' interior shade
Of Erebus, he to my friendly speech
Disdain'd reply ; yet to that dark recess
Had I pursu'd his flight, he must have borne
Unwilling correspondence, forc'd by fate,
Impassion'd as he was ; but I refrain'd,
For other visions drew my curious eye.

Intent I saw with golden sceptre grave
Minos, the son of Jove, to the pale ghosts
Dispensing equity ; with faded looks
They through the wide Plutonian hall appear'd
Frequent and full, and argued each his cause
At that tribunal, trembling whilst he weigh'd
Their pleaded reason. Of protentous size
Orion next I view'd ; a brazen mace
Invincible he bore, in fierce pursuit
Of those huge mountain savages he slew,
While habitant of earth, whose grisly forms
He urg'd in chase the flowery mead along.

Nor unobserv'd lay stretch'd upon the marl
Tityus, earth-born, whose body long and large
Cover'd nine acres : there two vultures sat,
Of appetite insatiate, and with beaks
For ravine bent, unintermitting goar'd
His liver, powerless he to put to flight
The fierce devourers ! to this penance judg'd
For rape intended on Latona fair,
The paramour of Jove, as she sojourn'd
To Pytho o'er the Panopeian lawns ;
Delicious landscape !—In a limpid lake
Next Tantalus a doleful lot abides :
Chin-deep he stands, yet with afflictive drought
Incessant pines, while ever as he bows
To sip refreshment, from his parching thirst
The guileful water glides. Around the pool
Fruit-trees of various kinds umbrageous spread
Their pamper'd boughs : the racy olive green,
The ripe pomegranate, big with vinous pulp,
The luscious fig sky-dy'd, the tasteful pear
Vermilion'd half, and apples mellowing sweet
In burnish'd gold, luxuriant o'er him wave,
Exciting hunger, and fallacious hope
Of food ambrosial :—when he tries to seize
The copious fruitage fair, a sudden gust
Whirls it aloof amid th' incumbent gloom.

Then Sisyphus, the nearest mate in woe,
Drew my regard ; he, with distended nerves,
A ponderous stone rolls up a rugged rock ;
Urg'd up the steep cliff slow with hand and foot
It mounts, but bordering on the cloudy peak,
Precipitous adown the slopy side
The rapid orb devolving back renews
Eternal toil, which he, with dust besmear'd,
And dew'd with smoking sweat, incessant plies.

I last the visionary semblance view'd
Of Hercules, a shadowy form ; for he,
The real son of Jove, in heaven's high court
Abides, associate with the gods, and shares
Celestial banquets ; where, with soft disport
Of love, bright Hebe in her radiant clome
Treats him nocturnal. With terrific clang
Surrounding ghosts, like fowl, the region wing
Vexatious, while the threatening image stands,
Gloomy as night, from his bent battle-bow

In apt to let th' aerial arrow fly.
 Athwart his breast a military zone
 Dreadful he wore, where grinn'd in fretted gold
 Grim woodland savages, with various scenes
 Of war, fierce-jousting knights, and havoc dire,
 With matchless art pourtray'd : me strait he knew,
 And, piteous of my state, address'd me thus :

 O exercis'd in grief, illustrious son
 Of good Laertes, fam'd for warlike wiles !
 Fated thou art (like me, what time I breath'd
 Ethereal draught) beneath unnumber'd toils
 To groan oppress'd : ev'n I, the seed of Jove,
 Combated various ills, and was adjudg'd
 By an inferior wretch (what could he more ?)
 To drag to light the triple-crested dog
 That guards hell's massy portal : I achiev'd
 The task injoin'd, through the propitious aid
 Of Mercury and Pallas, who vouchsaf'd
 Their friendly guidance : then without reply,
 To Pluto's court majestic he retir'd.

Mean time for others of heroic note
 I waited, in the lists of ancient fame
 Inroll'd illustrious ; and had haply seen
 Great Theseus, and Pirithous his compeer,
 'The race of gods ; but at the hideous scream
 Of spectres issuing from the dark profound
 I wax'd infirm of purpose, fore dismay'd
 Left Proserpine should send Medusa, curl'd
 With snaky locks, to fix me in her realm
 Stiff with Gorgonian horror : to the ship
 Retreating speedy thence, I bade my mates
 To shove from shore : joyous they strait began
 To stem the tide, and brush'd the whitening seas,
 Till the fresh gales reliev'd the labouring oar.

THE WIDOW'S WILE,

A TALE.

HAVE YOU not seen (to state the case)
 Two wasps lie struggling in a glass ?
 With the rich flavour of Tokay
 Allur'd, about the brim they play ;
 They light, they murmur, then begin
 To lick, and so at length slip in ;
 Embracing close the couple lies,
 Together dip, together rise ;
 You'd swear they love, and yet they strive
 Which shall be sunk, and which survive.

Such feign'd amours, and real hate,
 Attend the matrimonial state ;
 When sacred vows are bought and sold,
 And hearts are ty'd with threads of gold.

A nymph there was, who ('tis aver'd
 By fame) was born without a beard :
 A certain sign, the learn'd declare,
 That (guarded with uncommon care)
 Her virtue might remain at ten
 Impregnable to boys or men.
 But from that æra we'll proceed,
 To find her in a widow's weed ;
 Which, all love's chronicles agree,
 She wore just turn'd of twenty-three ;
 For an old sot she call'd her mate,
 For jewels, pin-money, and plate.

The dame, possess'd of wealth and ease,
 Had no more appetites to please ;
 That which provokes wild girls to wed,
 Fie !—It ne'er enter'd in her head.

Yet some prolific planet smil'd,
 And gave the pair a chopping child ;
 Intitled by the law to claim
 Her husband's chattels, and his name :
 But was so like his mother ! She
 The queen of love, her Cupid he.

This matron fair for spouse deceas'd
 Had sorrow'd sore, a week at least ;
 And seem'd to grudge the worms that prey,
 Which had lain dead full many a day.
 From plays and balls she now refrain'd,
 To a dark room by custom chain'd ;
 And not a male for love or gold,
 But the dear hopes of two years old.

The maids, so long in prison pent,
 Ask leave to air ; she gives consent
 (For health is riches to the poor) :
 But Tom must stay to guard the door.
 In reading Sherlock she'd employ
 Her solitude, and tend the boy.

When madam sees the coat is clear,
 Her spirits mantle and career,
 Diffusing ardour through her mien ;
 Pity they should condense to spleen !
 But now by honour she's confin'd,
 Who flutter'd once as free as wind :
 And on a masquerading morn
 By six securely could return ;
 Having, to seal him safe till nine,
 With opium drug'd her spouse's wine.
 This the gay world no worse would hold,
 Than had she only chang'd his gold :
 The species answer'd all demands,
 And only pass'd through other hands.
 But honour now prescribes the law,
 The tyrant keeps her will in awe ;
 For charity forbid to roam,
 And not a chitterling at home.
 What ! a large stomach, and no meat !
 In pity, love, provide a treat ;
 Can widows feed on dreams and wishes,
 Like hags on visionary dishes ?
 Impossible ! Through walls of stone
 Hunger will break, to suck a bone.
 Want, oft in times of old, we read,
 Made mothers on their infants feed ;
 And now constrain'd this matron mild
 To grow hard-hearted to her child.
 Her darling child she pinch'd ; he squall'd ;
 In haste the favourite footman's call'd,
 To pacify the peevish chit ;
 For who but he could do the feat ?
 He smarting sore, refus'd to play ;
 But bade man Thomas beat mamma.
 She, laughing, soon avow'd her flame
 By various signs that want a name.
 The lacquey saw, with trembling joy,
 Gay humour dancing in her eye ;
 And strait with equal fury fir'd
 Began th' attack ; the dame retir'd ;
 And haply falling as she fled,

He beat her till she lay for dead;
But (with new vigour for the strife)
Soon with a sigh return'd to life.

Think ye she'd e'er forgive her son,
For what the naughty man had done?
She did; yct, spited with his pain,
He sounds th' alarm to charge again.
But, 'squire, consult your potent ally,
Whether he's yet prepar'd to rally—
Yes; blood is hot on either side;
Another combat must be try'd.
She knew the foe could do no more,
Then at the first attack she bore;
So at his little malice smil'd,
And try'd, Come on!—To please the child.

A-L-A-MODE.

My better self, my heaven, my joy!
While thus imparadis'd I lie,
Transported in thy circling arms
With fresh variety of charms;
From fate I scarce can think to crave
A blessing, but what in thee I have.
Twelve months, my dear, have past, since thou
Didst plight to me thy virgin vow;
Twelve months in rapture spent! for they
Seem shorter than St. Lucy's day:
A bright example we shall prove
Of lasting matrimonial love.

Mean while, I beg the gods to grant
(The only favour that I want)
That I may not survive, to see
My happiness expire with thee.
O! should I lose my dearest dear,
By thee, and all that's good, I swear,
I'd give myself the fatal blow,
And wait thee to the world below.

When Wheedle thus to spouse in bed
Spoke the best things he e'er had read;
Madam surpris'd (you must suppose it)
Had lock'd a Templar in the closet;
A youth of pregnant parts, and worth,
To play at piquet, and so forth—
This wag, when he had heard the whole,
Demurely to the curtain stole,
And peeping in, with solemn tone
Cry'd out, O man! thy days are done:
The gods are fearful of the worst,
And send me, death, to fetch thee first;
To save their favourite from self-murder,
Lo! thus I execute their order.
Hold, Sir! for second thoughts are best,
The husband cry'd; 'tis my request
With pleasure to prolong my life.—
Your meaning?—Pray, Sir, take my wife.

SAPPHO TO PHAON; A LOVE EPISTLE.

TRANSLATED FROM OVID.

WHAT, after all my art, will you demand,
Before the whole is read, the writer's hand?

And could you guess from whom this letter came
Before you saw it sign'd with Sappho's name?
Don't wonder, since I'm form'd for lyrics, why
The strain is turn'd to plaintive elegy;
I mourn my slighted love; alas! my lute,
And sprightly odes, would ill with sorrow suit,
I'm scorch'd, I burn, like fields of corn on fire,
When winds to fan the furious blaze conspire.
To flaming *Ætna* Phaon's pleas'd to roam,
But Sappho feels a fiercer flame at home.

No more my thoughts in even numbers flow,
Verse best befits a mind devoid of woe.
No more I court the nymphs I once carest,
But Phaon rules unrival'd in my breast.
Fair is thy face, thy youth is fit for joy;
A fatal face to me, too cruel boy!
Enslav'd to those enchanting looks, that wear
The blush of *Bacchus* and *Apollo's* air;
Assume the garb of either god, in thee
We every grace of either god may see;
Yet they confess'd the power of female charms,
In *Daphne's* flight and *Ariadne's* arms;
Though neither nymph was fam'd for wit, to move
With melting airs the rigid soul to love.
To me the muse vouchsafes celestial fire,
And my soft numbers glow with warm desire;
Alcæus and myself alike the crown'd,
For softness I, and he for strength renown'd.
Beauty, 'tis true, penurious fate denies,
But wit my want of beauty well supplies:
My shape, I own, is short, but yet my name
Is far diffus'd, and fills the voice of fame.
If I'm not fair, young *Perseus* did adore
The swarthy graces of the royal *moor*:
The milk-white doves with mottled mates are
And the gay parrot to the turtle's kind: [join'd,
But if you'll fly from love's connubial rites
Till one as charming as yourself invites,
None of our sex can ever bless your bed;
Ne'er think of wooing, for you ne'er can wed.

Yet, when you read my verse, you lik'd each
line,

And swore no numbers were so sweet as mine;
I sang (that pleasing image still is plain,
Such tender things we lovers long retain!)
And ever when the warbling notes I rais'd,
You with fierce kisses stifled what you prais'd,
Some winning grace in every act you found,
But in full tides of ecstacy were drown'd;
When murmuring in the melting joys of love,
Round yours my curling limbs began to move:
But now the bright *Sicilian* maids adore
The youth, who seem'd so fond of me before:
Send back, send back my fugitive! for he
Will vow to you the vows he made to me:
That smooth deceiving tongue of his can charm
The coyest ear, the roughest pride disarm.
O, aid thy poetess, great queen of love,
Auspicious to my growing passion prove!
Fortune was cruel to my tender age,
And still pursues with unrelenting rage.
Of parents, whilst a child, I was bereft,
To the wide world an helpless orphan left:

¶ *Andromeda,*

My brother in a strumpet's vile embrace
 Lavish'd a large estate to buy disgrace,
 And doom'd to traffic on the main is toft,
 Winning with danger what with shame he loft;
 And vows revenge on me, who dar'd to blame
 His conduct, and was careful of his fame:
 And then (as if the woes I bore beside
 Were yet too light) my little daughter dy'd.
 But after all these pangs of sorrow past,
 A worse came on, for Phaon came at last!
 No gems, nor rich embroider'd silks, I wear;
 No more in artful curls I comb my hair;
 No golden threads the wavy locks inwreath,
 Nor Syrian oils diffusive odours breathe:
 Why should I put such gay allurements on,
 Now he, the darling of my soul, is gone?
 Soft is my breast, and keen the killing dart,
 And he who gave the wound deserves my heart:
 My fate is fix'd, for sure the fates decreed
 That he should wound, and Sappho's bosom bleed.
 By the smooth blandishments of verse betray'd,
 In vain I call my reason to my aid;
 The muse is faithless to the fair at best,
 But fatal in a love-sick lady's breast.

Yet is it strange so sweet a youth should dart
 Flames so resistless to a woman's heart?
 Him had Aurora seen, he soon had seiz'd
 Her soul, and Cephalus no more had pleas'd:
 Chaste Cynthia, did the once behold his charms,
 For Phaon's would forsake Endymion's arms;
 Venus would bear him to her bower above,
 But there she dreads a rival in his love.
 O fair perfection thou, nor youth, nor boy,
 Fix'd in the bright meridian point for joy!
 Come, on my panting breast thy head recline,
 Thy love I ask not, only suffer mine:
 While this I ask (but ask I fear in vain)
 See how my falling tears the letter stain.

At least, why would you not vouchsafe to show

A kind regret, and say, "My dear, adieu!"
 Nor parting kiss I gave, nor tender tear,
 My ruin flew on swifter wings than fear:
 My wrongs, too safely treasur'd in my mind,
 Are all the pledges Phaon left behind;
 Nor could I make my last desire to thee,
 Sometimes to cast a pitying thought on me.
 But, gods! when first the killing news I heard,
 What pale amazement in my looks appear'd!
 Awhile o'erwhelm'd with unexpected woe,
 My tongue forbore to speak, my eyes to flow.
 But when my sense was weaken'd to despair,
 I beat my tender breast, and tore my hair:
 As a distracted mother weeps forlorn,
 When to the grave her fondling babe is borne.
 Mean while my cruel brother, for relief,
 With scorn insults me, and derides my grief:
 Poor soul! he cries, I doubt she grows sincere;
 Her daughter is return'd to life I fear.
 Mindless of fame, I to the world reveal
 The love so long I labour'd to conceal.
 Thou, thou art fame, and all the world, to me;
 All day I dote, and dream all night of thee:
 Though Phaon fly to regions far remote,
 By sleep his image to my bed is brought:

Around my neck thy fond embraces twine,
 Anon I think my arms incircle thine:
 Then the warm wishes of my soul I speak,
 Which from my tongue in dying murmurs break:
 Heavens! with thy balmy lips my lips are prest:
 And then! ah then!—I blush to write the rest.
 Thus in my dreams the bright ideas play,
 And gild the glowing scenes of fancy gay:
 With life alone my lingering love must end,
 On thee my love, my life, my all depend.

But at the dawning day my pleasures fleet,
 And I (too soon!) perceive the dear deceit:
 In caves and groves I seek to calm my grief;
 The caves and groves afford me no relief.
 Frantic I rove, disorder'd with despair,
 And to the winds unbind my scatter'd hair.
 I find the shades, which to our joys were kind,
 But my false Phaon there no more I find:
 With him the caves were cool, the grove was green,
 But now his absence withers all the scene:
 There weeping, I the grassy couch survey,
 Where side by side we once together lay:
 I fall where thy forsaken print appears,
 And the kind turf imbibes my flowing tears.
 The birds and trees to grief assistance bring,
 These drop their leaves, and they forbear to sing:
 Poor Philomel, of all the quire, alone
 For mangled lutes warbles out her moan;
 Her moan for him trills sweetly through the grove
 While Sappho sings of ill-requested love.

To this dear solitude the Naiads bring
 Their fruitful urns, to form a silver spring:
 The trees that on the shady margin grow
 Are green above, the banks are green below:
 Here while by sorrow lull'd asleep I lay,
 Thus said the guardian nymph, or seem'd to say:
 Fly, Sappho, fly; to cure this deep despair,
 To the Leucadian rock in haste repair;
 High on whose hoary top an awful fane,
 To Phœbus rear'd, surveys the subject main.
 This desperate cure, of old, Deucalion try'd,
 For love to fury wrought by Pyrrha's pride;
 Into the waves, as holy rites require,
 Headlong he leap'd, and quench'd his hopeless fire;
 Her frozen breast a sudden flame subdued,
 And she who fled the youth, the youth pursued.
 Like him, to give thy raging passion ease,
 Precipitate thyself into the seas.

This said, she disappear'd. I deadly wan
 Rose up, and gushing tears unbounded ran:
 I fly, ye nymphs, I fly; though fear assail
 The woman, yet the lover must prevail.
 In death what terrors can deserve my care?
 The pangs of death are gentler than despair.
 Ye winds, and Cupid thou, to meet my fall,
 Your downy pinions spread! my weight is small.

Thus rescued, to the god of verse I'll bow,
 Hang up my lute, and thus inscribe my vow:
 To Phœbus grateful Sappho gave this lute;
 The gift did both the god and giver suit.

But, Phaon, why should I this toil endure,
 When thy return would soon complete the cure?
 Thy beauty, and his balmy power, would be
 A Phœbus and Leucadian rock to me.

O harder than the rock to which I go,
 And deeper than the waves that war below !
 Think yet, oh think ! shall future ages tell
 That I to Phaon's scorn a victim fell ?
 Or hadst thou rather see this tender breast
 Bruis'd on the cliff, than close to Phaon's prest ?
 This breast, which, fill'd with bright poetic fire,
 You made me once believe you did admire ?
 O could it now supply me with address
 To plead my cause, and court thee with success !
 But mighty woes my genius quite control,
 And damp the rising vigour of my soul :
 No more, ye Lesbian nymphs, desire a song,
 Mute is my voice, my lute is all unstrung.
 My Phaon's fled, who made my fancy shine,
 (Ah ! yet I scarce forbear to call him—mine.)
 Phaon is fled ! but bring the youth again,
 Inspiring ardors will revive my vein.
 But why, alas ! this unavailing prayer ?
 Vain are my vows, and fleet with common air :
 My vows the winds disperse, and make their sport,
 But ne'er will waft him to the Lesbian port.
 Yet if you purpose to return, 'tis wrong
 To let your mistress languish here so long :
 Venus for your fair voyage will compose
 The sea, for from the sea the goddess rose :
 Cupid, assisted with propitious gales,
 Will hand the rudder, and direct the sails.
 But, if relentless to my prayer you prove,
 If still, unkind without a cause, you'll rove,
 And ne'er to Sappho's longing eyes restore
 That object, which her hourly vows implore ;
 'Twill be compassion now t' avow your hate ;
 Write, and confirm the rigour of my fate !
 Then, steel'd with resolution by despair,
 For cure I'll to the kinder seas repair :
 That last relief for love-sick minds I'll try ;
 Phœbus may grant what Phaon could deny.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ancients have left us little farther account
 of Phaon, than that he was an old mariner, whom
 Venus transformed into a very beautiful youth,
 whom Sappho, and several other Lesbian ladies
 fell passionately in love with ; and therefore I
 thought it might be pardonable to vary the cir-
 cumstances of his story, and to add what I thought
 proper in the following epistle.

PHAON TO SAPPHO.

I SOON perceiv'd from whence your letter came,
 Before I saw it sign'd with Sappho's name :
 Such tender thoughts in such a flowing verse,
 Did Phœbus to the flying nymph rehearse ;
 Yet fate was deaf to all his powerful charms,
 And tore the beauteous Daphne from his arms !
 With such concern your passion I survey,
 As when I view a vessel toss'd at sea ;
 I beg each friendly power the storm may cease,
 And every warring wave be lull'd in peace.
 What can I more than wish ? for who can free
 The wretched from the woe the gods decree ?

With generous pity I'll repay your flame ;
 Pity : 'tis what deserves a softer name :
 Which yet, I fear, of equal use would prove
 To sooth a tempest, as abate your love.

How can my art your fierce disease subdue ?
 I want, alas ! a greater cure than you :
 Benumb'd in death the cold physician lies,
 While for his help the feverish patient cries :
 Call me not cruel, but reproach my fate,
 And, listening while my woes I here relate,
 Let your soft bosom heave with tender sighs,
 Let melting sorrow languish in your eyes ;
 Piteous deplore a wretch constrain'd to rove,
 Whose crime and punishment is slighted love ;
 Fix'd for his guilt, to every coming age,
 A monument of Cytherea's rage.

At Melea born, my race unknown to fame,
 With oars I ply'd ; Colymbus was my name ;
 A name that from the diving birds I bore,
 Which seek their fishy food along the shore.
 One summer-even in port I left my sail,
 And with my partners sought a neighbouring vale ;
 What time the rural nymphs repair'd to pay
 Their floral honours to the queen of May.
 At first their various charms my choice confuse,
 For what is choice where each is fit to choose ?
 But love or fate at length my bosom fir'd
 With a bright maid in myrtle-green attir'd ;
 A shepherdess she was, and on the lawn
 Sat to the setting-sun from dewy dawn ;
 Yet fairer than the nymphs who guard the streams
 In pearly caves, and shun the burning beams.
 I whisper love ; she flies ; I still pursue,
 To press her to the joy she never knew :
 And while I speak the virgin blushes spread
 Her damask beauty with a warmer red.
 I vow'd unshaken faith, invoking loud
 Venus, t' attest the solemn faith I vow'd ;
 Invoking all the radiant lights above,
 (But most the lamp that lights the realm of love)
 No more to guide me with their friendly rays,
 But leave my ship to perish on the seas,
 If the dear charmer ever chanc'd to find
 My heart disloyal, or my look unkind.

A maid will listen when her lover swears,
 And think his faith more real than her fears.
 The careful shepherdess secur'd her flocks
 From the devouring wolf, and wily fox,
 Yet fell herself an undefended prey
 To one more cruel and more false than they.
 The nuptial joys we there consummate soon,
 Safe in the friendly silence of the moon ;
 And till the birds proclaim'd the dawning day,
 Beneath a shade of flowers in transport lay :
 I rose, and softly sighing, view'd her o'er ;
 How chang'd, I thought, from what she was be-
 fore !

Yet still repeated (eager to be gone)
 My former pledges, with a fainter tone,
 And promis'd quick return : the pensive fair
 Went with reluctance to her fleecy care ;
 While I resolv'd to quit my native shore,
 Never to see the late-lov'd Malea more.
 Fresh on the waves the morning breezes play,
 To bear my vessel and my vows away ;

With prosperous speed I fly before the wind,
And leave the length of Lesbos all behind :
Far distant from my Malean love at last,
(Secure with twenty leagues between us cast)
I furl my sails, and on the Sigran shore,
Adopting that my seat, the vessel moor.
Sigrum, from whose aerial height I spy
The distant fields that bore imperial Troy :
Which, still accurs'd for Helen's broken vow,
Procure thin crops, ungrateful to the plough.
I gaze, revolving in my guilty mind,
What future vengeance will my falsehood find,
When kings, and empires, no forgiveness gain'd
For violated rites, and faith profan'd!

Sea-faring on that coast I led my life,
A commoner of love, without a wife,
Content with casual joys; and vainly thought
Venus forgave the perjurd, or forgot.
And now my sixtieth year began to shed
An undistinguish'd winter o'er my head;
When, bent for Tenedos, a country dame
(I thought her fish) for speedy passage came.
A pally shook her limbs; a shrivel'd skin
But ill conceal'd the skeleton within;
A monument of time: with equal grace
Her garb had poverty to suit her face.
Extorting first my price, I spread my sail,
And steer my course before a merry gale;
Which haply turn'd her tatter'd veil aside,
When in her lap a golden vase I spy'd;
Around so rich with orient gems enchas'd,
A flamy lustre o'er the gold they cast.
With eager eyes I view the tempting bane,
And sailing now secure amid the main,
With felon force I seiz'd the seeming crone,
To plunge her in, and make the prize my own.
To Venus strait she chang'd divine to view!
The laughing loves around their mother flow:
Who, circled with a pomp of graces, flood,
Such as the first ascended from the flood.
I bow'd, ador'd.—With terror in her voice,
Thy violence (the cry'd) shall win the prize:
Renew thy wrinkled form, be young and fair;
But soon thy heart shall own the purchase dear.
Nor is revenge forgot, though long delay'd,
For vows attested in the Malean shade.—
Wrapt in a purple cloud, she cut the skies,
And looking down, still threaten'd with her eyes.

My fear at length dispell'd (the sight of gold
Can make an avaricious coward bold),
I seiz'd the glittering spoil, in hope to find
A case so rich with richer treasures lin'd.
The lid remov'd, the vacant space inclos'd
An essence, with celestial art compos'd;
Which cures old age, and makes the shrivel'd cheek
Blushy as Bacchus, and as Hebe sleek:
Strength to the nerves the nectar'd sweets supply,
And eagle-radiance to the faded eye.
Nor sharp disease, nor want, nor age, have power
To invade that vigour, and that bloom deflower.
Th' effect I found, for, when return'd to land,
Some drops I sprinkled on my sun-burnt hand;
Where'er they fell, surprising to the sight,
The freckled brown inbib'd a milky white:
So look the panther's varied sides; and so
The pheasant's wing, bedropt with flakes of snow.

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I wet the whole, the same celestial hue
Tinctur'd the whole, meander'd o'er with blue.
Struck with amazement here, I pause a space;
Next with the liquid sweets about my face:
My neck and hoary locks I then bedew,
And in the waves my changing visage view.
Strait with my charms the watery mirror glows,
Those fatal charms that ruin'd your repose!
Still doubting, up I start, and fear to find
Some young Adonis gazing o'er behind.
My waist, and all my limbs, I last besmear'd,
And soon a glossy youth all o'er appear'd.

Long wrapt in silent wonder, on the strand,
I like a statue of Apollo stand:
Like his, with oval grace my front is spread;
Like his, my lips and cheeks are rosy red;
Like his, my limbs are shap'd; in every part
So just, they mock the sculptor's mimic art:
And golden curls adown my shoulders flow;
Nor wants there aught, except the lyre and bow,
Restor'd to youth, triumphant I repair
To court; to captivate th' admiring fair:
My faultless form the Lesbian nymphs adore,
Avow their slantes, weep, sigh, protest, implore,
There feel I first the penance of my sin;
All spring without, and winter all within!
From me the sense of gay desire is fled,
And all their charms are cordial to the dead.
Or, if within my breast there chance to rise
The sweet remembrance of the genial joys,
Sudden it leaves me, like a transient gleam,
That gilds the surface of a freezing stream.
Mean time with various pangs my heart is torn,
Hate strives with pity, shame contends with scorn;
Confus'd with grief, I quit the court, to range
In savage wilds; and curse my penal change.
The phoenix so, restor'd with rich perfumes,
Displays the florid pride of all his plumes;
Then flies to live amid th' Arabian grove,
In barren solitude, a foe to love.
But in the calm recess of woods and plains,
The viper envy revel'd in my veins;
And ever when the male caress'd his bride,
Sighing with rage, I turn'd my eyes aside.
In river, mead, and grove, such objects rose,
To avenge the goddess, and awake my woes:
Fish, beast, and bird, in river, mead, and grove,
Bless'd and rever'd the blissful powers of love.

What can I do for ease? O, whither fly?
Resume my fatal form, ye gods, I cry:
Wither this beauteous bloom, so tempting gay,
And let me live transform'd to weak, and gray.
By change of clime, my fetters to beguile,
I leave, for Sicily, my native isle:
Vain hope! for who can leave himself behind,
And live a thoughtless exile from the mind?
Arriving there, amidst a flowery plain
That join'd the shore, I view'd a virgin-train,
Who in soft ditties sung of Acis' flame,
And strew'd with annual wreaths his amber stream.
Me soon they saw, and, fir'd with pious joy,
He comes, the godlike Acis comes, they cry:
Fair pride of Neptune's court! indulge our prayer;
Approach, you've now no Polypheme to fear.
Accept our rites: to bind thy brow, we bring
Thy earliest honours of the rosy spring;

W u

So may thy Galatea still be kind,
 As we thy smiling power propitious find!
 But if—(they read their error in my blush;
 For shame, and rage, and scorn, alternate flush.)
 But if of earthy race, yet kinder prove;
 Refuse all other rites but those of love.
 That hated word new-stabs my rankling wound;
 Like a stuck deer I startle at the sound:
 Thence to the woods with furious speed repair,
 And leave them all abandon'd to despair.

So frighted by the swains, to reach the brake
 Glides from a sunny bank the glittering snake;
 And whilst, reviv'd in youth, his wavy train
 Floats in large spires, and burns along the plain;
 He darts malignance from his scornful eye,
 And the young flowers with livid hisses die.

Let my sad fate your soft compassion move,
 Convinc'd that Phaon would, but cannot love:
 To torture and distract my soul, are join'd
 Unfading youth, and impotence of mind.

The white and red that flatter on my skin,
 Hide hell; the grinning furies howl within;
 Pride, envy, rage, and hate, inhabit there,
 And the black child of guilt, extreme despair:
 Nor of less terror to the perjurd prove.
 The frowns of Venus, than the bolts of Jove.

When Orpheus in the woods began to play,
 Sooth'd with his airs, the leopards round him
 lay:

Their glaring eyes with lessen'd fury burn'd;
 But when the lyre was mute, their rage return'd:
 So would thy muse and lute a while control
 My woes, and tune the discord of my soul:
 In sweet suspense each savage thought restrain'd;
 And then, the love I never felt I feign'd.

O Sappho, now that muse and lute employ;
 Invoke the golden goddesses from the sky:
 From the Leucadian rock ne'er hope redress,
 In love, Apollo boasts no sure success:
 Let him preside o'er oracles and arts;
 Venus alone hath balm for bleeding hearts.
 O, let the warbled hymn† delight her ear;
 Can she when Sappho sings refuse to hear?
 Thrice let the warbled hymn repeat thy pain,
 While flowers and burning gums perfume her
 fanc.

And, when, descending to the plaintive sound,
 She comes confess'd with all her graces round,
 O, plead my cause† in that auspicious hour,
 Propitiate with thy vows the vengeful power.
 Nor cease thy suit, till with a smiling air
 She cries, I give my Phaon to thy prayer:
 And, from his crime absolv'd, with all his charms
 He long shall live, and die in Sappho's arms.—
 Then swift, and gentle as her gentlest dove,
 I'll seek thy breast, and equal all thy love:
 Hymen shall clap his purple wings, and spread
 Incessant raptures o'er the nuptial bed.
 And while in pomp at Cytherea's shrine,
 With choral song and dance, our vows we join;
 Her flaming altar with religious fear
 I'll touch, and, prostrate on the marble, swear
 That zeal and love for ever shall divide
 My heart, between the goddess and the bride

† Alluding to her Ode to Venus.

A T A L E,

DEVIS'D IN THE PLESAUNT MANERE OF GENTIL
 MAISTER JOEFFREY CHAUCER.

WHYLOM in Kent there dwelt a clerke,
 Who wyth grette cheer, and litil werke,
 Upswalen was with venere:
 For meagre Lent ne recked he,
 Ne saintes daies had in remembrance,
 Mo will had he to dalliaunce.
 To ferchen out a bellamie,
 He had a sharp and licorous eie;
 But it wold bett abide a leke,
 Or onion, than the sight of Greke;
 Wherefore, God yeve him shame, Boccace
 Serv'd him for Basil and Ignace,
 His vermeil cheke that shon wyth mirth,
 Spake him the blitheest priest on yearth;
 At chyrch, to shew his lillied hond,
 Full fetously he prank'd his bond;
 Sleke weren his flaxen locks ykempt,
 And Isaac Wever was he nempt.

Thilke clerke, echaufed in the groyne,
 For a young damosell did pyne,
 Born in East-Cheap; who, by my say,
 Ypert was as a popinjay:
 Ne wit ne wordes did the waunt,
 Wele cond she many a romaunt;
 Ore muscadine, or spiced ale,
 She carrol'd soote as nightingale:
 And for the nonce couth rowle her eyne,
 Withouten speche; a speciall signe
 She lack'd fomedele of what ech dame
 Holds dere as life, yet dredes to name:
 So was effoons by Isaac won,
 To blisful consummation.

Here mought I now tellen the sestes,
 Who yave the bryde, how bibb'd the ghestes;
 But withouten such gawdes, I-trow
 Myne legend is prolix ynow.
 Ryghte wele areeds Dan Prior's song,
 A tale shold never be too long;
 And likerly in fayne Englund
 None bett doth taling understond.

She now, algates full sad to chauge.
 The citee for her husband's graunge,
 To Kent mote; for she wele did knowe
 'Twas vaine ayenst the streme to rowe.
 Sa wend they on one steed yfere,
 Ech cleping toder life and dere;
 Heaven shilde him fro myne Bromley hof,
 Or many a groat they meel woll cost.

Deem next ye maistres Wever sene
 Yclad in fable bombasine;
 The frankeleins wyves accost her blythe,
 Curteis to guilen hem of tythe;
 And yeve honour parochiall
 In pew, and eke at festiwall.
 Workship and wealth her husband hath;
 Ne poor in aught, save werks and faith:
 Kepes bull, bore, stallion, to dispence
 Large pennorths of benevolence.
 His berne ycramm'd was, and flore
 Of poultrie cackled at the dore;

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His wyf grete joie to fede hem toke,
And was astonied at the cocke;
That, in his portance debonaire,
On everich henn bestow'd a share
Of plesaunce, yet no genitours
She saw, to thrill his paramours:
Ostendeth she mikel mus'd thereon,
Yet cist she howgates it was don.

One night, ere they to sleepe went,
Her Isaac in her arms she hent,
As was her usage; and did saie,
Of charite I mote thee praise,
To techen myne unconnyng wit
One thing it comprehendeth niet:
And maie the foul fiend harrow thee,
If in myne quest thou fallen be.

Our Chaunticlere loves everich hen;
Ne fewer kepeth our yerd than ten;
Yet romps he ore beth grete and small,
Ne ken I what he swinks wythall.
But on ech leg a wepon is,
Yperfent, and full sharke I wys;

Doth he with hem at Pertelote play?
In sooth theres werk ynough for tway.

Qd. Isaac, certes by Saint Poule,
Myne lief thou art a simple foule;
Foules fro the egles to the wren,
Bin harness'd othergise than men:
For the males engins of delite
Ferre in theyr entrails are empight;
Els, par mischaunce, theyr merriment
Among the breers mought fore be shent.
Thus woxen hote, they much avaunce
Love of venereal jousaunce:
And in one month, the trowth to fayne,
Swink mo than manhode in yerres twaine.

O Benedicite! qd. she,
If keepyng hote so kindlych be,
Hie in thyne boweles trufs thyne gere,
And eke the skrippe that daungleth here.

Ne dame, he answer'd, mote that bene;
For as I hope to be a dene,
Thilke Faltasse-bellie rownd and big,
Was built for corny ale and pig:
Ne in it is a chink for thefe,
Ne for a wheat-straw, and tway pease.

Pardie, qd. she, syth theres nat room,
Swete Nykin! chafe hem in myne woom.

TO MR. POPE.

AN IMITATION OF A GREEK EPIGRAM IN HOMER.

In which a Poet supposeth Apollo to have given this answer to one who inquired who was the author of the Iliad.

"Ἡδὸς μὲν Ἐρῶν, ἔχιδνα δὲ θεὸς Ὀμήρου.

Hæc modulabar ego, scripsit divinus Homerus.

WHEN Phœbus, and the nine harmonious maids,
Of old assembled in the Thespian shades,
What theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,
Refts these harps to sound, and thee to hear?

Reply'd the god, Your loftiest notes employ
To sing young Pelæus, and the fall of Troy.
The wondrous song with rapture they rehearse,
Then ask who wrought that miracle of verse.
He answer'd with a frown; I now reveal
A truth that envy bids me not conceal.
Retiring frequent to his laureat vale,
I warbled to the lyre that favourite tale,
Which, unobserv'd, a wandering Greek and blind,
Heard me repeat, and treasur'd in his mind;
And, fir'd with thirst of more than mortal praise,
From me the god of wit usurp'd the bays.

But let vain Greece indulge her growing fame,
Proud with celestial spoils to grace her name;
Yet when my arts shall triumph in the west,
And the White Isle with female power is blest,
Fame, I foresee, will make reprisals there,
And the translator's palm to me transfer;
With less regret my claim I now decline,
The world will think this English Iliad mine.

THE PLATONIC SPELL.

WHEN'E'R I wed, young Strephon cry'd,
Ye powers that o'er the noose preside,
Wit, beauty, wealth, good-humour give,
Or let me still a rover live:
But if all these no nymph can share,
Let mine, ye powers! be doubly fair.

Thus pray'd the swain in heat of blood,
Whilst nigh celestial Cupid stood;
And, tapping him, said, Youth be wise,
And let a child for once advise.
A faultless make, a manag'd wit,
Humour and riches, rarely meet:
But if a beauty you'd obtain,
Court some bright Phillis of the brain;
The dear idea long enjoy,
Clean is the bliss, and ne'er will cloy.

But trust me, youth, for I'm sincere,
And know the ladies to a hair;
Howe'er small poets whine upon it,
In madrigal, in song, and sonnet,
Their beauty's but a spell, to bring
A lover to th' enchanted ring.
Ere the sack-potlet is digested,
Or half of Hymen's taper wasted,
The winning air, the wanton trip,
The radiant eye, the velvet lip,
From which you fragrant kisses stole,
And seem'd to suck her springing soul;
These, and the rest you doated on,
Are nauseous, or insipid grown:
The spell dissolves, the cloud is gone,
And Sacharissa turns to Joan.

MARULLUS TO NEÆRA,

IMITATED.

ROB'N like Diana, ready for the chase,
Her mind as spotless, and as fair her face,

|| This poem, with some variations, may be found in Stepmey, under the title of "The Spell."

U u ij

Young Sylvia stray'd beneath the dewy dawn
To course th' imperial stag o'er Windsor lawn.
There Cupid view'd her spreading o'er the plain,
The first and fairest of the rural train;
And, by a small mistake, the power of love,
Thought her the virgin-goddess of the grove:
Soon aw'd with innocence, t' evade her sight
He fled, and dropp'd his quiver in the flight:
Though pleas'd, she blush'd; and, with a glowing
smile,

Pursu'd the god, and seiz'd the golden spoil.

The nymph, resistless in her native charms,
Now reigns, possess'd of Cupid's dreaded arms;
And, wing'd with lightning from her radiant
eyes,

Unerring in its speed each arrow flies.

No more his deity is held divine,

No more we kneel at Cytherea's shrine;

Their various powers' complete in Sylvia, prove

Her title to command the realms of love.

KISSES.

TRANSLATED FROM SECUNDUS.

BASIUM I.

WHEN Venus, in the sweet Idalian shade,
A violet couch for young Ascanius made,
Their opening gems th' obedient roses bow'd,
And veil'd his beauties with a damask cloud:
While the bright goddess, with a gentle shower
Of nectar'd dews, perfum'd the blissful bower.

Of sight insatiate, she devours his charms,
Till her soft breast rekindling ardour warms;
New joys tumultuous in her bosom roll,
And all Adonis rusheth on her soul:
Transported with each dear resembling grace,
She cries, Adonis!—sure I see thy face:
Then swoops to clasp the beauteous form, but
fears

He'd wake too soon, and with a sigh forbears;
Yet, fix'd in silent rapture, stands to gaze,
Kissing each flowering bud that round her plays:
Swell'd with her touch, each animated rose
Expands, and strait with warmer purple glows;
Where infant kisses bloom, a balmy store!
Redoubling all the bliss she felt before.

Sudden her swans career along the skies,
And o'er the globe the fair celestial flies:
Then, as where Ceres past, the teeming plain
Yellow'd with wavy crops of golden grain,
So fruitful kisses fell where Venus flew,
And by the power of genial magic grew;
A plenteous harvest, which she deign'd t' impart,
To sooth an agonizing love-sick heart.

All hail, ye rostrate kisses! who remove
Our cares, and cool the calentures of love.
Lo! I your poet, in melodious lays,
Bless your kind power, enamour'd of your praise;
Lays! form'd to last, till barbarous time invades
The muses' hill, and withers all their shades.
Sprung from the † guardian of the Roman name,
In Roman numbers live, secure of fame.

† Venus.

BASIUM II.

As the young enamour'd vine
Round her elm delights to twine,
As the clasping ivy throws
Round her oak her wanton boughs,
So close, expanding all thy charms,
Fold me, my Chloris, in thy arms!
Closer, my Chloris, could it be,
Would my fond arms incircle thee.

The jovial friend shall tempt in vain
With humour, wit, and brisk champagne;
In vain shall nature call for sleep,
We'll love's eternal vigils keep:
Thus, thus for ever let us lie,
Dissolving in excess of joy,
Till fate shall with a single dart
Transfix the pair it cannot part.

Thus join'd, we'll fleet like Venus' doves,
And seek the blest Elysian groves;
Where spring in rosy triumph reigns
Perpetual o'er the joyous plains:
There, lovers of heroic name
Revive their long-extinguish'd flame,
And o'er the fragrant vale advance
In shining pomp to form the dance,
Or sing of love and gay desire,
Responsive to the warbling lyre;
Reclining soft in blissful bowers,
Purpled sweet with springing flowers;
And cover'd with a silken shade,
Of laurel mix'd with myrtle made:
Where, flaunting in immortal bloom,
The musk-rose scents the verdant gloom;
Through which the whispering zephyrs fly,
Softer than a virgin's sigh.

When we approach those blest retreats,
Th' assembly strait will leave their seats,
Admiring much the matchless pair,
So fond the youth, the nymph so fair!
Daughters and mistresses to Jove,
By Homer fam'd of old for love,
In homage to the British grace,
Will give pre-eminence of place.
Helen herself will soon agree
To rise, and yield her rank to thee.

AN EPISTLE

TO THOMAS LAMBARD, ESQ.

"Omnia me tua delectant; sed maxime, maxima
"cūm fides in amicitia, consilium, gravitas, con-
"stantia; tum lepos, humanitas, literæ."

CICERO, Ep. xxvii. Lib. xi.

Slow though I am to wake the sleeping lyre,
Yet should the muse some happy song inspire,
Fit for a friend to give, and worthy thee,
That favourite verse to Lambard I decree:
Such may the muse inspire, and make it prove
A pledge and monument of lasting love!

Mean time intent the fairest plan to find,
To form the manners, and improve the mind;

Me the fam'd wits of Rome and Athens please,
By Orrery's indulgence wrapt in ease;
Whom all the rival muses strive to grace
With wreaths familiar to his letter'd race.
Now truth's bright charms employ my serious
thought,

In flowing eloquence by Tully taught:
Then from the shades of Tusculum I rove,
And studious wander in the Grecian grove;
While wonder and delight the soul engage
To sound the depths of Plato's sacred page;
Where science in attractive fable lies,
And, veil'd, the more invites her lover's eyes.
Transported thence, the flowery heights I gain
Of Pindus, and admire the warbling train,
Whose wings the muse in better ages prun'd,
And their sweet harps to moral airs attun'd.
As night is tedious while, in love betray'd,
The wakeful youth expects the faithless maid;
As weary'd hinds accuse the lingering sun,
And heirs impatient wish for twenty-one:
So dull to Horace § did the moments glide,
Till his free muse her spightfully force employ'd
To combat vice, and follies to expose;
In easy numbers near ally'd to prose: [sing,
Guilt blush'd and trembled when she heard him
He smil'd reproof, and tickled with his sting.
With such a graceful negligence express'd,
Wit, thus apply'd, will ever stand the test;
But he, who blindly led by whimsy strays,
And from gross images would merit praise,
When nature sets the noblest stores in view,
Affects to polish copper in Peru:
So while the seas on barren sands are cast,
The saltness of their waves offend the taste;
But when to heaven exhal'd, in fruitful rain,
In fragrant dews they fall, to cheer the swain,
Revive the fainting flowers, and swell the
meager grain.

Be this their care, who, studious of renown,
Toil up th' Aonian steep to reach the crown;
Suffice it me, that (having spent my prime
In picking epithets, and yoking rhyme)
To steadier rule my thoughts I now compose,
And prize ideas clad in honest prose.
Old Dryden, emulous of Cæsar's praise,
Cover'd his baldness with immortal bays;
And death perhaps, to spoil poetic sport,
Unkindly cut an Alexandrine short:
His ear had a more lasting itch than mine,
For the smooth cadence of a golden line:
Should lust of verse prevail, and urge the man
To run the trifling race the boy began,
Mellow'd with sixty winters, you might see
My circle end in second infancy.
I might ere long an awkward humour have,
To wear my bells and coral to the grave,
Or round my room alternate take a course,
Now mount my hobby, then the muses' horse:
Let others wither gay, but I'd appear
With sage decorum in my easy chair;
Grave as Libanius, slumbering o'er the laws,
Whilst gold and party zeal decide the cause,

§ Epist. 1. Lib. 1.

A nobler task our riper age affords
Than scanning syllables, and weighing words.
To make his hours in even measures flow,
Nor think some fleet too fast, and some too slow;
Still equal in himself, and free to taste
The now, without repining at the past;
Nor the vain precience of the spleen t' employ,
To pall the flavour of a promis'd joy;
To live tenacious of the golden-mean,
In all events of various fate serene;
With virtue steel'd, and steady to survey
Age, death, disease, or want, without dismay:
These arts, my Lambard! useful in their end,
Make man to others and himself a friend.

Happiest of mortals he, who, timely wife,
In the calm walks of truth his bloom enjoys;
With books and patrimonial plenty blest,
Health in his veins, and quiet in his breast!
Him no vain hopes attract, no fear appals,
Nor the gay servitude of courts enthralls,
Unknowing how to mask concerted guile
With a false cringe, or undermining smile!
His manners pure, from affectation free,
And prudence shines through clear simplicity.
Though no rich labours of the Persian loom,
Nor the nice sculptor's art adorn his room,
Sleep unprovok'd will softly seal his eyes,
And innocence the want of down supplies;
Health tempers all his cups, and at his board
Reigns the cheap luxury the fields afford:
Like the great Trojan, mantled in a cloud,
Himself unseen he sees the labouring crowd,
Where all industrious to their ruin run,
Swift to pursue what most they ought to shun.
Some, by the sordid thirst of gain controll'd,
Starve in their stores, and cheat themselves for
gold,

Preserve the precious bane with anxious care
In vagrant lusts to feed a lavish heir:
Others devour ambition's glittering bait,
To sweat in purple, and repine in state;
Devote their powers to every wild extreme
For the short pageant of a pompous dream:
Nor can the mind to full perfection bring
The fruits it early promis'd in the spring,
But in a public sphere those virtues fade,
Which open'd fair, and flourish'd in the shade:
So while the night her ebony sceptre sways,
Her fragrant blooms the Indian plant § displays;
But the full day the short-liv'd beauties shun,
Elude our hopes, and sicken at the sun.

Fantastic joys in distant views appear,
And tempt the man to make the rash career:
Fame, power, and wealth, which glitter at the
goal,

Allure his eye, and fire his eager soul;
For these are ease and innocence resign'd,
For these he strips; farewell the tranquil mind!
Headstrong he urges on till vigour fails,
And gray experience (but too late!) prevails:
But, in his evening, view the hoary fool,
When the nerves slacken, and the spirits cool;
When joy and bluffy youth forsake his face,
Sicklied with age, and sour with self-disgrace;

§ The nurse-tree.

No flavour then the sparkling cups retain,
Music is harsh, the Syren sings in vain;
To him what healing balm can art apply,
Who lives diseas'd with life, and dreads to die?
In that last scene, by fate in fables drest,
Thy power, triumphant virtue! is confest;
Thy vestal flames diffuse celestial light
Through death's dark vale, and vanquish total
night;

Lenient of anguish, o'er the breast prevail,
When the gay toys of flattering fortune fail.
Such, happy Twicken! (ever be thy name
Mourn'd by the muse, and fair in deathless fame!)
While the bright effluence of her glory shone,
Were thy last hours, and such I wish my own:
So cassia bruise'd exhales her rich perfumes,
And incense in a fragrant cloud consumes.

Most spoil the boon that nature's pleas'd t'
impart,

By too much varnish, or by want of art;
By solid science all her gifts are grac'd,
Like gems new polish'd, and with gold encas'd.
Voces to th' unletter'd 'quire the laws allow,
As Rome receiv'd dictators from the plough:
But arts, address, and force of genius, join
To make a hammer in the senate shine.
Yet one presiding power in every breast
Receives a stronger sanction than the rest:
And they who study and discern it well,
Act unrestrain'd, without design excel,
But court contempt, and err without redress,
Missing the master-talent they possess.
Whiston perhaps in Euclid may succeed,
But shall I trust him to reform my creed?
In sweet assemblage every blooming grace
Fix love's bright throne in Teraminta's face,
With which her faultless shape and air agree,
But, wanting wit, she strives to repartee;
And, ever prone her matchless form to wrong,
Left envy should be dumb, he lends her tongue.
By long experience D—y may, no doubt,
Ensnare a gudgeon, or sometimes a trout;
Yet Dryden once exclaim'd (in partial spite)
He fish!—Because the man attempts to write.
Oh, if the water-nymphs were kind to none
But those the muses bathe in Helicon:
In what far distant age would Belgia raise
One happy wit to net the British seas!

Nature permits her various gifts to fall
On various climes, nor smiles alike on all;
The Latian vales eternal verdure wear,
And flowers spontaneous crown the smiling
year;

But who manures a wild Norwegian hill,
To raise the jasmine, or the coy jonquil?
Who finds the peach among the savage flocks,
Or in bleak Scythia seeks the blushing rose?
Here golden grain waves o'er the teeming fields,
And there the vine her racy purple yields.
High on the cliffs the British oak ascends,
Proud to survey the seas her power defends;
Her sovereign title to the flag she proves,
Scornful of softer India's spicy groves.

These instances, which true in fact we find,
Apply we to the culture of the mind.

This soil, in early youth improv'd with care,
The seeds of gentle science best will bear;
That with more particles of flame inspir'd,
With glittering arms and thirst of fame is fir'd;
Nothing of greatness in a third will grow,
But, barren as it is, 'twill bear a beau.
If these from nature's genial bent depart,
In life's dull farce to play a borrow'd part;
Should the sage dress, and flutter in the Mall,
Or leave his problems for a birth-night ball;
Should the rough homicide unsheath his pen,
And in heroics only murder men;
Should the soft sop forsake the lady's charms,
To face the foe with inoffensive arms;
Each would variety of acts afford,
Fit for some new Cervantes to record.

Whither, you cry, tends all this dry discourse?
To prove, like Hudibras, a man's no horse.
I look'd for sparkling lines, and something gay
To frisk my fancy with; but sooth to say!
From her Apollo now the muse elopes,
And trades in syllogisms more than tropes.
Fajth, Sir, I see you nod, but can't forbear;
When a friend reads, in honour you must hear:
For all enthusiasts, when the fit is strong,
Indulge a volubility of tongue:
Their fury triumphs o'er the men of phlegm,
And, council-proof, will never baulk a theme.
So Burges on his tripod rav'd the more,
When round him half the saints began to snore.

To lead us safe through error's thorny maze,
Reason exerts her pure ethereal rays;
But that bright daughter of eternal day
Holds in our mortal frame a dubious sway.
Though no lethargic fumes the brain invest,
And opiate all her active powers to rest;
Though on that magazine no severs seize,
To calcine all her beauteous images:
Yet banish'd from the realms by right her own,
Passion, a blind usurper, mounts the throne:
Or, to known good preferring specious ill,
Reason becomes a cully to the will:
Thus man, perversely fond to roam astray,
Hoodwinks the guide assign'd to show the way;
And in life's voyage like the pilot fares
Who breaks the compass, and contemns the stars,
To steer by meteors, which at random fly,
Preluding to a tempest in the sky.
Vain of his skill, and led by various views,
Each to his end a different path pursues;
And seldom is one wretch so humble known
To think his friend's a better than his own:
The boldest they, who least partake the light,
As game-cocks in the dark are train'd to fight.
Nor shame, nor ruin, can our pride abate,
But what became our choice we call our fate.
Villain, said Zeno to his pilfering slave,
What frugal nature needs, I freely gave;
With thee my treasure I depos'd in trust,
What could provoke thee now to prove unjust?
Sir, blame the stars, felonious culprit cry'd:
We'll by the statute of the stars be try'd.
If their strong influence all our actions urge,
Some are foredoom'd to steal—and some to
scourge:

The beadle must obey the fates' decree,
As powerful destiny prevail'd with thee.

This heathen logic seems to bear too hard
On me, and many a harmless modern bard:
The critics hence may think themselves decreed
To jerk the wits, and rail at all they read;
Foes to the tribe from which they trace their clan,
As monkeys draw their pedigree from man;
To which (though by the breed our kind's dis-
grac'd)

We grant superior elegance of taste:
But in their own defence the wits observe
That, by impulse from heaven, they write and
starve;

Their patron-planet, with resistless power,
Irradiates every poet's natal hour;
Engendering in his head a solar heat,
For which the college has no sure receipt,
Else from their garrets would they soon withdraw,
And leave the rats to revel in the straw.

Nothing so much intoxicates the brain
As flattery's smooth insinuating bane:
She on th' unguarded ear employs her art,
While vain self-love unlocks the yielding heart;
And reason oft submits when both invade,
Without assaulted, and within betray'd.
When flattery's magic mists suffuse the sight,
The don is active, and the boor polite;
Her mirror shows perfection through the whole,
And ne'er reflects a wrinkle or a mole;
Each character in gay confusion lies,
And all alike are virtuous, brave, and wise:
Nor fail her fulsome arts to sooth our pride,
Though praise to venom turns if wrong apply'd.
Me thus the whispers while I write to you:
"Draw forth a banner'd host in fair review!
"Then every muse invoke thy voice to raise,
"Arms and the man to sing in lofty lays:
"Whose active bloom heroic deeds employ,
"Such as the son of Thetis I sung at Troy;
"When his high-sounding lyre his valour rais'd,
"To emulate the demi-gods he prais'd.
"Like him the Briton, warm at honour's call,
"At fam'd Blaragnia quell'd the bleeding Gaul;
"By France the genius of the fight confess,
"For which our patron saint adorns his breast."

Is this my friend, who sits in full content,
Jovial, and joking with his men of Kent,
And never any scene of slaughter saw,
But those who fell by physic or the law?
Why is he for exploits in war renown'd,
Deck'd with a star, with bloody laurels crown'd?
O often prov'd, and ever found sincere:
Too honest is thy heart, thy sense too clear,
On these encomiums to vouchsafe a smile,
Which only can belong to great Argyll.

But most among the brethren of the bays,
The dear enchantress all her charms displays,
In the fly commerce of alternate praise.
If, for his father's sins condemn'd to write,
Some young half-feather'd poet takes a flight,
And to my touchstone brings a puny ode,
Which Swift, and Pope, and Prior, would explode

Though every stanza glitters thick with stars,
And goddesses descend in ivory cars:

Is it for me to prove in every part
The piece irregular by laws of art?
His genius looks but awkward, yet his fate
May raise him to be premier bard of state;
I therefore bribe his suffrage to my fame,
Revere his judgment, and applaud his flame;
Then cry, in seeming transport, while I speak,
'Tis well for Pindar that he dealt in Greek:

He, conscious of desert, accepts the praise,
And courteous, with increase the debt repays:
Boileau's a mushroom if compar'd to me,
And, Horace, I dispute the palm with thee!
Both ravisht, sing Te Phœbum for success;
Rise Swift, ye laurels! boy! bespeak the press—
Thus on imaginary praise we feed;
Each writes till all refuse to print or read;
From the records of fame condemn'd to pass
To || Brisquet's calendar, a rubrick ass.

Few, wondrous few! are eagle-ey'd to find
A plain disease, or blemish in the mind:
Few can, though wisdom should their health ensure,
Dispassionate and cool attend a cure,
In youth diffus'd t' obey the needful rein,
Well pleas'd a savage liberty to gain,
We sate the kind desire of every sense,
And lull our age in thoughtless indolence:
Yet all are Solons in their own conceit,
Though, to supply the vacancy of wit,
Folly and pride, impatient of control,
The sister-twins of sloth, possess the soul.
By Kneller were the gay Pumlilio drawn,
Like great Alcides, with a back of brawn,
I scarcely think his picture would have power
To make him fight the champions of the tower;
Though lions there are tolerably tame,
And civil as the court from which they came.
But yet, without experience, sense, or arts,
Pumlilio boasts sufficiency of parts;
Imagines he alone is amply fit
To guide the state, or give the stamp to wit:
Pride paints the mind with an heroic air,
Nor finds he a defect of vigour there.

When Philomel of old essay'd to sing,
And in his rosy progress hail'd the spring,
Th' aerial songsters listening to the lays,
By silent ecstacy confess her praise.
At length, to rival her enchanting note,
The peacock strains the discord of his throat,
In hope his hideous shrieks would grateful prove;
But the nice audience hoot him through the grove
Conscious of wanted worth, and just disdain,
Lowering his crest, he creeps to Juno's fane:
To his protectress there reveals the case;
And for a sweeter voice devoutly prays.

Then thus reply'd the radiant goddess, known
By her fair rolling eyes and rattling tone:
My favourite bird! of all the feather'd kind,
Each species had peculiar gifts assign'd:
The towering eagles to the realms of light
By their strong pounces claim a regal right;

|| Brisquet, Jester to Francis I. of France, kept a calen-
dar of fools.

The swan, contented with an humbler fate,
 Low on the fishy river rows in state:
 Gay starry plumes thy length of train bedeck,
 And the green emerald twinkles on thy neck;
 But the poor nightingale in mean attire,
 Is made chief warbler of the woodland choir.
 These various bounties were dispos'd above,
 And ratify'd th' unchanging will of Jove:
 Discern thy talent, and his laws adore;
 Be what thou wert design'd, nor aim at more.

TO THE QUEEN,

ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

FROM this auspicious day three kingdoms date
 The fairest favours of indulgent fate:
 From this the mouths in radiant circles run,
 As stars receive their lustre from the sun.

To you the sceptres of all Europe bend,
 The victor thine revere, and these the friend;
 Your silken reins the willing nations crave,
 For 'tis your lov'd prerogative to save.
 Mild amidst triumphs, victory bestows
 On you renown, and freedom on your foes;
 Observant of your will, the goddess brings
 Palms in her hand, and healing in her wings.

But, as the brightest beams and gentlest showers
 Were once reserv'd for Eden's opening flowers;
 So, though remoter realms your influence share,
 Britannia boasts to be your darling care.
 By your great wisdom and resistless might,
 Abroad we conquer, and at home unite:
 Nature had join'd the lands; but you alone
 Make their affections and their councils one;
 You speak—the jarring principles remove,
 And, close combin'd, the sister-nations prove
 Rivals alone in loyalty and love.

What power would now forbid the warrior-queen
 To wave the red-cross banners o'er the Seine?
 Others for titles urge the foldier's toil,
 Or meanly seek the foe, to seize the spoil:
 But you for right your pious arms employ,
 And conquer to restore, and not destroy:
 Vouchsafing audience to your suppliant foes,
 You long to give the labouring world repose;
 Concurring justice waits from you the word,
 Pleas'd, when you fix the scales, to sheath the sword.

From this propitious omen we presage
 Unnumber'd blessings to the coming age;
 Establish'd faith, the daughter of the skies,
 Shall see new temples by your bounty rise:
 Commerce beneath the southern stars shall thrive,
 Intestine feuds expire, and arts revive;
 Safe in their shades the muses shall remain,
 And sing the milder glories of your reign.

So, whilst offended heaven exerts its power,
 Swift fly the lightnings, loud the thunders roar,
 But, when our incense reconciles the skies,
 Again the radiant beams begin to rise;
 Soft Zephyrs gently wait the clouds away,
 And fragrant flowers perfume the dawning day;

The groves around rejoice with echoing strains,
 And golden plenty covers all the plains.

AN ODE

To the Right Honourable

JOHN LORD GOWER.

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING, 1716.

I.
 O'er winter's long inclement sway,
 At length the lusty spring prevails;
 And, swift to meet the smiling May,
 Is wafted by the western gales.
 Around him dance the rosy hours,
 And damasking the ground with flowers,
 With ambient sweets perfume the morn;
 With shadowy verdure flourish'd high,
 A sudden youth the groves enjoy;
 Where Philomel laments forlorn.

II.
 By her awak'd, the woodland choir
 To hail the coming god prepares;
 And tempts me to resume the lyre,
 Soft warbling to the vernal airs.
 Yet once more, O ye muses! deign,
 For me, the meanest of your train,
 Unblam'd t' approach your blest retreat;
 Where Horace wantons at your spring,
 And Pindar sweeps a bolder string,
 Whole notes th' Aonian hills repeat.

III.
 Or if invok'd, where Thames's fruitful tides
 Slow through the vale in silver volumes play;
 Now your own Phœbus o'er the month presides,
 Gives love the night, and doubly gilds the day:
 Thither, indulgent to my prayer,
 Ye bright harmonious nymph repair,
 To swell the notes I feebly raise:
 So with inspiring ardors warm'd,
 May Gower's propitious ear be charm'd,
 To listen to my lays.

I.
 Beneath the pole on hills of snow,
 Like Thracian Mars, th' undaunted Swede
 To dint of sword defies the foe;
 In fight unknowing to recede:
 From Volga's banks, the imperious Czar
 Leads forth his furry troops to war;
 Fond of the softer southern sky:
 The Soldan galls th' Alfyrian coast;
 But soon the miscreant moony host
 Before the victor-cross shall fly.

II.
 But here no clarion's thrilling note
 The muse's green retreat can pierce;
 The grove, from noisy camps remote,
 Is only vocal with my verse:
 Here, wing'd with innocence and joy,
 Let the soft hours that o'er me fly
 Drop freedom, health, and gay desires:
 While the bright Seine, t' exalt the soul,
 With sparkling plenty crowns the bowl,
 And wit and social mirth inspires.

III.

Enamour'd of the Scine, celestial fair,
The blooming pride of Thetis' azure train)
Bacchus, to win the nymph who caus'd his care,
Lash'd his swift tigers to the Celtic plain :
There secret in her sapphire cell
He with the Nais wont to dwell ;
Leaving the nectar'd feasts of Jove :
And where her mazy waters flow,
He gave the mantling vine, to grow
A trophy to his love.

I.

Shall man from nature's sanction stray,
With blind opinion for his guide ;
And, rebel to her rightful sway,
Leave all her bounties unenjoy'd ?
Fool ! time no change of motion knows ;
With equal speed the torrent flows,
To sweep fame, power, and wealth away :
The past is all by death possess'd ;
And frugal fate that guards the rest,
By giving, bids him live to-day.

II.

O Gower ! through all that destin'd space
What breath the powers allot to me
Shall sing the virtues of thy race
United, and complete in thee.
O flower of ancient English faith,
Pursue th' unbeaten patriot-path,
In which confirm'd thy father shone :
The light his fair example gives,
Already from thy dawn receives
A lustre equal to its own.

III.

Honour's bright dome, on lasting columns rear'd,
Nor envy rusts, nor rolling years consume ;
Loud pæans echoing round the roof are heard,
And clouds of incense all the void perfume.
There Phocion, Lælius, Capel, Hyde,
With Falkland seated near his side,
Fix'd by the muse the temple grace :
Prophetic of thy happier fame,
She, to receive thy radiant name,
Selects a whiter space.

THE DREAM.

IMITATED FROM PROPERTIUS, BOOK III. ELEGY III.

To green retreats, that shade the muses' stream,
My fancy lately bore me in a dream ;
Fir'd with ambitious zeal, my harp I strung,
And Blenheim's field, and fam'd Ramillia sung :
Fast by that spring, where Spenser sat of old,
And great exploits in lofty numbers told.
Phœbus in his Castalian grotto laid,
O'er which a laurel cast her silken shade,
Spy'd me, and hastily when first he spy'd,
Thus, leaning on his golden lyre, he cry'd :

What strange ambition has misplac'd thee there ;
Forbear to sing of arms, alas forbear !
Form'd in a gentle mould, henceforth employ
Thy pen to paint the softer scenes of joy.
Thy works may thus the myrtle garland wear,
Prefer'd to grace the toilets of the fair :

When their lov'd youths at night too long delay,
In reading thee they'll pass the hours away :
And, when they'd make their melting wishes
known,

Repeat thy passion to reveal their own.
Then haste, the safer shallows to regain,
Nor dare the stormy dangers of the main.

Ceasing with this reproof, the friendly god
A mossy path, but lightly beaten, show'd :
A cave there was, which Nature's hand alone
Had arch'd with greens of various kinds o'ergrown ;
With timbrels all the vaulted roofs were grac'd,
And earthen gods on either side were plac'd.
Silenus, and the muses' virgin-train,
Stood here, with Pan the poet of the plain :
Elsewhere the doves of Cytherea's team
Were seen to sip the sweet Castalian stream.

Nine lovely nymphs a several task pursu'd,
For ivy one was sent to search the wood ;
This to soft numbers join'd harmonious airs,
And fragrant rosy wreaths a third prepares.
Me thus the bright Calliope address'd
(Her name the brightness of her form confess'd) :
The silver swans of Venus wait to hear
Thee safe in pomp along the liquid air.
Pleas'd with thy peaceful province, strait recal
Thy rash design to sing the wounded Gaul.
Harsh sounds the trumpet in the muses' grove ;
But sweet the lute, the lute is fit for love.
No more rehearse the Danube's purple stream,
Let love for ever be the tender theme.
And in thy verse reveal the moving art,
To melt an haughty nymph's relentless heart.

The goddess ceasing, to confirm me more,
My face with hallow'd drops she sprinkled o'er,
Fetch'd from the fountain, by whose flowery side
Soft Waller sung of Saccarissa's pride.

To the Right Honourable The Lady
MARGARET CAVENDISH HARLEY;

WITH THE POEMS OF MR. WALLER.

LET others boast the nine Aonian maids,
Inspiring streams, and sweet resounding shades ;
Where Phœbus heard the rival bards rehearse,
And bade the laurels learn the lofty verse.
In vain ! Nor Phœbus, nor the boasted Nine,
Inflame the raptur'd soul with rays divine :
None but the fair infuse the sacred fire,
And love with vocal art informs the lyre.

When Waller, kindling with celestial rage,
View'd the bright Harley of that wondering age,
His pleasing pain he taught the lute to breathe ;
The graces sung, and wove his myrtle wreath.
In youth, of patrimonial wealth possess'd,
The praise of science faintly warm'd his breast ;
But, fir'd to fame by Sidney's rosy smile,
Swift o'er the laureat realms he urg'd his toil.
His muse, by Nature form'd to please the fair,
Or sing of heroes with majestic air,
To melting strains attun'd her voice, and strove
To waken all the tender powers of love :

More sweetly left her awful beauty shone,
Than Juno grac'd with Cytherea's zone.

As angels love, congenial souls unite
Their radiance, and refine each other's light;
The florid and sublime, the grave and gay,
From Walker's beams imbibe a purer ray:
Illumin'd thence in equal lays to bound
Their copious sense, and harmonize the sound;
With varied notes the curious ear to please,
And turn a nervous thought with artful ease.
Maker, and model, of melodious verse!

Accept these votive honours at thy herse.
While I with filial awe attempt thy praise,
Infuse thy genius, and my fancy raise!
So, warbling o'er his urn, the woodland choir
To Orpheus pay the song his shade inspires.

In Waller's fame, O fairest Harley! view
What verdant palms shall owe their birth to you.
To you what deathless charms are thence decreed,
In Sacharissa's fate vouchsafe to read.
Secure beneath the wing of withering time,
Her beauties flourish in ambrosial prime;
Still kindling rapture, see! she moves in state;
Gods, nymphs, and heroes, on her triumph wait.
Nor think the lover's praise of love's delight
In purest minds may stain the virgin-white;
How bright, and chaste, the poet and his theme;
So Cynthia shines on Arethusa's stream.
A faint virtue to the spheres may sing
Those strains, that ravish'd here the martyr king.
Plenteous of native wit, in letter'd ease
Politely form'd, to profit and to please,
To fame what'er was due he gave to fame;
And, what he could not praise, forgot to name:
Thus Eden's rose without a thorn display'd
Her bloom, and in a fragrant blush decay'd.

Such soul-attracting airs were sung of old,
When blissful years in golden circles roll'd;
Pure from deceit, devoid of fear and strife,
While love was all the pensive care of life,
The swains in green retreats, with flowrets
crown'd,

Taught the young groves their passion to resound:
Fancy pursu'd the paths where beauty led,
To please the living, or deplore the dead.
While to their warbled woe the rocks reply'd,
The rills remurmur'd, and the zephyrs sigh'd;
From death redeem'd by verse, the vanish'd fair
Breath'd in a flower, or sparkled in a star.
Bright as the stars, and fragrant as the flowers
Where spring resides in soft Elysian bowers;
While these the bowers adorn, and they the sphere,
Will Sacharissa's charms in song appear.
Yet, in the present age, her radiant name
Must take a dimmer interval of fame;
When you to full meridian lustre rise,
With Morton's shape, and Gloriana's eyes;
With Carlisle's wit, her gesture, and her mien;
And, like seraphic Rich, with zeal serene:
In sweet assemblage all their graces join'd,
To language, mode, and manners more refin'd!
That angel-frame, with chaste attraction gay,
Mild as the dove-ey'd morn awakes the May,
Of noblest youths will reign the public care,
Their joy, their wish, their wonder, and despair.

Far-beaming thence what bright ideas flow!
The sister-arts with sudden rapture glow:
Her Titian tints the painter-nymph resumes;
The canvas warm with roseate beauty blooms:
Inspir'd with life by sculpture's happy toil,
The marble breathes, and softens with your smile;
Proud to receive the form, by fate design'd
The fairest model of the fairer kind.
But hear, O hear the muse's heavenly voice!
The waving woods and echoing vales rejoice:
Attend, ye gales! to Margaretta's praise,
And all ye listening loves record the lays!
So Philomela charms th' Italian grove,
When Venus, in the glowing orb of love,
O'er ocean, earth, and air, extends her reign;
The first, the brightest of the starry train,
What favourite youth assign the fates to rise,
In bridal pomp to lead the blooming prize?
Whether his father's garter'd shield sustains
Trophies, achiev'd on Gallia's viny plains;
Or smiling peace a mingled wreath displays,
The patriot's olive, and the poet's bay:
Adorn, ye fates! the favourite youth assign'd,
With each ennobling grace of form, and mind:
In merit make him great, as great in blood;
Great without pride, and amiably good;
His breast the guardian ark of heaven-born law,
To strike a faithless age with conscious awe.
In choice of friends by manly reason sway'd;
Nor fear'd, but honour'd, and with love obey'd.
In courts, and camps, in council, and retreat,
Wife, brave, and studious to support the state.
With candour firm; without ambition bold;
No deed discolour'd with the guilt of gold.
That Heaven may judge the choicest blessings due,
And give the various good compris'd in you.

PROLOGUE

TO

SOUTHERNE'S SPARTAN DAME.

WHEN realms are ravag'd with invasive foes,
Each bosom with heroic ardour glows;
Old chiefs, reflecting on their former deeds,
Disdain to rust with batter'd invalids;
But active in the foremost ranks appear, [rear,
And leave young smock-fac'd beaux to guard the
So, to repel the Vandals of the stage,
Our veteran bard resumes his tragic rage:
He throws the gauntlet Otway us'd to wield,
And calls for Englishmen to judge the field:
Thus arm'd, to rescue nature from disgrace,
Messieurs! lay down your minstrels and grimace:
The brawniest youths of Troy the combat fear'd,
When old Etellus in the lists appear'd.
Yet what avails the champion's giant size,
When pigmies are made umpires of the prize?
Your fathers (men of sense, and honest bowlers)
Disdain'd the mummery of foreign strollers:
By their examples would you form your taste,
The present age might emulate the past.
We hop'd that art and genius had secur'd you;
But soon facetious Harlequin allur'd you:

The muses blush'd, to see their friends exalting
Those elegant delights of jig and vaulting :
So tharm'd you were, you ceas'd awhile to dote
On nonsense, gargled in an eunuch's throat :
All pleas'd to hear the chattering monsters speak,
As old wives wonder at the parson's Greek.
Such light ragouts and mushrooms may be good,
To whet your appetites for wholesome food :
But the bold Briton ne'er in earnest dines
Without substantial haunches and furlouns.
In wit, as well as war, they give us vigour ;
Cressy was lost by kickshaws and soup-meagre.
Instead of light deserts and luscious froth,
Our poet treats to-night with Spartan broth ;
To which, as well as all his former feasts,
The ladies are the chief-invited guests.
Crown'd with a kind of Glastonbury bays,
That bloom amid the winter of his days,
He comes, ambitious in his green decline
To consecrate his wreath at beauty's shrine.
His Oronoko never fail'd t' engage
The radiant circles of the former age :
Each bosom heav'd, all eyes were seen to flow,
And sympathize with Isabella's woe :
But fate reserv'd, to crown his elder fame,
The brightest audience for the Spartan Dame.

ON THE FIRST FIT OF THE GOUT.

WELCOME, thou friendly earnest of fourscore,
Promise of wealth, that hast alone the power
T' attend the rich, unenvy'd by the poor.
Thou that dost Æsculapius deride,
And o'er his gally-pots in triumph ride ;
Thou that art us'd t' attend the royal throne,
And under-prop the head that bears the crown ;
Thou that dost oft in privy council wait,
And guard from drowsy sleep the eyes of state ;
Thou that upon the bench art mounted high,
And warn'st the judges how they tread awry ;
Thou that dost oft from pamper'd prelate's toe
Emphatically urge the pains below ;
Thou that art ever half the city's grace,
And add'st to solemn noddles solemn pace ;
Thou that art us'd to sit on ladies' knee,
To feed on 'jellies, and to drink cold tea ;
Thou that art ne'er from velvet slipper free ;
Whence comes this unsought honour unto me ?
Whence does this mighty condescension flow ?
To visit my poor tabernacle, O— !

As Jove vouchsaf'd on Ida's top, 'tis said,
At poor Philemon's cot to take a bed ;
Pleas'd with the poor but hospitable feast,
Jove bid him ask, and granted his request ;
So do thou grant (for thou'rt of race divine,
Begot on Venus by the god of wine)
My humble suit :—And either give me store
To entertain thee, or ne'er see me more.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE IX. IMITATED.

FROM THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE VERSES *.
SINCE the hills all around us do penance in snow,
And winter's cold blasts have benumb'd us below ;

* Dedicated by Featon, to Lionel Earl of Dorset and Middlesex.

Since the rivers chain'd up flow with the same
speed (and ;
As criminals move toward the gallows they can't
Throw whole oaks at a time, nay, whole groves
on the fire,
To keep out the cold, and new vigour inspire ;
Ne'er waste the dull time in impertinent thinking,
But urge and pursue the grand business of drinking.
Come, pierce your old hogheads, ne'er stint as in
cherry,
For this is the season to drink and be merry ;
That, reviv'd by good liquor and billets together,
We may brave the loud storms, and defy the cold
weather, (you love us,
We'll have no more of business ; but, friend, as
Leave it all to the care of the good folks above us.
Whilst your appetite's strong, and good-humour
remains,
And active brisk blood does enliven your veins,
Improve the sweet minutes in scenes of delight,
Let your friend have the day, and your mistress
the night :
In the dark you may try whether Phyllis is kind,
The night for intriguing was ever design'd ;
Though she runs from your arms, and retires to a
shade,
Some friendly kind sign will betray the coy maid :
All trembling you'll find then the poor bashful
sinner,
Such a trespass is venial in any beginner ;
But remember this counsel, when once you have
met her, [better :
Get a ring from the fair-one, or something that's

CATULLUS, EPIG. V. TRANSLATED.

LET'S live, my dear, like lovers too,
Nor heed what old men say or do.
The falling sun will surely rise,
And dart new glories through the skies.
But when we fall, alas ! our light
Will set in everlasting night.
Come then, let mirth and amorous play
Be all the business of the day.
Give me this kiss—and this—and this !
A hundred thousand more.—Let's kiss
Till we ourselves cannot express,
Nor any lurking spy confess,
The boundless measure of our happiness.

CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

HAPPY the man who all his days does pass
In the paternal cottage of his race ;
Where first his trembling infant steps he try'd,
Which now supports his age, and once his youth
employ'd.

This was the cottage his forefathers knew,
It saw his birth, shall see his burial too ;
Unequal fortunes and ambition's fate
Are things experience never taught him yet.
Him to strange lands no rambling humour bore,
Nor breath'd he ever any air but of his native shore.

Free from all anxious interests of trade,
 No storms at sea have e'er disturb'd his head :
 He never battle's wild confusions saw,
 Nor heard the worse confusions of the law.
 A stranger to the town and town-employs,
 Their dark and crowded streets, their stink and
 noise;
 He a more calm and brighter sky enjoys.
 Nor does the year by change of seasons know,
 The year his fruit's returning seasons show ;
 Quarters and months in nature's face he sees,
 In flowers the spring, and autumn on his trees.
 The whole day's shadows, in his homestead drawn,
 Point out the hourly courses of the sun.
 Grown old with him, a grove adorns his field,
 Whose tender setts his infancy beheld.
 Of distant India, Erythrean shores,
 Banacus' lake, Verona's neighbouring towers,
 (Alike unseen) from common fame has heard,
 Alike believes them; and with like regard.
 Yet, firm and strong, his grandchildren admire
 The health and vigour of their brawny fire.
 The spacious globe let those that will survey,
 This good old man, content at home to stay,
 More happy years shall know, more leagues and
 countries they.

MARTIAL, LIB. X. EPIG. XLVII.

Would you, my friend, in little room express
 The just description of true happiness;
 First set me down a competent estate,
 But rais'd and left me by a parent's sweat ;
 ('Tis pleasure to improve, but toil to get :)
 Not large, but always large enough to yield
 A cheerful fire, and no ungrateful field.
 Averse to law-suits, let me peace enjoy,
 And rarely pester'd with a town employ.
 Smooth be my thoughts, my mind serene and clear,
 A healthful body with such limbs I'd bear
 As should be graceful, well-proportion'd, just,
 And neither weak nor boorishly robust.
 Nor fool, nor knave, but innocently wise;
 Some friends indulge me, let a few suffice :
 But suited to my humour and degree,
 Not nice, but easily pleas'd, and fit for me ;
 So let my board and entertainments be.
 With wholesome homely food, not serv'd in state,
 What tastes as well in pewter as in plate.
 Mirth and a glass my cheerful evenings share,
 At equal distance from debauch and care.
 To bed retiring, let me find it blest
 With a kind modest spouse and downy rest :
 Pleas'd always with the lot my fates assign,
 Let me no change desire, no change decline ;
 With every turn of Providence comply,
 Not tir'd with life, nor yet afraid to die.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE III.

An honest mind, to virtue's precepts true,
 Contemns the fury of a lawless crew :

Firm as a rock he to his purpose stands,
 And thinks a tyrant's frowns as weak as his com-
 mands.

Him loudest storms can't from his centre move,
 He braves th' almighty thunder ev'n of Jove.
 If all the heavenly orbs, confus'dly hurl'd,
 Should dash in pieces, and should crush the world;
 Undaunted he the mighty crash would hear,
 Nor in his breast admit a thought of fear.

Pollux and wandering Hercules of old
 Were by such acts among the gods enroll'd.
 Augustus thus the shining powers possess'd,
 By all th' immortal deities care's'd ;
 He shares with them in their ethereal feasts,
 And quaffs bright nectar with the heavenly guests.
 This was the path the frisking tigers trod,
 Dragging the car that bore the jolly god,
 Who fix'd in heaven his crown and his abode.
 Romulus by Mars through this blest path was
 shown,

And 'scap'd the woes of gloomy Acheron.
 In virtue's rugged round he took his way,
 And gain'd the mansions of eternal day ;
 For him ev'n Juno's self pronounc'd a word,
 Grateful to all th' ethereal council-board.

O Ilion ! Ilion ! I with transport view
 The fall of all thy wicked perjur'd crew ;
 Pallas and I have borne the rankling grudge
 To that curst shepherd, that incestuous judge ;
 Nay, ev'n Laomedon his gods betray'd,
 And basely broke the solemn oath he made.
 But now the painted strumpet and her guest
 No more are in their pomp and jewels drest ;
 No more is Hector licens'd to destroy,
 To slay the Greeks, and save his perjur'd Troy.
 Priam is now become an empty ghost,
 Doom'd with his house to tread the burning coast.
 The god of battle now has ceas'd to roar,
 And I, the queen of heaven, pursue my hate no
 more.

I now the Trojan priestless' son will give
 Back to his warlike fire, and let him live
 In lucid bowers, and give him leave to use
 Ambrosia and the nectar's heavenly juice ;
 To be enroll'd in these serene abodes,
 And wear the easy order of the gods.
 In this blest state I grant him to remain,
 While Troy from Rome's divided by the main ;
 While savage beasts insult the Trojan tombs,
 And in their caves unlade their pregnant wombs.
 Let th' exil'd Trojans reign in every land,
 And let the capitol triumphant stand,
 And all the tributary world command.
 Let awful Rome, with seven resplendent heads,
 Still keep her conquest o'er the vanquish'd Medes,
 With conquering terror let her arms extend
 Her mighty name to shores without an end ;
 Where mid-land seas divide the fruitful soil
 From Europe to the swelling waves of Nile.
 Let them be greater by despising gold,
 Than digging it from forth its native mould.
 To be the wicked instrument of ill,
 Let sword and ruin every country fill,
 That strives to stop the progress of her arms ;
 Not only those that sultry Sirius warms ;

But where the fields in endless winter lie,
Whose frosts and snows the sun's bright rays defy.
But yet on this condition I decree
The warlike Romans happy destiny;
That, when they universal rule enjoy,
They not presume to raise their ancient Troy:
For then all ugly omens shall return,
And Troy be built but once again to burn;
Ev'n I myself a second war will move,
Ev'n I the sister and the wife of Jove.
If Phœbus' harp should thrice erect a wall,
And all of brass, yet thrice the work should fall,
Sack'd by my favourite Greeks; and thrice again
The Trojan wives should drag a captive chain,
And mourn their children and their husbands
slain.

But whither would'st thou, soaring muse, aspire?
To tell the counsels of the heavenly choir?
Alas! thou canst not strain thy weakly strings,
To sing in humble notes such mighty things:
No more the secrets of the gods relate;
Thy tongue's too feeble for a task so great.

THE ROSE.

See, Sylvia, see, this new-blown rose,
The image of thy blush,
Mark how it smiles upon the bush,
And triumphs as it grows.
"Oh, pluck it not! we'll come anon,"
Thou say'st. Alas! 'twill then be gone.
Now its purple beauty's spread,
Soon it will droop and fall,
And soon it will not be at all;
No fine things draw a length of thread.
Then tell me, seems it not to say,
Come on, and crop me whilst you may?

EPIGRAM, OUT OF MARTIAL.

Milo's from home; and, Milo being gone,
His lands bore nothing, but his wife a son:
Why she so fruitful, and so bare the field?
The lands lay fallow, but the wife was till'd.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH FENTON'S MISCELLANIES.

By Walter Harte, M. A.

THESE various strains, where every talent charms,
Where humour pleases, or where passion warms;
(Strains, where the tender and sublime conspire,
A Sappho's sweetness, and a Homer's fire)

Attend their doom, and wait, with glad surprise,
Th' impartial justice of Cleora's eyes.

'Tis hard to say, what mysteries of fate,
What turns of fortune on good writers wait.
The party slave will wound them as he can,
And damns the merit, if he hates the man.
Nay, ev'n the bards with wit and laurels crown'd;
Bless'd in each strain, in every art renown'd;
Miss'd by pride, and taught to sin by power,
Still search around for those they may devour;
Like savage monarchs on a guilty throne,
Who crush all might that can invade their own.

Others who hate, yet want the soul to dare;
So ruin bards—as beaux deceive the fair:
On the pleas'd ear their soft deceptions employ,
Smiling they wound and praise but to destroy.
These are th' unhappy crimes of modern days,
And can the best of poets hope for praise?

How small a part of human blessings share
The wise, the good, the noble, and the fair!
Short is the date unhappy wit can boast,
A blaze of glory in a moment lost.
Fortune, still envious of the great man's praise,
Curses the coxcomb with a length of days.
So (Hector dead) amid the female choir,
Unmanly Paris tun'd the silver lyre.

Attend, ye Britons, in so just a cause.
'Tis sure a scandal to withhold applause;
Nor let posterity reviling say,
Thus unregarded Fenton pass'd away!
Yet if the muse may faith and merit claim
(A muse too just to bribe with venal fame),
Soon shalt thou shine "in majesty avow'd."
"As thy own goddess breaking through a cloud."
Fame, like a nation debt, though long delay'd,
With mighty interest must at last be paid.

Like Vinci's strokes, the verses we behold,
Correctly graceful, and with labour bold.
At Sappho's woes we breathe a tender sigh,
And the soft sorrow steals from every eye.
Here Spenser's thoughts in solemn numbers roll;
Here lofty Milton seems to lift the soul.
There sprightly Chaucer charms our hours away
With stories quaint, and gentle roundelay.

Muse! at that name each thought of pride recal,
Ah, think how soon the wife and glorious fall.
What though the sisters every grace impart,
To smooth thy verse, and captivate the heart:
What though your charms, my fair Cleora, shine
Bright as your eyes, and as your sex divine:
Yet shall the verses and the charms decay,
The boast of youth, the blessing of a day!
Not Chaucer's beauties could survive the rage
Of wasting envy, and devouring age:
One mingled heap of ruin now we see;
Thus Chaucer is, and Fenton thus shall be!

* Fenton's epistle to Southerne.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
GEORGE GRANVILLE,
LORD LANSDOWNE.

Containing

THE BRITISH INCANTERS,
PELEUS AND THETIS,
ESSAY ON UNNATURAL FLIGHTS IN POETRY,
PROGRESS OF BEAUTY,

EPISTLES,
SONGS,
PROLOGUES,
EPILOGUES,

U. U. U.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Here his first lays majestic Denham sung:
There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.
Since fate relentless stopp'd their heavenly voice,
No more the forest's ring, or groves rejoice.
Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley strung
His living harp, and lofty Denham sung?
But hark! the groves, the forest rings,
Are these reviv'd? or is it GRANVILLE sings?

POPE'S WINDSOR FOREST.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

POETICAL WORKS

GEORGE GRAYVILLE

LORD LAMBDON

Containing

THE
POETICAL
WORKS
OF
GEORGE GRAYVILLE

THE
POETICAL
WORKS
OF
LORD LAMBDON

IN
ONE
VOLUME

WITH
AN
INTRODUCTION

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

These two last numbers form a new volume, containing
the poetical works of George Grayville, Lord
Lambdon, and other poems, in one volume.
The first number, containing the poems of George
Grayville, and other poems, in one volume.
The second number, containing the poems of Lord
Lambdon, and other poems, in one volume.
The third number, containing the poems of George
Grayville, and other poems, in one volume.

THE
POETICAL
WORKS
OF
GEORGE GRAYVILLE

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY SHAW, NEAVE, AND SON, ROYAL BANK BUILDINGS.

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THE LIFE OF GRANVILLE

GEORGE GRANVILLE, afterwards Lord Lansdowne of Biddiford, in the county of Devon, was born in 1667. He was descended from the illustrious family of that name, seated for many ages in Devonshire and Cornwall, the founder of which was Richard de Granville, second son of Rollo, first Duke of Normandy, who accompanied William the Conqueror, in his expedition to England, and was rewarded for his services with the castle and lordship of Biddiford. Sir Richard Granville, his ancestor, served the Emperor Ferdinand against the Turks in 1566, and was present with Don John of Austria, at the famous battle of Lepanto, and on his return was made Vice-Admiral of England. He was slain near the Azores Islands; having in one ship alone sustained a fight for fifteen hours, against the whole naval power of Spain. Sir Bevil Granville, grandson to Sir Richard, raised considerable forces at his own expence for Charles I., and died in the King's cause, at the battle of Lansdowne in 1643. John Granville, the eldest son of Sir Bevil, was intrusted by Monk with the most private transactions of the Restoration; and created Earl of Bath and Viscount Lansdowne, in 1661. His father, the honourable Bernard Granville, the second son of Sir Bevil, had, by a special warrant from Charles II. the rank of an Earl's younger son, was one of the representatives for the borough of Lifkeard in Cornwall, in the Parliament which met in 1661, and one of the Grooms of his Majesty's Bed-chamber.

He received his early education under the tuition of Sir William Ellis, a man of letters, whose abilities afterwards recommended him to several public employments.

In 1687, the tenth year of his age, he was entered a nobleman in Trinity College, Cambridge, as appears from a copy of Latin verses on the *Marriage of the Prince of Orange and the Lady Mary*, in the "Cambridge Congratulations" of that year, signed *Georgius Granville, Nobilis e Coll. Trin.*

In 1679, before he was twelve years old, he pronounced a copy of his own verses to the Princess Mary d'Este of Modena, then Duchess of York, when she visited the University. He was admitted to the degree of Master of Arts, at thirteen, and left the University soon after.

It was probably about this time that he wrote the verses to the *Earl of Peterborough*, upon his accomplishment of the *Duke of York's marriage with the Princess of Modena*, whose charms appear to have gained a strong prevalence over his imagination.

At the accession of King James, he again exerted his poetical powers, and addressed the new monarch in three short panegyrical pieces, which were commended by Waller, whose praise excited in the young poet a rapture of acknowledgement,

In numbers such as Waller's self might use.

However mistaken he might be in his zeal for that misguided Prince, or however enamoured of the Queen, he has left no reason for supposing that he approved either the imprudent piety of the Queen, or the violence with which the King's religion was obtruded on the nation.

He had early imbibed principles of loyalty; and when the tyranny of James called the Prince of Orange to vindicate the liberties of Britain he thought it his duty to sacrifice his life for the interest of his Sovereign.

Without considering, or being then incapable of discovering the dangers to which the constitution was exposed by the violence of his proceedings, he wrote a letter to his father from York-shire, about

a month before the Prince of Orange landed, expressing the most ardent desire to serve the King in person.

"I cannot bear" says he, "living under the restraint of lying obscure and idle in a country retirement, when every man who has the least sense of honour should be preparing for the field.

"You may remember, with what reluctance I submitted to your commands upon Monmouth's rebellion, when no importunity could prevail with you to permit me to leave the academy: I was too young to be hazarded; but give me leave to say, it is glorious at any age to die for one's country, and the sooner the nobler the sacrifice.

"I am now older by three years. My uncle Bath was not so old, when he was left among the slain at the battle of Newbury, nor you yourself, when you made your escape from your tutors to join your brother at the defence of Scilly.

"You are pleased to say, it is yet doubtful if the Hollanders are rash enough to make such an attempt; but be that as it will, I beg leave to insist upon it, that I may be presented to his Majesty, as one whose utmost ambition it is to devote his life to his service, and my country's, after the example of all my ancestors.

"The gentry assembled at York, to agree upon the choice of representatives for the county, have prepared an address, to assure his Majesty they are ready to sacrifice their lives and fortunes for him, upon this and all other occasions; but, at the same time, they humbly beseech him to give them such magistrates as may be agreeable to the laws of the land; for at present there is no authority to which they can legally submit.

"They have been beating up for volunteers at York and the towns adjacent, to supply the regiments at Hull; but no body will lift. By what I can hear, every body wishes well to the King, but they would be glad his ministers were hanged.

"The winds continue so contrary, that no landing can be so soon as was apprehended; therefore I may hope, with your leave and assistance, to be in readiness before any action can begin."

His biographers have not told us whether his father yielded to his importunities, or whether he was presented to the King; but if he really joined the army, it was without any danger to his person, for the Revolution was effected in England, without shedding one drop of blood.

Having no public employment, and possessed of but a contracted fortune, he lived in retirement, during the reign of King William, and devoted his attention to literary pursuits and amusements; the fruits of which appeared in his plays and poems, chiefly written within that period.

He is said, however, to have preserved himself, at this time, from disgrace and difficulties by economy, which he forgot or neglected in life more advanced, and in better fortune.

About this time he became enamoured of the Countess of Newburgh, whom he has celebrated with so much ardour by the name of *Myra*; though it is probable that most of the verses addressed to *Myra*, however disguised and seemingly applied, were originally designed for Mary d'Este of Modena, Queen-Consort of James; and it appears that he continued constant to his theme; for in his *Progress of Beauty*, written many years after, when she was no longer a Queen, he could not forbear placing her at the head of his celebrated beauties.

In 1690, he addressed a copy of *verses to Mrs. Elizabeth Higgins*, in answer to a very elegant poetical address sent him by that lady in his retirement.

In 1696, he brought on the stage at Lincoln's-inn Fields, *The She-Gallants*, a comedy, which was acted with considerable applause. Though it is said, in the preface, to be "but the child of a child," yet it contains an infinite deal of wit, fine satire, and great knowledge of mankind. He revised and improved this play at a maturer time of life, and printed it with the title of *Once a Lover and always a Lover*; but it is not free from grossness and indecency.

In 1698, his *Heroic Love, or the Cruel Separation*, a tragedy, was acted at Lincoln's-inn Fields, with great applause. It is a mythological story upon the love of Agamemnon and Briseis. The prologue was written by Mr. St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, and the epilogue by his relation Mr. Bevil Higgins. It was praised in prose by the critics, and in verse by Dryden.

Auspicious poet, wert thou not my friend,
How could I envy, what I must commend;

THE LIFE OF GRANVILLE

But since 'tis Nature's law, in love and wit,
That youth should reign, and with'ring age submit;
With less regret, those laurels I resign,
Which, dying on my brow, revive on thine.

In 1701, *The Jew of Venice*, a comedy, altered from Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice," was acted at Lincoln's inn Fields with applause. The alterations are in some respects judicious; but, on the whole, rather lessen than improve the beauty and effect of the original. The character of Shylock, as Rowe remarks, is made comic, and we are prompted to laughter instead of detestation. In the second act is introduced a musical masque, called *Peleus and Thetis*. The profits were designed for Dryden, but upon that great poet's death were given to his son.

At the accession of Queen Anne, having received a considerable addition to his fortune by the death of his father, and his uncle the Earl of Bath, he was chosen into Parliament, for Fowey in Cornwall.

In 1702, he engaged in a joint translation of the Orations of Demosthenes against Philip, and contributed a version of the *Second Olynthian*, to inflame the adherents of liberty against the French Monarch, which is still very much esteemed.

In 1706, he had his estate again augmented by an inheritance from his elder brother, Sir Bevil Granville, who, as he returned from his government of Barbadoes, died at sea.

The same year, his *British Enchanters*, or *No Magic like Love*, a dramatic poem, or as it was first called, a tragedy, was acted at the theatre in the Hay-market. It was written sometime before, and is justly esteemed the best of his dramatic performances. Its success was great; but was put a stop to by the division of the theatre and a prohibition of musical pieces. Addison wrote the epilogue.

He continued to serve in Parliament, and was successively chosen for Lestwithiel and Helston; and in 1710 was chosen knight of the shire for Cornwall; and, at the memorable change of the ministry that year, he was made Secretary at War in the place of Walpole.

In 1711, when the new ministry, apprehensive of the Peace of Utrecht being rejected in the House of Lords, advised the Queen to make twelve peers in a day, he was created *Baron Lansdowne* of Biddisford, in the county of Devon.

Though the prostitution of the royal prerogative to the violence of party, was regarded as an unprecedented and dangerous expedient, yet the promotion of Granville was justly remarked to be not invidious; because his personal merit was very conspicuous, and he was the heir of a family in which two peerages, that of the Earl of Bath, and Lord Granville of Potheridge, had lately become extinct. To this honour was added, soon after, the dedication of Pope's "Windfor Forest."

Being now high in the favour of the Queen, and in the confidence of the Tories, he was appointed Comptroller of the Household, and made a Privy Counsellor in 1712; and the next year he was advanced to be Treasurer of the Household.

At the accession of King George, he was removed from his employment, which was given to the Earl of Cholmendeley, and his connection with the Tories prevented his being employed in that and the succeeding reign.

Having protested against the bill for attainting Ormond and Bolingbroke, he fell under the suspicion of plotting against the government, and was, after the insurrection in Scotland, seized, September 26. 1715, as a suspected man, and confined in the Tower, till February 8. 1717, when he was released, and restored to his seat in Parliament.

Being confined in the Tower, in the same room in which Walpole had been prisoner, and had left his name on the window, he wrote these lines under it:

Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as Fortune shifts the scene,
Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down again,
And fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

In 1719, he made a very ardent and animated speech against the repeal of the bill to prevent occasional conformity, which, though it was then printed, he has not inserted into his works.

THE LIFE OF GRANVILLE.

In 1722, being embarrassed, as has been supposed, by his profusion, he went abroad, with the pretence of recovering his health, and resided several years on the continent, in a state of leisure and retirement.

During his residence abroad, he wrote *A Vindication of General Monk, Duke of Albemarle, from some calumnies of Dr. Burnet, and some mistakes of Mr. Archbishop Echard, in relation to the sale of Dunkirk and the Portugal Match*, and *A Vindication of Sir Richard Granville, General in the West, for King Charles I., from the misrepresentations of the Earl of Clarendon and Mr. Archbishop Echard*, which were published at his return to England in 1732.

The defence of General Monk, and his relation, Sir Richard Granville, was answered civilly by Oldmixon in his "Reflexions, Historical and Political, &c.;" to which his Lordship replied in *A Letter to the Author of Reflexions, Historical and Political*, dated, Old Windsor, Aug. 22. 1732, which was followed by "Remarks, &c." on that letter, by Thomas Burnet, Esq., the bishop's son, written with equal candour and civility.

In 1733, he found a more formidable opponent in Dr. Colbatch of Trinity College, Cambridge, who undertook the vindication of Mr. Echard, which he executed with great vigour and judgment, but with too much asperity. He was more successful than either of his predecessors, and his Lordship very prudently declined an answer.

In 1732, he published a very beautiful and splendid edition of his works in 4to, in which he omitted what he disapproved, and enlarged what seemed deficient.

He now appeared at Court, and was kindly received by Queen Caroline, to whom, and to the Princess Anne, he presented his works, with *Verses on the blank leaves*, with which he concluded his poetical labours.

He died at his house in Hanover Square, Jan. 30, 1735, in the 68th year of his age; having a few days before buried his wife, the Lady Anne Villiers, widow of Thomas Thynne, Esq. (father of Thomas, Lord Viscount Weymouth), and daughter of Edward Villiers, Earl of Jersey, by whom he had four daughters, Anne, Mary, Grace, and Elizabeth, but no son. His title of nobility is now enjoyed by that distinguished statesman, and illustrious ornament and patron of science and literature, the Marquis of Lansdowne, who married Sophia, daughter of the late Earl of Granville, the representative of the family of Bath and Lansdowne.

Granville's works have been often printed both in 4to, and in 12mo; besides which, there is in "Somers's Tracts," vol. iv. a *Letter from a Nobleman abroad, to his Friend in England, 1722*.

The character of Granville seems to have been amiable and respectable. His good-nature and politeness have been celebrated by Pope, and many other poets of the first eminence. The lustre of his rank, no doubt, procured him more incense than the force of his genius would otherwise have attracted; but he appears not to have been destitute of fine parts, which were, however, rather elegantly polished, than great in themselves.

There is perhaps nothing more interesting in his character, than the veneration he had for some, and the tenderness he had for all his family. Of the former, his historical performances afford some pleasing proof; of the latter, there are extant two letters, one to his cousin the last Earl of Bath, and the other to his cousin Mr. Bevil Granville, on his entering into holy orders, written with a tenderness, a freedom, and an honesty, which render them invaluable.

The general character of his poetry, is elegance, sprightliness and dignity. He is seldom tender, and very rarely sublime. In his smaller pieces he endeavours to be gay; in the larger to be great. Of his airy and light productions the chief source is gallantry, and the chief defect a superabundance of sentiments and illustrations from mythology. He seldom fetches an amorous sentiment from the depth of science. His thoughts are such as a liberal conversation and large acquaintance with life would easily supply. His diction is chaste and elegant; and his versification, which he borrowed from Waller, is rather smooth than strong.

"Mr. Granville," says Dr. Felton "is the poetical son of Waller. We observed with pleasure, similitude of wit in the difference of years, and with Granville do meet at once the fire of his father's youth, and the judgment of his age. He hath rivalled him in his finest address, and is as

happy as ever he was in raising modern compliments upon ancient story, and setting off the British valour and the English beauty with the old gods and goddesses!"

"Granville," says Lord Orford, "imitated Waller; but as that poet has been much excelled since, a faint copy of a faint master must strike still less. It was fortunate for his Lordship, that in an age when persecution raged so fiercely against luke-warm authors, he had an intimacy with the inquisitor-general; how else could such lines as this have escaped the Bathos?"

—When thy gods
Enlighten thee to speak their dark decrees.

HEROIC LOVE, SCENE I.

The estimate of his poetical character, as given by Dr. Johnson, is, in some respects, less favourable than the opinion of the general readers of poetry.

"Granville was a man illustrious by his birth, and therefore attracted notice; since he is by Pope styled "the polite" he must be supposed elegant in his manner, and generally loved; he was in times of contest and turbulence steady to his party, and obtained that esteem which is always conferred upon firmness and consistency. With these advantages, having learned the art of versifying, he declared himself a poet, and his claim to the laurel was allowed.

"But by a critic of a later generation, who takes up his book without any favourable prejudices, the praise already received will be thought sufficient; for his works do not show him to have had much comprehension from nature, or illumination from learning. He seems to have had no ambition above the imitation of Waller, of whom he has copied the faults, and very little more. He is for ever amusing himself with the puerilities of mythology; his King is Jupiter, who, if the Queen brings no children, has a barren Juno. The Queen is compounded of Juno, Venus, and Minerva. His *Poem on the Duchess of Grafton's law-suit*, after having rattled a while with Juno and Pallas, Mars and Alcides, Cassiope, Niobe, and the Propétides, Hercules, Minos, and Rhadamanthus, at last concludes its folly with profaneness.

"His verses to *Myra*, which are most frequently mentioned, have little in them of either art or nature, of the sentiments of a lover, or the language of a poet; there may be found here and there a happier effort, but they are commonly feeble and unaffecting, or forced and extravagant.

"His little pieces are seldom either sprightly or elegant, either keen or weighty. They are trifles written by idleness, and published by vanity. But his prologues and epilogues have a just claim to praise.

"The *Progress of Beauty* seems one of his most elaborate pieces, and is not deficient in splendour and gaiety; but the merit of original thought is wanting. Its highest praise is the spirit with which he celebrates King James's consort, when she was a queen no longer.

"The *Essay on Unnatural Flights in Poetry* is not inelegant nor injudicious, and has something of vigour beyond most of his other performances; his precepts are just, and his cautions proper; they are indeed not new, but in a didactic poem novelty is to be expected only in the ornaments and illustrations. His poetical precepts are accompanied with agreeable and instructive notes.

"The masque of *Peleus and Tectis* has here and there a pretty line, but it is not always melodious, and the conclusion is wretched.

"In his *British Enchanters* he has hidden defiance to all chronology, by confounding the inconsistent manners of different ages; but the dialogue has often the air of Dryden's rhyming tragedies; and the songs are lively, though not very correct. This is, I think, far the best of his works; for if it has many faults, it has likewise passages which are at least pretty, though they do not rise to any high degree of excellence."

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P O E M S.

P R E F A C E.

AT my return, after near ten years absence, I found several editions had been published of Verses and Poems, &c. under my name, but so maimed and imperfect as would have put me out of countenance, had not the public received them with such distinguishing candour, even under all those disadvantages.

As it is plain, from their several subjects, that they were composed for the most part in the earliest time of my appearance in the world, I can attribute that indulgence to no other consideration but a generous connivance at youthful follies.

So favourable a reception, however, led me, in this time of leisure and retirement, to examine upon what foundation I had been so much obliged to the public; and in that examination I have discovered such strange variations from the original writing, as can no way be accounted for but from the negligence, ignorance, or conceitedness of different transcribers from surreptitious copies: many things attributed to myself, of which,

by not belonging to me, it would be unjust to assume the merit; and as many attributed to others, which, by belonging to me, would be as much unjust to leave them to the censure.

To rectify therefore all past mistakes, and to prevent all future impositions, I have been prevailed upon to give way to this present publication; disowning whatever has been, or may hereafter be published in my name, but what has the sanction of being printed by Mr. Jacob Tonson and Mr. Lawton Gilliver; excepting two comedies, intitled, *Once a Lover, and always a Lover*; and, *The Jew of Venice*, altered from Shakspeare.

As these poems seem to begin where Mr. Waller left off, though far unequal and short of so inimitable an original; they may, however, be permitted to remain to posterity as a faithful register of the reigning beauties in the succeeding age.

Upon that merit alone the Author presumes to recommend them to the patronage of the fair sex.

LANSDOWNE.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH,

On his happy Accomplishment of the Marriage between his Royal Highness and the Princess Mary D'Este, of Modena. Written several Years after, in Imitation of the Style of Mr. Waller.

HIS Juno barren in unfruitful joys,
Our British Jove his nuptial hours employs:
So fate ordains, that all our hopes may be,
And all our prospect, gallant York, in thee.

By the same with aspiring queens are led,
Each languishing to mount his royal bed;
His youth, his wisdom, and his early fame
Create in every breast a rival flame:
Remotest kings sit trembling on their thrones,
As if no distance could secure their crowns;

Fearing his valour, wisely they contend
To bribe with beauty so renown'd a friend.
Beauty the price, there need no other arts,
Love is the surest bait for heroes hearts:
Nor can the fair conceal as high concern,
To see the prince, for whom, unseen, they burn.

Brave York, attending to the general voice,
At length resolves to make the wish'd-for choice,
To noble Mordaunt, generous and just,
Of his great heart, he gives the sacred trust:
"Thy choice, said he, shall well direct that heart,
"Where thou, my best lov'd, hast such a part,
"In counsel oft, and oft in battle try'd,
"Betwixt thy master, and the world decide."
The chosen Mercury prepares t' obey
This high command. Gently ye winds convey,

And with auspicious gales his safety wait,
On whom depend Great Britain's hopes and fate.
So Jason with his Argonauts, from Greece
To Cholcos sail'd, to seek the Golden Fleece.
As when the goddesses came down of old
On Ida's hill, so many ages told,
With gifts their young Dardanian Judge they
try'd,

And each bade high to win him to her side;
So tempt they him, and emulously vie
To bribe a voice that empires would not buy;
With balls and banquets, his pleas'd sense they
bait,

And queens and kings upon his pleasures wait.

Th' impartial judge surveys with vast delight
All that the sun surrounds of fair and bright,
Then, strictly just, he with adoring eyes,
To radiant Isis gives the royal prize.
Of antique stock her high descent she brings,
Born to renew the race of Britain's kings;
Who could deserve, like her, in whom we see
United, all that Paris found in three.
O equal pair! when both were set above
All other merit, but each other's love.

Welcome, bright princess, to Great Britain's
shore,

As Berecynthia to high heaven, who bore
That shining race of goddesses and gods
That fill'd the skies, and rul'd the blest abodes:
From thee, my muse expects as noble themes,
Another Mars and Jove, another James;
Our future hopes, all from thy womb arise;
Our present joy and safety, from your eyes,
Those charming eyes, which shine to reconcile
To harmony and peace, our stubborn isle.
On brazen Memnon, Phoebus casts a ray,
And the tough metal, so salutes the day.

The British dame, fam'd for resistless grace,
Contents not now, but for the second place,
Our love suspended, we neglect the fair
For whom we burn'd, to gaze adoring here.
So sang the syrens with enchanting sound,
Enticing all to listen and be drown'd;
Till Orpheus ravish'd in a nobler strain,
They ceas'd to sing, or, singing, charm'd in vain.
This blest alliance, Peterborow, may
Th' indebted nation bounteously repay;
Thy statues, for the genius of our land,
With palm adorn'd, on every threshold stand.

— Utinam modo dicere possem

Carmina digna Dea: Ceriè est Dea carmina digna.

*Spoken by the Author, being then not Twelve Years
of Age, to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York,
at Trinity College in Cambridge.*

WHEN join'd in one, the good, the fair, the great,
Descend to view the muses humble seat,
Though in mean lines, they their vast joys de-
clare,
Yet for sincerity and truth, they dare
With your own Tasso's mighty self compare.

Then, bright and merciful as heav'n, receive
From them such praises, as to heav'n they give,
Their praises for that gentle influence,
Which those auspicious lights, your eyes, dispense;
Those radiant eyes, whose irresistible flame
Strikes envy dumb, and keeps sedition tame:
They can to gazing multitudes give law,
Convert the factious, and the rebel awe;
They conquer for the Duke, where'er you tread,
Millions of profelytes, behind are led;
Through crowds of new-made converts still you go,
Pleas'd and triumphant at the glorious show.
Happy that prince who has in you obtain'd
A greater conquest than his arms e'er gain'd.
With all war's rage, he may abroad o'ercome,
But love's a gentler victory at home;
Securely here, he on that face relies,
Lays by his arms, and conquers with your eyes,
And all the glorious actions of his life
Thinks well rewarded, blest with such a wife.

TO THE KING.

IN THE FIRST YEAR OF HIS MAJESTY'S REIGN,

MAY all thy years, like this, auspicious be,
And bring thee crowns, and peace, and victory!
Scarce hadst thou time t' unsheath thy conqu'ring
blade,

It did but glitter, and the rebels fled:
Thy sword, the safeguard of thy brother's throne,
Is now as much the bulwark of thy own.
Aw'd by thy fame, the trembling nations send
Throughout the world, to court so firm a friend,
The guilty senates, that refus'd thy sway,
Repent their crime, and hasten to obey;
Tribute they raise, and vows and off'rings bring,
Confess their phrenzy, and confirm their king.
Who with their venom overspread thy soil,
Those scorpions of the state, present their oil.

So the world's Saviour, like a mortal dress'd,
Although by daily miracles confest,
Accus'd of evil doctrine by the Jews,
The giddy crowd their rightful prince refuse;
But when they saw such terror in the skies,
The temple rent, their King in glory rise;
Seiz'd with amaze, they own'd their lawful Lord,
And struck with guilt, bow'd, trembl'd, and
ador'd.

TO THE KING.

THOUGH train'd in arms, and learn'd in martial
arts,

Thou choosest, not to conquer men, but hearts;
Expecting nations for thy triumphs wait,
But thou prefer'st the name of Just to Great.
So Jove suspends his subject world to doom,
Which, would he please to thunder, he'd consume.
O! could the ghosts of mighty heroes dead,
Return on earth, and quit th' Elysian shade!
Brutus to James would trust the people's cause;
Thy justice is a stronger guard than laws.

Marius and Sylla would resign to thee,
Nor Cæsar and great Pompey rivals be;
Or rivals only, who should best obey,
And Cato give his voice for regal sway.

TO THE KING.

HEROES of old, by rapine, and by spoil,
In search of fame, did all the world embroil;
Thus to their gods each then ally'd his name,
This sprang from Jove, and that from Titan came:
With equal valour, and the same success,
Dread king, might'st thou the universe oppress;
But Christian laws constrain thy martial pride,
Peace is thy choice, and piety thy guide;
By thy example kings are taught to sway,
Heroes to fight, and saints may learn to pray.

From gods descended, and of race divine,
Nestor in counsel, and Ulysses shine;
But in a day of battle, all would yield
To the fierce master of the seven-fold shield:
Their very deities were grac'd no more,
Mars had the courage, Jove the thunder bore.
But all perfections meet in James alone,
And Britain's king is all the gods in one.

TO MR. EDMUND WALLER.

ON HIS VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

WHEN into Libya the young Grecian came,
To talk with Hammon, and consult for fame;
When from the sacred tripod where he stood,
The priest inspir'd, saluted him a God;
Scarce such a joy that haughty victor knew,
Thus own'd by heaven, as I, thus prais'd by you.
Whoe'er their names can in thy numbers show,
Have more than empire, and immortal grow;
Ages to come shall scorn the pow'rs of old,
When in thy verse, of greater gods they're told;
Our beauteous queen, and royal James's name,
For Jove and Juno shall be plac'd by fame;
Thy Charles for Neptune shall the seas command,
And Sacariffa shall for Venus stand:
Greece shall no longer boast, nor haughty Rome,
But think from Britain all the gods did come.

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF MR. EDMUND WALLER, UPON HIS DEATH.

ALIKE partaking of celestial fire,
Poets and heroes to renown aspire,
Till crown'd with honour, and immortal name,
By wit, or valour, led to equal fame,
They mingle with the gods who breath'd the
noble flame.

To high exploits, the praises that belong,
Live, but as nourish'd by the poet's song.
A tree of life is sacred poetry,
Sweet is the fruit, and tempting to the eye;

Many there are, who nibble without leave,
But none who are not born to taste, survive.

Waller shall never die, of life secure,
As long as fame, or aged time endure,
Waller, the muse's darling, free to taste
Of all their stores, the master of the feast;
Not like old Adam, stinted in his choice,
But lord of all the spacious paradise.

Those foes to virtue, fortune, and mankind,
Fav'ring his fame, once, to do justice join'd;
No carping critic interrupts his praise;
No rival strives, but for a second place;
No want constrain'd; (the writer's usual fate)
A poet with a plentiful estate;
The first of mortals who before the tomb,
Struck that pernicious monster, envy, dumb;
Malice and pride, those savages, disarm'd;
Not Orpheus with such powerful magic charm'd;
Scarce in the grave can we allow him more,
Than living we agreed to give before.

His noble muse employ'd her generous rage
In crowning virtue, scorn to engage
The vice and follies of an impious age.
No satyr lurks within this hallow'd ground,
But nymphs and heroines, kings and gods
abound;

Glory, and arms, and love, is all the sound,
His Eden with no serpent is defil'd,
But all is gay, delicious all, and mild.

Mistaken men, his muse of flattery blame,
Adorning twice an impious tyrant's name,
We raise our own, by giving fame to foes;
The valour that he prais'd, he did oppose.

Nor were his thoughts to poetry confin'd,
The state, and business shar'd his ample mind;
As all the fair were captives to his wit,
So senates to his wisdom would submit;
His voice so soft, his eloquence so strong,
Like Cato's was his speech, like Ovid's was his
song.

Our British kings are rais'd above the herse,
Immortal made, in his immortal verse;
No more are Mars and Jove poetic themes,
But the celestial Charles's, and just James:
Juno and Pallas, all the shining race
Of heavenly beauties, to the queen give place;
Clear, like her brow, and graceful was his song,
Great, like her mind, and like her virtue strong.

Parent of gods, who dost to gods remove,
Where art thou plac'd? and which thy seat above?
Waller, the god of verse, we will proclaim,
Not Phœbus now, but Waller be his name;
Of joyful bards, the sweet seraphic choir
Acknowledge thee their oracle and fire;
The spheres do homage, and the muses sing
Waller, the god of verse, who was the king.

TO MYRA.

LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

No warning of th' approaching flame,
Swiftly, like sudden death, it came;
Like travellers, by light'ning kill'd,
I burn'd the moment I beheld.

In whom so many charms are plac'd,
Is with a mind as nobly grac'd;
The case so shining to behold,
Is fill'd with richest gems, and gold.

To what my eyes admir'd before,
I add a thousand graces more;
And fancy blows into a flame,
The spark that from her beauty came.

The object thus improv'd by thought,
By my own image I am caught;
Pygmalion so, with fatal art
Polish'd the form that stung his heart.

TO MYRA.

WARN'D, and made wise by others flame,
I fled from whence such mischiefs came,
Shunning the sex, that kills at sight,
I sought my safety in my flight.

But, ah! in vain from fate I fly,
For first, or last, as all must die;
So 'tis as much decreed above,
That first, or last, we all must love.

My heart which stood so long the shock
Of winds and waves, like some firm rock,
By one bright spark from Myra thrown,
Is into flame, like powder, blown.

SONG TO MYRA.

Foolish love, begone, said I,
Vain are thy attempts on me;
Thy soft allurements I defy,
Women, those fair dissemblers, fly,
My heart was never made for thee.

Love heard; and straight prepar'd a dart;
Myra, revenge my cause, said he:
Too sure 'twas shot, I feel the smart,
It rends my brain, and tears my heart;
O Love: my conqueror, pity me.

AN

IMITATION OF THE SECOND CHORUS

IN THE

SECOND ACT OF SENECA'S *THYESTES*

WHEN will the gods, propitious to our prayers,
Compose our factions, and conclude our wars?
Ye sons of Inachus, repent the guilt
Of crowns usurp'd, and blood of parents spilt;
For impious greatness, vengeance is in store;
Short is the date of all ill-gotten power.
Give ear, ambitious princes, and be wise;
Listen, and learn wherein true greatness lies:
Place not your pride in roofs that shine with gems,
In purple robes, nor sparkling diadems;

Nor in dominion, nor extent of land:
He's only great, who can himself command,
Whose guard is peaceful innocence, whose guide
Is faithful reason; who is void of pride.
Checking ambition; nor is idly vain
Of the false incense of a popular train;
Who without strife, or envy, can behold
His neighbour's plenty, and his heaps of gold;
Nor covets other wealth, but what we find
In the possessions of a virtuous mind.

Fearless he sees, who is with virtue crown'd,
The tempest rage, and hears the thunder found;
Ever the same, let fortune smile or frown,
On the red scaffold, or the blazing throne;
Serenely, as he liv'd, resigns his breath,
Meets destiny half way, nor shrinks at death.

Ye sovereign lords, who sit like gods in state,
Awning the world, and bustling to be great;
Lords but in title, vassals in effect,
Whom lust controuls, and wild desires direct:
The reins of empire but such hands disgrace,
Where passion, a blind driver, guides the race.
What is this fame, thus crowded round with
slaves?

The breath of fools, the bait of flattering knaves:
An honest heart, a conscience free from blame,
Not of great acts, but good, give me the name:
In vain we plant, we build, our stores increase,
If conscience roots up all our inward peace.
What need of arms, or instruments of war,
Or battering engines that destroy from far?
The greatest king, and conqueror is he,
Who lord of his own appetites can be;
Blest with a pow'r that nothing can destroy,
And all have equal freedom to enjoy.

Whom worldly luxury, and pomps allure,
They tread on ice, and find no footing sure;
Place me, ye powers! in some obscure retreat,
O! keep me innocent, make others great:
In quiet shades, content with rural sports,
Give me a life remote from guilty courts,
Where free from hopes or fears, in humble ease,
Unheard of, I may live and die in peace.

Happy the man who thus retir'd from sight,
Studies himself, and seeks no other light:
But most unhappy he, who sits on high,
Expos'd to every tongue and every eye;
Whose follies blaz'd about, to all are known,
But are a secret to himself alone:
Worse is an evil fame, much worse than none.

A LOYAL EXHORTATION.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1688.

Or kings dethron'd, and blood of brethren spilt,
In vain, O Britain! you'd avert the guilt;
If crimes which your forefathers blun'd to own,
Repeated, call for heavier vengeance down.

Tremble, ye people who your kings distress,
Tremble, ye kings, for people you oppress;
Th' Eternal sees, arm'd with his forked rods,
The rise and fall of empire's from the gods.

VERSES

SENT TO THE AUTHOR IN HIS RETIREMENT.

Written by Mrs. Elizabeth Higgoni.

I.

W^{HY}, Granville, is thy life to shades confin'd,
 Thou whom the gods design'd
 In public to do credit to mankind?
 Why sleeps the noble ardour of thy blood,
 Which from thy ancestors, so many ages past,
 From Rollo down to Bevil flow'd,
 And then appear'd again at last
 In thee, when thy victorious lance [France?
 Bore the disputed prize from all the youth of

II.

In the first trials which are made for fame,
 Those to whom fate success denies,
 If taking counsel from their shame,
 They modestly retreat, are wise.
 But why should you who still succeed,
 Whether with graceful art you lead
 The fiery barb, or with as graceful motion tread,
 In shining balls, where all agree
 To give the highest praise to thee.
 Such harmony in every motion's found,
 As art could ne'er express by any sound.

III.

So lov'd and prais'd, whom all admire,
 Why, why should you from courts and camps re-
 tire?

If Myra is unkind, if it can be,
 That any nymph can be unkind to thee;
 If pensive made by love, you thus retire,
 Awake your muse, and string your lyre;
 Your tender song, and your melodious strain,
 Can never be address in vain; [again.
 She needs must love, and we shall have you back

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING
VERSES.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1690.

CEASE, tempting Siren, cease thy flattering strain,
 Sweet is thy charming song, but sung in vain:
 When the winds blow, and loud the tempests roar,
 What fool would trust the waves, and quit the
 shore?

Early, and vain, into the world I came,
 Big with false hopes, and eager after fame;
 Till looking round me, ere the race began,
 Madmen, and giddy fools, were all that ran;
 Reclaim'd betimes, I from the lists retire,
 And thank the gods, who my retreat inspire.
 In happier times our ancestors were bred,
 When virtue was the only path to tread:
 Give me, ye gods! but the same road to fame.
 Whate'er my fathers dar'd, I dare the same.
 Chang'd is the scene, some baneful planet rules
 An impious world, contriv'd for knaves and fools.
 Look now around, and with impartial eyes
 Consider, and examine all who rise;

Weigh well their actions, and their treacherous
 ends,

How greatness grows, and by what steps ascends;
 What murders, treasons, perjuries, deceit;
 How many crush'd, to make one monster great.
 Would you command? Have fortune in your
 power?

Hug when you stab, and smile when you devour?
 Be bloody, false, flatter, forswear, and lie,
 Turn pander, pathic, parasite, or spy;
 Such thriving arts may your wish'd purpose bring,
 A minister at least, perhaps a king.

Fortune, we most unjustly partial call,
 A mistress free, who bids alike to all;
 But on such terms as only suit the base,
 Honour denies and shuns the foul embrace.
 The honest man, who starves and is undone,
 Not fortune, but his virtue keeps him down.
 Had Cato bent beneath the conquering cause,
 He might have liv'd to give new senates laws;
 But on vile terms disdaining to be great,
 He perish'd by his choice, and not his fate.
 Honours and life, th' usurper bids, and all
 That vain mistaken men good-fortune call,
 Virtue forbids, and sets before his eyes
 An honest death, which he accepts, and dies:

O glorious resolution! Noble pride!
 More honour'd, than the tyrant liv'd, he dy'd;
 More lov'd, more prais'd, more envy'd in his
 doom,

Than Cæsar trampling on the rights of Rome.
 The virtuous nothing fear, but life with shame,
 And death's a pleasant road that leads to fame.

On bones, and scraps of dogs let me be fed,
 My limbs uncover'd, and expos'd my head
 To bleakest colds, a kennel be my bed.
 This, and all other martyrdom for thee,
 Seems glorious, all, thrice beauteous honesty!
 Judge me, ye powers! let fortune tempt or frown
 I stand prepar'd, my honour is my own.

Ye great disturbers, who in endless noise,
 In blood and rapine seek unnatural joys;
 For what is all this bustle but to shun
 Those thoughts with which you dare not be alone?
 As men in misery, oppress'd with care,
 Seek in the rage of wine to drown despair.
 Let others fight, and eat their bread in blood,
 Regardless if the cause be bad or good;
 Or cringe in courts, depending on the nods
 Of strutting pigmies who would pass for gods.
 For me, unpractis'd in the courtiers school,
 Who loathe a knave, and tremble at a fool;
 Who honour generous Wycherley oppress'd,
 Possess'd of little, worthy of the best,
 Rich in himself, in virtue that outshines
 All but the fame of his immortal lines,
 More than the wealthiest lord, who helps to drain
 The famish'd land, and rolls in impious gain:
 What can I hope in courts? Or how succeed?
 Tygers and wolves shall in the ocean breed,
 The whale and dolphin fatten on the mead;
 And every element exchange its kind,
 Ere thriving honesty in courts we find.

Happy the man, of mortals happiest he,
 Whose quiet mind from vain desires is free;

Whom neither hopes deceive, nor fears torment,
But lives at peace, within himself content,
In thought, or act, accountable to none,
But to himself, and to the gods alone :
O sweetness of content ! seraphic joy !
Which nothing wants, and nothing can destroy.
Where dwells this peace, this freedom of the
mind !

Where, but in shades remote from human kind ;
In flowery vales, where nymphs and shepherds
meet,

But never comes within the palace gate.
Farewell then cities, courts, and camps, farewell,
Welcome, ye groves, here let me ever dwell,
From cares, from business, and mankind remove,
All but the muses, and inspiring love :
How sweet the morn ! How gentle is the night !
How calm the evening ! And the day how bright !

From hence, as from a hill, I view below
The crowded world, a mighty wood in show,
Where several wanderers travel day and night,
By different paths, and none are in the right.

SONG.

Love is by fancy led about
From hope to fear, from joy to doubt ;
Whom we now an angel call,
Divinely grac'd in every feature,
Straight 's a deform'd, a perjur'd creature ;
Love and hate are fancy all.

'Tis but as fancy shall present
Objects of grief, or of content,
That the lover's blest, or dies :
Visions of mighty pain, or pleasure,
Imagin'd want, imagin'd treasure,
All in powerful fancy lies.

BEAUTY AND LAW.

A POETICAL PLEADING.

King Charles II. having made a grant of the re-
version of an office in the court of King's-Bench,
to his son the Duke of Grafton ; the Lord Chief
Justice laying claim to it, as a perquisite legally
belonging to his office, the cause came to be
heard before the House of Lords, between the
Duchess, relic of the said Duke, and the Chief
Justice.

The princes fat ; beauty and law contend ;
The queen of love will her own cause defend :
Secure she looks, as certain none can see
Such beauty plead, and not her captive be.
What need of words with such commanding eyes ?
Must I then speak ? O heav'ns ! the charmer cries ;
O barbarous clime ! where beauty borrows aid
From eloquence, to charm, or to persuade !
Will discord never leave with envious care
To raise debate ? But discord governs here
To Juno, Pallas, wisdom, fame, and power,
Long since prefer'd, what trial needs there more ?

Confess'd to fight, three goddesses descend
On Ida's hill, and for a prize contend ;
Nobly they bid, and lavishly pursue
A gift, that only could be beauty's due :
Honours and wealth the generous judge denies,
And gives the triumph to the brightest eyes.
Such precedents are numberless, we draw
Our right from custom ; custom is a law
As high as heaven, as wide as seas or land ;
As ancient as the world is our command.
Mars an Alcides would this plea allow :
Beauty was ever absolute till now.
It is enough that I pronounce it mine,
And, right or wrong, he should his claim resign
Not bears nor tygers sure so savage are,
As these ill-manner'd monsters of the bar.

Loud // rumour has proclaim'd a nymph divine,
Whose matchless form, to counterbalance mine,
By dint of beauty shall exert your grace :
Let her appear, this rival, face to face ;
Let eyes to eyes oppos'd this strife decide ;
Now, when I lighten, let her beams be try'd.
Was't a vain promise, and a gownman's lie ?
Or stands she here, unmark'd, when I am by ?
So heav'n was mock'd, and once all Elys round,
Another Jupiter was said to found ;
On brazen floors the royal actor tries
To ape the thunder rattling in the skies ;
A brandish'd torch, with emulating blaze,
Affects the fork lightning's pointed rays :
Thus borne aloft, triumphantly he rode
Through crowds of worshippers, and acts the god.
The fire omnipotent prepares the brand,
By Vulcan wrought, and arms his potent hand ;
Then flaming hurls it hissing from above,
And in the vast abyss confounds the mimic Jove,
Presumptuous wretch ! with mortal art to dare
Immortal power, and brave the thunderer !

Castiope, preferring with disdain,
Her daughter to the Nereids, they complain ;
The daughter, for the mother's guilty scorn,
Is doom'd to be devour'd ; the mother's horns
Above the clouds, where, by immortal light,
Revers'd she shines, expos'd to human sight,
And to a shameful posture is confin'd,
As an eternal terror to mankind.

Did thus the gods such private nymphs respect ?
What vengeance might the queen of love expect ?

But grant such arbitrary pleas are vain,
Wav'd let them be ; mere justice shall obtain.
Who to a husband justlier can succeed,
Than the soft partner of his nuptial bed ;
Or to a father's right lay stronger claim,
Than the dear youth in whom survives his name !
Behold that youth, consider whence he springs,
And in his royal veins respect your kings :
Immortal Jove, upon a mortal she,
Begot his fire : Second from Jove is he.

Well did the father blindly fight your cause,
Following the cry—of liberty and laws,

|| A report spread of a beautiful young lady, niece to
the Lord Chief Justice, who would appear at the bar of the
House of Lords, and eclipse the charms of the Duchess of
Grafton : No such lady was seen there, nor perhaps any
in any part of the world.

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If by those laws, for which he lost his life *,
You spoil, ungratefully, the son and wife.

What need I more? 'Tis reason to dispute:
The grant was royal; that decides the suit.
" Shall vulgar laws imperial power constrain?
" Kings, and the gods, can never act in vain."
She finish'd here, the queen of every grace,
Disdain vermilioning her heavenly face:
Our hearts take fire, and all in tumult rise,
And one with sparkles in a thousand eyes.
O! might some champion finish these debates!
My sword shall end, what now my pen relates.
Up rose the Judge, on each side bending low,
A crafty smile accompanies his bow;
Ulysses like, a gentle pause he makes,
Then, raising by degrees his voice, he speaks.

In you, my lords, who judge; and all who hear,
Methinks I read your wishes for the fair;
Nor can I wonder, even I contend
With inward pain, unwilling to offend;
Unhappy! thus oblig'd to a defence,
That may displease such heavenly excellence.
Might we the laws on any terms abuse,
So bright an influence were the best excuse;
Let ' Niobe's just fate, the vile disgrace
Of the || Propoetides' polluted race;
Let death, or shame, or lunacy surprise,
Who dare to match the lustre of those eyes!
Aloud the fairest of the sex complain
Of captives lost, and loves invok'd in vain;
At her appearance all their glory ends,
And not a star, but sets, when she ascends.

Where love presides, still may she bear the prize;
But rigid law has neither ears nor eyes:
Charms, to which Mars and Hercules would bow,
Minos and § Rhadamanthus disavow.
Justice, by nothing bias'd, or inclin'd,
Deaf to persuasion, to temptation blind,
Determines without favour, and the laws
O'erlook the parties, to decide the cause.
What then avails it, that a beardless boy
Took a rash fancy for a female toy?
Th' insulted Argives, with a numerous host,
Pursue revenge, and seek the Dardan coast;
Though the gods built, and though the gods defend
Those lofty towers, the hostile Greeks ascend;
Nor leave they, till the town in ashes lies,
And all the race of royal Priam dies:
The queen of ¶ Paphos, mixing in the fray,
Rallies the troops, and urges on the day;
In person, in the foremost ranks she stands,
Provokes the charge, directs, assists, commands;
Stern Diomed, advancing high in air,
His lofty javelin strikes the heavenly fair;
The vaulted skies with her loud shrieks resound,
And high Olympus trembles at the wound.

* The Duke of Grafton, slain at the siege of Cork in Ireland, about the beginning of the Revolution.

† Niobe turned into a stone for presuming to compare herself with Diana.

|| Propoetides, certain virgins, who, for affronting Venus, were condemned to open prostitution, and afterwards turned into stone.

§ Minos and Rhadamanthus, famous legislators, who for their strict administration of justice, were, after their deaths, made chief judges in the infernal regions.

¶ Venus.

In causes just, would all the gods oppose,
'Twere honest to dispute; so Cato chose.
Dismiss that plea, and what shall blood avail?
If beauty is deny'd, shall birth prevail?
Blood, and high deeds, in distant ages done,
Are our forefathers merit, not our own.
Might none a just possession be allow'd,
But who could bring desert, or boast of blood?
What numbers, even here, might be condemn'd,
Strip'd, and despoil'd of all, revil'd, condemn'd?
Take a just view, how many may remark,
Who now's a peer, his grandfire was a clerk:
Some few remain, ennobled by the sword
In Gothic times: But now to be my lord,
Study the law; nor do these robes despise;
Honour the gown, from whence your honours rise.
Those fam'd dictators, who subdu'd the globe,
Gave the precedence to the peaceful robe;
The mighty Julius, pleading at the bar,
Was greater, than when thundering in the war
He conquer'd nations: 'Tis of more renown
To save a client, than to storm a town.

How dear to Britain are her darling laws!
What blood has she not lavish'd in their cause!
Kings are like common slaves to slaughter led,
Or wander through the world to beg their bread.
" When regal power aspires above the laws,
" A private wrong becomes a public cause."

He spoke. The nobles differ, and divide;
Some join with law, and some with beauty side.
Mordaunt, though once her slave, insults the fair,
Whose fetters 'twas his pride, in youth, to wear;
So Lucifer revolting, brav'd the power
Whom he was wont to worship and implore.
Like impious is their rage, who have in chase
A new omnipotence in Grafton's face.
But Rochester, undaunted, just, and wise,
Asserts the goddesses with the charming eyes;
And O! may beauty never want reward
For thee, her noble champion, and her guard.
Beauty triumphs, and law submitting lies,
The tyrant tam'd, aloud for mercy cries;
Conquest can never fail in radiant Grafton's eyes.

LADY HYDE*.

When fam'd Apelles sought to frame
Some image of th' Idalian dame,
To furnish graces for the piece,
He summon'd all the nymphs of Greece;
So many mortals were combin'd,
To show how one immortal shin'd.

Had Hyde thus sat by proxy too,
As Venus then was said to do,
Venus herself, and all the train
Of goddesses had summon'd been;
The painter must have search'd the skies
To match the lustre of her eyes.

Comparing then, while thus we view
The ancient Venus, and the new;
In her we many mortals see,
As many goddesses in thee.

† Afterwards Countess of Clarendon and Rochester.

**LADY HYDE HAVING THE SMALL POX,
SOON AFTER THE RECOVERY OF MRS. MOHUN.**

SCARCE could the general joy for Mohun appear,
But new attempts show other dangers near;
Beauty's attack'd in her imperial fort,
Where all her loves and graces kept their court;
In her chief residence, besieg'd at last,
Laments to see her fairest fields laid waste.

On things immortal, all attempts are vain;
Tyrant disease, 'tis loss of time and pain;
Glut thy wild rage, and load thee with rich prize
Torn from her cheeks, her fragrant lips, and eyes:
Let her but live; as much vermilion take,
As might an Helen, or a Venus make;
Like Thetis, she shall frustrate thy vain rape,
And in variety of charms escape.

The twinkling stars drop numberless each night,
Yet shines the radiant firmament as bright;
So from the ocean should we rivers drain,
Still would enough to drown the world remain.

THE DUCHESS OF ———,

UNSEASONABLY SURPRISED IN THE EMBRACES
OF HER LORD.

FAIREST Zelinda, cease to chide, or grieve;
Nor blush at joys that only you can give;
Who with bold eyes survey'd those matchless
charms,

Is punish'd, seeing in another's arms:
With greedy looks he views each naked part,
Joy feeds his eyes, but envy tears his heart.
So caught was Mars, and Mercury aloud
Proclaim'd his grief, that he was not the god;
So to be caught, was every god's desire:
Nor less than Venus, can Zelinda fire.
Forgive him then, thou more than heavenly fair,
Forgive his rashness, punish'd by despair;
All that we know, which wretched mortals feel
In those sad regions where the tortur'd dwell,
Is, that they see the raptures of the blest'd,
And view the joys which they must never taste.

TO FLAVIA.

WRITTEN ON HER GARDEN IN THE NORTH.

WHAT charm is this, that in the midst of snow,
Of storms, and blasts, the choicest fruits do grow?
Melons, on beds of ice are taught to bear,
And strangers to the sun, yet ripen here;
On frozen ground the sweetest flowers arise,
Unseen by any light, but Flavia's eyes;
Where'er she treads, beneath the charmer's feet
The rose, the jess'mine, and the lilies meet;
Where'er she looks, behold some sudden birth
Adorns the trees, and fructifies the earth;
In midst of mountains, and unfruitful ground,
As rich an Eden as the first is found.
In this new paradise the goddess reigns,
In sovereign state, and mocks the lover's pains;

Beneath those beams that scorch us from her eyes,
Her snowy bosom still unmelted lies;
Love from her lips spreads all his odours round,
But bears on ice, and springs from frozen ground,
So cold the clime that can such wonders bear,
The garden seems an emblem of the fair.

TO THE SAME.

*Her Gardens having escaped a Flood that had laid all
the Country round under Water.*

WHAT hands divine have planted and protect,
The torrent spares, and deluges respect;
So when the waters o'er the world were spread,
Covering each oak, and every mountain's head,
The chosen patriarch sail'd within his ark,
Nor might the waves o'erwhelm the sacred bark.
The charming Flavia is no less, we find,
The favourite of Heaven, than of mankind;
The gods, like rivals, imitate our care,
And vie with mortals to oblige the fair;
These favours thus bestow'd on her alone,
Are but the homage which they send her down.
O Flavia! may thy virtue from above
Be crown'd with blessings, endless as my love.

TO MY FRIEND DR. GARTH.

IN HIS SICKNESS.

MACHAON sick, in every face we find,
His danger is the danger of mankind;
Whose art protecting, nature could expire
But by a deluge, or the general fire.
More lives he saves, than perish in our wars,
And faster than a plague destroys, repairs.
The bold carouser, and advent'rous dame,
Nor fear the fever, nor refuse the flame;
Safe in his skill, from all restraints set free,
But conscious shame, remorse, or piety.
Sire † of all arts, defend thy darling son;
O! save the man whose life's so much our own!
On whom, like Atlas, the whole world's reclin'd,
And by restoring Garth, preserve mankind.

To my dear Kinsman,

CHARLES LORD LANSDOWNE,

*Upon the Bombardment of the Town of Granville in
Normandy, by the English Fleet.*

Though built by gods, consum'd by hostile flame,
Troy bury'd lies, yet lives the Trojan name;
And so shall thine, though with these walls were
lost

All the records our ancestors could boast.
For Latium conquer'd, and for Turnus slain,
Æneas lives, though not one stone remain
Where he arose: Nor art thou less renown'd
For thy loud triumphs on Hungarian ground.

† Apollo, god of poetry and physic,

Those † arms which for nine centuries had
brav'd

The wrath of time, on antique stone engrav'd,
Now torn by mortars, stand yet undefac'd
On nobler trophies, by thy valour rais'd :
Safe on thy ‖ eagle's wings they soar above
The rage of war, or thunder to remove,
Borne by the bird of Cæsar, and of Jove.

LADY HYDE,

SITTING AT SIR GODFREY KNELLER'S FOR HER
PICTURE.

While Kneller, with inimitable art,
Attempts that face whose print's on every heart,
The poet, with a pencil less confin'd,
Shall paint her virtues, and describe her mind,
Unlock the shrine, and to the sight unfold
The secret gems, and all the inward gold.
Two only patterns do the muses name,
Of perfect beauty, but of guilty fame;
A Venus and an Helen have been seen,
Both perjur'd wives, the goddess and the queen :
In this the third, are reconcil'd at last
Those jarring attributes of fair and chaste,
With graces that attract, but not ensnare,
Divinely good, as she's divinely fair;
With beauty, not affected, vain, nor proud;
With greatness, easy, affable, and good :
Others by guilty artifice, and arts
Of promis'd kindness, practise on our hearts,
With expectation blow the passion up ;
She fans the fire, without one gale of hope,
Like the chaste moon, she shines to all mankind,
But to Endymion is her love confin'd.
What cruel destiny on beauty waits,
When on one face depend so many fates !
Oblig'd by honour to relieve but one,
Unhappy men by thousands are undone.

TO MRS. GRANVILLE,

OF WOTTON IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE ;

AFTERWARDS

LADY CONWAY.

Love, like a tyrant whom no laws constrain,
Now for some ages kept the world in pain ;
Beauty, by vast destructions got renown,
And lovers only by their rage were known :
But Granville, more auspicious to mankind,
Conqu'ring the heart, as much instructs the mind ;
Blest in the fate of her victorious eyes,
Seeing, we love ; and hearing, we grow wise :
So Rome for wisdom, as for conquest fam'd,
Improv'd with arts, whom she by arms had tam'd.
Above the clouds is plac'd this glorious light,
Nothing lies hid from her inquiring sight ;

† The Granville arms still remaining at that time on one of the gates of the town.

‖ He was created a Count of the Empire, the family arms to be borne for ever upon the breast of the imperial spread eagle.

Athens and Rome for arts restor'd rejoice,
Their language takes new music from her voice ;
Learning and love, in the same seat we find,
So bright her eyes, and so adorn'd her mind.

Long had Minerva govern'd in the skies,
But now descends, confess to human eyes ;
Behold in Granville, that inspiring queen,
Whom learned Athens so ador'd unseen.

TO MRS. AFRA BEHN.

Two warrior ‖ chiefs the voice of fame divide,
Who best deserv'd, not Plutarch could decide :
Behold two mightier conquerors appear,
Some for your wit, some for your eyes declare ;
Debates arise, which captivates us most,
And none can tell the charm by which he's lost.
The bow and quiver does Diana bear ;
Venus the dove ; Pallas the shield and spear :
Poets such emblems to their gods assign,
Hearts bleeding by the dart, and per. be thine.

THE DESERTION.

Now fly, discretion, to my aid,
See haughty Myra, fair and bright,
In all the pomp of love array'd ;
Ah ! how I tremble at the sight !
She comes, she comes—before her all
Mankind does prostrate fall.

Love, a destroyer, fierce and young,
Advent'rous, terrible, and strong.
Cruel and rash, delighting still to vex,
Sparing nor age nor sex,
Commands in chief ; well fortify'd he lies,
And from her lips, her cheeks and eyes,
All opposition he defies.
Reason, love's old inveterate foe,
Scarce ever reconcil'd till now,
Reason assists her too.

A wise commander he, for council fit ;
But nice and coy, nor has been seen to sit
In modern synod, nor appear'd of late
In courts, nor camps, nor in affairs of state ;
Reason proclaims them all his foes,
Who such resistless charms oppose.

My very bosom friends make war
Within my breast, and in her interests are ;
Esteem and judgment with strong fa. join
To court, and call the fair invader in ;
My darling favourite inclination too,
All, all conspiring with the foe.

Ah ! whither shall I fly to hide
My weakness from the conqueror's pride ?
Now, now, discretion be my guide.
But see, this mighty Archimedes too,
Surrenders now.

‖ Alexander and Caesar.

Prefuming longer to resist
His very name;
Discretion must disclaim;
Folly and madness only would persist.

SONG.

I'll tell her the next time, said I,
In vain! in vain! for when I try,
Upon my timorous tongue the trembling accents
Alas! a thousand thousand fears [die.
Still overawe when she appears! [in tears.
My breath is spent in sighs, my eyes are drown'd

IN PRAISE OF MYRA.

TUNE, tune thy lyre, begin my muse,
What nymph, what queen, what goddess wilt thou
choose?

What praises sing? What charmer's name
Transmit immortal down to fame?
Strike, strike thy string, let echo take the sound,
And bear it far, to all the mountains round;
Pindus again shall hear, again rejoice,
And Hemus too, as when th' enchanting voice
Of tuneful Orpheus charm'd the grove,
Taught oaks to dance, and made the cedars move.

Nor Venus, nor Diana will we name;
Myra is Venus and Diana too,
All that was feign'd of them, apply to her, is true;
Then sing, my muse, let Myra be our theme.

As when the shepherds would a garland make,
They search with care the fragrant meadows
round;

Plucking but here and there and only take
The choicest flow'rs with which some nymph is
crown'd.

In framing Myra so divinely fair,
Nature has taken the same care;
All that is lovely, noble, good, we see,
All, beauteous Myra, all bound up in thee.
Where Myra is, there is the queen of love,
Th' Arcadian pastures, and th' Idalian grove.
Let Myra dance, so charming is her mien,
In every movement every grace is seen;
Let Myra sing, the notes so sweetly wound,
The syrens would be silent at the sound.
Place me on mountains of eternal snow,
Where all is ice, all winter winds that blow;
Or cast me underneath the burning line,
Where'er everlasting sun does shine;
Where all is scorch'd—whatever you decree.
Ye gods! wherever I shall be,
Myra shall still be lov'd, and still ador'd by me.

SONG TO MYRA.

Why, cruel creature, why so bent
To vex a tender heart?

To gold and title you relent,
Love throws in vain his dart.

II.

Let glittering fools in courts be great;
For pay, let armies move;
Beauty should have no other bait
But gentle vows, and love.

III.

If on those endless charms you lay
The value that's their due,
Kings are themselves too poor to pay,
A thousand worlds too few.

IV.

But if a passion without vice,
Without disguise or art,
Ah-Myra! if true love's your price,
Behold it in my heart.

MYRA SINGING.

THE syrens, once deluded, vainly charm'd,
Ty'd to the mast, Ulysses sail'd unharm'd;
Had Myra's voice entic'd his listening ear,
The Greek had sloop, and would have dy'd to hear.
When Myra sings, we seek th' enchanting sound,
And bless the notes that do so sweetly wound.
What music needs must dwell upon that tongue,
Whose speech is tuneful as another's song!
Such harmony! such wit! a face so fair!
So many pointed arrows who can bear?
Who from her wit, or from her beauty flies,
If with her voice the overtakes him, dies.
Like soldiers so in battle we succeed,
One peril 'scaping, by another led;
In vain the dart, or glittering sword we shun,
Condemn'd to perish by the slaughtering gun.

MYRA.

AT A REVIEW OF THE GUARDS IN HYDE-PARK.

LET meaner beauties conquer singly still,
But haughty Myra will by thousands kill;
Through armed ranks triumphantly she drives,
And with one glance commands a thousand lives:
The trembling heroes, nor resist, nor fly,
But at the head of all their squadrons die.

TO MYRA.

NATURE indulgent, provident and kind,
In all things that excel, some use design'd;
The radiant sun, of every heavenly light
The first (did Myra not dispute that right)
Sends from above ten thousand blessings down;
Nor is he set so high for show alone,
His beams reviving with auspicious fire,
Freely we all enjoy what all admire:
The moon and stars, those faithful guides of night,
Are plac'd to help, not entertain the sight:
Plants, fruits, and flowers the fertile fields produce,
Not for vain ornament, but wholesome use;

Health they restore, and nourishment they give,
We see with pleasure, but we taste to live.

Then think not, Myra, that thy form was meant
More to create desire, than to content;
Would the just gods so many charms provide
Only to gratify a mortal's pride?
Would they have form'd thee so above thy sex,
Only to play the tyrant, and to vex?
'Tis impious pleasure to delight in harm,
And beauty should be kind, as well as charm.

THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

The God of day descending from above,
Mixt with the sea, and got the queen of love.
Beauty, that fires the world, 'twas fit should rise
From him alone who lights the stars and skies.
In Cyprus long, by men and gods obey'd,
The lover's toil she gratefully repaid,
Promiscuous blessings to her slaves assign'd,
And taught the world that beauty should be kind.
Learn by this pattern, all ye fair, to charm,
Bright be your beams, but without scorching warm.

Helen was next from Greece to Phrygia brought,
With much expence of blood and empire sought:
Beauty and love the noblest cause afford,
That can try valour, or employ the sword.
Not men alone incited by her charms,
But heaven's concern'd, and all the gods take arms.
The happy Trojan gloriously possist,
Enjoys the dame, and leaves to fate the rest.
Your cold reflections, moralists, forbear,
His title's best who best can please the fair.
And now the gods, in pity to the cares,
The fierce desires, distractions, and despairs
Of tortur'd men, while beauty was confin'd,
Resolv'd to multiply the charming kind.
Greece was the land where this bright race begun,
And saw a thousand rivals to the sun.
Hence follow'd arts, while each employ'd his care
In new productions to delight the fair:
To bright Aspasia Socrates retir'd,
His wisdom grew but as his love inspir'd;
Those rocks and oaks which such emotions felt,
Were cruel maids whom Orpheus taught to melt;
Music, and songs, and every way to move
The ravish'd heart, were seeds and plants of love.

The gods, entic'd by so divine a birth,
Descend from heaven to this new heaven on earth;
Thy wit, O Mercury's no defence from love;
Nor Mars, thy target; nor thy thund'ring Jove.
The mad immortals in a thousand shapes,
Range the wide globe; some yield, some suffer }
rapes,
Invaded, or deceiv'd, not one escapes.
The wife, though a bright goddess, thus gives
place

To mortal concubines of fresh embrace;
By such examples were we taught to see
The life and soul of love, is sweet variety.

In those first times, ere charming womankind
Reform'd their pleasures, polishing the mind,
Rude were their revels, and obscene their joys,
The broils of drunkards, and the lust of boys;
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Phœbus laments for Hyacinthus dead,
And Juno jealous, storms at Ganymed.
Return, my muse, and close that odious scene,
Nor stain thy verse with images unclean;
Of beauty sing, her shining progress view,
From clime to clime the dazzling light pursue,
Tell how the goddess spread, and how in empire
grew.

Let others govern, or defend the state,
Plead at the bar, or manage a debate,
In lofty arts and sciences excel,
Or in proud domes employ their boasted skill,
To marble, and to brass such features give,
The metal and the stone may seem to live;
Describe the stars, and planetary way,
And trace the footsteps of eternal day:
Be this, my muse, thy pleasure and thy care,
A slave to beauty, to record the fair.
Still wand'ring in love's sweet delicious maze,
To sing the triumphs of some heavenly face,
Of lovely dames, who with a smile or frown
Subdue the proud, the suppliant lover crown.
From Venus down to Myra bring thy song,
To thee alone such tender tasks belong.

From Greece to Afric beauty takes her flight,
And ripens with her near approach to light:
Frown not, ye fair, to hear of swarthy dames,
With radiant eyes, that take unerring aims;
Beauty to no complexion is confin'd,
Is of all colours, and by none defin'd;
Jewels that shine, in gold or silver set,
As precious and as sparkling are in jet.
Here Cleopatra, with a liberal heart,
Bounteous of love, improv'd the joy with art,
The first who gave recruited slaves to know
That the rich pearl was of more use than show,
Who with high meats, or a luxurious draught,
Kept love for ever flowing, and full fraught.
Julius and Anthony, those lords of all,
Each in his turn present the conquer'd ball;
Those dreadful eagles that had sac'd the light
From pole to pole, fall dazzled at her sight:
Nor was her death less glorious than her life,
A constant mistress, and a faithful wife;
Her dying truth some generous tears would cost,
Had not her fate || inspir'd the world well lost;
With secret pride the ravish'd muses view
The image of that death which Dryden drew.

Pleas'd in such happy climates, warm and bright,
Love for some ages revel'd with delight;
The martial moors in gallantry refin'd,
Invent new arts to make their charmers kind;
See in the lists, by golden barriers bound,
In warlike ranks they wait the trumpet's
sound;

Some love-device is wrought on every sword,
And every ribbon bears some mystic word.
As when we see the winged winds engage,
Mounted on couriers, foaming flame and rage,
Rustling from every quarter of the sky,
North, east, and west, in airy swiftness vie;
One cloud repuls'd, new combatants prepare
To meet as fierce, and form a thundering war:

|| All for Love; or, The World well Lost; written by
Dryden.

So when the trumpet sounding, gives the sign,
The jostling chiefs in rude rencounter join,
So meet, and so renew the dextrous fight,
Each fair beholder trembling for her knight;
Still as one falls, another rushes in,
And all must be o'ercome, or none can win.
The victor, from the shining dame, whose eyes
Aided his conqu'ring arm, receives a precious prize.

Thus flourish'd love, and beauty reign'd in state,
Till the proud Spaniard gave these glories date:
Past is the gallantry, the fame remains,
Transmitted safe in Dryden's lofty scenes;
Granada* lost, beheld her pomps restor'd,
And Almahide†, once more by kings ador'd.

Love driven thence, to colder Britain flies,
And with bright nymphs the distant sun sup-
plies;

Romances which relate the dreadful fights,
The loves and prowess of advent'rous knights;
To animate their rage, a kiss record
From Britain's fairest nymph was the reward;
Thus ancient to love's empire was the claim
Of British beauty, and so wide the fame,
Which, like our flag upon the seas, gives law
By right avow'd, and keeps the world in awe.

Our gallant kings, of whom large annals prove
The mighty deeds, stand as renown'd for love:
A monarch's right o'er beauty they may claim,
Lords of that ocean from whence beauty came.
Thy Rosamond, great Henry, on the stage,
By a late muse presented in our age,
With aking hearts, and flowing eyes we view,
While that dissembled death presents the true.
In Bracegirdle's persons so agree,
That all seems real the spectators see.

Of Scots and Gauls defeated, and their kings,
Thy captives, Edward, fame for ever sings;
Like thy high deeds, thy noble loves are prais'd,
Who hast to love the noblest trophy rais'd:
Thy statues, Venus, though by Phidias's hand,
Design'd immortal, yet no longer stand;
The magic of thy shining zone is past,
But Salisbury's garter shall for ever last,
Which through the world byliving monarchs worn,
Adds grace to sceptres, and does crowns adorn.

If such their fame who gave these rights divine
To sacred love, O! what dishonour's thine,
Forgetful Queen, who sever'd that bright || head
Which charm'd two mighty monarchs to her bed?
Hast thou been born a man, thou hast not err'd,
'Thy fame had liv'd, and beauty been preserv'd;
But O! what mighty magic can assuage
A woman's envy, and a bigot's rage?

Love tir'd at length, love, that delights to smile,
Flying from scenes of horror ‡, quits our isle,
With Charles, the Cupids and the Graces gone,
In exile live, for love and Charles were one;
With Charles he wanders, and for Charles he
mourns,
But O! how fierce the joy when Charles returns!

* The Conquest of Granada; written by Dryden.
† The part of Almahide, performed by Mrs. Eleanor Gwyn, Mistress to King Charles II.

‡ A famous actress.

§ Mary Queen of Scots, beheaded by Queen Elizabeth.

¶ The Rebellion; and death of King Charles I.

As eager flames with opposition pent,
Break out impetuous when they find a vent;
As a fierce torrent bounded on his race,
Forcing his way, rolls with redoubled pace:
From the loud palace to the silent grove,
All, by the King's example, live and love;
The muses with diviner voices sing;
And all rejoice to please the godlike King.

Then Waller in immortal verse proclaims
The shining court, and all the glittering dames;
Thy beauty, Sidney*, like Achilles' sword,
Resistless, stands upon as sure record;
The fiercest hero, and the brightest dame,
Both sung alike, shall have their fate the same.

And now, my muse, a nobler sight prepare,
And sing so loud that heaven and earth may hear.
Behold from Italy an awful ray
Of heavenly light illuminates the day,
Northward the bends, majestically bright,
And here she fixes her imperial sight.
Be bold, be bold, my muse, nor fear to raise
Thy voice to her who was thy earliest praise;
What though the sullen fates refuse to shine,
Or frown severe on thy audacious line,
Keep thy bright theme within thy steady sight,
The clouds shall fly before the dazzling light,
And everlasting day direct thy lofty flight.
Thou who has never yet put on disguise
To flatter faction, or descend to vice;
Let no vain fear thy generous ardor tame,
But stand erect, and sound as loud as fame.

As when our eyes some prospect would pursue,
Descending from a hill, looks round to view,
Passes o'er lawns and meadows till it gains
Some favourite spot, and fixing there, remains
With equal rapture my transported muse
Flies other objects, this bright theme to choose.

Queen of our hearts, and charmer of our sight,
A monarch's pride, his glory and delight,
Princes ador'd and lov'd! If verse can give
A deathless name, thine shall for ever live;
Invok'd where e'er the British lion roars,
Extended as the seas that gird the British shores.
The wise immortals in their seats above,
To crown their labours, still appointed love;
Phœbus enjoy'd the goddess of the sea,
Alcides had Omphale, James has Thee.
O happy James! content thy mighty mind,
Grudge not the world, for still thy Queen is kind,
To lie but at whose feet more glory brings
Than 'tis to tread on sceptres, and on kings:
Secure of empire in that beauteous breast,
Who would not give their crowns to be so blest?
Was Helen half so fair, so form'd for joy,
Well chose the Trojan, and well burnt was Troy.
But ah! what strange vicissitudes of fate,
What chance attends on every worldly state?
As when the skies were sack'd, the conquer'd gods
Compell'd from heaven, forsook their blest abodes;
Wandering in woods, they hid from den to den,
And fought their safety in the shapes of men.
As when the winds with kindling flames conspire,
The blaze increases, as they fan the fire;

* The Lady Dorothy Sidney, celebrated by Waller under the name of Saccarissa.

From roof to roof the burning torrent pours,
Nor spares the palace, nor the loftiest towers:
Or, as the stately pine, erecting high
Her lofty branches, shooting to the sky,
If riven by the thunderbolt of Jove,
Down falls at once the pride of all the grove,
Level with lowest shrubs lies the tall head
That rear'd aloft, as to the clouds was spread.
So

But cease, my muse, thy colours are too faint,
Hide with a veil those griefs which none can
paint;

This fun is set.—But see in bright array
What hosts of heavenly light recruit the day.
Love, in a shining galaxy, appears
Triumphant still, and Grafton leads the stars,
Ten thousand loves, ten thousand several ways
Invalidate adoring crowds, who die to gaze;
Her eyes resistless as the Sirens voice,
So sweet's the charm, we make our fate our choice.
Who most resembles her let next be nam'd,
Villiers* for wisdom and deep judgment fam'd,
Of a high race, victorious beauty brings
To grace our courts, and captivate our kings.

With what delight my muse to Sandwich flies!
Whose wit is piercing as her sparkling eyes:
Ah! how she mounts, and spreads her airy wings,
And tunes her voice, when she of Ormond sings!
Of radiant Ormond, only fit to be
The successor of beauteous Ossory.

Richmond's a title, that but nam'd, implies
Majestic graces, and victorious eyes:
Fair Villiers first, then haughty Stuart came,
And Brudenel now no less adorns the name.
Dorset already is immortal made
In Prior's verse, nor needs a second aid.

By Bentinck and fair Rutenberg we find,
That beauty to no climate is confin'd.

Rupert of royal blood, with modest grace,
Blushes to hear the triumphs of her face.

Not Helen with St. Alban's might compare:
Nor let the muse omit Scroop, Holms, and

Har:

Hyde, Venus is; the graces are Kildare.

Soft and delicious as a southern sky,
Are Dashwood's smiles; when Darnley† frowns
we die.

Careless §, but yet secure of conquest still,
Lu'son unaiming, never fails to kill;
Guiltless of pride to captivate, or shine,
Bright without art, she wounds without design:
But Wyndham like a tyrant throws the dart,
And takes a cruel pleasure in the smart,
Proud of the ravage that her beauties make,
Delights in wounds, and kills for killing sake;
Asserting the dominion of her eyes.

As heroes fight for glory, not for prize.

The skilful muse's earliest care has been
The praise of never-fading Mazarine;
The poet|| and his theme, in spite of time,
For ever young, enjoy an endless prime.

With charms so numerous Myra does surprise,
The lover knows not by which dart he dies;
So thick the volley, and the wound so sure,
No flight can save, no remedy can cure.

Yet* dawning in her infancy of light,
O see! another Brudenel heavenly bright,
Born to fulfil the glories of her line,
And fix love's empire in that race divine.

Fain would my muse to Cecil† bend her sight,
But turns astonish'd from the dazzling light,
Nor dares attempt to climb the steepy flight.

O Kneller! like thy pictures were my song,
Clear like thy paint, and like thy pencil strong;
These matchless beauties should recorded be,
Immortal in my verse, as in thy gallery §.

TO THE

COUNTESS OF NEWBROUGH,

Insisting earnestly to be told who I meant by Myra.

With Myra's charms, and my extreme despair,
Long had my muse amaz'd the reader's ear.
My friends, with pity, heard the mournful sound,
And all inquir'd from whence the fatal wound;
Th' astonish'd world beheld an endless flame,
Ne'er to be quench'd, unknowing whence it came:
So scatter'd fire from scorch'd Vespasian flies,
Unknown the source from whence those flames
arise:

Ægyptian Nile so spreads its waters round,
O'erflowing far and near, its head unbound.

Myra herself, touch'd with the moving song,
Would needs be told to whom those plaints be-
long;

My timorous tongue not daring to confess,
Trembling to name, would fain have had her guests;
Impatient of excuse, she urges still,

Persists in her demand, she must, she will;

If silent, I am threaten'd with her hate;

If I obey—Ah! what may be my fate?

Uncertain to conceal, or to unfold,

She smiles—the goddess smiles—and I grow bold.

My vows to Myra, all were meant to thee,

The praise, the love, the matchless constancy.

'Twas thus of old, when all th' immortal dames

Were grac'd by poets, each with several names;

For Venus, Cythera was invoc'd;

Altars for Pallas, to Tritonia smok'd.

Such names were theirs; and thou the most divine,

Most lov'd of heav'nly beauties—Myra's thine.

TO MYRA.

So calm, and so serene, but now,
What means this change on Myra's brow?
Her anguish love now glows and burns
Then chills and shakes, and the cold fit returns.

Mock'd with deluding looks and smiles,

When on her pity I depend,

* Countess of Orkney.

† Lady Catharine Darnley, Duchess of Buckingham.

‡ Lady Gower.

§ Monsieur St. Evremont.

* Lady Molyneux.

† Lady Ranelagh.

‡ The Gallery of Beauties in Hampton-Court, drawn by

Sir Godfrey Kneller.

My airy hope the soon beguiles,
And laughs to see my torments never end.

So up the steepy hill, with pain,
The weighty stone is roll'd in vain,
Which having touch'd the top, recoils,
And leaves the lab'rer to renew his toils.

TO MYRA.

Lost in a labyrinth of doubts and joys,
Whom now her smiles reviv'd, her scorn destroys:
She will, and she will not, she grants, denies,
Consents, retracts, advances, and then flies,
Approving, and rejecting in a breath,
Now proff'ring mercy, now presenting death.
Thus hoping, thus despairing, never sure,
How various are the torments I endure!
Cruel estate of doubt! Ah, Myra, try
Once to resolve—or let me live, or die.

TO MYRA.

Thoughtful nights, and restless waking,
Oh, the pains that we endure!
Broken faith, unkind forsaking,
Ever doubting, never sure.

Hopes deceiving, vain endeavours,
What a race has love to run!
False protesting, fleeting favours,
Ev'ry, ev'ry way undone.

Still complaining, and defending,
Both to love, yet not agree;
Fears tormenting, passion rending,
Oh! the pangs of jealousy!

From such painful ways of living,
Ah! how sweet could love be free!
Still presenting, still receiving,
Fierce, immortal ecstasy.

SONG TO MYRA.

Why should a heart so tender, break?
O Myra! give its anguish ease;
The use of beauty you mistake,
Not meant to vex, but please.

Those lips for smiling were design'd;
That bosom to be prest;
Your eyes to languish, and look kind;
For amorous arms, your waist.

Each thing has its appointed right,
Establish'd by the pow'rs above,
The sun to give us warmth, and light,
Myra to kindle love.

TO MYRA.

Since truth and constancy are vain,
Since neither love nor sense o' Spain,
Nor force of reason can persuade,
Then let example be obey'd.

In courts and cities, could you see
How well the wanton fools agree;
Were all the curtains drawn, you'd find
Not one, perhaps, but who is kind.

Minerva, naked from above,
With Venus and the wife of Jove,
Exposing ev'ry beauty bare,
Descending to the Trojan heir;
Yet this was she whom poets name
Goddess of chastity and fame.

Penelope, her lord away,
Gave am'rous audiences all day;
Now round the bowl the suitors sit,
With wine, provoking mirth and wit,
Then down they take the stubborn bow,
Their strength, it seems, she needs must know.
Thus twenty cheerful winters past,
She's yet immortaliz'd for chaste.

Smile Myra, then, reward my flame,
And be as much secure of fame;
By all those matchless beauties fir'd,
By my own matchless love inspir'd;
So will I sing, such wonders write,
That when th' astonish'd world shall cite
A nymph of spotless worth and fame,
Myra shall be th' immortal name.

SONG TO MYRA.

Forsaken of my kindly stars,
Within this melancholy grove
I waste my days and nights in tears,
A victim to ingrateful love.

The happy still untimely end,
Death flies from grief, or why should I
So many hours in sorrow spend,
Wishing, alas! in vain to die?

Ye powers, take pity of my pain,
This, only this is my desire;
Ah! take from Myra her disdain,
Or let me with this sigh expire.

TO MYRA.

When wilt thou break, my stubborn heart?
O death! how slow to take my part!
Whatever I pursue, denies,
Death, death itself, like Myra, flies.

Love and despair, like twins, possess
At the same fatal birth my breast;
No hope could be, her scorn was all
That to my destin'd lot could fall.

I thought, alas! that love could dwell
But in warm climes, where no snow fell;
Like plants, that kindly heat require,
To be maintain'd by constant fire.

That without hope, 'twould die as soon,
A little hope—but I have none:
On air the poor camellions thrive,
Deny'd e'en that, my love can live.

As toughest trees in storms are bred,
And grow in spite of winds, and spread
The more the tempest tears and shakes
My love, the deeper root it takes.

Despair, that aconite does prove,
And certain death to others love;
That poison, never yet withstood,
Does nourish mine, and turns to food.

O! for what crime is my torn heart
Condemn'd to suffer deathless smart?
Like sad Prometheus, thus to lie
In endless pain, and never die.

PHYLLIS DRINKING.

WHILE Phyllis is drinking, love and wine in
alliance,

With forces united, bid resistless defiance;
By the touch of her lips the wine sparkles higher,
And her eyes, by her drinking, redouble their fire.

Her cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their
colour,

As flowers by sprinkling revive with fresh odour;
Each dart dip'd in wine, gives a wound beyond
curing, [enduring.
And the liquor, like oil, makes the flame more

Then Phyllis, begin, let our raptures abound,
And a kiss, and a glass, be still going round,
Relieving each other, our pleasures are lasting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever a-tasting.

TO MYRA.

PREPAR'D to rail, resolv'd to part,
When I approach'd the perjurd fair,
What is it awes my timorous heart?
Why does my tongue forbear?

With the least glance, a little kind,
Such wond'rous pow'r have Myra's charms,
She calms my doubts, enslaves my mind,
And all my rage disarms.

Forgetful of her broken vows,
When gazing on that form divine,
Her injur'd vassal trembling bows,
Nor dares her slave repine.

THE ENCHANTMENT.

IN IMITATION OF THEOCRITUS.

Mix, mix the philters, quick—she flies, she flies,
Deaf to my call, regardless of my cries.
Are vows so vain? could oaths so feeble prove?
Ah! with what ease she breaks those chains of
love!

Whom love with all his force had bound in vain,
Let charms compel, and magic rites regain.

Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjurd wanderer.

Queen of the night, bright empress of the stars,
The friend of love, assist a lover's cares;
And thou, infernal Hecate, be nigh.
At whose approach fierce wolves affrighted fly:
Dark tombs disclose their dead, and hollow cries
Echo from under ground—Arise, arise.

Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjurd wanderer.

As crackling in the fire this laurel lies,
So, struggling in love's flame, her lover dies;
It bursts, and in a blaze of light expires,
So may she burn, but with more lasting fires.

Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjurd wanderer.

As the wax melts, which to the flame I hold,
So may she melt, and never more grow cold.
Tough iron will yield, and stubborn marble run,
And hardest hearts by love are melted down.

Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjurd wanderer.

As with impetuous motion whirling round,
This magic wheel still moves, yet keeps its ground,
Ever returning, so may she come back,
And never more the appointed round forsake.

Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare,

Bring Myra back, my perjurd wanderer.

Diana, hail! all hail! most welcome thou,
To whom th' infernal king and judges bow;
O thou, whose art the power of hell disarms,
Upon a faithless woman try thy charms.
Hark! the dogs howl, she comes, the goddess
comes,

Sound the loud trumpet, and beat our brazen drums.

Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare,

Bring Myra back, my perjurd wanderer.

How calm's the sky! how undisturb'd the deep!
Nature is hush'd, the very tempests sleep;
The drowsy winds breathe gently through the
trees,

And silent on the beach, repose the seas:
Love only wakes; the storm that tears my breast
For ever rages, and distracts my rest:
O love! relentless love! tyrant accurs'd,
In deserts bred, by cruel tygers nurs'd!

Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare,

Bring Myra back, my perjurd wanderer.

This ribbon, that once bound her lovely waist,
O that my arms might gird her there as fast!
Smiling she gave it, and I priz'd it more
Than the rich zone the Italian goddess wore:
This ribbon, this lov'd relic of the fair,
So kiss'd, and so preserv'd—thus—thus I tear.
O love! why dost thou thus delight to rend
My soul with pain? ah! why torment thy friend?

Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare,

Bring Myra back, my perjurd wanderer.

Thrice have I sacrific'd, and prostrate thrice
Ador'd: assist, ye powers, the sacrifice.
Whoe'er he is whom now the fair beguiles
With guilty glances, and with perjurd smiles,
Malignant vapours blast his impious head,
Ye lightnings scorch him, thunder strike him
dead;

Horror of conscience all his slumbers break,
Distract his rest, as love keeps me awake;

Y y iij

If married, may his wife an Helen be,
And, curs'd, and scorn'd, like Menelaus, he.

Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjurd wanderer.
These powerful drops, thrice on the threshold pour,
And bathe with this enchanted juice, her door,
That door where no admittance now is found,
But where my soul is ever hovering round.
Haste, and obey; and binding be the spell:
Here ends my charm; O love! succeed it well:

By force of magic, stop the flying fair,
Bring Myra back, my perjurd wanderer.
Thou'rt now alone, and painful is restraint,
Ease thy prest heart, and give thy sorrows vent;
Haste sprang, and how began these griefs declare;

How much thy love, how cruel thy despair.
Ye moon and stars, by whose auspicious light
I haunt these groves, and waste the tedious night!

Tell, for you know the burden of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.
Too late for hope, for my repose too soon
I saw, and lov'd: her heart engag'd, was gone;
A happier man possess'd whom I adore;
O! I should ne'er have seen, or seen before.

Tell, for you know the burden of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.

What shall I do? shall I in silence bear,
Destroy myself, or kill the ravisher?
Die, wretched lover, die! but O! beware,
Hurt not the man who is belov'd by her;
Wait for a better hour, and trust thy fate,
Thou seek'st her love, beget not then her hate.

Tell, for you know the burden of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.

My life consuming with eternal grief,
From herbs, and spells, I seek a vain relief;
To every wise magician I repair
In vain, for still I love, and I despair.
Circe, Medea, and the Cybil's books,
Contain not half th' enchantment of her looks.

Tell, for you know the burden of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.

As melted gold preserves its weight the same,
So burp'd my love, nor wasted in the flame.
And now, unable to support the strife,
A glimmering hope recalls departing life:
My rival dying, I no longer grieve,
Since I may ask, and she with honour give.

Tell, for you know the burden of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.

Witness, ye hours, with what unwearied care,
From place to place I still pursu'd the fair;
Nor was occasion to reveal my flame,
Slow to my succour, for it kindly came;
It came, it came, that moment of delight,
O gods! and how I trembled at the sight!

Tell, for you know the burden of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.
Dismay'd, and motionless, confus'd, amaz'd,
Trembling I stood, and terrify'd I gaz'd;
My faltering tongue in vain for utterance try'd,
Faint was my voice, my thoughts abortive dy'd,
Or in weak sounds, and broken accents came,
Imperfect, as discourses in a dream,

Tell, for you know the burden of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.
Soon the divin'd what this confusion meant,
And guess'd with ease the cause of my complaining.
My tongue emboldening as her looks were mild,
At length I told my griefs—and still she smil'd.
O fyren! fyren! fair deluder, say,
Why would you tempt to trust, and then betray?
So faithless now, why gave you hopes before?
Alas! you should have been less kind, or more.

Tell, for you know the burden of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.
Secure of innocence, I seek to know
From whence this change, and my misfortunes grow;

Rumour is loud, and every voice proclaims
Her violated faith, and conscious flames:
Can this be true? ah! flattering mischief speak;
Could you make vows, and in a moment break?
And can the space so very narrow be
Betwixt a woman's oath, and perjury?
O jealousy! all other ills at first
My love essay'd, but thou art sure the worst.

Tell, for you know the burden of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.
Ungrateful Myra! urge me thus no more,
Nor think me tame, that once so long I bore;
If passion, dire revenge, or black despair,
Should once prevail beyond what man can bear,
Who knows what I? ah! feeble rage, and vain!
With how secure a brow she mocks my pain:
Thy heart, fond lover, does thy threats belie,
Canst thou hurt her, for whom thou yet wouldst die?

Nor durst she thus thy just resentment brave,
But that she knows how much thy soul's her slave.

But see! Aurora rising with the sun,
Dissolves my charm, and frees th' enchanted moon;
My spells no longer bind at sight of day,
And young Endymion calls his love away:
Love's the reward of all, on earth, in heaven,
And for a plague to me alone was given:
But ills not to be shunn'd, we must endure,
Death, and a broken heart's a ready cure.
Cynthia, farewell, go rest thy wearied light,
I must for ever wake—We'll meet again at night,

THE VISION.

In lonely walks, distracted by despair,
Shunning mankind, and torn with killing care,
My eyes o'erflowing, and my frantic mind
Rack'd with wild thoughts, swelling with sighs
the wind;

Through paths untrodden, day and night I rove,
Mourning the fate of my successful love.
Who most desire to live, untimely fall,
But when we beg to die, death flies our call;
Adonis dies, and torn is the lov'd breast
In midst of joy, where Venus wont to rest;
That fate, which cruel seem'd to him, would be
Pity, relief, and happiness to me.
When will my sorrows end? in vain, in vain
I call to heaven, and tell the gods my pain;

The gods averse, like Myra, to my prayer,
Consent to doom, whom she denies to spare.
Why do I seek for foreign aids, when I
Bear ready by my side the power to die?
Be keen, my sword, and serve thy master well,
Heal wounds with wounds, and love with death
repel.

Straight up I rose, and to my aching breast,
My bosom bare, the ready point I prest;
When lo! astonish'd, an unusual light
Pierc'd the thick shade, and all around grew
bright;

My dazzled eyes a radiant form behold,
Splendid with light, like beams of burning gold;
Eternal rays his shining temples grace;
Eternal youth sat blooming on his face.
Trembling I f'cen, prostrate on the ground,
His breath perfumes the grove, and music's in the
found*.

Cease, lover, cease, thy tender heart to vex,
In fruitless plaints of an ungrateful sex.
In fate's eternal volumes it is writ,
That women ever shall be foes to wit.
With proper arts their sickly minds command,
And please 'em with the things they understand;
With noisy scopperies their hearts assail,
Renounce all sense; how should thy songs pre-
vail?

When I, the God of wit, so oft could fail?
Remember me, and in my story find
How vainly merit pleads to womankind:
I, by whom all things shine, who tune the spheres,
Create the day, and gild the night with stars;
Whose youth and beauty, from all ages past, [last,
Sprang with the world, and with the world shall
How oft with fruitless tears have I implor'd
Ungrateful nymphs, and though a god, ador'd?
When could my wit, my beauty, or my youth,
Move a hard heart? or, mov'd, secure its truth?

Here a proud nymph, with painful steps I chase,
The winds out-flying in our nimble race;
Stay, Daphne, stay — In vain, in vain I try
To stop her speed, redoubling at my cry,
O'er craggy rocks, and rugged hills she climbs,
And tears on pointed flints her tender limbs:
'Till caught at length, just as my arms I fold,
Turn'd to a tree she yet escapes my hold.

In my next love, a diff'rent fate I find,
Ah! which is worse, the false, or the unkind?
Forgetting Daphne, I Coronis † chose,
A kinder nymph — too kind for my repose;
The joys I give, but more provoke her breast,
She keeps a private drudge to quench the rest;
How, and with whom, the very birds proclaim
Her black pollution, and reveal my shame.
Hard lot of beauty! fatally bestow'd,
Or given to the false, or to the proud;
By different ways they bring us equal pain,
The false betray us, and the proud disdain.
Scorn'd and abus'd, from mortal loves I fly,
To seek more truth in my own native sky.

* Apollo.

† A nymph beloved by Apollo, but at the same time had
a private intrigue with one Iphis, which was discovered
by a crow.

Venus, the fairest of immortal loves,
Bright as my beams, and gentle as her doves,
With glowing eyes, confessing warm desires,
She summons heaven and earth to quench her fires,
Me she excludes; and I in vain adore,
Who neither god nor man refus'd before;
Vulcan, the very monster of the skies,
Vulcan she takes, the god of wit denies.

Then cease to murmur at thy Myra's pride,
Whimsy, not reason, is the female guide:
The fate, of which their master does complain,
Is of bad omen to th' inspired train.
What vows have fail'd? Hark how Catullus
mourns,

How Ovid weeps, and slighted Gallus burns;
In melting strains see gentle Waller bleed,
Unmov'd she heard, what none unmov'd can read.
And thou, who oft with such ambitious choice,
Hast rais'd to Myra thy aspiring voice,
What profit thy neglected zeal repays?
Ah what return? Ungrateful to thy praise?

Change, change thy style, with mortal rage re-
turn
Unjust disdain, and pride oppose to scorn;
Search all the secrets of the fair and young,
And then proclaim, soon shall they bribe thy
tongue;

The sharp detractor with success assails,
Sure to be gentle to the man that rails;
Women, like cowards, tame to the severe,
Are only fierce when they discover fear.

Thus spake the god; and upward mounts in air,
In just resentment of his past despair.
Provok'd to vengeance, to my aid I call
The furies round, and dip my pen in gall:
Not one shall 'scape of all the cozening sex,
Vex'd shall they be, who so delight to vex.
In vain I try, in vain to vengeance move
My gentle muse, so us'd to tender love;
Such magic rules my heart, whate'er I write
Turns all to soft complaint, and amorous flight.
Begone, fond thoughts, begone, be bold, said I,
Satire's thy theme — In vain again I try,
So charming Myra to each sense appears,
My soul adores, my rage dissolves in tears.

So the gall'd lion, smarting with his wound,
Threatens his foes, and makes the forest sound,
With his strong teeth he bites the bloody dart,
And tears his side with more provoking smart,
Till having spent his voice in fruitless cries, [dies.
He lays him down, breaks his proud heart, and

ADIEU L'AMOUR.

HERE end my chains, and thralldom cease,
If not in joy, I'll live at least in peace;
Since for the pleasures of an hour,
We must endure an age of pain,
I'll be this abject thing no more,
Love, give me back my heart again.

Despair, torment'd first my breast,
Now falsehood, a more cruel guest;
Y y iij

O! for the peace of humankind,
 Make women longer *live*, or sooner kind:
 With justice, or with mercy reign,
 O love! or give me back my heart again.

LOVE.

To love, is to be doom'd on earth to feel
 What after death the tortur'd meet in hell:
 The vulture dipping in Prometheus' side
 His bloody beak, with his torn liver dy'd,
 Is love: The stone that labours up the hill,
 Mocking the labourer's toil, returning still,
 Is love. Those streams where Tantalus is curst
 To sit, and never drink, with endless thirst:
 Those loaden boughs that with their burden bend
 To court his taste, and yet escape his hand,
 All this is love, that to dissembled joys
 Invites vain men, with real grief destroy.

MEDITATION ON DEATH.

ENOUGH, enough, my soul, of worldly noise,
 Of airy pomps, and fleeting joys;
 What does this busy world provide at best,
 But brittle goods that break like glass,
 But poison'd sweets, a troubled feast, [pass?
 And pleasures like the winds, that in a moment
 Thy thoughts to nobler meditations give,
 And study how to die, not how to live.

How frail is beauty? Ah! how vain,
 And how short-liv'd those glories are,
 That vex our nights and days with pain,
 And break our hearts with care!
 In dust we no distinction see,
 Such Helen is, such, Myra, thou must be.
 How short is life? why will vain courtiers toil,
 And crowd a vainer monarch, for a smile?
 What is that monarch, but a mortal man,
 His crown a pageant, and his life a span?
 With all his guards and his dominions, he
 Must sicken too, and die as well as we.

Those boasted names of conquerors and kings
 Are swallow'd, and become forgotten things:
 One destin'd period men in common have,
 The great, the base, the coward, and the brave,
 All food alike for worms, companions in the }
 grave.
 The prince and parasite together lie,
 No fortune can exalt, but death will climb as high.

ESSAY

UPON UNNATURAL FLIGHTS IN POETRY.

As when some image of a charming face
 In living paint, an artist tries to trace,
 He carefully consults each beauteous line,
 Adjusting to his object, his design,

We praise the piece, and give the painter fame;
 But as the just resemblance speaks the dame.
 Poets are limners of another kind,
 To copy out ideas in the mind; [shown,
 Words are the paint by which their thoughts are
 And nature sits, the object to be drawn;
 The written picture we applaud, or blame,
 But as the due proportions are the same.

Who driven with ungovernable fire,
 Or void of art, beyond these bounds aspire,
 Gigantic forms, and monstrous births alone
 Produce, which nature shock'd, disdains to own.
 By true reflexion I would see my face,
 Why brings the fool a magnifying glass?

(1) "But poetry in fiction takes delight,
 "And mounting in bold figures out of sight,
 "Leaves truth behind, in her audacious
 "flight:
 "Fables and metaphors, that always lie,
 "And rash hyperboles that soar so high,
 "And every ornament of verse must die."

Mistake me not: no figures I exclude,
 And but forbid intemperance, not food.
 Who would with care some happy fiction frame,
 So mimics truth, it looks the very same;
 Not rais'd to force, or feign'd in nature's scorn,
 But meant to grace, illustrate, and adorn.
 Important truths still let your fables hold,
 And moral mysteries with art unfold.
 Ladies and beaux to please, is all the task,
 But the sharp critic will instruction ask.

(2) As veils transparent cover, but not hide,
 Such metaphors appear when right apply'd;
 When thro' the phrase we plainly see the sense,
 Truth, where the meaning's obvious, will dispense;
 The reader what in reason's due, believes,
 Nor can we call that false, which not deceives.

(3) Hyperboles, so daring and so bold,
 Disdaining bounds, are yet by rules controul'd;
 Above the clouds, but still within our sight,
 They mount with truth, and make a tow'ring
 flight,

Presenting things impossible to view,
 They wander through incredible to true:
 Falsehoods thus mix'd, like metals are refin'd,
 And truth, like silver, leaves the dross behind.

Thus poetry has ample space to soar,
 Nor needs forbidden regions to explore:
 Such vaunts as his, who can with patience read,
 Who thus describes his hero slain and dead:

(4) "Kill'd as || he was, insensible of death,
 "He still fights on, and scorns to yield his
 "breath."

The noisy culverin o'ercharg'd, lets fly,
 And burst unaiming in the rend'd sky:
 Such frantic flights are like a madman's dream,
 And nature suffers in the wild extreme.

The captive Canibal weigh'd down with chains,
 Yet braves his foes, reviles, provokes, disdains,
 Of nature fierce, untameable, and proud,
 He grins defiance at the gaping crowd,
 And spent at last, and speechless as he lies, [dies,
 With looks still threatening, mocks their rage, and

|| Aristotle.

This is the utmost stretch that Nature can,
And all beyond is fulsome, false, and vain.
Beauty's the theme; some nymph divinely fair
Excites the muse: let truth be even there:
As painters flatter, so may poets too,
But to resemblance must be ever true.

(5) "The * day that she was born, the Cyprian
"Had like t' have dy'd through envy and
"through spleen;

"The graces in a hurry left the skies
"To have the honour to attend her eyes;
"And love, despairing in her heart a place,
"Would needs take up his lodging in her face."

Though wrote by great Corneille, such lines as these,
Such civil nonsense sure could never please.
Waller, the best of all th' inspired train,
To melt the fair, instructs the dying swain.

(6) The † Roman wit, who impiously divides
His hero, and his gods to diff'rent sides,
I would condemn, but that, in spite of sense
Th' admiring world still stands in his defence.
How oft, alas! the best of men in vain
Contend for blessings which the worst obtain!
The gods, permitting traitors to succeed,
Become not parties in an impious deed:
And by the tyrant's murder, we may find
That Cato and the gods were of a mind.

Thus forcing truth with such prepost'rous praise,
Our characters we lessen, when we'd raise:
Like castles built by magic art in air,
That vanish at approach, such thoughts appear;
But rais'd on truth, by some judicious hand,
As on a rock they shall for ages stand.

(7) Our king ‖ return'd, and banish'd peace re-
The muse ran mad to see her exil'd lord;
On the crack'd stage the bedlam heroes roar'd,
And scarce could speak one reasonable word;
Dryden himself, to please a frantic age,
Was forc'd to let his judgment sloop to rage,
To a wild audience he conform'd his voice,
Comply'd to custom, but not err'd by choice:
Deem then the people's, not the writer's sin,
Almanzor's rage, and rants of Maximin;
That fury spent in each elaborate piece,
He vies for fame with ancient Rome and Greece.

First ¶ Mulgrave rose, Roscommon next, like
light,

To clear our darkness, and to guide our flight;
With steady judgment, and in lofty sounds,
They gave us patterns, and they set us bounds;
The Stagyrte and Horace laid aside,
Inform'd by them, we need no foreign guide:
Who seek from poetry a lasting name,
May in their lessons learn the road to fame;
But let the bold adventurer be sure
That every line the test of truth endure;
On this foundation may the fabric rise,
Firm and unshaken, till it touch the skies.

From pulpits banish'd, from the court, from love,
Forfaken truth seeks shelter in the grove;
Cherish, ye muses! the neglected fair,
And take into your train th' abandon'd wanderer.

EXPLANATORY ANNOTATIONS

ON THE

FOREGOING POEM.

(1) THE poetic world is nothing but fiction; Parnassus, Pegasus, and the Muses, pure imagination and chimæra; but being however a system universally agreed on, all that has or may be contrived or invented upon this foundation, according to nature, shall be reputed as truth; but whatsoever shall diminish from, or exceed the just proportions of nature, shall be rejected as false, and pass for extravagance; as dwarfs and giants, for monsters.

(2) When Homer, mentioning Achilles, terms him a lion, this is a metaphor, and the meaning is obvious and true, though the literal sense be false, the poet intending thereby to give his reader some idea of the strength and fortitude of his hero. Had he said, that wolf, or that bear, this had been false, by pretending an image not conformable to the nature and character of a hero, &c.

(3) Hyperboles are of diverse sorts, and the manner of introducing them is different: some are as it were naturalized and established by a customary way of expression; as when we say, such a one is as swift as the wind, whiter than snow, or the like. Homer speaking of Nereus, calls him beauty itself. Martial of Zoilus, lewdness itself. Such hyperboles lie indeed, but deceive us not; and therefore Seneca terms them lies that readily conduct our imagination to truths, and have an intelligible signification, though the expression be strained beyond credibility. Custom has likewise familiarized another way for hyperboles, for example, by irony; as when we say of some infamous woman, she's a civil person, where the meaning is to be taken quite opposite to the latter. These few figures are mentioned only for example sake; it will be understood that all others are to be used with the like care and discretion.

(4) I needed not to have travelled so far for an extravagant flight; I remember one of British growth of the like nature:

See those dead bodies hence convey'd with care,
Life may perhaps return—with change of air.

But I choose rather to correct gently, by foreign examples, hoping that such as are conscious of the like excesses will take the hint, and secretly reprove themselves. It may be possible for some tempers to maintain rage and indignation to the last gasp; but the soul and body once parted, there must necessarily be a determination of action.

Quodcumque ostendit mihi sic incredulus odi.

I cannot forbear quoting on this occasion, as an example for the present purpose, two noble lines of Jasper Main's, in the collection of the Oxford verses printed in the year 1643, upon the death of my grandfather, Sir Bevil Granville, slain in the

* Corneille. † Lucan. ‖ King Charles II.
¶ Earl of Mulgrave's Essay upon Poetry; and Lord Roscommon's upon Translated Verse.

heat of action at the battle of Landsdowne. The poet, after having described the fight, the soldiers animated by the example of their leader, and enraged at his death, thus concludes :

Thus he being slain, his action fought anew,
And the dead conquer'd, whilst the living flew.

This is agreeable to truth, and within the compass of nature : it is thus only that the dead can act.

(5) *Le jour qu'elle naquit, Venu bien qu'immortelle,
Pensa mourir de honte, en la voyant si belle,
Les graces a l'envi descendirent des cieux
Pour avoir l'honneur d'accompagner ses yeux,
Et l'amour, qui ne pût entrer dans son courage,
Voulut obstinément lever sur son visage.*

This is a lover's description of his mistress, by the great Corneille ; civil, to be sure, and polite as any thing can be. Let any body turn over Waller, and he will see how much more naturally and delicately the English author treats the article of love, than this celebrated French man. I would not, however, be thought by any derogatory quotation to take from the merit of a writer whose reputation is so universally and so justly established in all nations ; but as I said before, I rather choose, where any failings are to be found, to correct my own countrymen by foreign examples, than to provoke them by instances drawn from their own writings. *Humanum est errare.* I cannot forbear one quotation more from another celebrated French author. It is an epigram upon a monument for Francis I. king of France, by way of question and answer, which in English is verbatim thus :

Under this marble, who lies buried here ?
Francis the Great, a king beyond compare.
Why has so great a king so small a stone ?
Of that great king here's but the heart alone.
Then of this conqueror here lies but part ?
No—here he lies all—for he was all heart.

The author was a Gascon, to whom I can properly oppose nobody so well as a Welchman, for which purpose I am farther furnished from the forementioned collection of Oxford verses, with an epigram by Martin Lluellin upon the same subject, which I remember to have heard often repeated to me when I was a boy. Besides, from whence can we draw better examples than from the very seat and nursery of the muses ?

Thus slain, thy valiant † ancestor did lie,
When his one bark a navy did defy ;
When now encompass'd round, he victor stood,
And bath'd his pinnace in his conquering blood,
Till all the purple current dry'd and spent,
He fell, and made the waves his monument.
Where shall the next fam'd Granville's ashes stand ?
Thy grandfire's fills the sea, and thine the land.

I cannot say the two last lines, in which consists the sting or point of the epigram, are strictly cen-

† Sir Richard Granville, vice admiral of England, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, maintained a fight with his single ship against the whole Armada of Spain, consisting of fifty-three of their best men of war.

formable to the rule herein set down : the word *after*, metaphorically, can signify nothing but *same* ; which is mere sound, and can fill no space either of land or sea : The Welchman, however, must be allowed to have out-done the Gascon. The fallacy of the French epigram appears at first sight ; but the English strikes the fancy, suspends and dazzles the judgment, and may perhaps be allowed to pass under the shelter of those daring hyperboles, which, by presenting an obvious meaning, make their way, according to Seneca, through the incredible to true.

(6) *Vixit causa Deis placuit, sed vixit Catoni.*

The consent of so many ages having established the reputation of this line, it may perhaps be presumption to attack it ; but it is not to be supposed that Cato, who is described to have been a man of rigid morals and strict devotion, more resembling the gods than men, would have chosen any party in opposition to those gods, whom he professed to adore. The poet would give us to understand, that this hero was too righteous a person to accompany the divinities themselves in an unjust cause ; but to represent a mortal man to be either wiser or juster than the Deity, may show the impiety of the writer, but add nothing to the merit of the hero ; neither reason nor religion will allow it, and it is impossible for a corrupt being to be more excellent than a divine : Success implies permission, and not approbation ; to place the gods always on the thriving side, is to make them partakers of all successful wickedness : To judge right, we must wait for the conclusion of the action ; the catastrophe will best decide on which side is Providence, and the violent death of Cæsar acquits the gods from being companions of his usurpation.

Lucretius was a determined republican ; no wonder he was a free-thinker.

(7) Mr. Dryden, in one of his prologues, has these two lines :

He's bound to please, not to write well, and knows,
There is a mode in plays, as well as clothes.

From whence it is plain where he has exposed himself to the critics ; he was forced to follow the fashion to humour an audience, and not to please himself. A hard sacrifice to make for present subsistence, especially for such as would have their writings live as well as themselves. Nor can the poet whose labours are his daily bread, be delivered from this cruel necessity, unless some more certain encouragement can be provided than the bare uncertain profits of a third day, and the theatre be put under some more impartial management than the jurisdiction of players. Who write to live, must unavoidably comply with their taste by whose approbation they subsist ; some generous prince, or prime minister like Richieu, can only find a remedy. In his epistle dedicatory to the Spanish Friar, this incomparable poet thus censures himself :

" I remember some verses of my own, Maximin
" and Almanzor, which cry vengeance upon me

"for their extravagance, &c. All I can say for those passages, which are, I hope, not many, is, that I knew they were bad enough to please, even when I wrote them; but I repent of them among my sins: And if any of their fellows intrude by chance into my present writings, I draw a stroke over those Dalilahs of the theatre, and am resolved I will settle myself no reputation by the applause of fools: 'Tis not that I am mortified to all ambition, but I scorn as much to take it from half-witted judges, as I should to raise an estate by cheating of bubbles: Neither do I discommend the lofty style in tragedy, which is pompous and magnificent; but nothing is truly sublime, that is not just and proper."

This may stand as an unanswerable apology for Mr. Dryden, against his critics; and likewise for an unquestionable authority to confirm those principles which the foregoing poem pretends to lay down, for nothing can be just and proper but what is built upon truth.

EPIGRAMS AND CHARACTERS, &c.

Inscription for a Figure representing the God of Love.

WHOM'ER thou art, thy lord and master see,
Thou wast my slave, thou art, or thou shalt be.

Definition of Love.

Love is begot by tancy, bred
By ignorance, by expectation fed,
Destroy'd by knowledge, and at best,
Lost in the moment 'tis possess'd.

Women.

Women to cards may be compar'd; we play
A round or two, when us'd we throw away,
Take a fresh pack; nor is it worth our grieving.
Who cuts or shuffles with our dirty leaving.

The Relief.

Of two reliefs to ease a love-sick mind,
Flavia prescribes despair; I urge, be kind:
Flavia, be kind, the remedy's as sure,
'Tis the most pleasant, and the quickest cure.

Sent to Clarinda with a Novel, intitled, Les Malheurs de L'Amour.

Haste to Clarinda, and reveal
Whatever pains poor lovers feel;
When that is done, then tell the fair
That I endure much more for her:
Who'd truly know love's pow'r or smart,
Must view her eyes, and read my heart.

Written in her Prayer-Book.

In vain, Clarinda, night and day
For pity to the gods you pray;
What arrogance on Heav'n to call
For that which you deny to all!

Song. To the same.

In vain a thousand slaves have try'd
To overcome Clarinda's pride:

Pity pleading,
Love persuading,
When her icy heart is thaw'd,
Honour chides, and straight she's aw'd,
Foolish creature,
Follow nature,
Waste not thus your prime;
Youth's a treasure,
Love's a pleasure,
Both destroy'd by time.

On the same.

Clarinda, with a haughty grace,
In scornful postures sets her face,
And looks as she were born alone
To give us love, and take from none,
Though I adore to that degree,
Clarinda, I would die for thee,
If you're too proud to ease my pain,
I am too proud for your disdain.

Her Name.

Guess, and I'll frankly own her name
Whose eyes have kindled such a flame;
The Spartan or the Cyprian queen
Had ne'er been sung had she been seen,
Who set the very gods at war,
Were but faint images of her.
Believe me, for by Heav'n's 'tis true!
The sun in all his ample view
Sees nothing half so fair or bright,
Not even his own reflected light.
So sweet a face! such graceful mien!
Who can this be?—'Tis *Howard*—or *Ballenden*.

CLEORA.

CLEORA has her wish, she weds a peer,
Her weighty train two pages scarce can bear;
Persia, and both the Indies must provide,
To grace her pomp, and gratify her pride;
Of rich brocade a shining robe she wears,
And gems surround her lovely neck, like stars;
Drawn by six grays, of the proud Belgian kind,
With a long train of livery beaux behind,
She charms the park, and sets all hearts on fire,
The lady's envy, and the mens desire.
Beholding thus, O happy as a queen!
We cry; but shift the gaudy flattering scene;
View her at home, in her domestic light;
For thither she must come, at least at night;
What has she there? A surly ill-bred lord,
Who chides, and snaps her up at every word;
A brutal sot, who while she holds his head,
With drunken filth bedaws the nuptial bed;
Sick to the heart, she breathes the nauseous fume
Of odious steams, that poison all the room;
Weeping all night the trembling creature lies,
And counts the tedious hours when she may rise;
But most she fears, lest waking she should find,
To make amends, the monster would be kind;
Those matchless beauties, worthy of a god,
Must bear, though much averse, the loathsome
load:

What then may be the chance that next ensues?
Some vile disease, fresh reeking from the stews;

THE WORKS OF GRANVILLE.

The secret venom circling in her veins, [stains;
Works through her skin, and bursts in blotting
Her cheeks their freshness lose, and wonted grace,
And an unusual paleness spreads her face;
Her eyes grow dim, and her corrupted breath
Tainting her gums, infects her iv'ry teeth!
Of sharp nocturnal anguish she complains,
And, guiltless of the cause, relates her pains.
The conscious husband, whom like symptoms seize,
Charges on her the guilt of their disease;
Affecting fury acts a madman's part,
He'll rip the fatal secret from her heart;
Bids her confess, calls her ten thousand names;
In vain she kneels, she weeps, protests, exclaims;
Scarcely with her life she 'scapes, expos'd to
shame,

In body tortur'd, murder'd in her fame,
Rots with a vile adulteress's name.
Abandon'd by her friends, without defence,
And happy only in her innocence.

Such is the vengeance the just gods provide
For those who barter liberty for pride,
Who impiously invoke the powers above
To witless to false vows of mutual love.
Thousands of poor Cleora's may be found,
Such husbands, and such wretched wives abound.

Ye guardian powers! the arbiters of bliss,
Preserve Clarinda from a fate like this;
You form'd her fair, not any grace deny'd,
But gave, alas! a spark too much of pride.
Reform that failing, and protect her still;
O save her from the curse of choosing ill!
Deem it not envy, or a jealous care,
That moves these wishes, or provokes this prayer;
Though worse than death I dread to see those
Allotted to some happier mortal's arms, [charms
Tormenting thought! yet could I bear that pain,
Or any ill, but hearing her complain;
Intent on her, my love forgets his own,
Nor frames one wish, but for her sake alone;
Whome'er the gods have destin'd to prefer,
They cannot make me wretched, blessing her.

CLOE.

IMPATIENT with desire, at last
I ventur'd to lay forms aside;
'Twas I was modest, not she chaste,
Cloe, so gently press'd, comply'd.
With idle awe, an amorous fool,
I gaz'd upon her eyes with fear;
Say, love, how came your slave so dull,
To read no better there?

Thus to ourselves the greatest foes,
Although the nymph be well inclin'd;
For want of courage to propose,
By our own folly she's unkind.

MRS. CLAVERING *, SINGING.

WHEN we behold her angel face;
Or when she sings with heavenly grace,

* Afterwards Lady Cowper.

In what we hear, or what we see,
So ravishing's the harmony,
The melting soul in rapture lost,
Knows not which charm enchants it most.
Sounds that made hills and rocks rejoice,
Amphion's lute, the syren's voice,
Wonders with pain receiv'd for true,
At once find credit, and renew;
No charms like Clavering's voice surpris'd,
Except the magic of her eyes.

SONG.

THE happiest mortals once were we,
I lov'd Myra, Myra me;
Each desirous of the blessing,
Nothing wanting but possessing;
I lov'd Myra, Myra me,
The happiest mortals once were we.
But since cruel fates dis sever,
Torn from love, and torn for ever,
Tortures end me,
Death befriend me;
Of all pains, the greatest pain,
Is to love, and love in vain.

THE WILD BOAR'S DEFENCE.

A BOAR who had enjoy'd a happy reign
For many a year, and fed on many a man,
Call'd to account, softening his savage eyes,
Thus suppliant, pleads his cause before he dies.
For what am I condemn'd? My crimes no more
To eat a man, than yours to eat a boar:
We seek not you, but take what chance provides,
Nature, and mere necessity our guides.
You murder us in sport, then dish us up
For drunken feasts, a relish for the cup:
We lengthen not our meals; but you must feast,
Gorge till your bellies burst—pray who's the beast?
With your humanity you keep a fust,
But are in truth worse brutes than all of us:
We prey not on our kind, but you, dear brother,
Most beastly of all beasts, devour each other:
Kings worry kings, neighbour with neighbour
strives,
Fathers and sons, friends, brothers, husbands, wives,
By fraud or force, by poison, sword, or gun,
Destroy each other, every mother's son.

FOR LIBERALITY.

THOUGH safe thou think'st thy treasure lies,
Hidden in chests from human eyes,
A fire may come, and it may be
Bury'd, my friend, as far from thee.
Thy vessel that yon ocean stems,
Loaded with golden dust, and gems,
Purchas'd with so much pains and cost,
Yet in a tempest may be lost.

Pimps, whores, and bawds, a thankless crew,
 Priests, pick pockets, and lawyers too,
 All help by several ways to drain,
 Thanking themselves for what they gain :
 The liberal are secure alone,
 For what we frankly give, for ever is our own.

CORINNA.

CORINNA, in the bloom of youth
 Was coy to every lover,
 Regardless of the tenderest truth,
 No soft complaint could move her.

Mankind was hers, all at her feet
 Lay prostrate and adoring ;
 The witty, handsome, rich, and great,
 In vain alike imploring.

But now grown old, she would repair
 Her loss of time, and pleasure ;
 With willing eyes, and wanton air,
 Inviting every gazer.

But love's a summer flower, that dies
 With the first weather's changing,
 The lover, like the swallow, flies
 From sun to sun still ranging.

Myra, let this example move
 Your foolish heart to reason ;
 Youth is the proper time for love,
 And age is virtue's season.

CLOE.

BRIGHT as the day, and like the morning, fair,
 Such Cloe is—and common as the air.

A RECEIPT FOR VAPOURS.

Why pines my dear ? to Fulvia his young bride,
 Who weeping sat, thus aged Cornus cry'd.
 Alas ! said she, such visions break my rest,
 The strangest thoughts ! I think I am possess'd :
 My symptoms I have told to men of skill,
 And if I would—they say—I might be well.

Take their advice, said he, my poor dear wife,
 I'll buy at any rate thy precious life.
 Blushing, she would excuse, but all in vain,
 A doctor must be fetch'd to ease her pain.
 Hard press'd, she yields : from White's, or Will's,
 or Tom's,

No matter which, he's summon'd, and he comes.
 The careful husband, with a kind embrace
 Entreats his care : then bows, and quits the place :
 For little ailments oft attend the fair,
 Not decent for a husband's eye, or ear.
 Something the dame would say : the ready knight
 Prevents her speech—Here's that shall set you
 right ;

Madam, said he—with that the door's made close.
 He gives deliciously the healing dose.
 Alas ! she cries : ah me ! O cruel cure !
 Did ever woman yet like me endure ?
 The work perform'd, up rising gay and light,
 Old Cornus is call'd in to see the fight ;
 A sprightly red vermilion's all her face,
 And her eyes languish with unusual grace :
 With tears of joy fresh gushing from his eyes,
 O wond'rous power of art ! old Cornus cries ;
 Amazing change ! astonishing success !
 Thrice happy I ! what a brave doctor's this !
 Maids, wives, and widows, with such whims op-
 press'd,
 May thus find certain ease—*Probatum est.*

ON AN ILL-FAVOUR'D LORD.

THAT Macro's looks are good, let no man doubt,
 Which I, his friend and servant—thus make out.
 In every line of his perfidious face,
 The secret malice of his heart we trace ;
 So fair the warning, and so plainly writ,
 Let none condemn the light that shows a pit.
 Cuckles, whose face finds credit for his heart,
 Who can escape so smooth a villain's art ?
 Adorn'd with every grace that can persuade,
 Seeing we trust, though sure to be betray'd ;
 His looks are snares : but Macro's, cry beware,
 Believe not, though ten thousand oaths he
 swear ;

If thou'rt deceiv'd, observing well this rule,
 Not Macro is the knave, but thou the fool.
 In this one point, he and his looks agree ;
 As they betray their master—so did he.

CLOE.

CLOE's the wonder of her sex,
 'Tis well her heart is tender,
 How might such killing eyes perplex,
 With virtue to defend her ?

But nature graciously inclin'd
 With liberal hand to please us,
 Has to her boundless beauty join'd
 A boundless bent to ease us.

ON THE SAME.

Of injur'd fame, and mighty wrongs receiv'd,
 Cloe complains, and wondrously's aggriev'd :
 That free, and lavish of a beauteous face,
 The fairest, and foulest of her race ;
 She's mine, or thine, and strolling up and down,
 Sucks in more filth, than any sink in town,
 I not deny : this I have said, 'tis true ;
 What wrong ! to give so bright a nymph her
 due.

CORINNA.

So well Corinna likes the joy,
 She vows she'll never more be coy,
 She drinks eternal draughts of pleasure;
 Eternal draughts do not suffice,
 O! give me, give me more, she cries,
 'Tis all too little, little measure.

Thus wisely she makes up for time
 Mispent, while youth was in its prime:
 So travellers who waste the day,
 Careful and cautious of their way,
 Noting at length the setting sun,
 They mend their pace as night comes on,
 Double their speed to reach their inn,
 And whip and spur through thick and thin.

CLOE PERFUMING HERSELF.

BELIEVE me, Cloe, those perfumes that cost
 Such sums to sweeten thee, is treasure lost;
 Not all Arabia would sufficient be,
 Thou smell'st not of thy sweets, they stink of thee

BELINDA.

BELINDA's pride's an arrant cheat
 A foolish artifice to blind;
 Some honest glance that scorns deceit
 Does still reveal her native mind.

With look demure, and forc'd disdain,
 She idly acts the saint;
 We see through this disguise as plain
 As we distinguish paint.

So have I seen grave fools design,
 With formal looks to pass for wise;
 But nature is a light will shine,
 And break through all disguise.

IMPROMPTU.

*Written under a Picture of the Countess of Sandwich,
 Drawn in Man's Habit.*

WHEN Sandwich in her sex's garb we see,
 The queen of beauty then she seems to be:
 Now fair Adonis in this male disguise,
 Or little Cupid with his mother's eyes.
 No style of empire chang'd by this remove,
 Who seem'd the goddess, seems the god of love.

TO MY FRIEND

MR. JOHN DRYDEN,

ON HIS SEVERAL EXCELLENT TRANSLATIONS OF
 THE ANCIENT POETS.

As flowers transplanted from a southern sky,
 But hardly bear, or in the raising die,

Missing their native sun, at best retain
 But a faint odour, and survive with pain:
 Thus ancient wit, in modern numbers taught,
 Wanting the warmth which which its author
 wrote,

Is a dead image, and a senseless draught.
 While we transmute the nimble spirit flies,
 Escapes unseen, evaporates, and dies.
 Who then to copy Roman wit desire,
 Must imitate with Roman force and fire,
 In elegance of style, and phrase the same,
 And in the sparkling genius, and the flame;
 Whence we conclude from thy translated song,
 So just, so smooth, so soft, and yet so strong;
 Celestial poet! soul of harmony!
 That every genius was reviv'd in thee.
 Thy trumpet sounds, the dead are rais'd to light,
 Never to die, and take to heaven their flight;
 Deck'd in thy verse, as clad with rays they shine,
 All glorify'd, immortal, and divine.

As Britain in rich soil, abounding wide,
 Farnish'd for use, for luxury, and pride,
 Yet spreads her wanton sails on every shore
 For foreign wealth, insatiate still of more;
 To her own wool the silks of Asia joins;
 And to her plenteous harvests, Indian mines:
 So Dryden, not contented with the same
 Of his own works, though an immortal name,
 To lands remote, sends forth his learned muse,
 The noblest seeds of foreign wit to choose;
 Feasting our sense so many various ways,
 Say, is't thy bounty, or thy thirst of praise?
 That by comparing others, all might see,
 Who most excell'd, are yet excell'd by thee.

A MORNING HYMN,

TO THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

AWAKE, bright Hamilton, arise,
 Goddess of love, and of the day;
 Awake, disclose thy radiant eyes,
 And show the sun a brighter ray.
 Phœbus in vain calls forth the blushing morn,
 He but creates the day which you adorn.
 The lark, that wont with warbling throat
 Early to salute the skies,
 Or sleeps, or else suspends his note,
 Disclaiming day till you arise.

Goddess awake, thy beams display,
 Restore the universe to light,
 When Hamilton appears, then dawns the day;
 And when the disappears, begins the night.

Lovers, who watchful vigils keep,
 (For lovers never, never sleep)
 Wait for the rising of the fair,
 To offer songs and hymns of prayer;
 Like Persians to the sun,
 Even life, and death, and fate are there:

For in the rolls of ancient destiny,
 Th' inevitable book, 'twas noted down,

The dying should revive, the living die,
As Hamilton shall smile, as Hamilton shall
frown!

CHORUS

Awake bright Hamilton, arise,
Goddess of love, and of the day,
Awake, disclose thy radiant eyes,
And show the sun a brighter ray.
Phœbus in vain calls forth the blushing morn,
He but creates the day, which you adorn.

DRINKING SONG TO SLEEP.

GREAT god of sleep, since it must be,
That we must give some hours to thee,
Invade me not while the free bowl
Glow in my cheeks, and warms my soul;
That be my only time to snore,
When I can laugh, and drink no more;
Short, very short be then thy reign,
For I'm in haste to laugh and drink again.

But O! if melting in my arms,
In some soft dream, with all her charms,
The nymph below'd should then surprise,
And grant what waking she denies;
Then, gentle slumber, pry'thee stay,
Slowly, ah! slowly bring the day,
Let no rude noise my bliss destroy,
Such sweet delusion's real joy.

*Written under Mrs. Hare's Name, upon a Drinking-
Glass.*

THE gods of wine, and wit, and love prepare,
With cheerful bowls to celebrate the fair:
Love is enjoin'd to name his favourite toast,
And Hare's the goddess that delights him most;
Phœbus approves, and bids the trumpet sound,
And Bacchus in a bumper sends it round.

Under the Dutches of Bolton's.

LOVE's keenest darts are radiant Bolton's care,
Which the bright goddess poisons with despair:
The god of wine the dire effect foresees,
And sends the juice that gives the lover ease.

Under the Lady Harper's Name.

To Harper, sprightly, young, and gay,
Sweet as the rosy morn in May,
Fill to the brim, I'll drink it up
To the last drop, were poison in the cup.

Under the Lady Mary Villiers' Name.

If I not love you, Villiers, more
Than ever mortal lov'd before,

With such a passion fix'd and sure,
As even possession could not cure,
Never to cease but with my breath;
May then this bumper be my death.

CUPID DISARMED.

TO THE PRINCESS D'AUVERGNE

CUPID, delighting to be near her,
Charm'd to behold her, charm'd to hear her,
As he stood gazing on her face,
Enchanted with each matchless grace,
Lost in the trance, he drops the dart,
Which never fails to reach the heart:
She seizes it, and arms her hand,
" 'Tis thus I love himself command;
" Now tremble, cruel boy, she said,
" For all the mischief you have made."

The God, recovering his surprise,
Trusts to his wings, away he flies.
Swift as an arrow cuts the wind,
And leaves his whole artillery behind.

Princess, restore the boy his useless darts,
With surer charms you captivate our hearts;
Love's captives oft their liberty regain,
Death only can release us from your chain.

EXPLICATION IN FRENCH.

CUPIDON DESARME.

Fable pour Madame la Princesse D'Auvergne.

CUPIDON prenant plaisir de se trouver toujours
aupres d'elle; charmé de la voir, charmé de l'en-
tendre: Comme il admiroit un jour ses graces
inimitables, dans cette distraction de son ame et de
ses sens, il laissa tomber ce dard fatal qui ne man-
que jamais de percer les cœurs. Elle le ramassa
soudain, et s'armant la belle main.

" C'est ainsi, dit elle, que je me rend maitresse
de l'amour, tremblez, enfant malin, je veux
vanger tous les maux que tu as fait."

Le Dieu étonné, revenant de sa surprise, se fiant
à ses ailes, s'échappe, et s'envole vite comme une
flèche qui fend l'air, et lui laisse la possession de
toute son artillerie.

Princesse rendez lui ses armes qui vous sont
inutiles: [santes:
La nature vous a donnée des charmes plus puis-
Les captives de l'amour souvent recouvrent la
liberté; [les vôtres.
Il n'y a que la mort seule qui puisse affranchir

BACCHUS DISARMED.

TO MRS. LAURA DILLON, NOW LADY FALKLAND.

BACCHUS to arms, the enemy's at hand,
Laura appears; stand to your glasses, stand,

The god of love, the god of wine defies,
Behold him in full march, in Laura's eyes:
Bacchus to arms, and to resist the dart,
Each with a faithful brimmer guard his heart.
Fly, Bacchus, fly, there's treason in the cup,
For love comes pouring in with every drop;
I feel him in my heart, my blood, my brain,
Fly, Bacchus, fly, resistance is in vain,
Or craving quarter, crown a friendly bowl
To Laura's health, and give up all thy soul.

THYRSIS AND DELIA.

SONG IN DIALOGUE.

THYRSIS.

DELIA, how long must I despair,
And tax you with disdain;
Still to my tender love severe,
Untouch'd when I complain?

DELIA.

When men of equal merit love us,
And do with equal ardor sue,
Thyrsis, you know but one must move us,
Can I be your's and Strephon's too?

My eyes view both with mighty pleasure,
Impartial to your high desert,
To both alike, esteem I measure,
To one alone can give my heart.

THYRSIS.

Mysterious guide of inclination,
Tell me, tyrant, why am I
With equal merit, equal passion,
Thus the victim chosen to die?
Why am I
The victim chosen to die?

DELIA.

On fate alone depends success,
And fancy, reason over-rules,
Or why should virtue ever miss
Reward, so often given to fools?

'Tis not the valiant, nor the witty,
But who alone is born to please;
Love does predestinate our pity,
We choose but whom he first decrees.

A LATIN INSCRIPTION

ON A MEDAL FOR LEWIS XIV. OF FRANCE.

PRÆMIXUS et similis regnas, Ludovice, tonanti,
Vim summam, summa cum pietate, geris,
Magnus es expansis alis, sed maximus armis,
Protegis hinc Anglos, Teutones inde feris.
Quin cœcant toto Titania fœdera Rheno,
Illa acquiram tantùm, Gallia fulmen habet.

ENGLISHED,

AND APPLIED TO QUEEN ANNE.

NEXT to the thunderer let Anna stand
In piety supreme, as in command;

Fam'd for victorious arms and generous aid,
Young Austria's refuge, and fierce Bourbon's dread.
Titanian leagues in vain shall brave the Rhine,
When to the eagle, you the thunder join.

URGANDA'S PROPHECY.

*Spoken by way of Epilogue at the first representation of
the British Enchanters.*

PROPHETIC fury rolls within my breast,
And as at Delphos, when the foaming priest
Full of his God, proclaims the distant doom
Of kings unborn, and nations yet to come;
My labouring mind so struggles to unfold
On British ground a future age of gold;
But lest incredulous you hear—behold:

*Here a Scene representing the QUEEN, and the several
Triumphs of Her Majesty's Reign.*

High on a throne appears the martial queen,
With grace sublime, and with imperial mien;
Surveying round her, with impartial eyes,
Whom to protect, or whom she shall chastise.
Next to her side, victorious Marlbro' stands,
Waiting, observant of her dread commands;
The queen ordains, and like Alcides, he
Obeys, and executes her high decree.
In every line of her auspicious face
Soft mercy smiles, adorn'd with every grace;
So angels look, and so when heaven decrees,
They scourge the world to piety and peace.

Empress and conqueror, hail! the fates ordain
O'er all the willing world sole arbitress to reign;
To no one people are thy laws confin'd,
Great Britain's queen, but guardian of mankind;
Sure hope of all who dire oppression bear,
For all th' oppress'd become thy instant care.
Nations of conquest proud, thou tam'st to free,
Denouncing war, presenting liberty;
The victor to the vanquish'd yields a prize,
For in thy triumph their redemption lies;
Freedom and peace, for ravish'd fame you give,
Invade to bless, and conquer to relieve.
So the sun scorches, and revives by turns,
Requiting with rich metals where he burns.

Taught by this great example to be just,
Succeeding kings shall well fulfil their trust;
Discord, and war, and tyranny shall cease,
And jarring nations be compell'd to peace;
Princes and states, like subjects shall agree
To trust her power, safe in her piety.

PROLOGUE

TO THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

POETS by observation find it true,
'Tis harder much to please themselves than you;
To weave a plot, to work and to refine
A labour'd scene; to polish every line

Judgment must sweat, and feel a mother's pains:
Vain fools, thus to disturb and rack their brains;
When more indulgent to the writer's ease,
You are too good to be so hard to please;
No such convulsive pangs it will require
To write the pretty things which you admire.

Our author then, to please you, in your way,
Presents you now a bauble of a play;
In jingling rhyme, well fortify'd and strong,
He fights entrench'd o'er head and ears in song.
If here and there some evil-fated line,
Should chance through inadvertency to shine,
Forgive him, beaux, he means you no offence,
But begs you for the love of song and dance,
To pardon all the poetry and sense.

ANOTHER EPILOGUE,

DESIGNED FOR THE SAME.

WIT once, like beauty, without art or dress,
Naked, and unadorn'd, could find success,
Till by fruition, novelty destroy'd,
The nymph must find new charms to be enjoy'd.
As by his equipage the man you prize,
And ladies must have gems beside their eyes;
So fares it too with plays; in vain we write,
Unless the music and the dance invite,
Scarce Hamlet clears the charges of the night.
Would you but fix some standard how to move,
We would transform to any thing you love;
Judge our desire by our cost and pains,
Sure the expence, uncertain are the gains.
But though we fetch from Italy and France
Our fopperies of tune, and mode of dance,
Our sturdy Britons scorn to borrow sense;
Howe'er to foreign fashions we submit,
Still every sop prefers his mother wit.
In only wit this constancy is shown,
For never was that arrant changeling known,
Who for another's sense would quit his own.

Our author would excuse these youthful scenes,
Begotten at his entrance in his teens:
Some childish fancies may approve the toy,
Some like the muse the more for being a boy;
And ladies should be pleas'd, if not content,
To find so young a thing, not wholly impotent.
Our stage-reformers too he would disarm,
In charity so cold, in zeal so warm;
And therefore to atone for stage abuses,
And gain the church-indulgence for the muses,
He gives his thirds—to charitable uses.

PROLOGUE

To Mr. Basil Higgon's excellent Tragedy, called,
The Generous Conqueror.

YOUR comic writer is a common foe,
None can intrigue in peace, or be a beau,
Nor woe-ton wife, nor widow can be sped,
Not even * Ruffel can inter the dead,

* Ruffel, a famous undertaker for funerals; alluding to a comedy written by Sir Richard Steele, intitled, *The Funeral*.

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But straight this censor, in his whim of wit,
Strips, and presents you naked to the pit.
Thus critics should, like these, be branded foes,
Who for the poison only, suck the rose;
Snarling and carping, without wit or sense;
Impeach mistakes, o'erlooking excellences;
As if to every sop it might belong,
Like senators to censure, right or wrong.
But generous minds have more heroic views,
And love and honour are the themes they choose.
† From yon bright heaven our author fetch'd his fire;

And paints the passions that your eyes inspire:
Full of that flame, his tender scenes he warms,
And frames his goddess by your matchless charms.

EPILOGUE

TO THE JEW OF VENICE.

EACH in his turn, the poet ||, and the priest \$,
Have view'd the stage, but like false prophets
guess'd,

The man of zeal, in his religious rage,
Would silence poets, and reduce the stage;
The poet, rashly to get clear, retorts
On kings the scandal, and belpatters courts.
Both err: for without mincing, to be plain,
The guilt's your own of every odious scene:
The present time still gives the stage its mode,
The vices that you practise, we explode;
We hold the glass, and but reflect your shame;
Like Spartans, by exposing, to reclaim.
The scribler, pinch'd with hunger, writes to
dine,

And to your genius must conform his line;
Not lewd by choice, but merely to submit:
Would you encourage sense, sense would be
writ.

Good plays we try, which after the first day,
Unseen we act, and to bare benches play;
Plain sense, which pleas'd your fires an age
ago,

Is lost, without the garniture of show:
At vast expence we labour to our ruin,
And court your favour with our own undoing;
A war of profit mitigates the evil,
But to be tax'd and beaten—is the devil.
How was the scene forlorn, and how despis'd,
When Timon, without music, moraliz'd?
Shakspeare's sublime in vain entic'd the throng,
Without the aid of Purcell's siren song.

In the same antique loom these scenes were
wrought,

Embellish'd with good morals, and just thought;
True nature in her noblest light you see,
Ere yet debauch'd by modern gallantry,
To trifling jests, and fulsome ribaldry.
What rust remains upon the shining mass,
Antiquity must privilege to pass.

† To the Ladies.

|| Dryden's Prologue to the Pilgrim.

\$ Collier's View of the Stage.

'Tis Shakspeare's play, and if these scenes miscarry,
Let Gormon || take the stage—or Lady Mary †.

PROLOGUE TO THE SHE-GALLANTS;

OR,

ONCE A LOVER AND ALWAYS A LOVER.

As quiet monarchs that on peaceful thrones,
In sports and revels long had reign'd like drones,
Rousing at length, reflect with guilt and shame,
That not one stroke had yet been given for fame;
Wars they denounce, and to redeem the past,
To bold attempts, and rugged labours haste:
Our poet so, with like concern reviews
The youthful follies of a love-sick muse;
To amorous toils, and to the silent grove,
To beauty's snares, and to deceitful love.
He bids farewell; his shield and lance prepares,
And mounts the stage, to bid immortal wars.

Vice, like some monster, suff'ring none t'
escape,

Has seiz'd the town, and varies still her shape:
Here, like some general, she struts in state,
While crowds in red and blue her orders wait;
There, like some pensive statesman treads demure,
And smiles and hugs, to make destruction sure:
Now under high commodos, with looks erect,
Barefac'd devours, in gaudy colours deck'd;
Then in a vizard, to avoid grimace,
Allows all freedom, but to see the face.
In pulpits and at bar she wears a gown,
In camps a sword, in palaces a crown.
Resolv'd to combat with this motley beast
Our poet comes to strike one stroke at least.

His glass he means not for this jilt or beau,
Some features of you all he means to show,
On chosen heads, nor lets the thunder fall,
But scatters his artillery—at all.

Yet to the fair he fain would quarter show,
His tender heart recoils at every blow;
If unawares he gives too smart a stroke,
He means but to correct, and not provoke.

O D E

ON THE PRESENT CORRUPTION OF MANKIND.

Inscribed to the Lord Falkland.

O FALKLAND! offspring of a generous race,
Renown'd for arms and arts, in war and peace,
My kinsman, and my friend: from whence this
curse

Entail'd on map, still to grow worse and worse?

Each age industrious to invent new crimes,
Strives to outdo in guilt preceding times;
But now we're so improv'd in all that's bad,
We shall leave nothing for our sons to add.

† A famous prize-fighter.

† A famous rope-dancer, so called;

That idol, gold, possesses every heart;
To cheat, defraud, and undermine, is art;
Virtue is folly; conscience is a jest;
Religion gain, or priestcraft at the best.

Friendship's a cloak to hide some treacherous
end,
Your greatest foe, is your professing friend;
The soul resign'd, unguarded, and secure,
The wound is deepest, and the stroke most sure.

Justice is bought and sold; the bench, the bar
Plead and decide; but gold's th' interpreter.
Pernicious metal! thrice accurs'd be he
Who found thee first; all evils spring from thee.

Sires sell their sons, and sons their fires betray:
And senates vote, as armies fight, for pay;
The wife no longer is restrain'd by shame,
But has the husband's leave to play the game.

Diseas'd, decrepit, from the mix'd embrace
Succeeds, of spurious mold, a puny race;
From such defenders what can Britain hope?
And where, O liberty! is now thy prop?

Not such the men who bent the stubborn bow,
And learn'd in rugged sports to dare a foe:
Not such the men who fill'd with heaps of slain
Fam'd Agincourt and Cressy's bloody plain.

Haughty Britannia then, inur'd to toil,
Spread far and near the terrors of her isle;
True to herself, and to the public weal,
No Gallic gold could blunt the British steel.

Not much unlike, when thou in arms wer'st
seen,
Eager for glory on th' embattled green,
When Stanhope led thee through the heats of Spain
To die in purple Almanara's plain.

The rescu'd empire, and the Gaul subdu'd,
In Anna's reign, our ancient fame renew'd:
What Britons could, when justly rous'd to war,
Let Blenheim speak, and witness Gibraltar.

FORTUNE.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN fortune seems to smile, 'tis then I fear
Some lurking ill, and hidden mischief near:
Us'd to her frowns, I stand upon my guard,
And arm'd in virtue, keep my soul prepar'd.
Fickle and false to others she may be,
I can complain, but of her constancy.

—Virtutem à me,
Fortunam ex aliis—

CHARACTER OF MR. WYCHERLEY †.

Of all our modern wits, none seems to me
Once to have touch'd upon true comedy,
But hasty Shadwell, and slow Wycherley.

† This character, however just in other particulars, yet is injurious in one; Mr. Wycherley being represented as a

Shadwell's unfinish'd works do yet impart
Great proofs of nature's force, though none of art;
But Wycherley earns hard what'er he gains,
He wants no judgment, and he spares no pains, &c.
Lord Rochester's Poems.

V E R S E S

Written in a leaf of the Author's Poems, presented to the Queen.

THE MUSE'S LAST DYING SONG.

A MUSE expiring, who, with earliest voice,
Made kings and queens, and beauty's charms her choice;
Now on her death-bed, this last homage pays,
O queen! to thee: accept her dying lays.

laborious writer, which every man who has the least personal knowledge of him can contradict.

Those indeed who form their judgment only from his writings, may be apt to imagine so many admirable reflections, such diversity of images and characters, such strict inquiries into nature, such close observations on the several humours, manners, and affections of all ranks and degrees of men, and, as it were, so true and so perfect a dissection of humankind, delivered with so much pointed wit and force of expression, could be no other than the work of extraordinary diligence and application: whereas others, who have the happiness to be acquainted with the author, as well as his writings, are able to affirm these happy performances were due to his infinite genius and natural penetration. We owe the pleasure and advantage of having been so well entertained and instructed by him, to his facility of doing it; for, if I mistake him not extremely, had it been a trouble to him to write, he would have spared himself that trouble. What he has performed would indeed have been difficult for another; but the club which a man of ordinary size could not lift, was but a walking-stick for Hercules.

Mr. Wycherley, in his writings, has been the sharpest satirist of his time; but, in his nature, he has all the softness of the tenderest dispositions: in his writings he is severe, bold, undertaking: in his nature, gentle, modest, inoffensive; he makes use of his satire as a man truly brave of his courage, only upon public occasions, and for public good. He compassionates the wounds he is under a necessity to probe, or, like a good-natured conqueror, grieves at the occasions that provoke him to make such a havoc.

There are who object to his versification; but a diamond is not less a diamond for not being polished. Versification is in poetry what colouring is in painting, a beautiful ornament; but if the proportions are just, the posture true, the figure bold, and the resemblance according to nature, though the colours should happen to be rough, or carelessly laid on, yet may the piece be of inestimable value; whereas the finest and the nicest colouring art can invent, is but

So, at th' approach of death, the cygnet tries
To warble one note more—and singing dies.
Hail, mighty queen! whose powerful smile alone
Commands subjection, and secures the throne:
Contending parties, and Plebeian rage,
Had puzzled loyalty for half an age:
Conquering our hearts, you end the long dispute;
All, who have eyes, confess you absolute.
To Tory doctrines, even Whigs resign,
And in your person own a right divine.
Thus sang the muse, in her last moments fir'd
With Carolina's praise—and then expir'd.

Written in a Leaf of the same Poems, presented to the Princess Royal.

WHEN we'd exalt some heavenly fair,
To some bright goddess we compare:
Minerva, wisdom; Juno, grace;
And Venus furnishes the face:
In royal Anne's bright form is seen,
What comprehends them all—The queen;

Written on a Window in the Tower, where Sir Robert Walpole had been confined.

Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene:
Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down again,
And fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

labour in vain, where the rest is wanting. Our present writers indeed, for the most part, seem to lay the whole stress of their endeavours upon the harmony of words; but then, like eunuchs, they sacrifice their manhood for a voice, and reduce our poetry to be like echo, nothing but sound.

In Mr. Wycherley, every thing is masculine; his Muse is not led forth as to a review, but as to a battle; not adorned for parade, but execution; he would be tried by the sharpness of his blade, and not by the finery; like your heroes of antiquity, he charges in iron, and seems to despise all ornament but intrinsic merit; and like those heroes has therefore added another name to his own, and by the unanimous consent of his contemporaries, is distinguished by the just appellation of Manly Wycherley.

LANSDOWNE,

Z z ij

PELEUS AND THETIS.

A MASQUE SET TO MUSIC.

The Argument.

Peleus, in love with Thetis, by the assistance of Proteus obtains her favour; but Jupiter interposing, Peleus in despair consults Prometheus, famous for his skill in astrology; upon whose prophecy, that the son born of Thetis should prove greater than his father, Jupiter desists. The prophecy was afterwards verified in the birth of Achilles, the son of Peleus.

PERSONS IN THE MASQUE.

JUPITER.
PELEUS.

PROMETHEUS.
THETIS.

The Scene represents Mount Caucasus; Prometheus appears chain'd to a rock, a vulture gnawing his breast. Peleus enters, addressing himself to Prometheus.

Peleus.

CONDEMN'd on Caucasus to lie,
Still to be dying, not to die,
With certain pain, uncertain of relief,
True emblem of a wretched lover's grief!
To whose inspecting eye 'tis given
To view the planetary way,
To penetrate eternal day,
And to revolve the starry heaven,
To thee, Prometheus, I complain,
And bring a heart as full of pain.

Prometheus.

From Jupiter spring all our woes,
Thetis is Jove's, who once was thine:
'Tis vain, O Peleus, to oppose
Thy torturer, and mine.
Contented with despair,
Resign the fair,
Resign, resign,
Or wretched man, prepare
For change of torments, great as mine.

Peleus.

In change of torment would be ease;
Could you divine what lovers bear,
Even you, Prometheus, would confess
There is no vulture like despair.

Prometheus.

Cease, cruel vulture, to devour,

Peleus.

Cease, cruel Thetis, to disdain.

Thetis entering, they repeat together.

Cease, cruel vulture, to devour,
Cease, cruel Thetis, to disdain.

Thetis.

Peleus, unjustly you complain.

Prometheus and Peleus.

Cease, cruel vulture, to devour,
Cease, cruel Thetis, to disdain.

Thetis.

Peleus, unjustly you complain.
The gods, alas! no refuge find
From ill's resistless fates ordain:
I still am true—and would be kind.

Peleus.

To love and to languish
To sigh and complain,
How cruel's the anguish!
How tormenting the pain!

Snring,

Pursuing,

Flying,

Denying,

O the curse of disdain,

How tormenting's the pain!

To love, &c.

Thetis.

Accursed jealousy!

Thou jaundice in the lover's eye,
Through which all objects false we see,
Accursed jealousy!

Thy rival, Peleus, rules the sky,

Yet I so prize thy love,

With Peleus I would choose to die,

Rather than reign with Jove.

A Clap of Thunder; Jupiter appears, descending upon his Eagle.

But see, the mighty thunderer's here;

Tremble Peleus, tremble, fly;

The thunderer! the mighty thunderer!

Tremble, Peleus, tremble, fly.

A full Chorus of Voices and Instruments as Jupiter is descending.

CHORUS.

But see, the mighty thunderer's here;

Tremble Peleus, tremble, fly;

The thunder! the mighty thunder!
Tremble, Peleus, tremble, fly.

[*Jupiter being descended.*]

Jupiter.

Presumptuous slave, rival to Jove,
How dar'st thou, mortal, thus defy
A goddess with audacious love,
And irritate a god with jealousy?
Presumptuous mortal—hence—
Tremble at omnipotence.

Peleus.

Arm'd with love, and Thetis by,
I fear no odds
Of men or gods,
But Jove himself defy,
Jove, lay thy thunder down;
Arm'd with love, and Thetis by,
There is more terror in her frown,
And fiercer light'ning in her eye:
I fear no odds
Of men or gods,
But Jove himself defy.

Jupiter.

Bring me light'ning, give me thunder,
Haste, ye Cyclops, with your forked rods,
This rebel love braves all the gods.
Bring me light'ning, give me thunder.
[*Peleus and Thetis holding fast by one another.*]
Jove may kill, but ne'er shall sunder.

Jupiter.

Bring me light'ning, give me thunder.
Peleus and Thetis.
Jove may kill, but ne'er shall sunder.

Thetis to Jupiter.

Thy love still arm'd with fate,
Is dreadful as thy hate:
O might it prove to me,
So gentle Peleus were but free;
O might it prove to me
As fatal as to lost consuming Semele!
Thy love still arm'd with fate,
Is dreadful as thy hate.

Prometheus to Jupiter.

Son of Saturn, take advice
From one whom thy severe decree
Has furnish'd leisure to grow wise:
Thou'lt the gods, but fate rules thee.

[*The Prophecy.*]

Whoe'er th' immortal maid compressing,
Shall taste joy, and reap the blessing,
Thus th' unerring stars advise:
From that auspicious night an heir shall rise,
Paternal glories to efface
The most illustrious of his race,
Tho' sprang from him who rules the skies.

Jupiter. [Apart]

Shall then the son of Saturn be undone,
Like Saturn, by an impious son?
Justly th' impartial fates conspire,
Dooming that son to be the fire
Of such another son
Conscious of ills that I have done,
My fears to prudence shall advise:
And guilt that made me great, shall make me wise.
The fatal blessing I resign;
Peleus, take the maid divine: [*Giving her to Peleus.*]

Jove consenting she is thine;
The fatal blessing I resign. [*Joins their hands.*]
Peleus.

Heav'n had been lost, had I been Jove.
There is no heav'n, there is no heav'n but love!
Peleus and Thetis together.

There is no heav'n but love,
No, no, no,
There is no heav'n but love.

Jupiter to Prometheus.

And thou, the stars interpreter,
'Tis just I set thee free,
Who giv'st me liberty:
Arise, and be thy self a star.
'Tis just I set thee free,
Who giv'st me liberty.

[*The Vulture drops dead at the feet of Prometheus, his chains fall off, and he is borne up to heaven with Jupiter to a loud flourish of all the instruments.*]

[*Peleus and Thetis run into each others arms.*]

Peleus.

Fly, fly to my arms, to my arms,
Goddess of immortal charms!
To my arms, to my arms, fly, fly.
Goddess of transporting joy!

But to gaze

On thy face,

Thy gentle hand thus pressing,
Is heavenly, heavenly blessing.

O my soul!

Whither, whither art thou flying?
Lost in sweet tumultuous dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,
O my soul!

Thetis.

You tremble, Peleus—So do I—
Ah stay! and we'll together die.
Immortal, and of race divine,
My soul shall take its flight with thine:
Life dissolving in delight,
Heaving breast, and swimming sight,
Falt'ring speech, and gasping breath,
Symptoms of delicious death,
Life dissolving in delight,
My soul is ready for the flight.

O my soul,

Whither, whither art thou flying?
Lost in sweet tumultuous dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,
O my soul!

Peleus and Thetis, both together repeat,

O my soul!

Whither, whither art thou flying?
Lost in sweet tumultuous dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,
O my soul!

Chorus of all the voices and instruments singing and dancing.

When the storm is blown over,
How blest is the swain,
Who begins to discover
An end of his pain!
When the storm, &c.

The mask concludes with variety of dances,

Z z iij

THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS:

OR,

NO MAGIC LIKE LOVE.

A DRAMATIC POEM.

With Scenes, Machines, Music, and Decorations.

THE PREFACE.

Of all public spectacles, that which should properly be called an OPERA, is calculated to give the highest delight. There is hardly any art but what is required to furnish towards the entertainment; and there is something or other to be provided that may touch every sense, and please every palate.

The poet has a two-fold task upon his hands in the dramatic, and the lyric: the architect, the painter, the composer, the actor, the singer, the dancer, &c. have each of them their several employments in the preparation, and in the execution.

The same materials indeed, in different hands, will have different success; all depends upon a skilful mixture of the various ingredients: a bad artist will make but a mere hodge podge with the same materials that one of a good taste shall prepare an excellent olio.

The seasoning must be sense; unless there is wherewithal to please the understanding, the eye and the ear will soon grow tired.

The French Opera is perfect in the decorations, the dancing, and magnificence; the Italian excels in the music and voices; but the drama falls short in both.

An English stomach requires something solid and substantial, and will rise hungry from a regale of nothing but sweet-meats.

An Opera is a kind of ambigu: the table is finely illuminated, adorned with flowers and fruits, and every thing that the season affords fragrant or delightful to the eye or the odour; but unless there is something too for the appetite, 'tis odds but the guests break up dissatisfied.

It is incumbent upon the poet alone to provide for that, in the choice of his fable, the conduct of his plot, the harmony of his numbers, the elevation of his sentiments, and the justness of his characters. In this consists the solid and the substantial.

The nature of this entertainment requires the plot to be formed upon some story in which enchanters and magicians have a principal part: in our modern heroic poems, they supply the place of the gods with the ancients, and make a much more natural appearance by being mortals, with the difference only of being endowed with supernatural power.

The characters should be great and illustrious; the figure the actor makes upon the stage, is one part of the ornament; by consequence the sentiments must be suitable to the characters in which love and honour will have the principal share.

The dialogue, which in the French and Italian is set to notes, and sung, I would have pronounced; if the numbers are of themselves harmonious, there will be no need of music to set them off; a good verse, well pronounced, is in itself musical; and speech is certainly more natural for discourse, than singing.

Can any thing be more preposterous than to behold Cato, Julius Cæsar, and Alexander the Great, strutting upon the stage in the figure of songsters, personated by Eunuchs?

The singing, therefore, should be wholly applied to the lyrical part of the entertainment, which by being freed from a tiresome, unnatural recitative, must certainly administer more reasonable pleasure.

The several parts of the entertainment should be so suited to relieve one another, as to be tedious in none; and the connection should be such, that not one should be able to subsist without the other; like embroidery, so fixt and wrought into the substance, that no part of the ornament could be removed, without tearing the stuff.

To introduce singing and dancing, by head and shoulders, no way relative to the action, does not turn a play into an opera; though that title is now promiscuously given to every farce sprinkled here and there with a song and a dance.

The richest lace, ridiculously set on, will make but a fool's coat.

I will not take upon me to criticise what has appeared of this kind on the English stage: we have several poems under the name of Dramatic Operas by the best hands; but, in my opinion, the subjects for the most part have been improperly chosen; Mr. Addison's *Rosamond*, and Mr. Congreve's *Semele*, though excellent in their kind, are rather masques than operas.

As I cannot help being concerned for the honour of my country, even in the minutest things, I am for endeavouring to out-do our neighbours in performances of all kinds.

Thus, if the splendour of the French Opera, and the harmony of the Italian, were so skilfully interwoven with the charms of poetry, upon a regular dramatic bottom, as to instruct, as well as delight, to improve the mind, as well as ravish the sense, there can be no doubt but such an addition would entitle our English opera to the preference of all others. The third part of the encouragement, of which we have been so liberal to foreigners for a consort of music only, mis-call'd an opera, would more than effect it.

In the construction of the following poem, the author has endeavoured to set an example to his rules; precepts are best explained by examples; an abler hand might have executed it better. However, it may serve for a model to be improved upon, when we grow weary of scenes of low life, and return to a taste of more generous pleasures.

We are reproached by foreigners with such unnatural irregularities in our dramatic pieces, as are shocking to all other nations; even a Swift has played the critic upon us, without considering they are as little approved by the judicious in our own. A stranger who is ignorant of the language, and incapable of judging of the sentiments, condemns by the eye, and concludes what he hears to be as extravagant as what he sees: When *Œdipus* breaks his neck out of a balcony, and *Jocasta* appears in her bed, murdering herself and her children, instead of moving terror, or compassion, such spectacles only fill the spectator with horror: No wonder if strangers are shocked at such sights, and conclude us a nation hardly yet civilized, that can seem to delight in them. To remove this reproach, it is much to be wished our scenes were less bloody, and the sword and dagger more out of fashion. To make some amends for this exclusion, I would be less severe as to the rigour of some other laws enacted by the masters,

though it is always advisable to keep as close to them as possible; but reformations are not to be brought about all at once.

It may happen that the nature of certain subjects proper for moving the passions, may require a little more latitude, and then, without offence to the critics, sure there may be room for a saving in equity from the severity of the common law of *Parnassus*, as well as of the King's Bench. To sacrifice a principal beauty, upon which the success of the whole may depend, is being too strictly tied down; in such a case, *summum jus* may be *summa injuria*.

Corneille himself complains of finding his genius often cramped by his own rules: "There is infinite difference (says he) between speculation and practice: Let the severest critic make the trial, he will be convinced by his own experience, that upon certain occasions too strict an adherence to the letter of the law, shall exclude a bright opportunity of shining, or touching the passions. Where the breach is of little moment, or can be contrived to be as it were imperceptible in the representation, a gentle dispensation might be allowed." To those little freedoms, he attributes the success of his *Cid*: But the rigid legislators of the academy handled him so roughly for it, that he never durst make the venture again, nor none who have followed him. Thus pinioned, the French muse must always flutter, like a bird with the wings cut, incapable of a lofty flight.

The dialogue of their tragedies is under the same constraint as the construction; not a discourse, but an oration; not speaking, but declaiming; not free, natural, and easy, as conversation should be, but precise, set, formal argumenting, *pro* and *con*, like disputants in a school. In writing, like dress, is it not possible to be too exact, too starched, and too formal? Pleasing negligence I have seen: Who ever saw pleasing formality?

In a word, all extremes are to be avoided. To be a French puritan in the drama, or an English latitudinarian, is taking different paths to be both out of the road. If the British muse is too unruly, the French is too tame; one wants a curb, the other a spur.

By pleading for some little relaxation from the utmost severity of the rules, where the subject may seem to require it, I am not bespeaking any such indulgence for the present performance: Though the ancients have left us no pattern to follow of this species of tragedy, I perceive, upon examination, that I have been attentive to their strictest lessons.

The unities are religiously observed: The place is the same, varied only into different prospects by the power of enchantment: All the incidents fall naturally within the very time of representation: The plot is one principal action, and of that kind which introduces variety of turns and changes, all tending to the same point: The ornaments and decorations are of a piece with it, so that one could not well subsist without the other: Every act concludes with some unexpected revolution:

And in the end, vice is punished, virtue rewarded, and the moral is instructive.

Rhyme, which I would by no means admit into the dialogue of graver tragedy, seems to me the most proper style for representations of this heroic romantic kind, and best adapted to accompany music. The solemn language of a haughty tyrant will by no means become a passionate lover, and tender sentiments require the softest colouring.

The theme must govern the style; every thought, every character, every subject, of a different nature, must speak a different language. An humble lover's gentle address to his mistress would rumble strangely in the Miltonic dialect; and the lost harmony of Mr. Waller's numbers would as ill become the mouths of Lucifer and Bêlzebub. The terrible, and the tender, must be set to different notes of music.

To conclude. This dramatic attempt was the first essay of a very infant muse, rather as a task at such hours as were free from such other exercises, than any way meant for public entertainment: But Mr. Betterton having had a casual sight of it many years after it was written, begged it for the stage, where it found so favourable a reception, as to have an uninterrupted run of at least forty days. The separation of the principal actors which soon followed; and the introduction of the Italian Opera, put a stop to its farther appearance.

Had it been composed at a riper time of life, the faults might have been fewer: However, upon revising it now, at so great a distance of time, with a cooler judgment than the first conceptions of youth will allow, I cannot absolutely say, *scripsisse pudet*.

PERSONS NAMES.

MEN.

CELIUS, a British King, Father to ORIANA.

CONSTANTIUS, a Roman Emperor, designed for Marriage with ORIANA.

AMADIS of GAUL, a famous Knight Adventurer, in Love with ORIANA.

FLORESTAN, his Companion, in Love with CORISANDA.

ARCALAUS, a wicked Enchanter, Enemy to AMADIS.

LUCIUS, a Roman of the Emperor's Train.

WOMEN.

ORIANA, in Love with AMADIS, but given in Marriage to CONSTANTIUS.

CORISANDA, betrothed to FLORESTAN.

URGANDA, a good Enchantress, Friend to AMADIS.

ARCAEON, Sister to ARCALAUS.

DELIA, an Attendant to URGANDA.

Troops of Magicians attending the several Enchanters. Knights and Ladies, Captives. Men and Women attending the British Court. Priests, or Druids. Romans attending Constantius. Singers, Dancers, &c.

SCENE the King's Palace, and Parts adjacent, inhabited by the different Enchanters.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Curtain rises to a symphony of all sorts of instruments of Music. The Scene represents an enchanted Grove, adorned and beautified with Fountains, Statues, &c.

URGANDA and **DELIA** performing some solemn ceremony of Enchantment.

A full Stage of Singers and Dancers.

URGANDA AND DELIA.

Urganda.

Sound, sound, ye winds, the rended clouds divide,
Fright back the priest, and save a trembling
bride,

Alist an injur'd lover's faithful love:
An injur'd lover's cause is worthy Jove.

Delia.

Successful is our charms: the temple shakes,
The altar nods, th' astonish'd priest forsakes.
The hallow'd shrine, starts from the bridegroom's
side,

Breaks off the rites, and leaves the knot untied.

Urganda.

Ye sweet musicians of the sky,
Hither, hither, hither, fly, fly,
And with enchanting notes all magic else supply.

Urganda and Delia retire down the Scene, waving their enchanted Rods, as continuing the Ceremony.

Full Chorus of Instruments and Voices.

Sound the trumpet, touch the lute,
Strike the lyre, inspire the flute;
In harmony,
Celestial harmony,

All magic charms are found;
Sound the trumpet, found.

[Here the Statues leap from their Pedestals, and form variety of Dances.]

Chorus of Singers after the Dance.

Music to charms, and does to sweetly wound,
That ev'ry sense is ravish'd with the sound.

A single Voice.

When nymphs are coy,
And fly from joy,
The shepherd takes his reed;
He plays a tune,
She stops as soon,
And straight they are agreed.
The battle near,
When cowards fear,
The drum and trumpet sounds;
Their courage warms,
They rush to arms,
And brave a thousand wounds.

CHORUS.

By harmony our souls are sway'd;
By harmony the world was made.

A second Dance.

Singers again advance.

A single Voice.

When with adoring looks we gaze
On bright Oriana's heavenly face,
In ev'ry glance, and ev'ry grace,
What is it that we see.

But harmony,
Celestial harmony!
Our ravish'd hearts leap up to meet;
The music of her eyes,
The music of her eyes,
And dance around her feet.

Full Chorus of voices and instruments, as at first.

Sound the trumpet, touch the lute,
Strike the lyre, inspire the flute;
In harmony,
Celestial harmony,
All magic charms are found;
Sound the trumpet, found.

A third Dance.

Urganda and Delia come forward.

Urganda.

This care for Amadis, ye gods, approve,
For what's a soldier's recompence but love?
When forc'd from Britain, call'd to distant war,
His vanquish'd heart remain'd a captive here;
Oriana's eyes that glorious conquest made,
Nor was his love ungratefully repaid.

Delia.

By Arcabon, like hostile Juno, crost,
And like Æneas driv'n from coast to coast,
The wand'ring hero wou'd return too late,
Charg'd by Oriana with the crimes of fate;
Who anxious of neglect, suspecting change,
Consults her pride, and meditates revenge.

Urganda.

Just in the moment, when resentment fires,
A charming rival tempts, a rugged king requires:

Love yields at last, thus combated by pride,
And she submits to be the Roman's bride.

Delia.

Did not your art with timely charms provide;
Oriana were his wife, and not his bride.

Urganda.

In ancient times, ere chivalry was known
The infant world with monsters overgrown,
Centaur and giants, nurs'd with human blood,
And dire magicians, an infernal brood,
Vex'd men and gods: but most the fair complain
Of violated loves, and lovers slain.
To shelter innocence, and injur'd right,
The nations all elect some patron knight,
Sworn to be true to love, and slaves to fame,
And many a valiant chief enrolls his name;
By shining marks distinguish'd they appear,
And various orders various ensigns wear.
Bound by strict oaths, to serve the brightest eyes,
Not more they strive for glory, than the prize;
While to invite the toil, the fairest dame
Of Britain is the boldest champion's claim.

Delia.

Of all who in this race of fame delight,
Brave Amadis is own'd the hardy't knight.
Nor Theseus, nor Alcides, ventur'd more,
Nor he so fam'd, who, bath'd in monster's gore,
Upon his crested helm the trampled dragon bore.

Urganda.

Ardan, that black enchanter, whose dire arts
Enslav'd our knights, and broke our virgins hearts,
Met spear to spear, his great delivering hand
Slew the destroyer, and redeem'd the land;
Far from thy breast all care and grief remove,
Oriana's thine, by conquest as by love.

Delia.

But haughty Arcabon, of Ardan's blood.
And Arealaus, foes alike to good,
Gluttons in murder, wanton to destroy,
Their fatal arts as impiously employ:
Heirs to their brother's mischiefs, and sworn foes
To Amadis, their magic they oppose
Against his love and life.

Urganda.

With equal care,
Their vengeance to prevent, we thus prepare,
Behold the time, when tender love shall be
Nor vex'd with doubt, nor prest with tyranny.
The love-sick hero shall from camps remove,
To reap reward: the hero's pay is love.
The tasks of glory painful are, and hard,
But ah! how blest, how sweet is the reward!

As she retires, Chorus of all the voices and instruments repeat.

Sound the trumpet, touch the lute,
Strike the lyre, inspire the flute;
In harmony,
Celestial harmony,
All magic charms are found;
Sound the trumpet, found.

SCENE II.

*The Scene changes to the inside of a magnificent Temple.
King Celius, and the British Court. Men and Women*

magnificently dressed in painted Habits, after the ancient Manner. The Priests and Druids in their Solemnities, seeming in Confusion, replacing their Idols, and setting their Altars in Order. Thunder and Lightning. In the mean time Constantius, Oriana, and Corisanda come forward.

Constantius.

LOVERS consult not stars, nor search the skies,
But seek their sentence in their charmer's eyes.
Careless of thunder from the clouds that break,
My only omens from your looks I take;
When my Oriana smiles, from whence I date
My future hope; and when she frowns, my fate.

Oriana.

Cease, prince, the anger of the gods to move,
'Tis now become a crime to mention love.
Our holy men interpreting the voice
Of heaven in wrath, forwarn th' ill-omen'd choice.

Constantius.

Strange rules for constancy your priests devise,
If love and hate must vary with your skies,
From such vile servitude set reason free;
The Gods in every circumstance agree
To suit our union, pointing out to me;
In this right hand the sceptre that they place,
For me to guide, was meant for you to grace.
Thou best and fairest of the beauteous kind,
Accept that empire which the gods design'd,
And be the charming mistress of mankind.

Corisanda.

Nuptials of form, of interest, or of state,
Those seeds of pride, are fruitful in debate;
Let happy men for generous love declare,
And choose the gentle virgin, chaste, and fair:
Let women to superior fortune born,
For naked virtue, all temptations scorn;
The charm's immortal to a gallant mind,
If gratitude cement whom love has join'd.
And Providence, not niggardly, but wise,
Here lavishly bestows, and there denies,
That by each other's virtue we may rise.
Weak the bare tie of man and wife we find,
But friend and benefactor always bind.

The King advances, followed by Priests and Train.

King.

Our priests recover: 'Twas a holy cheat;
Lead back the bride, the ceremonies wait.

Oriana.

What heaven forbids—

King.

'Twas ignorance of my will,
Our priests are better taught: What now is ill,
Shall, when I please, be good; and none shall dare
Preach or expound, but what their king would hear.

[Priests bow profoundly low.]

Ere they interpret, let 'em mark my nod,
My voice their thunder, this right arm their god.

[Looking sternly at 'em, they bow again as before.]
Prince take your bride,

Oriana.

'Twere impious now to suffer him my hand.

[Refusing her hand.]

King.

How dar'st thou disobey, when I command?
Mind, mind her not, nor be disturb'd at tears,
A counterfeited quail of bridal fears:
You'd see, could you her inward motions watch,
Feigning delay, she wistles for dispatch;
Into a woman's meaning would you look,
Then read her backward, like a wizard's book.
Priests, to your charge—back to your office go.

[Spoken with a stern, imperious air. Priests retire, obsequiously bowing, as before.]

Oriana.

Th' obedience that is due, and which I owe,
Dread Sir, shall ever be observ'd by me;
It is not to dispute your high decree
That thus I kneel, but humbly to implore
One moment's short suspense; I own your power
And I submit. Grant but this small delay,
And as the prince decides, Oriana shall obey.

Constantius.

I have no will but what your eyes ordain,
Dellin'd to love, as they are doom'd to reign.

King. [Aside.]

Into what hands, ye gods! have ye resign'd
Your world? Are these the masters of mankind?
These supple Romans teach our women scorn;
I thank ye, gods, that I'm a Briton born.
[To them.] Agree these trifles in a short debate;
No more delays, I am not us'd to wait.

[King Celius retires back into the Temple.]

Oriana, Constantius, and Corisanda, after a short Pause.

Oriana.

Your stars and mine have chosen you, to prove
The noblest way how generous men should love;
All boast their flames, but yet no woman found
A passion, where self-love was not the ground.
Slaves we are made, by false pretences caught,
The Briton in my soul disdains the thought.

Constantius.

So much, so tenderly your slave adores,
He has no thought of happiness, but yours.

Oriana.

Vows may be feign'd, nor shall more words
prevail,

I must have proofs, but proofs that cannot fail.
By arms, by honour, and by all that's dear
To heroes, or expecting lovers, swear.

Constantius.

Needs there an oath? and can Oriana say,
Thus I command, and doubt if I'll obey?

Oriana.

Prepare then, prince, to hear a secret told
Which shame would shun, and blushing I unfold.
But dangers pressing, cowards will grow bold:
Know—then—I love.

Constantius. [Eagerly.]

Can you command despair, yet love confess:
And curse with the same breath with which you
blest?

Oriana. [Disdainfully putting him off.]

Mistake me not—that I do love, is true,
But flatter not yourself; it is not you.

Constantius. [Starting.]

Forbid it, gods! recall the fatal breath
Which spoke that word, the sound is instant death.

Oriana.

Too late to be recall'd, or to deny,
I own the fatal truth—if one must die,
You are the judge; say, is it you—or I?

*A Messenger from the Temple.**Messenger.*

The king is much displeas'd at this delay.

*Constantius is talking about in a Passion.**Constantius.*

And let him wait, while 'tis my will to stay.

Oriana.

Bear back a gentler answer: we'll obey.

*[Exit Messenger.]**Constantius.*

Hence every found that's either soft, or kind;
O for a war like that within my mind!
Say, flatterer, say, ah! fair deluder, speak,
Answer me this, ere yet my heart shall break;
Since this engag'd, you never could intend
Your love, why was I flatter'd with your hand?

Oriana.

To what a father and a king thinks fit,
A daughter and a subject must submit.
Think not from tyranny that love can grow;
I am a slave, and you have made me so.
Those chains which duty hath put on, remove;
Slaves may obey, but they can never love.

Constantius.

Cruel Oriana, much you wrong my flame,
To think that I could lay so harsh a claim.
Love is a subject to himself alone,
And knows no other empire but his own;
No ties can bind, which from constraint arise,
Where either's forc'd, all obligation flies,
O fatal law! requiring to resign
The object lov'd: or hated, keep her mine.

Oriana. [Soothingly.]

Accuse me not of hate; with equal eyes
I judge your merit, and your virtue prize:
Friendship, esteem, be yours; heretofore
Of all my love, what can I offer more?
Your rival's image in your worth I view,
And what I lov'd in him, esteem in you;
Had your complaint been first, it might have mov'd;
He then had been esteem'd, and you belov'd:
Then blame me not, since what decides your fate,
Is that you pleaded last, and came too late.

Corisanda.

Hard fate of merit! Fortune holds the scale,
And still throws in the weight that must prevail!
Your rival is not of more charms possess'd,
A grain of better luck has made him blest.

Constantius. [Aside.]

To love, and have the power to possess,
And yet resign, can nature yield to this:
Shall nature, erring from her first command,
Self-preservation, fall by her own hand?
By her own act, the springs of life destroy,
The principles, and being of her joy?
Tormenting thought! Can nature then approve
Blessings obtain'd, by cursing those we love.
Possessing, she is lost—renouncing—I—*[die.]*
Where's then the doubt?—Die, die, *Constantius,*
Honour, and love, ye tyrants, I obey,
Where'er your cruel call directs my way;

To shame, to chains, or to a certain grave,
Lead on, unpitied guides—behold your slave.

Oriana.

Though love be wanting to relieve your care,
Glory may make amends, with fame in war;
Honour's the noblest chafe, pursue that game,
And recompense the loss of love with fame;
If still against such aids your love prevails.
Yet absence is a cure that seldom fails.

Constantius.

Tyrannic honour! what amends canst thou
E'er make my heart, by flattering my brow?
Vain race of fame, unless the conquest prove
In search of beauty, to conclude in love.
Frail hope of aids! for time or chance to give,
That love, which, spite of cruelty, can live!
From your disdain, since no relief I find,
I must love absent, whom I love unkind;
Though seas divide us, and though mountains part,
That fatal form will ever haunt my heart.
O dire reverse of hope, which I endure,
From sure possession, to despair as sure!
Farewell, Oriana—yet, ere I remove,
Can you refuse one tear to bleeding love?
Ah! no, take heed—turn, turn those eyes away,
The charm's so strong. I shall for ever stay.
Princess, rejoice—for your next news shall be,
Constantius dies—tb set Oriana free.

[Exeunt severally.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The Scene, a thick wooded Forest, the Trees loaded with
military Ensigns and Trophies. A rich Pavilion makes
the Point of View at the further End.*

*Arcalaus and Arcabon.**Arcalaus.*

ENCHANTRESS, say—whence such replies as
these?

Thou answer'st love, I speak of Amadis.

Arcabon.

Swiftly he pass'd, and, as in sport pursu'd
The savage herd, and scower'd through the wood;
Tigers and wolves in vain his stroke withstand,
Cut down, like poppies, by the reaper's hand;
Like Mars he look'd, as terrible and strong;
Like Jove, majestic; like Apollo, young;
With all their attributes divinely grac'd,
And sure their thunder in his arm was plac'd.

Arcalaus.

Who pass'd? Who look'd?

Arcabon.

Ah! there's the fatal wound,
Which tears my heart-strings—but he shall be
found;

Yes, ye infernals, if there's power in art,
These arms shall hold him, as he grasps my heart.
Shall I, who can draw down the moon, and
keep
The stars confin'd, enchant the boist'rous deep?
Bid Boreas halt, make hills and forests move,
shall I—

Arcalaus.

—Be made a whining fool to love?
Suspend these follies, and let rage surmount,
A brother's death requires a strict account;
To-day, to-day, perhaps this very hour,
This moment, now, the murth'rer's in our pow'r.
Leave love in cottages and cells to reign,
With nymphs obscure, and with the lowly swain;
Who waste their days and strength in such short
joys,
Are fools, who barter life and fame for toys.

Arcobon.

They're fools who preach we waste our days and
strength,

What is a life, whose only charm is length;
Give me a life that's short and wing'd with joy,
A life of love, whose minutes never cloy:
What is an age in dull renown drudg'd o'er?
One little single hour of love is more.

*An Attendant enters hastily, and whispers Arcalaus.**Arcalaus.*

See it perform'd—and thou shalt be,
Black minister of hell—a god to me.

[Attendant flies away through the Air.]

He comes, he comes, just ready to be caught,
Here Ardan fell, here, on this fatal spot
Our brother dy'd; here flow'd that precious gore,
The purple flood, which cries aloud for more:
Think on that image, see him on the ground,
His life and fame both bury'd in one wound:
Think on the murder, with insulting pride
Tearing the weapon from his bleeding side:
Oh think—

Arcobon.

What need these bloody images to move?
Revenge I will; and would secure my love:
Why should I of a frailty shameful be,
From which no mortal yet was ever free?
Not fierce Medea, mistress of our art,
Nor Circe, nor Calypso 'scap'd the snare.
If hell has power, both passions I will please,
My vengeance and my love shall both have ease.
Lead on, magician, make revenge secure,
My hand's as ready, and shall strike as sure.

*[They go off.]**Oriana and Corisanda entering from the lower part of the Scene.**Oriana.*

Thrice happy they, who thus in silent groves,
From courts retir'd, possess their peaceful loves.
Of royal maids, how wretched is the fate,
Born only to be victims of the state;
Our hopes, our wishes all our passions ty'd
For public use; the slaves of others pride.
Here let us wait th' event, on which alone
Depends my peace, I tremble till 'tis known.

Corisanda.

So generous this emperor's love does seem,
I would justify a change, to change for him.

Oriana.

Alas! thou know'st not men, their oaths, and
arts
Of feigning truth, with treason in their hearts.

Who now's ador'd, may the next hour displease,
At first their cure, and after, their disease.

[Flourish of Music as in the Forest. Corisanda.]

Of! we have heard such airy sounds as these
Salute us as we pass.

*Enter several of Arcalaus' Magicians singing and dancing, representing Shepherds, Shepherdesses, and Pans.**A Shepherd singing.*

Follow ye nymphs and shepherds all,
Come celebrate the festival,
And merrily sing, and sport and play,
For 'tis Oriana's nuptial day.

[A Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses. Then a Shepherdess addressing to Oriana, sings.]

Queen of Britain, and of love.
Be happy as the blest above;
Graces numberless attend thee,
The gods as many blessings send thee:
Be happy as the blest above,
Queen of Britain, and of love.

*A rural Dance of Pans.**[Exeunt dancing.]**Oriana.*

Preposterous nuptials! that fill every breast
With joy, but only hers who should be blest.

Corisanda.

Sure some magician keeps his revels here:
Princess retire, there may be danger near.

[Flourish of soft Music at a Distance. Oriana.]

What danger in such gentle notes can be?
Thou friend to love, thrice powerful harmony,
I'll follow thee, play on—
Music's the balm of love, it charms despair,
Suspends the smart, and softens every care.

*[Exeunt down the Scene, following the Music.]**Arcalaus enters, with an Attendant, observing them as they walk down into the Forest.**Arcalaus.*

Finish the rest, and then be free as air:
My eyes ne'er yet beheld a form so fair.
Happy beyond my wish, I go to prove
At once, the joys of sweet revenge and love.

*[Walks down the Scene after them.]**Enter Amadis and Florestan.**Amadis.*

Mistake me not—no—Amadis shall die,
If she is pleas'd but not disturb her joy;
Nice honour still engages to requite
False mistresses, and friends, with slight for slight:
But if, like mine, the stubborn heart retain
A wilful tenderness, the brave must feign,
In private grief, but with a careless scorn
In public, seem to triumph, not to mourn.

Florestan.

Hard is the task, in love or grief to feign;
When passion is sincere, it will complain;
Doubts which from rumour rise, you should suspend
From evil tongues what virtue can defend.

In love, who injures by a rash distrust,
Is the aggressor, and the first unjust.

Amadis.

If she is true, why all this nuptial noise,
Still echoing as we pass her guilty joys?
Who to a woman trusts his peace of mind,
Trusts a frail bark, with a tempestuous wind.
Thus to Ulysses, on the Stygian coast
His fate inquiring, spake Atrides' ghost;
Of all the plagues with which the world is curst,
Of every ill, a woman is the worst;
Trust not a woman.—Well might he advise,
Who perish'd by his wife's adueries.

Floresban.

Thus in despair, what most we love, we wrong,
Not Heaven escapes the impious athiest's tongue.

Amadis.

Enticing crocodiles, whose tears are death,
Sirens, who murder with enchanting breath:
Like Egypt's temples, dazzling to the sight,
Pompously deck'd, all gaudy, gay, and bright;
With glittering gold, and sparkling gems they
shine,

But apes and monkeys are the Gods within.

Floresban.

My love attends with pain, while you pursue
This angry theme;—I have a mistress too:
The faultless form no secret stains disgrace,
A beauteous mind unblemish'd as her face;
Not painted and adorn'd to varnish sin,
Without all angel, all divine within;
By truth maintaining what by love she got:
A heaven without a cloud, a sun without a spot.

Amadis. [Embracing him.]

Forgive the visions of my frantic brain,
Far from the man I love be all such pain:
By the immortal gods I swear, my friend,
The fates to me no greater joy could send,
Than that your labours meet a prosperous end.
After so many glorious toils, that you
Have found a mistress beautiful and true.

Oriana and Corisanda. [Without.]

Help, help, oh! Heavens, help—

Amadis.

What cries are these?

Floresban.

It seem'd the call of beauty in distress.
Of savage beasts and men, a monstrous brood
Possess this land—

Oriana and Corisanda.

Help, help—

Amadis.

Again the cry's renew'd.

Draw both our swords, and fly with speed to save;
Th' oppress'd have a sure refuge in the brave.

[Exeunt, drawing their swords.]

Oriana and Corisanda cross the Stage, pursued by a Party of Arcalaus' Magicians.

Oriana and Corisanda.

Help, help—

Party.

Pursue, pursue—

[Floresban crosses the Stage, following the Pursuit. Arcalaus fighting and retreating before Amadis.]

Arcalaus.

Thou run'st upon thy fate: Mortal forbear,
A more than mortal rules the regions here.

Amadis.

Think not my sword shall give the least reprieve,
'Twere cruelty to let such monsters live,

[Floresban re-enters retreating before another Party, is seized, disarmed, and carried off.]

Arcalaus.

Yet pause, and be advis'd; avoid thy fate;
Without thy life, my vengeance is complete:
Behold thy friend borne to eternal chains,
Remember Ardan now, and count thy gains.

Amadis.

Like Ardan's be thy fate, unpitied fall:
Thus I'll at once revenge, and free them all.

[Fight, Arcalaus still retreating. A sudden Sound of Instruments expressing Terror and Horror, with Thunder at the same Time. Monsters and Demons rise from under the Stage, while others fly down from above, crossing to and fro in Confusion, during which the Stage is darkened. On a sudden a Flourish of contrary Music succeeds; the Sky clears, and the whole Scene changes to a delightful Vale, Amadis appearing leaning on his Sword, surrounded by Shepherds and Shepherdesses, who with Songs, Music and Dances, perform the following Enchantment.]

To be sung in full Chorus.

Love, creator love, appear,

Attend and hear;

Appear, appear, appear.

A single Voice.

Love, creator love,

Parent of heaven and earth,

Delight of gods above;

To thee all nature owes her birth;

Love, creator love.

Another single Voice.

All that in ambient air does move,

Or teems on fertile fields below,

Or sparkles in the skies above,

Or does in rolling waters flow,

Spring from the seeds which thou dost sow,

Love, creator love.

CHORUS.

Better in love a slave to be,

Than with the widest empire free.

Dance.

ODE TO DISCORD.

A single Voice.

WHEN love's away then Discord reigns,

The furies he unchains,

Bids Æolus unbind

The northern wind,

That fetter'd lay in caves,

And root up trees, and plough the plains;

Old Ocean frets and raves;

From their deep roots the rocks he tears,

Whole deluges lets fly,

That dash against the sky.

And seem to drown the stars;
Th' assaulted clouds return the shock,
Blue light'nings singe the waves,
And thunder rends the rock.

Then Jove usurps his father's crown,
Instructing mortals to aspire;
The father would destroy the son,
The son dethrones the sire.
The Titans, to regain their right,
Prepare to try a second fight,
Briareus arms his hundred hands,
And marches forth the bold gigantic bands.

Pelion upon Ossa thrown,
Steep Olympus they invade,
Gods and giants tumble down,
And Mars is foil'd by Encelade.
Horror, confusion, dreadful ire,
Daggers, poison, sword and fire,
To execute the destin'd wrath conspire.
The furies loose their snaky rods,
And lash both men and gods.

Chorus repeat the last Stanza.

Then Symphony for Love.

A single Voice.

But when love bids discord cease,
The jarring seeds unite in peace;
O the pleasures past expressing!
O the rapture of possessing!
Melting, dying, heavenly blessing,
O the rapture of possessing!
Hail to love, and welcome joy!
Hail to the delicious boy!

In Cyprus first the God was known,
Then wandering, wandering o'er the main,
He in Britannia fix'd his reign,
And in Oriana's eyes his throne.

A full Chorus.

Hail to love, and welcome joy!
Hail to the delicious boy!
See the sun from love returning,
Love's the flame in which he's burning.
Hail to love, the softest pleasure;
Love and beauty reign for ever.

Dance.

[Then to be sung by a Shepherdess addressing herself to Amadis.]

Now mortal prepare,
For thy fate is at hand;
Now mortal prepare,
And surrender.

For love shall arise,
Whom no power can withstand,
Who rules from the skies
To the centre.

Now mortal prepare,
For thy fate is at hand;
Now mortal prepare,
And surrender.

Chorus repeat,
Now mortal prepare, &c.

[During the Chorus, Oriana appears rising from under the Stage, reposed upon a Machine representing a Bed of Flowers. The Chorus ended, she rises, and comes forward.]

Oriana.

In what enchanted regions am I lost?
Am I alive? Or wander here a ghost?
Art thou too dead?—

[Starting at the sight of Amadis.]

Where'er you are, the realms of bliss must be;
I see my goddess, and 'tis heaven to see.

[Throwing away his sword, is seized and bound.]
Stand off, and give me way—

Oriana.

—No, keep him there,
Th' ungrateful traitor, let him not come near:
Convey the wretch where Sisyphus atones
For crimes enormous, and where Tityus groans;
With robbers, and with murderers let him prove
Immortal pains—for he has murder'd love.

Amadis.

Have I done this?—

Oriana.

—Base and perfidious man!
Let me be heard, and answer if you can.
Was it your love, when trembling by your side
I wept, and I implor'd, and almost dy'd,
Urging your stay: was it your love that bore
Your faithless vessel from the British shore?
What said I not, upon the fatal night,
When you avow'd your meditated flight?
Was it your love that prompted you to part,
To leave me dying, and to break my heart?
See whom you fled, inhuman and ingrate,
Repent your folly—but repent too late.

Amadis.

Mistaken princess; by the stars above,
The powers below, and by immortal Jove
Unwilling and compell'd—

Oriana.

Unwilling and compell'd! vain, vain pretence
For base neglect, and cold indifference.
Was it your love, when by those stars above,
Those powers below, and that immortal Jove,
You vow'd, before the first revolving moon,
You would return?—Did you return?—The sun
Thrice round the circled globe was seen to move,
You neither came, nor sent—was this your love?

Amadis.

Thrice has that sun beheld me on your coast,
By tempests beaten, and in shipwrecks lost.

Oriana.

And yet you chose those perils of the sea,
Of rocks, and storms—or any thing—but me.
The raging ocean, and the winter wind,
Touch'd at my passion, with my wishes join'd,
No image, but of certain fate, appear'd,
Less I your absence, than your danger, fear'd;
In vain they threaten'd, and I sued in vain,
More deaf than storms, more cruel than the main;
No prayer, nor gentle message could prevail
To wait a calmer sky, or softer gale;
You brav'd the danger, and despis'd the love,
Nor death could terrify your passion move.

Amadis.

Of our past lives, the pleasure, and the pain,
 Fix'd in my soul, for ever shall remain;
 Recall more gently my unhappy state,
 And charge my crime, not on my choice, but fate:
 In mortal breast, sure, honour never wag'd
 So dire a war, nor love more fiercely rag'd:
 You saw my torment, and you knew my heart,
 'Twas infamy to stay, 'twas death to part.

Oriana.

In vain you'd cover, with the thirst of fame,
 And honour's call, an odious traitor's name:
 Could honour such vile perfidy approve?
 Is it no honour to be true to love?
 O Venus! parent of the Trojan race,
 In Britain too, some remnants found a place;
 From Brute descending in a line direct,
 Within these veins thy favourite blood respect;
 Mother of love, by men and gods rever'd,
 Confirm these vows, and let this prayer be heard.
 The Briton to the Gaul henceforth shall bear
 Immortal hatred, and eternal war;
 Nor league, nor commerce, let the nations know,
 But seeds of everlasting discord grow;
 With fire and sword the faithless race pursue,
 This vengeance to my injur'd love is due:
 Rise from our ashes some avenging hand,
 To curb their tyrants, and invade their land;
 Waves fight with waves, and shores with shores
 engage,

And let our sons inherit the same rage.

Amadis.

Might I be heard a word in my defence——

Oriana.

No, not a word. What specious forc'd pretence
 Would you invent, to gild a weak defence?
 To false Æneas, when 'twas given by fate
 To tread the paths of death, and view the Stygian
 state,

Forfaken Dido was the first that stood
 To strike his eye, her bosom bath'd in blood
 Fresh from her wound: pale horror and affright
 Seiz'd the false man, confounded at the sight,
 Trembling he gaz'd, and some faint words he
 spoke,

Some tears he shed, which, with disdainful look,
 Unmov'd she heard, and saw, nor heeded more
 Than the firm rock, when faithless tempests roar,
 With one last look, his fallencess she upbraids,
 Then suddenly retires, and seeks eternal shades.
 Lead me, O lead me where the bleeding queen,
 With just reproaches loads perfidious men,
 Banish'd from joy, from empire, and from light,
 In death involve me, and in endless night,
 But keep—that odious object—from my sight.

*[Exit.]**Enter Arcalaus.**Arcalaus.*

With her last words, the sign'd his dying breath,
 Convey him straight to tortures, and to death.

Amadis.

Let me not perish with a traitor's name,
 Naked, unarm'd, and single as I am;
 Loose this right hand——

Arcalaus.

Hence to his fate the valiant boaster bear.

[Sinks under the Stage with him.]

For him, let our infernal priests prepare
 Their knives, their cords, and altars—but for her
 Soft beds, and flowery banks, and fragrant bowers;
 Music, and songs, and all those melting powers
 With which love steals on hearts, and tunes the
 mind

To tenderness and yielding——
 Superior charms, enchant us to be kind.

*[Exit.]**The Act concludes with dancing.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Arcalaus, and Arcabon, meeting.**Arcalaus.*

WELCOME as after darkness cheerful light,
 Or to the weary wanderer downy night:
 Smile, smile my Arcabon, for ever smile,
 And with thy gayest looks reward my toil,
 That fullen air but ill becomes thee now,
 Seest thou not glorious conquest on my brow?
 Amadis, Amadis——

Arcabon.

Dead, or in chains? Be quick in thy reply.

Arcalaus.

He lives, my Arcabon, but lives to die.
 The gnawing vulture, and the restless wheel,
 Shall be delight, to what the wretch shall feel.

Arcabon.

Goddeſs of dire revenge, Erinny's, riſe,
 With pleaſure grace thy lips, with joy thy eyes;
 Smile like the queen of love, and ſtrip the rocks
 Of pearls and gems, to deck thy jetty locks;
 With cheerful tunes diſguiſe thy hollow throat,
 And emulate the lark, and linnet's note;
 Let envy's ſelf rejoice, deſpair be gay,
 For rage and murder ſhall triumph to-day.

Arcalaus.

Arife, O Ardan, from the hollow womb
 Of earth, ariſe, burſt from thy brazen tomb,
 Bear witneſs to the vengeance we prepare,
 Rejoice, and reſt for ever void of care.

Arcabon.

Pluto, ariſe, infernal king, releaſe
 Thy tortur'd ſlaves, and let the damn'd have }
 peace,
 But double all their pains on Amadis.

Arcalaus.

Mourn all ye heavens, above yon azure plain
 Let grief abound, and lamentation reign,
 The thunderer with tears bedew his ſky,
 For Amadis, his champion's doom'd to die.

Arcabon.

Death be my care; for to complete his woe,
 The ſlave ſhall periſh by a woman's blow;
 Thus each by turns ſhall his dire vow fulfil,
 'Twas thine to vanquiſh, and 'tis mine to kill.

Arcalaus.

So look'd Medea, when her rival bride,
 Upon her nuptial day, conſuming dy'd:

O never more let love disguise a face
By rage adorn'd with such triumphant grace.

Arcabon.

In sweet revenge inferior joys are lost,
And love lies shipwreck'd on the stormy coast;
Rage rules all other passions in my breast,
And swelling like a torrent, drowns the rest.
Should this curs'd wretch, whom most my soul
abhors,

Prove the dear man, whom most my soul adores,
Love should in vain defend him with his dart,
Through all his charms I'd stab him to the heart.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.

*Enter Cilius, Constantius, Lucius a Roman, and a
numerous Attendance of Britons.*

King.

From contracts sign'd, and articles agreed,
With British faith it suits not to recede:
How may the world interpret such neglect,
And on her beauty, or her fame, reflect?
Roman, consider well what course you run,
Resolve to be my prisoner, or my son.
If this sounds rude, then know, we Britons slight
Those supple arts which foreigners delight,
Nor stand on forms to vindicate our right.

[*Exit King and Attendants.*]

Lucius.

Happy extremity! now, prince be blest,
Of all you love, and all you wish possess;
No censure you incur, constrain'd to choose,
Possess'd at once of pleasure, and excuse.

Constantius.

If for myself alone I would possess,
'Twere sensual joy, and brutal happiness.
When most we love, embracing and embrac'd,
The particle sublime of bliss, is plac'd } *taste.*
In raptures that we feel the ravish'd charmer }
Oriana, no—though certain death it be,
I'll keep my word—I'll die, or set thee free.
Haste, Lucius, haste, sound loud our trumpets, call
Our guards to arms, though few, they're Romans
all.

Now tremble, savage king, a Roman hand
Shall ne'er be bound, that can a sword command.

As they go off, re-enter King Cilius, attended as before.

King.

Not to be found! she must, she shall be found;
Disperse our parties, search our kingdoms round;
Fellow Constantius, seize him, torture, kill;
Traitor! what vengeance I can have, I will.
Well have thy gods, O Rome! secur'd thy peace,
Planted behind so many lands and seas.
Or thou shouldst feel me, city, in thy fall.
More dreadful than the Samnite, or the Gaul.
But to supply and recompense this want,
Hear, O ye guardians of our isle, and grant
That wrath may rise, and strife immortal come
Betwixt the gods of Britain, and of Rome.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*The Scene changes to a Scene of Tombs and Dungeons,
Men and Women chained in Rows, opposite to one
another. In the Front of the Captives, Florestan and
Corisanda. A magnificent Monument erected to the
Memory of Ardan, with this Inscription in large
Letters of Gold:*

Revenge is vow'd, rest quiet, gentle shade,
The living shall be restless till 'tis had.

A Guard of Demony. Plaintive Music.

To be sung by a captive King.

Look down, ye powers, look down,
And cast a pitying eye
Upon a monarch's misery.
Look down, look down,
Avenge, avenge, avenge
Affronted majesty.

I who but now on thrones of gold,
Gave laws to kingdoms uncontroul'd,
To empire born,
From empire torn,
A wretched slave,
A wretched slave,
Am now of slaves the scorn.
Alas! the smiles of fortune prove
As variable as women's love.

By a captive Lover.

The happiest mortals once were we,
I lov'd Myra, Myra me;
Each desirous of the blessing,
Nothing wanting but possessing;
I lov'd Myra, Myra me,
The happiest mortals once were we.

But since cruel fates dis sever,
Torn from love, and torn for ever,
Tortures end me,
Death befriend me:
Of all pains, the greatest pain,
Is to love, and love in vain.

By a captive Libertine.

Plague us not with idle stories,
Whining loves, and senseless glories;
What are lovers, what are kings?
What at best but slavish things.

Free I liv'd, as Nature made me,
No proud beauty durst invade me,
No rebellious slaves betray'd me,
Free I liv'd, as Nature made me.

Each by turns, as sense inspir'd me,
Bacchus, Ceres, Venus, fir'd me;
I alone have lost true pleasure;
Freedom is the only treasure.

Chorus of Demons.

Cease, ye slaves, your fruitless grieving,
No, no,
The powers below
No pity know;
Cease, ye slaves, your fruitless grieving.

A Dance of Demons insulting the Prisoners.

Florestan to Corisanda.

To taste of pain, and yet to gaze on thee,
To meet, and yet to mourn, but ill agree.
Well may the brave contend, the wife contrive,
In vain against their stars the destin'd strive.

Corisanda.

So to th' appointed grove the feather'd pair
Fly chirping on, unmindful of the snare,
Pursuing love, and wing'd with amorous thought,
The wanton couple in one toil are caught,
In the same cage in mournful notes complain
Of the same fate, and curse perfidious man.

A Captive.

O heavens, take pity of our pains,
Death is a milder fate than chains.

[*A Flourish of Instruments of Horror. Arcabon descends in a Chariot drawn through the Air by Dragons, guarded by infernal Spirits. She alights and comes forward, armed with a Dagger in her Hand.*]

Arcabon.

Your vows have reach'd the gods, your chains
and breath

Have the same date——

Prepare for freedom, for I bring you death.
He who so oft has 'scap'd th' assaults of hell,
Whom yet no charms could bind, no force could
quell,

By whom so many bold enchanters fell,
Amadis, Amadis, this joyful day,
Your guardian Deity's himself our prey.
From all their dungeons let our captives come,
Idle spectators of their hero's doom.

[*Flourish of loud Instruments of divers Sorts. Other Dungeons open, and discover more Captives. Amadis chained to an Altar, infernal Priests on each Side of him with Knives up-lifted ready for the Sacrifice. Arcabon advancing hastily to stab him, starts and steps.*]

Arcabon.

Thou dy'st—What strange and what resistless
charm,

With secret force, arrests my lifted arm?
What art thou, who with more than magic art,
Dost make my hand unfaithful to my heart?

Amadis.

One, who disdaining mercy, fues to die;
I ask not life, for life were cruelty.
Of all the wretched, search the world around,
A more unhappy never can be found;
Let loose thy rage, like an avenging God,
Fain would my soul encumber'd cast her load.

Arcabon. [Aside.]

In every line and feature of that face,
The dear enchanter of my soul I trace:
My brother! had my father too been slain,
The blood of my whole race should plead in vain.
The ties of nature do but weakly move,
The strongest tie of nature, is in love.

Amadis.

O Florestan! I see those chains with shame,
Which I could not prevent—O stain to fame!
O honour lost for ever! Thefeus fell,
But Hercules remain'd unconquer'd still,

Vol. VII.

And freed his friend—What man could do—I did,
Nor was I overpower'd but betray'd.
O my lov'd friend! with better grace we stood
In arms repelling death, wading in blood
To victories; the manly limb that trod
Firm and erect, beneath a treble load
Of ponderous mail, these shameful bonds disdains,
And sinks beneath th' inglorious weight of chains.

Florestan.

Where shall the brave and good for refuge run,
When to be virtuous, is to be undone?

Arcabon.

He spoke—and every accent to my heart
Gave a fresh wound, and was another dart:
He weeps! but reddening at the tears that fall,
Is it for these? Be quick, and free them all.
Let every captive be releas'd from chains:
How is it that I love, if he complains?
Hence every grief, and every anxious care,
Mix with the seas and winds, breed tempests there:
Strike all your strings, to joyful measures move,
And every voice sound liberty and love.

[*Flourish of all the Music; the Chains at once fall off from all the Captives. Arcabon frees Amadis herself.*]

Chorus of all the Captives.

Liberty! liberty!

A single Voice.

Arm, arm, the generous Britons cry,
Let us live free, or let us die;
Trumpets sounding, banners flying,
Braving tyrants, chains defying,
Arm, arm, the generous Britons cry,
Let us live free, or let us die;

Liberty! liberty!

Chorus repeat,

Liberty! liberty!

Another single Voice.

Happy isle, all joys possessing,
Clime resembling heaven above,
Freedom 'tis that crowns thy blessing,
Land of liberty and love!
When thy nymphs, to cure complaining,
Set themselves and lovers free,
In the blessing of obtaining,
Ah! how sweet is liberty!

Dance of Captives, expressing Joy for Liberty.

[*Arcabon having freed Amadis, they come forward together; the rest standing in Rows on each Side of the Theatre, bowing as they advance.*]

Arcabon.

When rage, like mine, makes such a sudden
pause,

Methinks 'twere easy to divine the cause:
The dullest warrior, in a lady's face,
The secret meaning of a blush may trace,
When short-breath'd sighs, and catching glances,
From dying eyes, reveal the kind intent. [scat
Let glory share, but not possess you whole,
Love is the darling transport of the soul.

Amadis.

The lords of fate, who all our lots decree,
Have destin'd fame, no other chance for me;

3 A

My fallen stars in that rough circle move;
The happy only are reserv'd for love.

Arcabon.

The stars which you reproach, my art can force,
I can direct them to a kinder course:
Trust to my charms, the present time improve,
Select and precious are the hours of love.
Unguarded see the virgin treasure stand,
Glad of the theft, to court the robber's hand;
Honour, his wonted watch no longer keeps,
Seize quickly, foldier, while the dragon sleeps.

Amadis.

Enchanting are your looks, less magic lies
In your mysterious art, than in your eyes;
Such melting language claims a soft return,
Pity the hopeless flames in which I burn;
Fast bound already, and not free to choose,
I prize the blessing fated to refuse.

Arcabon. [Aside.]

Those formal lovers be for ever curst,
Who fester'd free-born love with honour first,
Who through fantastic laws are virtue's fools,
And against nature will be slaves to rules.
[To him.] Your captive friends have freedom from
this hour,

Rejoice for them, but for thyself much more:
Sublimar blessings are reserv'd for thee,
Whom love invites to be possess'd of me.
The shipwreck'd Greeks cast on Ætea's shore,
With trembling steps the dubious coast explore,
Who first arrive, in vain for pity plead,
Transform'd to beasts, a vile and monstrous breed;
But when Ulysses with superior mien [queen,
Approach'd the throne where sat th' enchantress
Pleas'd with a presence that invades her charms,
She takes the bold advent'rer in her arms,
Up to her bed she leads the conqueror on,
Where he enjoys the daughter of the sun.

[She leads Amadis out. Florestan and Corisanda, and
the released Captives only remain. Florestan and Co-
risanda run into each other's Arms.]

Florestan.

In this enchanting circle let me be,
For ever and for ever bound with thee.

Corisanda.

Soul of my soul, and charmer of my heart,
From these embraces let us never part.

Florestan.

Never, O never—in some safe retreat,
Far from the noise and tumults of the great,
Secure and happy on each other's breast,
Within each other's arms we'll ever rest;
Those eyes shall make my days serene and bright,
These arms, thus circling round me, bless the night.

[Exit Flor. and Cor.]

[The remaining Captives express their Joy for Liberty
by singing and dancing.]

Chorus of all the Captives together.

To fortune give immortal praise,
Fortune depotes, and can raise;
Fortune the captives chains does break,
And brings despairing exiles back;

However low this hour we fall,
One lucky moment may mend all.

The Act concludes with Variety of Dances.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Arcabon and Arcalaus.

Arcalaus.

Or women tyrants 'tis the common doom,
Each haughtily sets out in beauty's bloom,
Till late repenting, to redeem the past,
You turn abandon'd prostitutes at last.

Arcabon.

Who hate declares, is sure of hate again;
Rage begets rage, disdain provokes disdain:
Why, why, alas! should love less mutual prove?
Why is not love return'd with equal love?

Arcalaus.

Blessings when cheap, or certain, we despise;
From sure possession what desire can rise?
Love, like ambition, dies as 'tis enjoy'd,
By doubt provok'd, by certainty destroy'd.

Arcabon.

To govern love, alas! what woman can?
Yet 'tis an easy province for a man.
Why am I then of hope abandon'd quite?
There is a cure—I'd ask it—if I might.
Forgive me, brother, if I pry too far,
I've learnt my rival is your pris'ner here;
If that be true—

Arcalaus.

—What thence would you infer? [Surlily.]

Arcabon.

What but her death—When Amadis is free
From hopes of her—there may be hope for me.

Arcalaus.

Thou cloud to his bright Juno—Fool—shall he
Who has lov'd her, ever descend to thee?

Arcabon.

Much vainer fool art thou—where are those
charms

That are to tempt a princeess to thy arms?
Thou vulcan to Oriana's Mars—

Arcalaus.

—But yet
This Vulcan has that Mars within his net.
Your counsel comes too late, for 'tis decreed,
To make the woman sure, the man shall bleed.

[Exit, surlily.]

Arcabon.

First perish thou; earth, air, and seas, and sky,
Confound'd in one heap of chaos lie,
And every other living creature die.
I burn, I burn; the storm that's in my mind
Kindles my heart, like fires provok'd by wind:
Love and resentment, wishes and disdain,
Blow all at once, like winds that plough the main.
Furies! Alecto! aid my just design:
But if, averse to mercy, you decline
The pious task, assist me, powers divine;

Just gods, and thou their king, imperial Jove,
Strike whom you please, but save the man I love.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

[The Scene changes to the Representation of a fine Garden; Oriana sitting pensively in a pleasant Bower towards the lower End of the Scene. Soft Music playing. Arcalaus enters, addressing himself respectfully to her. She rises; they advance slowly towards the Front of the Stage, seeming in mute Discourse, till the Music ceases.]

Arcalaus and Oriana.

Arcalaus.

Of freedom lost, unjustly you complain,
Born to command, where-e'er you come you reign;
No fetters here you wear, but others bind,
And not a prison, but an empire find.

Oriana.

Death I expect, and I desire it too,
'Tis all the mercy to be with'd from you.
To die, is to be free: Oh let me find
A speedy death—that freedom would be kind.

Arcalaus.

Too cruel to suspect such usage meant,
Here is no death, but what your eyes present:
O may they reign, those arbiters of fate,
Immortal, as the loves which they create.
We know the cause of this preposterous grief,
And we should pity, were there no relief:
One lover lost, have you not millions more!
Can you complain of want, whom all adore?
All hearts are yours; even mine, that fierce and free

Ranging at large, disdain'd captivity;
Caught by your charms, the savage trembling lies,
And prostrate in his chain, for mercy dies.

Oriana.

Respect is limited to power alone,
Beauty distress'd, like kings from empire thrown,
Each insolent invades—— [now.
How art thou chang'd! ah, wretched princess!
When every slave that loves, dares tell thee so?

Arcalaus.

If I do love, the fault is in your eyes, [dies:
Blame them who wound, and not your slave who
If we may love, then sure we may declare;
If we may not, ah! why are you so fair?
Who can unmov'd behold that heavenly face,
Those radiant eyes, and that resistless grace?

Oriana.

Pluck out these eyes, revenge thee on my face,
Tear off my cheeks, and root up every grace,
Disfigure, kill me, kill me instantly,
Thus may'st thou free thyself at once, and me.

Arcalaus.

Such strange commands 'twere impious to obey,
I would revenge myself a gentler way.

[Offering to take her hand, she snatches it away disdainfully.]

Oriana.

Some whirlwind bear me from this odious place,
Earth open wide, and bury my disgrace;

Save me, ye powers, from violence and shame,
Assist my virtue, and protect my fame.

Arcalaus. [Aside.]

Love, with submission, first begins in course,
But when that fails, a sure reserve is force:
The nicest dames who our embraces shun,
Wait only a pretence—and force is one:
She who through frailty yields, dishonour gains,
But she that's forc'd, her innocence retains:
Debtors and slaves for favours they bestow,
Invading, we are free, and nothing owe.
No ties of love or gratitude constrain,
But as we like, we leave—or come again.
It shall be so.—— [vain,

[To her.] Since softer arguments have prov'd so
Force is the last, resist it if you can.

[He seizes her, she breaks from him.]

Oriana.

Help—help—ye gods!

Arcalaus.

Who with such courage can resist desire,
With what rage she'll love when raptures fire:
Behold in chains your vanquish'd minion lies,
And if for nothing but this scorn, he dies.

[Amadis discovered in Chains. Arcalaus advancing to stab him, Arcabon enters in the instant and offers to stab Oriana.]

Arcabon.

Strike boldly, murder'er, strike him to the ground,
While thus my dagger answers every wound.
By what new magic is thy vengeance charm'd?
Trembles thy hand before a man unarm'd?

Oriana.

Strike, my deliverer, 'tis a friendly stroke,
I shun thee not, but rather would provoke:
Death to the wretched is an end of care,
But yet, methinks, ye might that victim spare.

[Pointing to Amadis.]

Amadis.

Burst, burst these chains, just gods can you look
down,

On such distress, like idle lookers-on?
My soul, till now, no dangers could affright,
But trembles like a coward's, at this sight.

Arcabon.

So passionate! but I'll revenge it here——

Arcalaus.

Hold, fury—or I strike as home—forbear——

[Arcabon offering to stab Oriana, Arcalaus does the same to Amadis; both withhold their blow.]

[Trumpets, Kettle-drums, and warlike Instruments of all kinds, resound from all Parts of the Theatre. Urganda enters hastily with a numerous Train. Arcalaus and Arcabon surprised, retire to the opposite Side of the Stage.]

Urganda.

To arms, to arms, ye spirits of the air,
Ye guardians of the brave, and of the fair,
Leave your bright mansions, and in arms appear.

[Warlike Music sounds a Charge; Spirits descend in Clouds; some continue in the Air playing upon Instruments.]

struments of War, others remain ranged in Order of Battle; others descend upon the Stage, ranging themselves by Amadis, whom Urganda frees, giving him a Sword. Oriana likewise is freed.]

Arcabon.

Fly quick, ye dæmons, from your black abodes,
And try another combat with the gods;
Blue fires, and pestilential fumes arise,
And flaming fountains spout against the skies;
From their broad roots these oaks and cedars tear,
Burn like my love, and rage like my despair.

[Trumpets sound on Arcabon's Side, which are answered on Urganda's. The Grove appears in an Instant all in a Flame; Fountains from below cast up Fire as in Spouts; a Rain of Fire from above; the Sky darkened; Demons range themselves on the Stage by Arcalaus and Arcabon; other Demons face Urganda; Spirits in the Air; martial Instruments sounding from all parts of the Theatre; Arcalaus advances before his Party, with his Sword drawn, to Amadis.]

Arcalaus.

Let heaven and hell stand neuter, while we try,
On equal terms, which of us two shall die.

[Arcalaus and Amadis engage at the Head of their Parties; a Fight at the same Time in the Air, and upon the Stage; all Sorts of loud Instruments sounding; Arcalaus falls; the Demons, some fly away through the Air, others sink under Ground, with horrible Cries.]

Urganda.

Sound tunes of triumph, all ye winds, and bear
Your notes aloft, that heaven and earth may hear;

And thou, O sun! shine out serene and gay,
And bright, as when the giants lost the day.

[Tunes of Triumph; the Sky clears; the Grove returns to its first Prospect. A large Ball of Fire representing the Figure of the Sun descends gradually to the Stage; Amadis approaching Oriana respectfully; Arcabon stands fullen and observing.]

Amadis. [To Oriana.]

While Amadis Oriana's love possessest,
Secure of empire in that beauteous breast,
Not Jove, the king of gods, like Amadis was blest.

Oriana.

While to Oriana Amadis was true,
Nor wandering flames to distant climates drew,
No heaven, but only love, the pleas'd Oriana knew.

Amadis.

That heaven of love, alas! is mine no more,
Braving those powers by whom she falsely swore;
She to Constantius would those charms resign,
If oaths could bind, that should be only mine.

Oriana.

With a feign'd falsehood you'd evade your part
Of guilt, and tax a tender faithful heart:
While by such ways you'd hide a conscious flame,
The only virtue you have left, is shame.

[Turning disdainfully from him.]

Amadis. [Approaching tenderly.]

But should this injur'd vassal you suspect
Prove true—Ah! what a turn might he expect?

Oriana. [Returning to him with an air of tenderness.]

Though brave Constantius charms with every art,
That can entice a tender virgin's heart,
Whether he shines for glory, or delight,
To tempt ambition, or enchant the sight,
Were Amadis restor'd to my esteem,
I would reject a deity—for him.

Amadis.

Though false as watery bubbles blown by wind,
Fix'd in my soul, and rooted in my mind,
I love Oriana, faithless and unkind.
O were she kind, and faithful, as she's fair!
For her alone I'd live—and die for her.

Urganda.

Adjourn these murmurs of returning love,
And from this scene of rage and fate remove.

[To Arcabon.]

Thy empire, Arcabon, concludes this hour,
Short is the date of all flagitious power:
Spar'd be thy life, that thou may'st living bear
The torments of the damn'd in thy despair.

[To Oriana and Amadis.]

Where zephyrs only breathe in myrtle groves,
There will I lead you to debate your loves.

[The Machine representing the Figure of the sun opens and appears to be a Chariot resplendent with Rays, magnificently gilt and adorned, with convenient Seats, to which Urganda conducts Oriana; Amadis following, Arcabon stops him by the Robe.]

Arcabon.

What, not one look? not one dissembling smile,
To thank me for your life? or to beguile
Despair? cold and ungrateful as thou art,
Hence from my sight for ever, and my heart.

[Letting go her hold with an air of contempt.]

Back, foldier, to the camp, thy proper sphere,
Stick to thy trade, dull hero, follow war;
Useless to women—thou mere image, meant
To raise desire—and then to disappoint.

[Amadis takes his Place in Urganda's Chariot, which rises gradually in the Air, not quite disappearing till the close of Arcabon's Speech.]

So ready to be gone—Barbarian, stay.
He's gone, and love returns, and pride gives way.
O stay, come back—Horror and hell! I burn!
I rage! I rave! I die!—Return, return!
Eternal racks my tortur'd bosom tear,
Vultures with endless pangs are gnawing there;
Fury! distraction—I am all despair.
Burning with love, may'st thou ne'er aim at
bliss,
But thunder shake thy limbs, and lightening blast
thy kiss;
While pale, aghast, a spectre I stand by,
Pleas'd at the terrors that distract thy joy!

Plague of my life! thy impotence shall be
A curse to her, worse than thy scorn to me.

[Exit.

CHORUS.

First Voice.

The battle's done,
Our wars are over,
The battle's done,
Let laurels crown

Whom rugged steel did cover,

Second Voice.

Let myrtles too
Bring peace for ever,
Let myrtles too
Adorn the brow,

That bent beneath the warlike beaver.

A full Chorus of all the Voices and Instruments.

Let trumpets and tymbals,
Let atabals and cymbals,
Let drums and hautboys give over;
But let flutes,
And let lutes

Our passions excite
To gentler delight,
And every Mars be a lover.

Dances, with which the Act concludes.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Scene, Urganda's enchanted Palace.

The Scenes are adorned and diversified with the several Representations of the Adventures and Exploits of Heroes and Heroines: A large Piece facing the Front, representing their Apoteosis, or Reception among the Gods.

Amadis and Oriana.

Oriana.

IN my esteem he well deserves a part,
He shares my praise, but you have all my heart:
When equal virtues in the scales are try'd,
And justice against neither can decide;
When judgment, thus perplex'd, suspends the choice,

Fancy must speak, and give the casting voice:
Much to his love, much to his merit's due,
But powerful inclination was for you.

Amadis.

Thou hast no equal, a superior ray
Unrival'd as the light that rules the day.
Should fame solicit me with all her charms,
Not blooming laurels nor victorious arms
Should purchase but a grain of the delight,
A moment from the raptures of this night.

Oriana.

Wrong not my virtue, to suppose that I
Can grant to love, what duty must deny;
A father's will is wanting, and my breast
Is rul'd by glory, though by love possess'd:
Rather than be another's, I would die;
Nor can be yours, till duty shall comply.

5

Amadis.

Hard rules, which thus the noblest loves engage,
To wait the peevish humours of old age!
Think not the lawfulness of love consists
In parents wills, or in the forms of priests;
Such are but licens'd rapes, which vengeance draw
From heav'n, howe'er approv'd by human law.
Marriage the happiest bond of love might be,
If hands were only join'd, when hearts agree.

Enter Urganda, Corisanda, Florestan, and Attendants to Urganda.

Urganda.

Here faithful lovers to sure joys remove,
The soft retreat of glory and of love,
By fate prepar'd, to crown the happy hours
Of mighty kings, and famous conquerors:
Here, gallant prince, let all your labours end;
Before, I gave a mistress; now, a friend;
The greatest blessings which the gods can send.

[Presenting Florestan.

Amadis.

O Florestan! there was but thus to meet,
Thus to embrace, to make my joys complete;
The sight of thee does such vast transports breed,
As scarce the ecstasies of love exceed.

Florestan.

If beyond love or glory is a taste
Of pleasure, it is sure in friendship plac'd.

Oriana.

My Corisanda too! [Embracing her.
Not Florestan could fly with greater haste
To take thee in his arms—O welcome to my
breast,
As to thy lover's—

Corisanda.

—O joy complete!

Blest day!

Wherein so many friends and lovers meet.

Florestan.

The storm blown over, so the wanton doves
Shake from their plumes the rain, and seek the
groves,
Pair their glad mates, and coo eternal loves.

Amadis.

O Florestan! blest as thou dost deserve,
To thee the fates are kind, without reserve.
My joys are not so full; though love would yield,
Fierce honour stands his ground, and keeps the
field;

Nature within seduc'd, in vain befriends,
While honour, with his guard of pride, defends:
O nature! frail, and faulty in thy frame,
Fomenting wishes, honour must condemn;
Or O! too rigid honour, thus to bind,
When nature prompts, and when desire is kind.

Enter Arcabon conducting Constantius, her Garments loose, and Hair dishevelled, seeming frantic. Constantius in deep Mourning.

Arcabon.

This, Roman, is the place: 'tis magic ground,
Hid by enchantment, by enchantment found.

3 A iii

Behold them at our view dissolve in fear,
Two armies, are two lovers in despair;
Proceed, be bold, and scorning to entreat,
Think all her strugglings feign'd, her cries deceit!
Kill him, and ravish her—for so would I,
Were I a man—or rather let both die.
The rape may please—
Each was disdain'd; to equal rage resign
Thy heart, and let it burn and blaze like mine.
'Tis sweet to love, but when with scorn we meet,
Revenge supplies the loss with joys as great.

[A Chariot descends swiftly, into which she enters at the following Lines.]

Up to th' ethereal heavens, where gods reside,
Lo! thus I fly, to thunder on thy side.

[A Clap of Thunder. The Chariot mounts in the Air, and vanishes with her.]

Constantius.

Fly where thou wilt, but not to blest abodes,
For sure, where'er thou art, there are no gods.

[Addressing himself to Oriana.]

I come not here an object to affright,
Or to molest, but add to your delight.
Behold a prince expiring in your view,
Whose life's a burden to himself, and you.
Fate and the king all other means deny
To set you free, but that Constantius die.
A Roman-arm had play'd a Roman part,
But 'tis prevented by my breaking heart;
I thank ye, gods, nor think my doom severe,
Resigning life, on any terms, for her.

Urganda.

What cruel destiny on beauty waits,
When on one face depends so many fates!

Constantius.

Make room, ye Decii, whose devoted breath
Secur'd your country's happiness by death;
I come a sacrifice no less renown'd,
The cause as glorious, and as sure the wound.
O love! with all thy sweets let her be blest,
Thy reign be gentle in that beauteous breast.
Though thy malignant beams, with deadly force,
Have scorched my joys, and in their baneful

course

Wither'd each plant, and dry'd up every source;
Ah! to Oriana shine less fatal bright.
Cherish her heart, and nourish her delight,
Restrain each cruel influence that destroys,
Bless all her days, and ripen all her joys.

[Oriana weeps, and shows concern; Amadis addressing himself to Constantius.]

Amadis.

Were fortune us'd to smile upon desert,
Love had been yours, to die had been my part:
Thus fate divides the prize; though beauty's

mine,

Yet fame, our other mistress, is more thine.

[Constantius looking sternly upon him.]

Disdain not, gallant prince, a rival's praise,
Whom your high worth thus humbles to con-
fess
In every thing but love, he merits less.

Constantius.

Art thou that rival then? O killing shame!
And has he view'd me thus, so weak, so tame?
Like a scorn'd captive prostrate at his side,
To grace his triumph, and delight his pride?
O 'tis too much! and nature in disdain
Turns back from death, and firing every vein,
Reddens with rage, and kindles life again.
Be firm, my soul, quick from this scene remove,
Or madness else may be too strong for love.
Spent as I am, and wearied with the weight
Of burdening life—I could reverse my fate.
Thus planted—stand thy everlasting bar—

[Seizes him, holding a dagger at his breast; Amadis does the same, each holding a dagger ready to strike.]

But for Oriana's sake 'tis better here.

[Stabs himself; Amadis throws away his dagger, and supports him; they all help.]

Oriana.

Live, generous prince, such virtue ne'er should die.

Constantius.

I've liv'd enough, of all I wish, possess,
If dying—I may leave Oriana blest,
The last warm drop forsakes my bleeding heart;
Oh love! how sure a murderer thou art.

[Dies.]

Oriana. [Weeping.]

There breaks the noblest heart that ever burn'd
In flames of love, for ever to be mourn'd.

Amadis.

Lavish to him, you wrong an equal flame;
Had he been lov'd, my heart had done the same.

Floristan.

Oh emperor! all ages must agree,
Such, but more happy, should all lovers be.

Urganda. [To Oriana.]

No lover now throughout the world remains,
But Amadis, deserving of your chains.
Remove that mournful object from the sight.

[Carry off the body.]

Ere yon bright beams are shadow'd o'er with night,

The stubborn king shall license your delight;
The torch, already bright with nuptial fire,
Shall bring you to the bridegroom you desire;
And honour, which so long has kept in doubt,
Be better pleas'd to yield, than to hold out.

[Flourish of all the Music. The Stage fills with Singers and Daniers, in the Habits of Heroes and Heroines.]

Urganda conducts Amadis, Oriana, &c. to a Seat during the following Entertainment.

First Voice.

Make room for the combat, make room;
Sound the trumpet and drum;
A fairer than Venus prepares
To encounter a greater than Mars.
The gods of desire take part in the fray,
And love sits like Jove to decide the great day.

Make room for the combat, make room;
Sound the trumpet and drum.

Second Voice.

Give the word to begin,
Let the combatants in,
The challenger enters all glorious;
But love has decreed
Though beauty may bleed,
Yet beauty shall still be victorious.

CHORUS.

Make room for the combat, make room;
Sound the trumpet and drum.

[Here two Parties enter from the opposite Sides of the Theatre, armed at all Points, marching in warlike Order; and then dance several Pyrric or Martial Dances, with Swords and Bucklers. Which ended, the Singers again advance.]

To be sung.

Help! help! th' unpractis'd conqu'ror cries;
He faints, he falls; help! help! Ah me! he dies;
Gently she tries to raise his head,
And weeps, alas! to think him dead.
Sound, sound a charge—'tis war again;
Again he fights, again is slain;
Again, again, help! help! she cries,
He faints, he falls: help! help! Ah me! he dies.

Dance of Heroes and Heroines.

Then Singers again come forward.

To be sung.

Happy pair,
Free from care,
Enjoy the blessing
Of sweet possessing;
Free from care,
Happy pair.

Love inviting,
Souls anking;
Desiring,
Expiring;
Enjoy the blessing
Of sweet possessing;
Free from care,
Happy pair.

Another Dance of Heroes and Heroines.

Then a full Chorus of all the Voices and Instruments.

Be true, all ye lovers, what'er you endure;
Though cruel the pain is, how sweet is the cure!

In the hour of possessing,
So divine is the blessing,
That one moment's obtaining,
Pays an age of complaining.

Be true, all ye lovers, what'er you endure;
Though cruel the pain is, how sweet is the cure!

[Here follows Variety of Dances, with which the Entertainment concluding, Amadis, Oriana, &c. rise and come forward.]

Amadis.

So Phœbus mounts triumphant in the skies,
The clouds disperse, and gloomy horror flies;
Darkness gives place to the victorious light,
And all around is gay, and all around is bright.

Oriana.

Our present joys are sweeter for past pains;
To love and heaven, by suffering we attain.

Urganda.

What'er the virtuous and the just endure,
Slow the reward may be, but always sure.

[A triumphant flourish of all the Instruments, with which the Play concludes.]

3 A 22

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS YALDEN, D. D.

Containing

ODES,
HYMNS,
FABLES,

EPISTLES,
IMITATIONS,
TRANSLATIONS.

W. C. C.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Downward, my muse, direct thy steepy flight,
Where smiling shades and beauteous realms invite,
I first of British Bards, invoke thee down,
And first with wealth thy graceful temples crown;
Through dark retreats pursue the winding ore,
Search nature's depths, and view her boundless store;
The secret cause in tuneful numbers sing,
How metals first are fram'd, and whence they spring.

EPISTLE TO SIR HUMPHRY MACKWORTH.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CL^o.ic.
Anno 1794.

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THE LIFE OF YALDEN.

THE descent and birth-place of Thomas Yalden, have been variously assigned by his biographers. According to Jacob, on whose authority Dr. Johnson's "Life of Yalden" seems to have been in some measure founded, he was born in the city of *Oxon*, and the youngest of six sons of Mr. John Yalden of *Suffex*. The variations of Wood are of little consequence; but as he is more particular than Jacob, his account may perhaps be considered as a curiosity.

"Thomas *Youlding*, a younger son of *Joh. Yould*. sometimes a Page of the Presence and Groom of the Chamber to Prince Charles, afterwards a sufferer for his cause, and an exciseman in *Oxon* after the Restoration of King Charles II., was born in the parish of St. John Baptist in *Oxon*, on the second day of January 1669, (in which parish I myself received also my first breath) educated in Magd. Coll. School, while he was a Chorister of that house, was elected Demy, an. 16---, and in the year 16---, Probationer Fellow."

As he was educated at the Grammar School belonging to Magdalen College, Oxford, it is probable he was born in that city. The year of his birth, according to the best accounts, was 1671, two years after the date assigned by Wood.

In 1690, at the age of nineteen, he was admitted a Commoner of Magdalen Hall, under the care of Mr. Josiah Pullen, "an excellent tutor and a great master of logic."

The year following, he became one of the Scholars of Magdalen College, where he was distinguished by a lucky accident.

It was his task, one day, to pronounce a declamation; and Dr. Hough, the President, happening to attend, thought the composition too good to be the speaker's. Some time after, the President finding him a little irregularly busy in the library, set him an exercise for punishment; and that he might not be deceived by any artifice, locked the door. Yalden, as it happened, had lately been reading in the subject given, and produced with little difficulty, a composition which so pleased the President, that he told him his former suspicions, and promised to favour him.

Among his contemporaries in the College, were Addison and Sacheverell, who were then friends; for Sacheverell at that time professed Revolution principles, and who both adopted Yalden into their intimacy.

"The trite observation that persons of similar characters generally associate, is far from being universally true. Intimacy does not necessarily imply either similarity of talents, of dispositions, or of habits. Sameness of situation, likeness of circumstances, accidental coincidence of interest and of prospects, will, on accurate examination, be found to produce more intimacies than either similarity of head or of heart.

Few characters could be more different than those of Addison and Sacheverell. Their academical intimacy, therefore, was not succeeded by a friendship of long duration. But Yalden, whose intellectual and moral qualities were truly estimable and amiable, did not lose the friendship of Addison, even when he espoused a very opposite interest to that of his friend, and became a High-churchman and a Tory.

The Whig wits at that time held the Tory wits in great contempt, and these retaliated in their turn; but Addison, with the liberality becoming a scholar, disclaimed not his private friends for happening to be of a different party in politics. He continued throughout his life his early friendship

for Yalden, and lived in the same habits of familiar intercourse with him, when he held the high office of Secretary of State, as when their fortunes were more on a level.

Yalden, at that time, appears to have had no disinclination to the Whig party; for, in 1693, he addressed *An Epistolary Ode to Mr. Congreve*, who was then rising fast into reputation as a dramatic writer.

In 1694, he was admitted to the degree of Master of Arts.

The year following, he signalized his poetical talents in celebrating the taking of Namur by King William, in a Pindaric *Ode humbly inscribed to his most Sacred and Victorious Majesty*, 1695.

Of this ode, mention is made in an humorous poem of that time, called "The Oxford Laureat;" in which, after many claims had been made and rejected, Yalden is represented as demanding the laurel, and as being called to his trial for robbing Congreve, instead of receiving a reward.

His crime was for being a felon in verse,
And presenting his theft to the King;
The first was a trick not uncommon or scarce,
But the last was an impudent thing.
Yet what he had stol'n was so little worth stealing,
They forgave him the damage and cost;
Had he ta'en the whole ode, as he took it piece-meal,
They had fin'd him but tence at most.

In 1700, he wrote *The Temple of Fame*, a poem on the death of the Duke of Gloucester, which has eluded the inquiries of Mr. Nichols, to whose researches the readers of English poetry are indebted for the *Ode on the Conquest of Namur*; *Æsop at Court, or State Fables*, 1702; *Verses to the Memory of a Fair Young Lady*; to *Myra*; *Advice to a Lover*, inserted in the edition of "the English Poets," 1790.

The same year, he became Fellow of the College; and next year entering into orders, was presented by the society with a living in Warwickshire, consistent with the fellowship, and chosen lecturer of Moral Philosophy, a very honourable office, with a handsome stipend, and peculiar privileges.

At the accession of Queen Anne, he wrote a poem on the late *Queen's accession*; which, by the title of it, seems not to have been published till after her death. This poem has eluded the inquiries of Mr. Nichols, and the compiler of this collection.

In 1706, he was received into the family of the Duke of Beaufort. In 1708, he became Doctor in Divinity; and soon after resigned his fellowship and lecture; and as a token of his gratitude, gave the College a full length picture of their founder, to be placed in the public hall.

He was afterwards made Rector of Chalton and Cleanville, two adjoining towns and benefices in Hertfordshire, (Jacob says in Hampshire) and had the prebends or sinecures of Deans, Hains, and Pendles in Devonshire.

In 1713, he was chosen preacher of Bridewell Hospital, upon the resignation of Dr. Atterbury, promoted to the Bishoprick of Rochester.

In 1723, he fell under a suspicion of being concerned with Bishop Atterbury, in a plot in favour of the Pretender, and was taken into custody.

Upon his examination he was charged with a dangerous correspondence with Kelly the Bishop's secretary. The correspondence he acknowledged, but maintained that it had no treasonable tendency.

His papers were seized; and in his pocket-book were found a copy of verses reflecting on the reigning family, and two suspicious words *thorough-paced doctrine*. The verses he asserted were not of his composition, or in his hand writing; and the words was a memorial hint of a remarkable sentence of Dr. Daniel Burgess, whom he had gratified his curiosity by hearing in the pulpit, in the reign of Queen Anne, by which he warned his congregation to "beware of thorough-paced doctrine; that doctrine which coming in at one ear, passes through the head, and goes out at the other."

Having asserted his innocence in every circumstance relating to the plot, and no evidence arising against him, he was set at liberty.

It will not be supposed that a man who was connected with the determined enemies of the House of Hanover, attained high dignities in the church; but he was still favoured with the patronage of the Duke of Beaufort, and retained the friendship and frequented the conversation of a very numerous and splendid set of acquaintance, of every rank and party.

From this time, he seems to have led a quiet and inoffensive life; unambitious of any accession of poetical fame, and unsuspected of any participation in the desperate machinations of Jacobitism. He died July 10. 1736, in the 67th year of his age.

Most of his *occasional poems and translations* were first printed in 3d, 4th, and 5th volumes of Tonnson's "Miscellanies." As many of them as could be met with were inserted by Mr. Nichols in the collection of "The English Poets" 1779, by the recommendation of Dr. Johnson. Farther researches have discovered what are here printed from the edition of "The English Poets" 1790; but *The Temple of Fame*, and the poem on the late *Queen's accession*, which Jacob calls "excellent pieces," have eluded every inquiry.

The Medicine, a Tale for the Ladies, printed in the second number of "The Tatler," and generally ascribed to Yalden, is given by Mr. Nichols (on the authority of Dr. Warton, who received the information from Young) to William Harrison, Esq. "a little pretty fellow (as Swift expresses it) with a great deal of wit, good nature, and good sense," Secretary to the Congress at Utrecht, the professed editor (under the patronage of Bolingbroke and Swift) of the 5th volume of "The Tatler," and author of "Woodstock Park," in Dodsley's "Collection," and some smaller pieces, preserved by Mr. Nichols in his "Select Collection of Poems," 1781. He died in Holland. Feb. 14th, 1713. Swift, in the "Journal to Stella" laments his loss with unaffected sincerity. Tickell mentions him with respect in his "Prospect of Peace," and Young in the close of his "Epistle to Lord Lansdowne."

The private character of Yalden seems to have been very respectable. His temper was cheerful, his conversation pleasing and instructive, his learning extensive, and his manners polite. How much his company was desired, appears from the extensiveness of his connections, and the number of his friends; among whom he reckoned Congreve and Addison, Hopkins and Atterbury.

As a poet, he cannot be placed in a high class. He is entitled to rank with Sprat, Stepney, Walfsh, and King, and perhaps a little higher. He imitates Cowley; but he is inferior to him in the grace of wit, and in the vigour of nature. His two hymns, however, *to the Morning*, and *to Darkness*, are equal to the best lyric pieces of that poet. The last is admirable.

His *State Fables*, his longest work, cannot be approved without thinking well of his political opinions. His panegyrical *Essay on the Character of Sir Willoughby Apsch* has some characteristical passages, but is liable to the same objection. In his verses on the reprinting *Milton's Prose Works*, the loyalty and political bigotry are more conspicuous than the poetry or the liberality of sentiment. His *Epistle to Sir Humphry Mackworth on the Mines late of Sir Garbery Price*, is a very commendable attempt to unite poetry and science, which have been since more successfully united in the "Mine" of Mr. Sargent, "and the "Botanic Garden" of Dr. Darwin. His verses *Against Enjoyment*, have some vigorous and some happy lines. The thoughts are borrowed from Suckling's verses "Against Fruition." His *translations* are sometimes spirited and classical, and sometimes feeble and paraphrastical.

"Of his poems," says Dr. Johnson, "many are of that irregular kind, which, when he formed his poetical character, was supposed to be Pindaric. Having fixed his attention on Cowley as a model, he has attempted, in some sort, to rival him, and has written a *Hymn to Darkness*, evidently as a counter part to Cowley's "Hymn to Light."

"This Hymn seems to be his best performance, and is, for the most part, imagined with great vigour, and expressed with great propriety. The seven first stanzas are good; but the 3d, 4th, and 7th are the best; the 8th seems to involve a contradiction; the 10th is exquisitely beautiful; the 13th, 14th, and 15th are partly mythological, and partly religious, and therefore not suitable to each other; he might better have made the whole merely philosophical.

There are two stanzas in this poem, where Yalden may be suspected, though hardly convicted, of having consulted the *Hymnus ad Umbram* of Wowerus, in the 6th stanza, which answers, in some sort, to these lines:

*Illa suo præest nocturnis numine sacris—
Perque vias errare novis dat spectra figuris,
Manesque excitos medios ululare per agros
Sub noctem, et questu notos complere penates.*

And again, at the conclusion:

*Illa suo senium secludit corpore toto,
Haud numerans jugi fugientia secula lapsa;
Ergo ubi postremum mundi compage soluta,
Hanc rerum molem suprema absumperit hora.
Ipsa leves cineres nube amplectetur opaca,
Et prisco imperio, rursus dominabitur UMBRA.*

His *Hymn to Light* is not equal to the other. He seems to think there is an East absolute and positive where the morning rises.

In the last stanza, having mentioned the sudden eruption of new created light, he says,

Awhile th' Almighty wondering stood.

He ought to have remembered, that Infinite Knowledge can never wonder. All wonder is the effect of novelty upon ignorance.

"Of his other poems, it is sufficient to say, that they deserve perusal, though they are not always exactly polished; though the rhymes are sometimes very ill sorted; and though his faults seem rather the emissions of idleness, than the negligences of enthusiasm.

P O E M S.

AGAINST IMMODERATE GRIEF.

To a Young Lady Weeping.—An Ode in Imitation of Casimire.

COULD mournful sighs, or floods of tears, prevent
The ill unhappy men lament:
Could all the anguish of my mind
Remove my cares, or make but fortune kind;
Soon I'd the grateful tribute pay,
And weep my troubled thoughts away:
To wealth and pleasure every sigh prefer,
And more than gems esteem each falling tear.

But, since insulting cares are most inclin'd
To triumph o'er th' afflicted mind;
Since sighs can yield us no relief,
And tears, like fruitless showers, but nourish grief;
Then cease, fair mourner, to complain,
Nor lavish such bright streams in vain:
But still with cheerful thoughts thy cares beguile,
And tempt thy better fortunes with a smile.

The generous mind is by its sufferings known,
Which no affliction tramples down;
But when oppress'd will upward move,
Spurn down its clog of cares, and soar above.
Thus the young royal eagle tries
On the sun-beams his tender eyes,
And, if he shrinks not at th' offensive light,
He's then for empire fit, and takes his soaring
flight.

Though cares assault thy breast on every side,
Yet bravely stem th' impetuous tide:
No tributary tears to fortune pay,
Nor add to any loss a nobler day;
But with kind hopes support thy mind,
And think thy better lot behind:
Amidst afflictions let thy soul be great,
And show thou dar'st deserve a better fate.

Then, lovely mourner, wipe those tears away,
And cares that urge thee to decay;
Like ravenous age thy charms they waste,
Wrinkle thy youthful brow, and blooming beauties blast.

But keep thy looks and mind serene,
All gay without, all calm within;
For fate is aw'd, and adverse fortunes fly
A cheerful look, and an unconquer'd eye.

HYMN TO THE MORNING.

IN PRAISE OF LIGHT.

PARENT of day! whose beauteous beams of light
Spring from the darksome womb of night,
And 'midst their native horrors show,
Like gems adorning of the Negro's brow:
Not heav'n's fair bow can equal thee,
In all its gaudy drapery:
Thou first essay of light, and pledge of day!
That usher'st in the sun, and still prepar'st its way.

Rival of shade, eternal spring of light!
Thou art the genuine source of it:
From thy bright unexhausted womb,
The beauteous race of days and seasons come.
Thy beauty ages cannot wrong,
But, spite of time, thou'rt ever young:
Thou art alone heaven's modest virgin light,
Whose face a veil of blushes hides from human
sight.

Like some fair bride thou risest from thy bed,
And dost around thy lustre spread;
Around the universe dispense
New life to all, and quickening influence.
With gloomy smiles thy rival night
Beholds thy glorious dawn of light;
Not all the wealth the views in mines below
Can match thy brighter beams, or equal lustre
show.

At thy approach, nature erects her head,
The smiling universe is glad;
The drowsy earth and seas awake,
And, from thy beams, new life and vigour take:
When thy more cheerful rays appear,
Ev'n guilt and women cease to fear:
Horror, despair, and all the sons of night
Retire before thy beams, and take their hasty flight.

To thee, the grateful east their altars raise,
And sing with early hymns thy praise;
Thou dost their happy soil bestow,
Enrich the heavens above, and earth below:
Thou risest in the fragrant east,
Like the fair Phoenix from her balmy nest:
No altar of the gods can equal thine, [thrine!]
The air's thy richest incense, the whole land thy

But yet thy fading glories soon decay.
Thine's but a momentary stay;
Too soon thou'rt ravish'd from our sight,
Borne down the stream of day, and overwhelm'd
with light.

Thy beams to their own ruin haste,
They're fram'd too exquisite to last:
Thine is a glorious, but a short-liv'd state.
Pity so fair a birth should yield so soon to fate!

Before th' Almighty Artift fram'd the sky,
Or gave the earth its harmony,
His first command was for thy light;
He view'd the lovely birth, and blessed it:
In purple swaddling-bands it struggling lay,
Not yet maturely bright for day:
Old Chaos then a cheerful smile put on,
And, from thy beauteous form, did first preface
its own.

"Let there be light!" the great Creator said,
His word the active child obey'd:
Night did her teeming womb disclose;
And then the blushing morn, its brightest off-
spring rose.

A while the Almighty wondering view'd,
And then himself pronounc'd it good:

"With night," said he, "divide th' imperial
"sway;

"Thou my first labour art, and thou shalt bless
"the day."

HYMN TO DARKNESS.

DARKNESS, thou first great parent of us all,
Thou art our great original:
Since from thy universal womb
Does all thou shad'st below, thy numerous off-
spring come.

Thy wondrous birth is ev'n to time unknown,
Or, like eternity, thou'dst none;
Whilst light did its first being owe
Unto that awful shade it dares to rival now.

Say, in what distant region dost thou dwell,
To reason inaccessible?
From form and duller matter free,
Thou soar'st above the reach of man's philosophy.

Involv'd in thee, we first receive our breath,
Thou art our refuge too in death:
Great monarch of the grave and womb,
Where'er our souls shall go, to thee our bodies
come.

The silent globe is struck with awful fear,
When thy majestic shades appear:
Thou dost compose the air and sea,
And earth a sabbath keeps, sacred to rest and thee.

In thy serener shades our ghosts delight,
And court the umbrage of the night;
In vaults and gloomy caves they stray,
But fly the morning's beams, and sicken at the
day.

Though solid bodies dare exclude the light;
Nor will the brightest ray admit;
No substance can thy force repel,
Thou reign'st in depths below, dost in the centre
dwell.

The sparkling gems, and ore in mines below,
To thee their beauteous lustre owe;
Though form'd within the womb of night,
Bright as their fire they shine with native rays of
light.

When thou dost raise thy venerable head,
And art in genuine night array'd,
Thy Negro beauties then delight;
Beauties, like polish'd jet, with their own darkness
bright.

Thou dost thy smiles impartially bestow,
And know'st no difference here below:
All things appear the same by thee,
Though light distinction makes, thou giv'st
equality.

Thou, darkness, art the lover's kind retreat,
And dost the nuptial joys complete;
Thou dost inspire them with thy shade,
Giv'st vigour to the youth, and warm'st the yield-
ing maid.

Calm as the bless'd above the Anchorites dwell,
Within their peaceful gloomy cell.
Their minds with heavenly joys are fill'd;
The pleasures light deny, thy shades for ever yield.

In caves of night, the oracles of old
Did all th' mysteries unfold:
Darkness did first religion grace,
Gave terrors to the god, and reverence to the
place.

When the Almighty did on Horeb stand,
Thy shades enclos'd the hallow'd land;
In clouds of night he was array'd,
And venerable darkness his pavilion made.

When he appear'd arm'd in his power and might,
He veil'd the beatific light;
When terrible with majesty,
In tempests he gave laws, and clad himself in
thee.

Ere the foundation of the earth was laid,
Or brighter firmament was made;
Ere matter, time, or place, was known,
Thou, monarch darkness, sway'dst these spacious
realms alone.

But, now the moon (though gay with borrow'd
light)
Invades thy scanty lot of night:
By rebel subjects thou'rt betray'd,
The anarchy of stars depose their monarch shade.

Yet fading light its empire must resign,
And nature's power submit to thine:
An universal ruin shall erect thy throne,
And fate confirm thy kingdom evermore thy
own.

HUMAN LIFE.

SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY AN EPICURE.

In Imitation of the Second Chapter of the Wisdom of Solomon.

TO THE LORD HUNSDON.

A PINDARIC ODE.

THEN will penurious heaven no more allow?
 No more on its own darling man bestow?
 What for this he lord of all appears,
 And his great Maker's image bears!
 To toil beneath a wretched state,
 Oppress'd with miseries and fate;
 Beneath his painful burden groan,
 And in this beaten road of life drudge on!
 Amidst our labours, we possess
 No kind allays of happiness:
 No softening joys can call our own,
 To make this bitter drug go down;
 Whilst death an easy conquest gains,
 And the insatiate grave in endless triumph reigns.
 With throes and pangs into the world we come,
 The curse and burden of the womb:
 Nor wretched to ourselves alone,
 Our mother's labours introduce our own.
 In cries and tears our infancy we waste,
 Those sad prophetic tears, that flow
 By instinct of our future woe:
 And ev'n our dawn of life with sorrows overcast.
 Thus we toil out a restless age,
 Each his laborious part must have,
 Down from the monarch to the slave,
 And o'er this farce of life, then drop beneath the stage.

From our first drawing vital breath,
 From our first starting from the womb,
 Until we reach the destin'd tomb,
 We all are posting on to the dark goal of death.
 Life, like a cloud that fleets before the wind,
 No mark, no kind impression, leaves behind,
 'Tis scatter'd like the winds that blow,
 Boisterous as them, full as inconstant too,
 That know not whence they come, nor where
 they go.

Here we're detain'd a while, and then
 Become originals again:
 Time shall a man to his first self restore,
 And make him intire nothing, all he was before.
 No part of us, no remnant, shall survive!
 And yet we impudently say, we live!
 No! we but ebb into ourselves again,
 And only come to be, as we had never been.

Say, learned sage, thou that art mighty wife!
 Unriddle me these mysteries:
 What is the soul, the vital heat,
 That our mean frame does animate?
 What is our breath, the breath of man,
 That buoys his nature up, and does ev'n life sus-
 tain?

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Is it not air, an empty fume,
 A fire that does itself consume;
 A warmth that in a heart is bred,
 A lambent flame with heat and motion fed?
 Extinguish that the whole is gone,
 This boasted scene of life is done:
 Away the phantom takes its flight,
 Damn'd to a loathsome grave, and an eternal night.
 The soul th' immortal part we boast,
 In one consuming minute's lost;
 To its first source it must repair,
 Scatter with winds, and flow with common air,
 Whilst the fall'n body, by a swift decay,
 Resolves into its native clay:
 For dust and ashes are its second birth,
 And that incorporates top with its great parent
 earth.

Nor shall our names our memories survive,
 Alas, no part of man can live!
 The empty blasts of fame shall die,
 And even those nothings taste mortality.
 In vain to future ages we transmit
 Heroic acts, and monuments of wit:
 In vain we dear bought honours leave,
 To make our ashes gay, and furnish out a grave,
 Ah, treacherous immortality!
 For thee our stock of youth we waste,
 And urge on life, that ebbs too fast:
 To purchase thee with blood, the valiant fly;
 And, to survive in fame, the great and glorious
 die.

Lavish of life, they squander this estate,
 And for a poor reversion wait:
 Bankrupts and misers to themselves they grow,
 Embitter wretched life with toils and woe,
 To hoard up endless fame, they know not where
 or how.

Ah, think, my friends, how swift the minutes
 haste!
 The present day entirely is our own,
 Then seize the blessing ere 'tis gone:
 To-morrow, fatal sound! since this may be our last,
 Why do we boast of years, and sum up days!

'Tis all imaginary space:
 To-day, to-day, is our inheritance,
 'Tis all penurious fate will give.
 Posterity 'll to-morrow live,
 Our sons crowd on behind, our children drive
 us hence.

With garlands then your temples crown,
 And lie on beds of roses down:
 Beds of roses we'll prepare,
 Roses that our emblems are;
 A while they flourish on the bough,
 And drink large draughts of heavenly dew:
 Like us they smile, are young and gay,
 And, like us too, are tenants for a day,
 Since with night's blasting breath they vanish
 swift away.

Bring cheerful wine, and costly sweets prepare:
 'Tis more than frenzy now to spare:
 Let cares and business wait a while;
 Old age affords a thinking interval:

Or, if they must a longer hearing have,
 Bid them attend below, adjourn into the grave.
 Then gay and sprightly wine produce,
 Wines that wit and mirth infuse:
 That feed, like oil, th' expiring flame,
 Revive our drooping souls, and prop this tottering
 frame.

That, when the grave our bodies has ingross'd,
 When virtues shall forgotten lie,
 With all their boasted piety,
 Honours and titles, like ourselves, be lost;
 Then our recorded vice shall flourish on,
 And our immortal riots be for ever known.
 This, this, is what we ought to do,
 The great design, the grand affair below!
 Since bounteous nature's plac'd our steward here,
 Then man his grandeur should maintain,
 And in excess of pleasure reign,
 Keep up his character, and lord of all appear.

AGAINST ENJOYMENT.

We love and hate, as restless monarchs fight,
 Who boldly dare invade another's right:
 Yet, when through all the dangerous toils they've
 run,

Ignobly quit the conquests they have won;
 Those charming hopes, that made them valiant
 grow,

Pall'd with enjoyment, make them cowards now.

Our passions only form our happiness,
 Hopes still enlarge, as fears contract it less:
 Hope with a gaudy prospect feeds the eye,
 Soothes every sense, does with each wish com-
 ply;

But false enjoyment the kind guide destroys,
 We lose the passion in the treacherous joys.
 Like the gay silk-worm, when it pleases most,
 In that ungrateful web it spun, 'tis lost.

Fruition only cloy the appetite;
 More does the conquest, than the prize delight:
 One victory gain'd, another fills the mind,
 Our restless wishes cannot be confin'd,
 Like boisterous waves, no settled bounds they
 know,

Fix'd at no point, but always ebb or flow.

Who most expects, enjoys the pleasure most,
 'Tis rais'd by wishes, by fruition lost:
 We're charm'd with distant views of happiness,
 But near approaches make the prospect less.
 Wishes, like painted landscapes, best delight,
 Whilst distance recommends them to the sight:
 Plac'd afar off, they beautiful appear;
 But show their course and nauseous colours near.

Thus the fam'd Midas, when he found his
 store

Increasing still, and would admit of more,
 With eager arms his swelling bags he press'd;
 And expectation only made him bless'd:
 But, when a boundless treasure he enjoy'd,
 And every wish was with fruition cloy'd:
 Then, damn'd to heaps, and surfeited with ore,
 He curs'd that gold he deoted on before.

THE CURSE OF BABYLON.

ISAIAH, Chap. xiii. *Paraphrased.*

A PINDARIC ODE.

Now let the fatal banner be display'd!

Upon some lofty mountain's top
 Go set the dreadful standard up!
 And all around the hills the bloody signals spread,
 For, lo, the numerous hosts of heaven appear!

Th' embattled legions of the sky,
 With all their dread artillery,
 Draw forth in bright array, and muster in the air.
 Why do the mountains tremble with the noise,
 And vallies echo back their voice?
 The hills tumultuous grow and loud,
 The hills that groan beneath the gathering mul-
 titude.

Wide as the poles of heaven's extent,
 So far's the dreadful summons sent:
 Kingdoms and nations at his call appear,
 For ev'n the Lord of hosts commands in person
 there.

Start from thy lethargy, thou drowsy land,
 Awake, and hear his dread command!
 Thy black tempestuous day comes lowering on,
 O fatal light! O inauspicious hour!

Was ever such a day before!
 So stain'd with blood, by marks of vengeance
 known.

Nature shall from her steady course remove,
 The well-fix'd garth be from his basis rent,
 Convulsions shake the firmament;
 Horror seize all below, confusion reign above.
 The stars of heaven shall sicken at the sight,
 Nor shall the planets yield their light:
 But from the wretched object fly,
 And, like extinguish'd tapers, quit the darken'd sky.

The rising sun, as he was conscious too,
 As he the fatal business knew,
 A deep, a bloody red shall stain
 And at his early dawn shall set in night again.

To the destroying sword I've said, go forth,
 Go fully execute my wrath!
 Command my hosts, my willing armies lead;
 For this rebellious land and all therein shall bleed.
 They shall not grieve me more, no more trans-
 gress;

I will consume the stubborn race:
 Yet brutes and savages I justly spare;
 Useless is all my vengeance there;
 Ungrateful man's the greater monster far.
 Our guiltless beasts I will the land bestow,
 To them th' inheritance shall go;
 Those elder brothers now shall lord it here below:
 And, if some poor remains escape behind,
 Some relics left of lost mankind;
 Th' astonish'd herds shall in their cities cry,
 When they behold a man, lo, there's a prodigy!

The Medes I call to my assistance here,
 A people that delight in war;

A generous race of men, a nation free
 From vicious ease and Persian luxury.
 Silver is despicable in their eyes,
 Contemn'd the useless metal lies:
 Their conquering iron they prefer before
 The finest gold, ev'n Ophir's tempting ore.
 By these the land shall be subdued,
 Abroad their bows shall overcome,
 Their swords and flames destroy at home;
 For neither sex nor age shall be exempt from blood.
 The nobles and princes of thy state
 Shall on the victor's triumphs wait:
 And those that from the battle fled
 Shall be, with chains oppress'd, in cruel bondage led.

I'll visit their distress with plagues and miseries,
 The throes that women's labours wait,
 Convulsive pangs, and bloody sweat,
 Their beauty shall consume, and vital spirits seize,
 The ravish'd virgins shall be borne away,
 And their dishonour'd wives be led
 To the insulting victor's bed,
 To brutal lusts expos'd, to fury left a prey.
 Nor shall the teeming womb afford
 Its forming births a refuge from the sword;
 The sword, that shall their pangs increase,
 And all the throes of travail curse with barrenness,
 The infants shall expire with their first breath,
 And only live in pangs of death:
 Live but with early cries to curse the light,
 And, at the dawn of life, set in eternal night.

Ev'n Babylon, adorn'd with every grace,
 The beauty of the universe:
 Glory of nations! the Chaldean's pride,
 And joy of all th' admiring world beside:
 Thou, Babylon! before whose throne
 The empires of the earth fall down;
 The prostrate nations homage pay,
 And vassal princes of the world obey:
 Shalt in the dust be trampled low:
 Abject and low upon the earth be laid,
 And deep in ruins hide thy ignominious head.
 Thy strong amazing walls, whose impious height
 The clouds conceal from human sight;
 That proudly now their polish'd turrets rear,
 Which bright as neighbouring stars appear,
 Diffusing glories round th' enlighten'd air,
 In flames shall downwards to their centre fly,
 And deep within the earth, as their foundations, lie.

Thy beauteous palaces (though now thy pride!)
 Shall be in heaps of ashes hid:
 In vast surprising heaps shall lie,
 And ev'n their ruins bear the pomp of majesty.
 No bold inhabitant shall dare
 Thy raz'd foundations to repair:
 No pitying hand exalt thy abject state;
 No! to succeeding times thou must remain
 An horrid exemplary scene,
 And lie from age to age ruin'd and desolate.
 Thy fall's decreed (amazing turn of fate!)
 Low as Gomorrah's wretched state:

Thou, Babylon, shalt be like Sodom curs'd,
 Destroy'd by flames from heaven, and thy more
 burning lust.

The day's at hand, when in thy fruitful soil
 No labourer shall reap, no mower toil:
 His tent the wandering Arab shall not spread,
 Nor make thy cursed ground his bed;
 Though faint with travel, though oppress'd with
 thirst,
 He to his drooping herds shall cry aloud,
 Taste not of that embitter'd flood,
 Taste not Euphrates' streams they're poisonous all,
 and curs'd,
 The shepherd to his wandering flocks shall say,
 When o'er thy battlements they stray,
 When in thy palaces they graze,
 Ah, fly, unhappy flocks! fly this infectious
 place.
 Whilst the sad traveller, that passes on,
 Shall ask, lo, where is Babylon?
 And when he has thy small remainder found,
 Shall say, I'll fly from hence, 'tis sure accur'd
 ground.

Then shall the savages and beasts of prey
 From their deserted mountains haste away;
 Every obscene and vulgar beast
 Shall be to Babylon a guest:
 Her marble roofs, and every cedar room,
 Shall dens and caves of state to nobler brutes be-
 come.
 Thy courts of justice, and tribunals too,
 (O irony to call them so!)
 There, where the tyrant and oppressor bore
 The spoils of innocence and blood before;
 There shall the wolf and savage tiger meet,
 And gripping vulture shall appear in state,
 There birds of prey shall rule, and ravenous beasts
 be great.
 Those uncorrupted shall remain,
 Those shall alone their genuine use retain,
 There violence shall thrive, rapine and fraud shall
 reign.

Then shall the melancholy satyrs groan,
 O'er their lamented Babylon;
 And ghosts that glide with horror by,
 To view where their unbury'd bodies lie,
 With doleful cries shall fill the air,
 And with amazement strike th' affrighted tra-
 veller.
 There the obscene birds of night,
 Birds that in gloomy shades delight,
 Shall solitude enjoy, live undisturb'd by light.
 All the ill omens of the air
 Shall scream their loud presages there.
 But let them all their dire predictions tell,
 Secure in ills, and fortify'd with woe,
 Heaven shall in vain its future vengeance
 show:
 For thou art happily insensible,
 Beneath the reach of miseries sell,
 Thou need'st no desolation dread, no greater
 curses fear.

TO MR. CONGREVE.

An Epistolary Ode, 1693.—Occasioned by the "Old Bachelor."

FAM'D wits and beauties share this common fate,
To stand compos'd to public love and hate,
In every breast they different passions raise,
At once our envy, and our praise.
For when, like you, some noble youth appears,
For wit and humour fam'd above his years;
Each emulous muse, that views the laurel won,
Must praise the worth so much transcends their own,

And, while his fame they envy, add to his renown.
But sure, like you, no youth could please,
Nor at his first attempt boast such success:
Where all mankind have fail'd, you glories won;
Triumphant are in this alone,
In this, have all the bards of old out-done.

Then may'st thou rule our stage in triumph long!

May'st thou its injur'd fame revive,
And matchless proofs of wit and humour give,
Reforming with thy scenes, and charming with thy song!

And though a curse ill-fated wit pursues,
And waits the fatal dowry of a muse;

Yet may thy rising fortunes be
Secure from all the blasts of poetry;
As thy own laurels flourishing appear,
Unfully'd still with cares, nor clogg'd with hope and fear!

As from its wants, be from its vices free,
From nauseous servile flattery;
Nor to a patron prostitute thy mind,
Though like Augustus great, as fam'd Mæcenas kind.

Though great in fame! believe me, generous youth,
Believe this oft-experienc'd truth,
From him that knows thy virtues, and admires their worth.

Though thou'rt above what vulgar poets fear,
Trust not th' ungrateful world too far;
Trust not the smiles of the inconstant town;
Trust not the plaudits of a theatre
(Which Dursley shall with thee and Dryden share);

Nor to a stage's interest sacrifice thy own,
Thy genius, that's for nobler things design'd,
May at loose hours oblige mankind:
Then, great as is thy fame, thy fortunes raise.
Join thriving interest to thy barren bays,
And teach the world to envy, as thou dost to praise.

[brace,
The world, that does like common whores em-
Injurious still to those it does caress:
Injurious as the tainted breath of fame,
That blasts a poet's fortunes, while it sounds his name.

When first a muse inflames some youthful breast,
Like an unpractis'd virgin, still she's kind:

Adorn'd with graces then, and beauties blest,
She charms the ear with fame, with raptures fills the mind.

Then from all cares the happy youth is free,
But those of love and poetry:
Cares, still allay'd with pleasing charms,
That crown the head with bays, with beauty fill the arms.

But all a woman's frailties soon she shows,
Too soon a stale domestic creature grows:
Then, wedded to a muse that's nauseous grown
We loath what we enjoy, drudge when the pleasure's gone.

For, tempted with imaginary bays,
Fed with immortal hopes and empty praise,
He fame pursues, that fair and treacherous bait,
Grows wise when he's undone, repents when 'tis too late.

Small are the trophies of his boasted bays,
The great man's promise for his flattering toil,
Fame in reversion, and the public smile,
All vainer than his hopes, uncertain as his praise.
'Twas thus in mournful numbers heretofore,
Neglected Spenser did his fate deplore:
Long did his injur'd muse complain,
Admir'd in midst of wants, and charming still in vain.

Long did the generous Cowley mourn,
And long oblig'd the age without return.
Deny'd what every wretch obtains of fate,
An humble roof and an obscure retreat,
Condemn'd to needy fame, and to be miserably great.

Thus did the world thy great fore fathers use;
Thus all th' inspir'd bards before
Did their hereditary ills deplore;
From tuneful Chaucer's down to thy own Dryden's muse.

Yet, pleas'd with gaudy ruin, youth will on,
As proud by public fame to be undone;
Pleas'd, though he does the worst of labours choose, [muse.

To serve a barbarous age, and an ungrateful
Since Dryden's self, to wit's great empire born,
Whose genius and exalted name

Triumph with all the spoils of wit and fame,
Must, 'midst the loud applause, his barren laurels mourn. [mises,

Ev'n that fam'd man, whom all the world ad-
Whom every grace adorns, and muse inspires,
Like the great injur'd Tasso, shows

Triumphant in the midst of woes;
In all his wants, majestic still appears,
Charming the age to which he owes his cares,
And cherishing that muse whose fatal curse he bears.

THE INSECT.

AGAINST BULK.

"Inest sua gratia parvis."

WHERE greatness is to nature's works deny'd,
In worth and beauty it is well supply'd:

In a small space the more perfection's shown,
And what is exquisite in little's done.
Thus beams, contracted in a narrow glass,
To flames convert their larger useless rays.
'Tis nature's smallest products please the eye,
Whilst greater births pass unregarded by;
Her monsters seem a violence to sight;
They're form'd for terror, insects to delight.
Thus, when she nicely frames a piece of art,
Fine are her strokes, and small in every part;
No labour can the boast more wonderful
Than to inform an atom with a soul;
To animate her little beauteous fly,
And clothe it in her gaudiest drapery.

Thus does the little epigram delight,
And charm us with its miniature of wit;
Whilst tedious authors give the reader pain,
Weary his thoughts, and make him toil in vain;
When in less volumes we more pleasure find,
And what diverts, still best informs the mind.
'Tis the small insect looks correct and fair,
And seems the product of her nicest care;
When, weary'd out with the stupendous weight
Of forming prodigies and brutes of state;
Then she the insect frames, her master-piece,
Made for diversion, and design'd to please.

Thus Archimedes, in his crystal sphere,
Seem'd to correct the world's Artificer:
Whilst the large globe moves round with long
delay,

His beauteous orbs in nimbler circles play:
This seem'd the nobler labour of the two,
Great was the sphere above, but fine below,
Thus smallest things have a peculiar grace,
The great we admire, but 'tis the little please;
Then, since the least so beautifully show,
Be advis'd in time, my muse, and learn to know
A poet's lines should be correct and few.

TO HIS FRIEND

CAPTAIN CHAMBERLAIN,

*In Love with a Lady he had taken from an Algerine
Prize at Sea.*

IN ALLUSION TO HORACE BOOK II. OD. IV.

'Tis no disgrace, brave youth, to own
By a fair slave you are undone:
Why dost thou blush to hear that name,
And stifle thus a generous flame?
Did not the fair Briseis heretofore
With powerful charms subdue?
What though a captive, still she bore,
Those eyes that freedom could restore,
And make her haughty lord, the proud Achilles,
bow.

Stern Ajax, though renown'd in arms,
Did yield to bright Tecmessa's charms:
And all the laurels he had won
As trophies at her feet were thrown.
When, beautiful in tears, he view'd the mourning
fair,

The hero felt her power:

Though great in camps, and fierce in war,
Her softer looks he could not bear,
Proud to become her slave, though late her con-
queror.

When beauty in distress appears,
An irresistible charm it bears:
In every breast does pity move,
Pity, the tenderest part of love.
Amidst his triumphs great Atrides fled,
Unto a weeping maid:

Though Troy was by his arms subdued,
And Greece the bloody trophies view'd,
Yet at a captive's feet th' imploring victor laid.

Think not thy charming maid can be
Of a base stock, and mean degree;
Her shape, her air, her every grace,
A more than vulgar birth confess:
Yes, yes, my friend, with royal blood she's great,
Sprung from some monarch's bed;
Now mourns her family's hard fate,
Her mighty fall and abject state,

And her illustrious race conceals with noble pride.

Ah, think not an ignoble house
Could such a heroine produce;
Nor think such generous sprightly blood
Could flow from the corrupted crowd;

But view her courage, her undaunted mind,
And soul with virtues crown'd:
Where dazzling interest cannot blind,
Nor youth nor gold admittance find;
But still her honour's fix'd, and virtue keeps its
ground.

View well her great majestic air,
And modelt looks divinely fair;
Too bright for fancy to improve,
And worthy of thy noblest love.
But yet suspect not thy officious friend,
All jealous thoughts remove;
Though I with youthful heat commend,
For thee I all my wishes send,
And if she makes thee blest, 'tis all I ask of love!

TO MR. WATSON,

*On his Ephemeris of the Celestial Motions, presented to
Her Majesty.*

ART, when in full perfection, is design'd
To please the eye, or to inform the mind:
This nobler piece performs the double part,
With graceful beauty and instructive art.
Since the great Archimedes' sphere was lost,
The noblest labour finish'd it could boast;
No generous hand durst that fam'd model trace,
Which Greece admir'd, and Rome could only
praise.

This you, with greater lustre, have restor'd,
And taught those arts we ignorantly ador'd:
Motion in full perfection here you've shown,
And what mankind despair'd to reach, have done

In artful frames your heavenly bodies move,
Scarce brighter in their beauteous orbs above;
And stars, depriv'd of all malignant flames,
Here court the eye with more auspicious beams:
In graceful order the just planets rise,
And here complete their circles in the skies;
Here's the full concert of revolving spheres,
And heaven in bright epitome appears.

With charms the ancients did invade the moon,
And from her orb compell'd her struggling down;
But here she's taught a nobler change by you,
And moves with pride in this bright sphere below:
While your celestial bodies thus I view,
They give me bright ideas of the true;
Inspir'd by them, my thoughts dare upward move,
And visit regions of the blest above. [small,

Thus from your hand w' admire the globe in
A copy fair as its original:
This labour's to the whole creation just,
Second to none, and rival to the first.
The artful spring, like the diffusive soul,
Informs the machine, and directs the whole:
Like Nature's self, it fills the spacious throne,
And unconfin'd fways the fair orbs alone;
Th' unactive parts with awful silence wait,
And from its nod their birth of motion date:
Like Chaos, they obey the powerful call,
Move to its sound, and into measures fall.

THE RAPE OF THEUTILLA.

Imitated from the Latin of Famianus Strada.

THE INTRODUCTORY ARGUMENT.

Theutilla, a fair young virgin, who, to avoid the addresses of those many admirers her beauty drew about her, assumed the habit of a religious order, and wholly withdrew herself from the eye and converse of the world: but the common report of her beauty had so inflamed Amalis (a young person of quality) with love, that one night, in a debauch of wine, he commands his servants to force her dormitory, and bear off, though by violence, the lovely votarefs; which having successfully performed, they bring Theutilla to their expecting lord's apartment, the scene of the ensuing poem.

Soon as the tyrant her bright form survey'd,
He grew inflam'd with the fair captive maid:
A graceful sorrow in her looks she bears,
Lovely with grief, and beautiful in tears;
Her mien and air resistless charms impart,
Forcing an easy passage to his heart:
Long he devours her beauties with his eyes,
While through his glowing veins th' infection flies;
Swifter than lightning to his breast it came,
Like that, a fair, but a destructive flame.
Yet she, though in her young and blooming state,
Possess'd a soul, beyond a virgin's, great;
No charms of youth her colder bosom move,
Chaste were her thoughts, and most averse to love:

And as some timorous hind in toils betray'd,
Thus in his arms strove the resisting maid;
Thus did she combat with his strict embrace,
And spurn'd the guilty cause of her disgrace.
Revenge she courted, but despair'd to find
A strength and vigour equal to her mind;
While checks of shame her willing hands restrain,
Since all a virgin's force is her disdain:
Yet her resolves are nobly fix'd to die
Rather than violate her chastity,
Than break her vows to heaven, than blot her
fame,

Or soil her beauties with a lustful flame.
The night from its meridian did decline,
An hour propitious to the black design:
When sleep and rest their peaceful laws maintain,
And o'er the globe b' infectious silence reign;
While death-like slumbers every bosom seize,
Unbend our minds, and weary'd bodies ease:
Now fond Amalis finds his drooping breast
Heavy with wine, with amorous cares oppress;
Not all the joys expecting lovers feel
Can from his breast the drowsy charm repel;
In vain from wine his passion seeks redress,
Whose treacherous force the flame it rais'd betrays:
Weak and unnerv'd his useless limbs became,
Bending beneath their ill-supported frame;
Vanquish'd by that repose from which he flies,
Now slumbers close his unconsenting eyes.

But sad Theutilla's cares admit no rest,
Repose is banish'd from her mournful breast;
A faithful guard does injur'd virtue keep,
And from her weary limbs repulses sleep.
Oft she reflects with horror on the rape,
Oft tries each avenue for her escape;
Though still repulse upon repulse she bears,
And finds no passage but for sighs and tears:
Then, with the wildness of her soul let loose,
And all the fury that her wrongs infuse;
She weeps, she raves, she rends her flowing hair,
Wild in her grief, and raging with despair,
At length her restless thoughts an utterance find,
And vent the anguish of her labouring mind:
Whilst all dissolv'd in calmer tears she said,
" Shall I again be to his arms betray'd!
" Again the toil of loath'd embraces bear,
" And for some blacker scene of lust prepare!
" First may his bed my guiltless grave become,
" His marble roof my unpolluted tomb;
" Then, just to honour, and unstain'd in fame,
" The urn that hides my dust conceals my shame.
" Heaven gave me virtue, woman's frail defence,
" And beauty to molest that innocence:
" In vain I call my virtue to my aid,
" When thus by treacherous beauty I'm betray'd.
" Yet to this hour my breast no crime has
" known, [shone,
" But, coldly chaste, with virgin brightness
" As now unfully'd by a winter's sun.
" Not arts, nor ruder force of men prevail'd,
" My tears found pity, when my language fail'd.
" Oft have these violated locks been torn,
" And injur'd face their savage fury borne;
" Oft have my bloody robes their crimes confess,
" And pointed daggers glitter'd at my breast;

" Yet, free from guilt, I found some happier charm
 " To vanquish lust, and wildest rage disarm.
 " But ah! the greatest labour's yet behind;
 " No tears can soften this obdurate mind;
 " No prayers inexorable pity move,
 " Or guard me from the worst of ruins, love:
 " Though sleep and wine allow this kind reprieve,
 " Yet to the youth they'll strength and fury give;
 " Then, wretched maid! then think what artifice,
 " What charm, shall rescue from his nerv'd embrace!

" When with supplies of vigour next he storms,
 " And every dictate of his lust performs.

" But you, blest power, that own a virgin's
 " name,
 " Protect my virtue, and defend my fame,
 " From powerful lust, and the reproach of
 " shame;

" If I a strict religious life have led,
 " Drunk the cold stream, and made the earth my
 " bed!

" If from the world a chaste recluse I live,
 " Redress my wrongs, and generous succour give;
 " Allay this raging tempest of my mind,
 " A virgin should be to a virgin kind:
 " Prostrate with tears from you I beg defence,
 " Or take my life, or guard my innocence."

While thus the afflicted beauty pray'd, she spy'd
 A fatal dagger by Amalis' side?

" This weapon's mine!" she cries, " then grasp'd
 " it fast)

" And now the lustful tyrant sleeps his last."
 With eager hand the pointed steel she draws,
 Ev'n murder pleases in so just a cause;
 Nor fears, nor dangers, now resistance make,
 Since honour, life, and dearer fame, 's at stake.

Yet in her breast does kind compassion plead,
 And fills her soul with horror of the deed;
 Her sex's tenderness resumes its place,
 And spreads in conscious blushes o'er her face.
 Now, stung with the remorse of guilt, she cries,
 " Ah, frantic girl, what wild attempt is this!

" Think, think, Theutilla, on the murderer's
 " doom,

" And tremble at a punishment to come:
 " Stain not thy virgin hands with guilty blood,
 " And dread to be so criminally good.
 " Lay both thy courage and thy weapon down,
 " Nor fly to aids a maid must blush to own;
 " Nor arms, nor valour, with thy sex agree,
 " They wound thy fame, and taint thy modesty."

Thus different passions combat in her mind,
 Oft she's to pity, oft to rage inclin'd:
 Now from her hand the hated weapon's cast,
 Then seiz'd again with more impetuous haste:
 Unfix'd her wishes, her resolves are vain,
 What she attempts, the straight rejects again;
 Her looks, the emblems of her thoughts, appear
 Vary'd with rage, with pity, and despair:
 Alone her fears incline to no extreme,
 Equally pois'd betwixt revenge and shame.
 At length, with more prevailing rage possess'd,
 Her jealous honour steels her daring breast:
 The thoughts of injur'd fame new courage gave,
 And nicer virtue now confirms her brave.

Then the fam'd Judith her whole mind employs,
 Urges her hand, and soothes the fatal choice:
 This great example pleas'd, inflam'd by this,
 With wild disorder to the youth she flies;
 One hand she wreaths within his flowing hair,
 The other does the ready weapon bear: [down,
 " Now guide me (cries) fair Hebrew, now look
 " And pity labours thou hast undergone.
 " Direct the hand that takes thy path to fame,
 " And be propitious to a virgin's name,
 " Whose glory's but a refuge from her shame!" }
 Thus rais'd by hopes, and arm'd with courage now,
 She with undaunted looks directs the blow:
 Deep in his breast the spacious wound she made,
 And to his heart dispatch'd th' unerring blade.

When their expiring lord the servants heard,
 Whose dying groans the fatal act declar'd,
 Like a fiercer torrent, with no bounds they're stay'd;
 But vent their rage on the defenceless maid:
 Not virtue, youth, nor beauty in distress,
 Can move their savage breasts to tenderness:
 But death with horrid torments they prepare;
 And to her fate th' undaunted virgin bear.
 Tortures and death seem lovely in her eyes,
 Since she to honour falls a sacrifice:
 Amidst her sufferings, still her mind is great,
 And, free from guilt, she triumphs o'er her fate.

But heaven, that's suffering virtue's sure reward,
 Exerts its power, and is itself her guard:
 Amalis, conscious of his black offence,
 Now feels remorse for her wrong'd innocence;
 Though now he's struggling in the pangs of death,
 And all life's purple stream is ebbing forth:
 Yet, raising up his pale and drooping head,
 He recollects his spirits as they fled,
 And, with his last remains of voice, he said,
 " Spare the chaste maid, your impious hands re-
 " strain,

" Nor beauty with such insolence prophane:
 " Learn by my fate wrong'd innocence to spare,
 " Since injur'd virtue's heaven's peculiar care."

But you, brave virgin, now shall stand enrol'd
 Amongst the noblest heroines of old:
 Thy fam'd attempt, and celebrated hand,
 Shall lasting trophies of thy glory stand;
 And, if my verse the just reward can give,
 Theutilla's name shall to new ages live.
 For to thy sex thou hast new honours won,
 And France now boasts a Judith of its own.

AN ODE

FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1693.

BEGIN, and strike th' harmonious lyre!
 Let the loud instruments prepare
 To raise our souls, and charm the ear,
 With joys which music only can inspire:
 Hark how the willing strings obey!
 To consecrate this happy day,
 Sacred to music, love, and blest Cecilia.
 In lofty numbers, tuneful lays,
 We'll celebrate the virgin's praise!

Her skilful hand first taught our strings to move,
To her this sacred art we owe,
Who first anticipated heaven below,
And play'd the hymns on earth, that she now sings
above.

What moving charms each tuneful voice contains,
Charms that through the willing ear
A tide of pleasing raptures bear, [veins.
And, with diffusive joys, run thrilling through our
The listening soul does sympathize,
And with each vary'd note complies :
While gay and sprightly airs delight,
Then free from cares, and unconfin'd,
It takes, in pleasing ecstasies, its flight.
With mournful sounds, a sadder garb it wears,
Indulges grief, and gives a loose to tears.

Music's the language of the blest above,
No voice but music's can express
The joys that happy souls possess, [love.
Nor in just raptures tell the wondrous power of
'Tis nature's dialect, design'd
To charm, and to instruct the mind.
Music's an universal good !
That does dispense its joys around,
In all the elegance of sound,
To be by men admir'd, by angels understood.

Let every restless passion cease to move !
And each tumultuous thought obey
The happy influence of this day,
For music's unity and love.
Music's the soft indulger of the mind,
The kind diverter of our care,
The surest refuge mournful grief can find ;
A cordial to the breast, and charm to every ear.
Thus, when the prophet struck his tuneful lyre,
Saul's evil genius did retire :
In vain were remedies apply'd,
In vain all other arts were try'd :
His hand and voice alone the charm could find,
To heal his body, and compose his mind.

Now let the trumpet's louder voice proclaim
A solemn jubilee :
For ever sacred let it be,
To skilful Jubal's, and Cecilia's name.
Great Jubal, author of our lays,
Who first the hidden charms of music found ;
And through their airy paths did trace
The secret springs of sound.
When from his hollow chorded shell
The soft melodious accents fell,
With wonder and delight he play'd, [bey'd.
While the harmonious strings his skilful hand o-

But fair Cecilia to a pitch divine
Improv'd her artful lays :
When to the organ the her voice did join,
In the Almighty's praise ;
Then choirs of listening angels rood around,
Admir'd her art, and blest the heavenly sound.
Her praise alone no tongue can reach,
But in the strains herself did teach :
Then let the voice and lyre combine,
And in a tuneful concert join ;

For music's her reward and care,
Above sh' enjoys it, and protects it here

GRAND CHORUS.

Then kindly treat this happy day,
And grateful honours to Cecilia pay :
To her these lov'd harmonious rites belong,
To her that tunes our strings, and still inspires
our song.

THE FORCE OF JEALOUSY.

*To a Lady asking if her Sex was as sensible of that
Passion as Man.*

AN ALLUSION TO

" O ! quam cruentus Fœminas stimulat Dolor !"
SENECA, Hercules Oetæus.

WHAT raging thoughts transport the woman's
breast,
That is with love and jealousy possess !
More with revênge, than soft desires the burns,
Whose slighted passion meets no kind returns ;
That courts the youth with long neglected
charms,
And finds her rival happy in his arms !

Dread Scylla's rocks 'tis safer to engage,
And trust a storm, than her destructive rage :
Nor waves, contending with a boisterous wind,
Threaten so loud, as her tempestuous mind :
For seas grow calm, and raging storms abate,
But most implacable's a woman's hate :
Tigers and savages less wild appear,
Than that fond wretch abandon'd to despair.

Such were the transports Dejanira felt,
Stung with a rival's charms, and husband's guilt :
With such despair she view'd the captive maid,
Whose fatal love her Hercules betray'd ;
Th' unchaste sôle, but divinely fair !
In love triumphant, though a slave in war ;
By nature lewd, and form'd for soft delight,
Gay as the spring, and fair as beams of light ;
Whose blooming youth would wildest rage disarm,
And every eye, but a fierce rival's charm.

Fix'd with her grief the royal matron stood,
When the fair captive in his arms she view'd :
With what regret her beauties she survey'd,
And curst the power of the too lovely maid,
That reap'd the joys of her abandon'd bed !
Her furious looks with wild disorder glow,
Looks that her envy and resentment show !
To blast that fair detested form she tries,
And lightning darts from her distorted eyes.

Then o'er the palace of false Hercules,
With clamour and impetuous rage she flies ;
Late a dear witness of their mutual flame,
But now th' unhappy object of her shame ;
Whose conscious roof can yield her no relief,
But with polluted joys upbraids her grief.

Nor can the spacious court contain her now ;
It grows a scene too narrow for her woe.
Loose and undrest all day she strays alone,
Does her abode and lov'd companions shun.
In woods complains, and sighs in every grove,
The mournful tale of her forsaken love.

Hier thoughts to all th' extremes of frenzy fly,
Vary, but cannot ease her misery :
Whilst in her looks the lively forms appear,
Of envy, fondness, fury, and despair.

Her rage no constant face of sorrow wears,
Oft scornful smiles succeed loud sighs and tears ;
Oft o'er her face the rising blushes spread,
Her glowing eye-balls turn with fury red :
Then pale and wan her alter'd looks appear,
Paler than guilt, and drooping with despair.
A tide of passions ebb and flow within,
And oft she shifts the melancholy scene :
Does all th' excess of woman's fury show,
And yields a large variety of woe.

Now calm as infants at the mother's breast,
Her grief in softest murmurs is express'd :
She speaks the tenderest things that pity move,
Kind are her looks, and languishing with love.
Then loud as storms, and raging as the wind,
She gives a loose to her distemper'd mind :
With shrieks and groans she fills the air around,
And makes the palace her loud griefs resound.

Wild with her wrongs, she like a fury strays,
A fury, more than wife of Hercules :
Her motion, looks, and voice, proclaim her woes ;
While sighs, and broken words, her wilder
thoughts disclose.

TO HIS PERJURED MISTRESS.

" Nox erat, et cœlo fulgebat luna sereno," &c.

It was one evening, when the rising moon
Amidst her train of stars distinctly shone ;
Serene and calm was the inviting night,
And heaven appear'd in all its lustre bright ;
When you, Neera, you, my perjurd fair,
Did, to abuse the gods and me, prepare.
'Twas then you swore—remember, faithless maid,
With what endearing arts you then betray'd :
Remember all the tender things that pass'd,
When round my neck your willing arms were cast.
The circling ivys, when the oaks they join,
Seem loose, and coy, to those fond arms of thine.

Believe, you cry'd, this solemn vow believe,
The noblest pledge that love and I can give ;
Or, if there's ought more sacred here below,
Let that confirm my oath to heaven and you :
If e'er my breast a guilty flame receives,
Or covets joys but what thy presence gives ;
May every injurd power assert thy cause,
And love avenge his violated laws :
While cruel beasts of prey infest the plain,
And tempests rage upon the faithless main ;
While sighs and tears shall listening virgins move ;
So long, ye powers, will fond Neera love.

Ah, faithless charmer, lovely perjurd maid !
Are thus my vows and generous flame repaid ?
Repeated flights I have too tamely bore,
Still doated on, and still been wrong'd the more.
Why do I listen to that siren's voice,
Love ev'n thy crimes, and fly to guilty joys ?
Thy fatal eyes my best resolves betray,
My fury melts in soft desires away :

Each look, each glance, for all thy crimes atone,
Elude my rage, and I'm again undone.

But if my injurd soul dares yet be brave,
Unless I'm fond of shame, confirm'd a slave,
I will be deaf to that enchanting tongue,
Nor on thy beauties gaze away my wrong.
At length I'll loath each prostituted grace,
Nor court the leavings of a cloy'd embrace ;
But show, with manly rage, my soul's above
The cold returns of thy exhausted love.
Then thou shalt justly mourn at my disdain,
Find all thy arts and all thy charms in vain :
Shalt mourn, whilst I, with nobler flames, pursue
Some nymph as fair, though not unjust, as you ;
Whose wit and beauty shall like thine excel,
But far surpass in truth, and loving well.

But wretched thou, whose'er my rival art,
That fondly boasts an empire o'er her heart ;
Thou that enjoy'st the fair inconstant prize,
And vainly triumph'st with my victories ;
Unenvy'd now, o'er all her beauties rove,
Enjoy thy ruin, and Neera's love :
Though wealth and honours grace thy noble
birth,

To bribe her love, and fix a wandering faith ;
Though every grace and every virtue join,
T' enrich thy mind, and make thy form divine :
Yet blest, with endless charms, too soon you'll
prove

The treacheries of false Neera's love.
Lost and abandon'd by th' ungrateful fair,
Like me you'll love, be injurd and despair.
When left th' unhappy object of her scorn,
Then shall I smile to see the victor mourn,
Laugh at thy fate, and triumph in my turn.

IMITATION OF HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

" Integer vixit," &c.

THE man that's uncorrupt, and free from guilt,
That the remorse of secret crimes ne'er felt ;
Whose breast was ne'er debauch'd with sin,
But finds all calm, and all at peace within :
In his integrity secure,
He fears no danger, dreads no power ;
Useless are arms for his defence,
That keeps a faithful guard of innocence.

Secure the happy innocent may rove,
The care of every power above ;
Although unarm'd he wanders o'er
The treacherous Liby's sands, and faithless shore :
Though o'er th' inhospitable brows
Of savage Caucasus he goes ;
Through Afric's flames, through Scythia's
snows,

Or where Hydaspes, fam'd for monsters, flows.
For as, within an unfrequented grove,
I tun'd my willing lyre to love,
With pleasing amorous thoughts betray'd,
Beyond my bounds insensibly I stray'd ;
A wolf that view'd me fled away,
He fled from his defenceless prey :

When I invok'd Maria's aid,
 Although unarm'd, the trembling monster fled.
 Not Daunia's teeming sands, nor barbarous shore,
 E'er such a dreadful native bore,
 Nor Afric's nursing caves brought forth
 So fierce a beast, of such amazing growth :
 Yet vain did all his fury prove
 Against a breast that's arm'd with love ;
 Though absent, fair Maria's name
 Subdues the fierce, and makes the savage tame.
 Commit me now to that abandon'd place
 Where cheerful light withdraws its rays ;
 No beams on barren nature smile,
 Nor fruitful winds refresh th' intemperate soil ;
 But tempests, with eternal frosts,
 Still rage around the gloomy coast :
 Whilst angry Jove infects the air,
 And, black with clouds, deforms the fullen year.
 Or place me now beneath the torrid zone,
 To live a borderer on the sun :
 Send me to scorching sands, whose heat
 Guards the destructive soil from human feet :
 Yet there I'll sing Maria's name,
 And sport, uninjur'd, 'midst the flame :
 Maria's name ! that will create, ev'n there,
 A milder climate, and more temperate air !

PATROCLUS'S REQUEST TO ACHILLES

FOR HIS ARMS.

Imitated from the beginning of the Sixteenth Iliad of Homer.

DIVINE Achilles, with compassion mov'd,
 Thus to Patroclus spake, his best belov'd.
 Why like a tender girl dost thou complain !
 That strives to reach the mother's breast in vain ;
 Mourns by her side, her knees embraces fast,
 Hangs on her robes, and interrupts her haste ;
 Yet, when with fondness to her arms she's rais'd,
 Still mourns and weeps, and will not be appeas'd !
 Thus my Patroclus in his grief appears,
 Thus like a froward girl profuse of tears.
 From Phthia dost thou mournful tidings hear,
 And to thy friend some fatal message bear ?
 Thy valiant father (if we fame believe)
 The good Menætiüs, he is yet alive :
 And Peleus, though in his declining days,
 Reigns o'er his Myrmidons in health and peace ;
 Yet, as their latest obsequies we paid,
 Thou mourn'st them living, as already dead.
 Or thus with tears the Grecian host deplore,
 That with their navy perish on the shore ;
 And with compassion their misfortunes view,
 The just reward to guilt and falsehood due ?
 Impartial heaven avenges thus my wrong,
 Nor suffers crimes to go unpunish'd long.
 Reveal the cause so much afflicts thy mind,
 Nor thus conceal thy sorrows from thy friend.
 When, gently raising up his drooping head,
 Thus, with a sigh, the sad Patroclus said,
 Godlike Achilles, Peleus' valiant son !
 Of all our chiefs, the greatest in renown ;

Upbraid not thus th' afflicted with their woes,
 Nor triumph now the Greeks sustain such loss !
 To pity let thy generous breast incline,
 And show thy mind is like thy birth, divine.
 For all the valiant leaders of their host,
 Or wounded lie, or are in battle lost.
 Ulysses great in arms, and Diomedé,
 Languish with wounds, and in the navy bleed :
 This common fate great Agamemnon shares,
 And stern Eurypylus, renown'd in wars.
 Whilst powerful drugs th' experienc'd artists try,
 And to their wounds apt remedies apply :
 Easing th' afflicted heroes with their skill,
 Thy breast alone remains implacable !

What, will thy fury thus for ever last !
 Let present woes atone for injuries past :
 How can thy soul retain such lasting hate !
 Thy virtues are as useless as they're great.
 What injur'd friend from thee shall hope redress,
 That will not aid the Greeks in such distress ?
 Useless is all the valour that you boast,
 Deform'd with rage, with fullen fury lost.

Could cruelty like thine from Peleus come,
 Or be the offspring of fair Thetis' womb !
 These raging seas, these boisterous waves brought
 forth,

And to obdurate rocks thou ow'st thy birth !
 Thy stubborn nature still retains their kind,
 So hard thy heart, so savage is thy mind.

But, if thy boding breast admits of fear,
 Or dreads what sacred oracles declare !
 What awful Thetis in the courts above
 Receiv'd from the unerring mouth of Jove !
 If so—let me the threatening dangers face,
 And head the warlike squadrons in thy place :
 Whilst me thy valiant Myrmidons obey,
 We yet may turn the fortune of the day.
 Let me in thy distinguish'd arms appear,
 With all thy dreadful equipage of war ;
 That when the Trojans our approaches view,
 Deceiv'd, they shall retreat, and think 'tis you.

Thus, from the rage of an insulting host,
 We may retrieve that fame the Greeks have lost ;
 Vigorous and fresh, th' unequal fight renew,
 And from our navy force the drooping foe ;
 O'er haras'd men an easy conquest gain,
 And drive the Trojans to their walls again.

ON THE

REPRINTING MILTON'S PROSE WORKS,

With his Poems. Written in his Paradise Lost.

THESE sacred lines with wonder we peruse,
 And praise the flights of a seraphic muse,
 Till thy seditious prose provokes our rage,
 And soils the beauties of thy brightest page.
 Thus here we see transporting scenes arise,
 Heaven's radiant host, and opening paradise ;
 Then trembling view the dread abyss beneath,
 Hell's horrid mansions, and the realms of death.
 Whilst here thy bold majestic numbers rise,
 And range th' embattled legions of the skies,
 With armies fill the azure plains of light,
 And paint the lively terrors of the fight,

We own the poet worthy to rehearse
Heaven's lasting triumphs in immortal verse :
But when thy impious mercenary pen
Insults the best of princes, best of men,
Our admiration turns to just disdain,
And we revoke the fond applause again.

Like the fall'n angels in their happy state,
Thou shar'dst their nature, insolence, and fate :
To harps divine, immortal hymns they sung,
As sweet thy voice, as sweet thy lyre was strung.
As they did rebels to th' Almighty grow,
So thou profan'dst his image here below.
Apostate bard ! may not thy guilty ghost,
Discover to its own eternal cost,
That as they heaven, thou paradise hast lost !

TO

SIR HUMPHRY MACKWORTH,

ON THE MINES, LATE OF SIR CARRERY PRICE.

WHAT spacious veins enrich the British soil ;
The various ores, and skilful miner's toil ;
How ripening metals lie conceal'd in earth,
And teeming nature forms the wondrous birth ;
My useful verse, the first, transmits to fame,
In numbers tun'd, and no unhallow'd flame.

O generous Mackworth ! could the muse impart
A labour worthy thy auspicious art ;
Like thee succeed in paths untrod before,
And fetter treasures of the land explore ;
Apollo's self should on the labour smile,
And Delphos quit for Britain's fruitful isle.

Where fair Sabrina flows around the coast,
And aged Dovey in the ocean's lost,
Her lofty brows unconquer'd Britain rears,
And fenc'd with rocks impregnable appears :
Which like the well-fix'd bars of nature show,
To guard the treasures the conceals below.
For earth, distorted with her pregnant womb,
Heaves up to give the forming embryo room :
Hence vast excrescences of hills arise,
And mountains swell to a portentous size.
Louring and black the rugged coast appears,
The sullen earth a gloomy surface wears ;
Yet all beneath, deep as the centre, shines
With native wealth, and more than India's mines.
Thus erring nature her defects supplies,
Indulgent oft to what her sons despise :
Oft in a rude, unfinished form, we find
The noblest treasure of a generous mind.

Thrice happy land ! from whose indulgent womb,
Such unexhausted stores of riches come !
By heaven belov'd ! form'd by auspicious fate,
To be above thy neighbouring nations great !
Its golden sands no more shall Tagus boast,
In Dovey's flood his rival'd empire's lost ;
Whose waters now a nobler fund maintain,
To humble France, and check the pride of Spain.
Like Egypt's Nile the bounteous current shows,
Dispersing blessings wheresoe'er it flows ;
Whose native treasure's able to repair
The long expences of our Gallic war.

The ancient Britons are a hardy race,
Averse to luxury and slothful ease ;
Their necks beneath a foreign yoke ne'er bow'd,
In war unconquer'd, and of freedom proud ;
With minds resolv'd they lasting toils endure,
Unmix'd their language, and their manners pure.
Wisely does nature such an offspring choose,
Brave to defend her wealth, and slow to use.
Where thirst of empire ne'er inflames their veins,
Nor avarice, nor wild ambition reigns :
But, low in mines, they constant toils renew,
And through the earth their branching veins
pursue.

As when some navy on th' Iberian coast,
Chas'd by the winds, is in the ocean lost ;
To Neptune's realms a new supply it brings,
The strength design'd of European kings :
Contending divers would the wreck regain,
And make reprisals on the grasping main :
Wild in pursuit they are endanger'd more,
Than when they combated the storms before.
The miner thus through perils digs his way,
Equal to theirs, and deeper than the sea ;
Drawing, in pestilential steams, his breath,
Resolv'd to conquer, though he combats death.
Night's gloomy realms his pointed steel invades,
The courts of Pluto, and infernal shades :
He cuts through mountains, subterraneous lakes,
Plying his work, each nervous stroke he takes
Loosens the earth, and the whole cavern shakes.
Thus, with his brawny arms, the Cyclops stands,
To form Jove's lightning with uplifted hands ;
The ponderous hammer with a force descends,
Loud as the thunder which his art intends ;
And as he strikes, with each resistless blow
The anvil yields, and Ætna groans below.

Thy fam'd inventions, Mackworth, most adorn
The miner's art, and make the best return :
Thy speedy sails, and useful engines, show
A genius richer than the mines below.
Thousands of slaves unskill'd Peru maintains ;
The hands that labour still exhaust the gains :
The winds, thy slaves, their useful succour join,
Convey thy ore, and labour at thy mine ;
Instructed by thy arts, a power they find
To vanquish realms, where once they lay confin'd.

Downward, my muse, direct thy steepy flight,
Where smiling shades and beauteous realms invite ;
I first of British bards invoke thee down,
And first with wealth thy graceful temples crown,
Through dark retreats pursue the winding ore,
Search nature's depths, and view her boundless
store ;

The secret cause in tuneful measures sing,
How metals first are fram'd, and whence they spring.
Whether the active sun, with chemic flames,
Through porous earth transmits his genial beams ;
With heat impregnating the womb of night,
The offspring shines with its paternal light :
On Britain's isle propitiously he shines,
With joy descends, and labours in her mines.
Or whether, urg'd by subterraneous flames,
The earth ferments, and flows in liquid streams ;
Purg'd from their dross, the nobler parts refine,
Receive new forms, and with fresh beauties shine.

THE WORKS OF YALDEN.

Thus fluid parts, unknowing how to burn,
With cold congeal'd, to solid metals turn:
For metals only from devouring flame
Preserve their beauty, and return the same;
Both art and force the well-wrought mass disdain,
And 'midst the fire its native form retains.
Or whether by creation first they sprung,
When yet unpois'd the world's great fabric hung:
Metals the basis of the earth were made,
The bars on which its fix'd foundation's laid:
All second causes they disdain to own,
And from th' Almighty's fiat sprung alone.

Nature in specious beds preserves her store,
And keeps unmix'd the well-compacted ore:
The spreading root a numerous race maintains
Of branching limbs, and far-extended veins?
Thus, from its watery store, a spring supplies
The lesser streams that round its fountain rise;
Which bounding out in fair meanders play,
And o'er the meads in different currents stray.

methinks I see the rounded metal spread,
To be ennobled with our monarch's head:
About the globe th' admired coin shall run,
And make the circle of its parent fun.

How are thy realms, triumphant Britain, blest!
Enrich'd with more than all the distant west!
Thy sons, no more betray'd with hopes of gain,
Shall tempt the dangers of a faithless main,
'Traffic no more abroad for foreign spoil,
Supplied with richer from their native soil.
To Dovey's flood shall numerous traders come,
Employ'd to fetch the British bullion home.
To pay their tributes to its bounteous shore,
Returning laden with the Cambrian ore.
Her absent fleet Potosi's race shall mourn,
And wish in vain to see our sails return;
Like misers heaping up their useless store,
Starv'd with their wealth, amidst their riches poor.
Where-e'er the British banners are display'd,
The suppliant nations shall implore our aid:
Till, thus compell'd, the greater worlds confess
Themselves oblig'd, and succour'd by the less.

How Cambria's mines were to her offspring known,

Thus sacred verse transmits the story down:
Merlin, a bard of the inspired train,
With mystic numbers charm'd the British plain;
Belov'd by Phœbus, and the tuneful nine,
His song was sacred, and his art divine:
As on Sabrina's fruitful banks he stood,
His wondrous verse restrain'd the listening flood:
The stream's bright goddess rais'd her awful head,
And to her cave the artful shepherd led.
Her swift-descending steps the youth pursues,
And rich in ore the spacious mountain views.
In beds distinct the well-rang'd metals lay,
Dispersing rays, and counterfeiting day.
The silver, shedding beams of orient light,
Struck with too fierce a glare his aking sight;
Like rising flames the ruddy copper show'd,
And spread its blushes o'er the dark abode:
Profuse of rays, and with unrival'd beams,
The liquid silver flow'd in restless streams:
Nor India's sparkling gems are half so bright,
Nor waves above, that shine with heavenly light;

When thus the goddess spake? Harmonious youth
Rever'd for numbers fraught with sacred truth!
Belov'd by heaven! attend while I relate
The fix'd decree, and dark events of fate.
Conceal'd these treasures lie in nature's womb,
For future times, and ages yet to come.
When many long revolving years are run,
A hero shall ascend the British throne,
Whose numerous triumphs shall Augusta grace,
In arms renown'd, ador'd for plenteous peace.
Beneath his sway a generous youth shall rise,
With virtues blest, in happy councils wise;
Rich with the spoils of learning's various store;
Commanding arts, yet still acquiring more.
He, with success, shall enter this abode,
And nature trace in paths before untrod;
The smiling offspring from her womb remove,
And with her entrails glad the realms above.

O youth reserv'd by more auspicious fate,
With sam'd improvements to oblige the state!
By wars impoverish'd, Albion mourns no more,
Thy well-wrought mines forbid her to be poor:
The earth, thy great exchequer, ready lies,
Which all defect of failing funds supplies;
Thou shalt a nation's pressing wants relieve,
Nor war can lavish more than thou canst give.

This, Mackworth, fixes thy immortal name,
The muse's darling, and the boast of fame;
No greater virtues on record shall stand,
Than thus with arts to grace, with wealth enrich
the land.

OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

BOOK II.

Now lo Pæan sing! now wreaths prepare!
And with repeated 10s fill the air:
The prey is fall'n in my successful toils,
My artful nets enclose the lovely spoils:
My numbers now, ye smiling lovers, crown,
And make your poet deathless in renown:
With lasting fame my verse shall be inroll'd,
And I prefer'd to all the bards of old.
Thus Paris from the warlike Spartans bore
Their ravish'd bride; to Ida's distant shore
Victorious Pelops thus in triumph drove
The vanquish'd maid, and thus enjoy'd his love.
Stay, eager youth! your bark's but under sail!
The distant port requires a prosperous gale.
'Tis not enough the yielding beauty's frown'd,
And with my aid your artful passion crown'd;
The conquests our successful conduct gain'd,
With art must be secur'd, by arts maintain'd.
The glory's more to guard, than win the prize;
There all the toil and threatening danger lies.
If ever, Cupid, now indulgent prove,
O Venus! aid; thou charming queen of love!
Kind Erato, let thy auspicious name
Inspire the work, and raise my generous flame!
The labour's great! a method I design
For love; and will the fether'd god confine:
The god that roves the spacious world around,
In every clime, and distant region found;

Active and light, his wings elude our guard,
 And to confine a deity is hard :
 His guest from flight Minos enclos'd around,
 Yet he with wings a daring passage found.
 Thus Dædalus her off-spring first confin'd :
 Who with a bull in lewd embraces join'd :
 Her teeming womb the horrid crime confess'd ;
 Big with a human bull, half man, half beast.
 Said he, just Minos, best of human-kind,
 Thy mercy let a prostrate exile find.
 By fates compell'd my native shores to fly,
 Permit me, where I durst not live, to die.
 Enlarge my son, if you neglect my tears,
 And show compassion to his blooming years :
 Let not the youth a long confinement mourn,
 Oh free the son, or let his fire return !
 Thus he implor'd, but still implor'd in vain,
 Nor could the freedom that he sought, obtain.
 Convinc'd at length : Now, Dædalus, he cry'd,
 Here's subject for thy art that's yet untry'd,
 Minos the earth commands, and guards the sea,
 No pass the land affords, the deep no way :
 Heaven's only free, we'll heaven's auspicious
 height

Attempt to pass, where kinder fates invite !
 Favour, ye powers above, my daring flight ;
 Mistortunes oft prove to invention kind,
 Instruct our wit, and aid the labouring mind :
 For who can credit men, in wild despair,
 Should force a passage through the yielding air !
 Feathers for wings design'd the artist chose,
 And bound with thread his forming pinions close :
 With temper'd wax the pointed ends he wrought,
 And to perfection his new labours brought.
 The finish'd wings his smiling offspring views,
 Admires the work, not conscious of their use :
 To whom the father said, observe aright,
 Observe, my son, these instruments of flight.
 In vain the tyrant our escape retards,
 The heavens he cannot, all but heaven he guards ;
 Though earth and seas elude thy father's care,
 These wings shall waft us through the spacious
 air.

Nor shall my son celestial signs survey,
 Far from the radiant virgin take your way :
 Or where Bootes the chill'd north commands,
 And with his fauchion dread Orion stands ;
 I'll go before, nie still retain in sight,
 Where-e'er I lead, securely make your flight.
 For should we upward soar too near the sun,
 Dissolv'd with heat, the liquid wax will run :
 Or near the seas an humbler flight maintain,
 Our plumes will suffer by the steaming main.
 A medium keep, the winds observe aright :
 The winds will aid your advantageous flight.
 He caution'd thus, and thus inform'd him long,
 As careful birds instruct their tender young :
 The spreading wings then to his shoulders bound,
 His body pois'd, and rais'd him from the ground.
 Prepar'd for flight, his aged arms embrac'd
 The tender youth, whilst tears o'erflow his face.
 A hill there was, from whence the anxious pair
 Essay'd their wings, and forth they launch'd in air :
 Now his expanded plumes the artist plies,
 Regards his son, and leads along the skies ;

Pleas'd with the novelty of flight, the boy
 Bounds in the air, and upwards springs with joy.
 The angler views them from the distant strand,
 And quits the labours of his trembling hand.
 Samos they pass, and Naxos in their flight,
 And Delos, with Apollo's presence bright.
 Now on their right Lebinthos' shores they found,
 For fruitful lakes and shady groves renown'd.
 When the aspiring boy forgot his fears,
 Rash with hot youth and inexperience'd years
 Upwards he soar'd, maintain'd a lofty stroke,
 And his directing father's way forsook.
 The wax, of heat impatient, melted run,
 Nor could his wings sustain that blaze of sun.
 From heaven he views the fatal depths below,
 Whilst killing fears prevent the distant blow.
 His struggling arms now no assistance find,
 Nor poise the body, nor receive the wind.
 Falling, his father he implores in vain,
 To aid his flight, and sinking limbs sustain ;
 His name invokes, till the expiring sound
 Far in the floods with Icarus was drown'd.
 The parent mourns, a parent now no more,
 And seeks the absent youth on every shore ;
 Where's my lov'd son, my Icarus ! he cries ;
 Say in what distant region of the skies,
 Or faithless clime, the youthful wanderer flies !
 Then view'd his pinions scatter'd o'er the stream,
 The shore his bones receiv'd, the waves his
 name.

Minos with walls attempted to detain
 His flying guests, but did attempt in vain :
 Yet the wing'd god shall to our rules submit,
 And Cupid yield to more prevailing wit.
 Thessalian arts in vain rash lovers use,
 In vain with drugs the scornful maid abuse :
 The skilful'st potions ineffectual prove,
 Useless are magic remedies in love :
 Could charms prevail, Circe had prov'd her art,
 And found Médæa fix'd her Jason's heart.
 Nor tempt with philters the disdainful dame ;
 They rage inspire, create a frantic flame :
 Abstain from guilt, all vicious arts remove,
 And make your passion worthy of her love.
 Distrust your empty form and boasted face ;
 The nymph engage a thousand nobler ways :
 To fix her vanquish'd heart entirely thine,
 Accomplish'd graces to your native join.
 Beauty's but frail, a charm that soon decays,
 Its lustre fades as rolling years increase,
 And age still triumphs o'er the ruin'd face.
 This truth the fair but short-liv'd lily shows,
 And prickles that survive the faded rose.
 Learn, lovely boy, be with instruction wise !
 Beauty and youth mis-spent are past advice.
 Then cultivate thy mind with wit and fame,
 Those lasting charms survive the funeral flame.

With arts and sciences your breast improve,
 Of high import are languages in love :
 The sam'd Ulysses was not fair nor young,
 But eloquent and charming with his tongue :
 And yet for him contending beauties strove,
 And every sea-nymph sought the hero's love,
 Calypso mourn'd when he forsook her shores,
 And with fond waves detain'd his hasty oars.

Of the inquir'd of ruin'd Ilium's fate,
Making him of the wondrous tale relate ;
Which with such grace his florid tongue could
frame,

The story still was new, though still the same.
Now standing on the shores, again declare,
Calypso cry'd, your fam'd exploits in war.
He with a wand, a slender wand he bore,
Delineates every action on the shore.

Here's Troy, says he, then draws the walls in sand :
There Simois flows, here my battalions stand.
A field there was, (and then describes the field)
Where Dolon, with rewards deceiv'd, we kill'd.
Just thus entrench'd imagine Rhesus lies,
And here we make his warlike steeds our prize.
Much he describ'd, when a destructive wave
Wash'd off the slender Troy, and rolling gave
To Rhesus and his tents one common grave.
Long with delight his charming tongue he heard,
The well-rais'd passion in her looks appear'd :
The goddess weeps to view his spreading sails,
So much a soldier with the sex prevails.
Distrust thy form, fond youth, and learn to know,
There's more requir'd in love than empty show.
With just disdain she treats the haughty mind,
'Tis complaisance that makes a beauty kind.
The hawk we hate that always lives in arms,
The raging wolf that every flock alarms :
But the mild swallow none with toils infests,
And none the soft Chaonian bird molests.
Debates avoid, and rude contention shun ;
A woman's with submissive language won.
Let the wife rail, and injur'd husband swear,
Such freedoms are allow'd the marry'd pair :
Discord and strife to nuptial beds belong,
The portion justifies a clamorous tongue.
With tender vows the yielding maid endear,
And let her only sighs and wishes hear.
Contrive with words and actions to delight,
Still charm her ear, and still oblige her sight.

I no instructions to the rich impart,
He needs not, that presents, my useless art :
The giving lover's handsome, valiant, wife,
His happy fortune is above advice.
I to the needy sing ; though poor, I love,
And, wanting wealth, with melting language
move.

His honour storms a stubborn damsel's door ;
I'm cautious to affront, because I'm poor.
With pleasing arts I court, with arts possess ;
Or if I'm bounteous, 'tis in promises.
Enrag'd, I ruffled once Corinna's hair,
Long was I banish'd by the injur'd fair ;
Long mournful nights for this consum'd alone,
Nor could my tears the furious maid atone.
Weeping, she vow'd, a suit of point I tore ;
Falsely the vow'd, but I must purchase more.
Make not your guilty master's crime your own,
But by my punishment my error shun ;
Indecent fury from her sight remove,
No passion let your mistress know, but love.

Yet if the haughty nymph's unkind and coy,
Or shuns your sight ; have patience, and enjoy.
By slow degrees we bend the stubborn bow ;
What force resists, with art will pliant grow.

In vain we stem a torrent's rapid force,
But swim with ease, complying with its course.
By gentler arts we savage beasts reclaim,
And lions, bulls, and furious tigers tame.
Fiercely Atlanta o'er the forest rovd,
Cruel and wild, and yet at last she lov'd.
Melaun long deplor'd his hopeless flame,
And, weeping in the woods, pursued the scornful
dame :

On his submissive neck her toils he wore,
And with his mistress chas'd the dreadful boar.
Arm'd to the woods I bid you not repair,
Nor follow over hills the savage fair :
My soft injunctions less severe you'll find,
Easy to learn, and fram'd to every mind.
Her wishes never, nor her will withstand ;
Submit, you conquer ; serve, and you'll command.
Her words approve, deny what she denies ; [pise :
Like, where she likes : and where she scorns, def.
Laugh when she smiles : when sad, dissolve in
tears ;

Let every gesture sympathize with hers.
If she delights, as women will, in play,
Her stakes return, your ready losses pay.
When she's at cards, or rattling dice she throws,
Connive at cheats, and generously lose.
A smiling winner let the nymph remain,
Let your pleas'd mistress every conquest gain.
In heat, with an umbrella ready stand ;
When walking, offer your officious hand.
Her trembling hands, though you sustain the cold,
Cherish, and to your warmer bosom hold.
Think no inferior office a disgrace ;
No action, that a mistress gains, is base.
The hero that eluded Juno's spite,
And every monster overcame in fight ;
That past so many bloody labours o'er, [bore :
And well deserv'd that heav'n whose weight he
Amidst Ionian damsels carding stands,
And grasps the distaff with obedient hands ;
In all commands the haughty dame obeys ;
And who disdains to act like Hercules ?
If she's at law, be sure commend the laws,
Solicit with the judge, or plead her cause.
With patience at the assignation wait,
Early appear, attend her coming late.
Whene'er she wants a messenger, away,
And her commands with flying feet obey.
When late from supper she's returning home,
And calls her servant, as a servant come.
She for the country air retires from town,
You want a coach, or horse, why, foot it down.
Let not the sultry season of the year,
The falling snows, or constant rain deter.
Love is a warfare ; an ignoble sloth
Seems equally contemptible in both :
In both are watchings, duels, anxious cares,
The soldier thus, and thus the lover fares ;
With rain he's drench'd, with piercing tempests
shakes,

And on the colder earth his lodging takes.
Fame says that Phæbus kept Admetus' herd ;
And coarsely in an humble cottage far'd ;
No servile offices the god deny'd ;
Learn this ye lovers, and renounce your pride.

When all excess is to your mistress hard,
When every door secur'd, and window barr'd;
The roof untile, some desperate passage find:
You cannot be too bold to make her kind:
Oh, how she'll clasp you when the danger's o'er,
And value your deserving passion more!
Thus through the boisterous seas Leander mov'd,
Not to possess, but show how much he lov'd.

Nor blushing think how low you condescend
To court her maids, and make each slave your friend:

Each by their names familiarly salute,
And beg them to promote your amorous suit.
Perhaps a bribe's requir'd; your bounty show,
And from your slender fortune part bestow.
A double bribe the chamber-maid secures;
And when the favourite's gain'd, the fair is your's.
She'll add, to every thing you do, a grace,
And watch the wanton hours, and time her praise.
When servants merry make, and feast and play,
Then give her something to keep holiday.
Retain them every one; the porter most,
And her who nightly guards the happy coast.

I no profuse nor costly gifts commend,
But choose and time it well, whate'er you send.
Provide the product of the early year,
And let your boy the rural present bear;
Tell her 'twas fresh, and from your manor brought,
Though stale, and in the suburb market bought;
The first ripe cluster let your mistress ear,
With chestnuts, melons, and fair peaches treat;
Some larger fish, or choicer fowl present,
They recommend your passion, where they're sent.
'Tis with these arts the childless miser's caught,
Thus future legacies are safely bought:
But may his name with infamy be curst,
That practis'd them on love, and woman first!

In tender sonnets ~~with~~ your flame rehearse,
But who, alas! of late are mov'd by verse?
Women a wealthy-treating fool admire,
Applaud your wit, but costly gifts require.
This is the golden age, all worship gold,
Honours are purchas'd, love and beauty sold;
Should Homer come with his harmonious train,
And not present, Homer's turn'd out again.
Some of the sex have sense, their number's small;
Most ignorant, yet vain pretenders all:
Flatter aright, smooth empty stanzas send;
They seldom sense, but sound and rhyme commend.
Should you with art compose each polish'd line,
And make her, like your numbers, all divine:
Yet she'll a treat, or worthless toy prefer
To all th' immortal poet's boasted care.

But he that covets to retain her heart,
Let him apply his flattery with art;
With lasting raptures on her beauty gaze,
And make her form the subject of his praise.
Purple commend, when she's in purple dress'd;
In scarlet, swear she looks in scarlet best:
Array'd in gold, her graceful mien adore,
Vowing those eyes transcend the sparkling ore.
With prudence place each compliment aright,
Though clad in crape, let homely crape delight.
In sorted colours, praise a vary'd dress;
In night-clothes, or commode, let either please.

Or when she combs, or when she curls her hair,
Commend her curious art and gallant air.
Singing, her voice, dancing, her step admire,
Applaud when she desists, and still desire:
Let all her words and actions wonder raise,
View her with raptures, and with raptures praise.
Fierce as Medusa though your mistress prove,
These arts will teach the stubborn beauty love.

Be cautious lest you over-act your part,
And temper your hypocrisy with art:
Let no false action give your words the lie,
For, undeceiv'd she's ever after shy.
In autumn oft, when the luxurious year
Purples the grape, and shows the vintage near;
When sultry heats, when colder blasts arise,
And bodies languish with incessant skies:
If vicious heaven infects her tender veins,
And in her tainted blood some fever reigns;
Then your kind vows, your pious care bestow,
The blessings you expect to reap, then sow:
Think nothing nauseous in her loath'd disease,
But with your ready hand contrive to please:
Weep in her sight, then fonder kisses give,
And let her burning lips your tears receive.
Much for her safety vow, but louder speak,
Let the nymph hear the lavish vows you make.
As health returns, so let your joys appear,
Oft smile with hope, and oft confess your fear.
This in her breast remains, these pleasing charms
Secure a passage to her grateful arms.
Reach nothing nauseous to her taste or sight,
Officious only when you most delight:
Nor bitter draughts, nor hated medicines give:
Let her from rivals what she loaths receive.
Those prosperous winds that launch'd our bark
from shore,

When out at sea assist its course no more:
Time will your knowledge in our art improve,
Give strength and vigour to your forming love.
The dreadful bull was but a calf, when young;
The lofty oak but from an acorn sprung:
From narrow springs the noblest currents flow,
But swell their floods, and spread them as they go;
Be conversant with love, no toils refuse,
And conquer all fatigues with frequent use.
Still let her hear your sighs, your passion view,
And night and day the flying maid pursue.
Then pause a while; by fallow fields we gain;
A thirsty soil receives the welcome rain.
Phyllis was calm while with Demophoon blest,
His absence wounded most her raging breast:
Thus his chaste comfort for Ulysses burn'd,
And Laodamia thus her absent husband mourn'd:
With speed return, you're ruin'd by delays,
Some happy youth may soon supply your place.
When Sparta's prince was from his Helen gone,
Could Helen be content to lie alone?
She in his bed receiv'd her amorous guest,
And nightly clasp'd him to her panting breast.
Unthinking cuckold, to a proverb blind!
What, trust a beau and a fair wife behind!
Let furious hawks thy trembling turtles keep,
And to the mountain wolves commit thy sheep;
Helen is guiltless, and her lover's crime
But what yourself would act another time!

The youth was pressing, the dull husband gone,
Let every woman make the case her own:
Who could a prince, by Venus sent, refuse?
The cuckold's negligence is her excuse.

But not the foaming boar whom spears sur-
round,

Revenge on the dogs his mortal wound,
Nor lions, whose young receive the breast,
Nor viper by unwary foot's press;
Nor drunkard by th' Aonian god possess,
Transcend the woman's rage, by fury led,
To find a rival in her injur'd bed.

With fire and sword she flies, the frantic dame
Disdains the thoughts of tenderness or shame,
Her offspring's blood enrag'd Medea spilt,
A cruel mother, for the father's guilt.

And Progne's unrelenting fury proves,
That dire revenge pursues neglected loves,
Where sacred ties of honour are destroy'd,
Such errors cautious lovers must avoid.

Think not my precepts constancy enjoin,
Venus avert! far nobler's my design.

At large enjoy, conceal your passion well,
Nor use the modish vanity to tell:

Avoid presenting of suspected toys,
Nor to an hour confine your varied joys:

Desert the shades you did frequent before,
Nor make them conscious to a new amour.

The nymph, when she betrays, disdains your guilt,
And, by such falsehood taught, she learns to jilt.

While with a wife Atreides liv'd content,
Their loves were mutual, and she innocent:

But when inflam'd with every charming face,
Her lewdness still maintain'd an equal pace.

Chryles, as fame had told her, pray'd in vain,
Nor could by gifts his captive girl obtain;

Mournful Briseis, thy complaints she heard,
And how his lust the tedious war deferr'd.

This tamely heard, but with resentment view'd
The victor by his beauteous slave subdued:

With rage she saw her own neglected charms,
And took Ægisthus to her injur'd arms.

To lust and shame by his example led,
Who durst so openly profane her bed.

What you conceal, her more observing eye
Perhaps betrays: with oaths she fast deny;

And boldly give her jealousy the lie;
Not too submissive seem, nor over-kind;

These are the symptoms of a guilty mind:
But no caresses, no endearments spare,

Enjoyment pacifies the angry fair.

There are, that strong provoking potions praise,
And nature with pernicious medicines raise:

Nor drugs, nor herbs, will what you fancy prove,
And I pronounce them poisonous all in love.

Some pepper bruise'd with seeds of nettles join,
And clary steep in bowls of mellow wine:

Venus is most averse to forc'd delights,
Extorted flames pollute her genial rites;

With fishes spawn thy feeble nerves recruit,
And with eringo's hot salacious root:

The goddess worship'd by th' Erycian swains
Megara's white shallot, so faint, disdains.

New eggs they take, and honey's liquid juice,
And leaves and apples of the pine infuse.

Prescribe no more, my muse, nor medicines give,
Beauty and youth need no provocative.

You that conceal'd your secret crimes before,
Proclaim them now, now publish each amour.

Nor tax me with inconstancy; we find
The driving bark requires a veering wind:

Now northern blasts we court, now southern gales,
And every point befriends our shifted sails,

Thus chariot-drivers with a flowing rein
Direct their steeds, then curb them in again.

Indulgence oft corrupts the faithless dame,
Secure from rivals she neglects your flames:

The mind without variety is cloy'd,
And nauseates pleasures it has long enjoy'd.

But as a fire, whose wasted strength declines,
Converts to ashes, and but faintly shines;

When sulphur's brought, the spreading flames
return,

And glowing embers with fresh fury burn:
A rival thus th' ungrateful maid reclaims,

Revives desire, and feeds her dying flames:
Oft make her jealous, give your fondness o'er,

And tease her often with some new amour.
Happy, thrice happy youth, with pleasures blest,

Too great, too exquisite to be express'd,
That view'st the anguish of her jealous breast!

Whene'er thy guilt the slighted beauty knows,
She swoons; her voice, and then her colour goes,

Oft would my furious nymph, in burning rage,
Assault my locks, and with her nails engage;

Then how she'd weep, what piercing glances cast!
And vow to hate the perjurd wretch at last.

Let not your mistress long your falsehood mourn:
Neglected fondness will to fury turn.

But kindly clasp her in your arms again,
And on your breast her drooping head sustain:

Whilst weeping kisses, amidst her tears enjoy,
And with excess of bliss her rage destroy.

Let her awhile lament, awhile complain,
Then die with pleasure, as the dy'd with pain.

Enjoyment cures her with its powerful charms,
She'll sign a pardon in your active arms.

First nature lay an undigested mass,
Heaven, earth, and ocean, wore one common face:

Then vaulted heaven was fram'd, waves earth in-
clos'd;

And chaos was in beauteous form dispos'd;
The beasts inhabit woods, the birds the air,

And to the floods the scaly fry repair.
Mankind alone enjoy'd no certain place,

On rapine liv'd, a rude unpolish'd race:
Caves were their houses, herbs their food and bed,

Whilst each a savage from the other fled.
Love first disarm'd the fierceness of their mind,

And in one bed the men and women join'd.
The youth was eager, but unskill'd in joy,

Nor was the unexperienc'd virgin coy!
They knew no courtship, no instructor found,

Yet they enjoy'd, and blest'd the pleasing wot:
The birds with consorts propagate their kind,

And sporting fish their finny beauties find:
In amorous folds the wanton serpents twine,

And dogs with their salacious females join.
The lusty bull delights his frisking dames,

And more lascivious goat her male inflames.

Mares furious grow with love, their boundaries
force, [horfe.

Plunging through waves to meet the neighing
Go on, brave youth, thy generous vigour try,
To the resenting maid this charm apply:
Love's softening pleasures every grief remove,
There's nothing that can make your peace like love.
From drugs and philtres no redress you'll find,
But nature with your mistress will be kind,
The love that's unconstrain'd will long endure,
Machaon's art was false, but mine is sure.

Whilst thus I sung, inflam'd with nobler fire,
I heard the great Apollo's tuneful lyre;
His hand a branch of spreading laurel bore,
And on his head a laurel wreath he wore;
Around he cast diffusive rays of light,
Confessing all the god to human sight,
Thou master of lascivious arts, he said,
To my frequented fane thy pupils lead:
And there inscribe in characters of gold,
This celebrated sentence you'll behold.
First know yourself: who to himself is known,
Shall love with conduct, and his wishes crown.
Where nature has a handsome face bestow'd,
Or graceful shape, let both be often show'd:
Let men of wit and humour silence shun,
The artist sing, and soldier bluster on:
Of long harangues, ye eloquent, take heed,
Nor thy damn'd works, thou teasing poet, read.
Thus Phœbus spake: A just obedience give,
And these injunctions from a god receive.

I mysteries unfold; to my advice
Attend, ye vulgar lovers, and grow wise.
The thriving grain in harvest often fails:
Oft prosp'rous winds turn adverse to our sails:
Few are the pleasures, though the toils are great:
With patience must submissive lovers wait.
What hares on Athos, bees on Hybla feed,
Or berries on the circling ivy breed;
As shells on sandy shores, as stars above,
So numerous are the sure fatigues of love.
The lady's gone abroad, you're told; though seen,
Distrust your eyes, believe her not within.
Her lodgings on the promis'd night are close;
Resent it not, but on the earth repose.
Her maid will cry, with an insulting tone,
What makes you saunter here? you sot, be gone.
With moving words the cruel nymph entreat,
And place your garland on the bolted gate.

Why do I light and vulgar precepts use?
A nobler subject now inspires my muse:
Approaching joys I sing; ye youths draw near,
Listen ye happy lover's and give ear:
The labour's great, and daring is my song,
Lies and great attempts to love belong.
As from the sacred oracles of Jove
Receive these grand mysterious truths in love.
Look down when she the ogling spark invites,
Nor touch the conscious tablets when she writes.
Appear not jealous, though she's much from home,
Let her at pleasure go, unquestion'd come.
This crafty husbands to their wives permit,
And learn, when she's engag'd, to wink at it.
I my own frailties modestly confess;
And, blushing, give those precepts I transgress;

VOL. VII.

Shall I, with patience, the known signal hear,
Retire, and leave a happy rival there!

What! tamely suffer the provoking wrong,
And be afraid to use my hands or tongue!
Corinna's husband kiss'd her in my sight;
I beat the saucy fool, and seiz'd my right.
I like a fury for my nymph engage,
And like a madman, when I miss her, rage.
My passion still prevails, convince'd I yield:
He that submits to this is better skill'd.

Expose not, though you find her guilty flame,
Lest she abandon modesty and shame:
Conceal her faults, no secret crimes upbraid;
Nothing's so fond as a suspected maid,
Discover'd love increases with despair,
When both alike the guilt and scandal share:
All sense of modesty they lose in time,
Whilst each encourages the other's crime.

In heaven this story's fam'd above the rest,
Amongst th' immortal drolls a standing jest:
How Vulcan two transgressing lovers caught,
And every god a pleas'd spectator brought.
Great Mars for Venus felt a guilty flame,
Neglected war, and own'd a lover's name;
To his desires the Queen of Love inclin'd;
No nymph in heaven's so willing, none so kind.
Oft the lascivious fair, with scornful pride,
Would Vulcan's foot and scoty hands deride,
Yet both with decency their passion bore,
And modestly conceal'd the close amour.

But by the sun betray'd in their embrace,
(For what escapes the sun's observing rays?)
He told th' affronted god of his disgrace.
Ah foolish sun! and much unskill'd in love
Thou hast an ill example set above!

Never a fair offending nymph betray,
She'll gratefully oblige you every way:
The crafty spouse around his bed prepares
Nets that deceive the eye, and secret snares:
A journey feigns, th' impatient lovers met,
And naked were expos'd in Vulcan's net.
The gods deride the criminals in chains,
And scarce from tears the Queen of Love re-
frains:

Nor could her hands conceal her guilty face.
She wants that cover for another place.

To surly Mars a gay spectator said,
Why so uneasy in that envy'd bed?

On me transfer your chains; I'll freely come
For your release, and suffer in your room.

At length, kind Neptune, freed by thy desires,
Mars goes for Crete, to Paphos she retires,

Their loves augmented with revengeful fires:

Now conversant with infamy and shame,

They set no bounds to their licentious flame.

But honest Vulcan, what was thy pretence,

To act so much unlike a god of sense?

They sin in public, you the shame repent,

Convince'd that loves increase with punishment.

Though in your power, a rival ne'er expose,

Never his intercepted joys disclose:

This I command, Venus commands the same,

Who hates the snares she once sustain'd with shame.

What impious wretch will Ceres' rites expose,

Or Juno's solemn mysteries disclose!

His witty torments Tantalus deserves
That thirsts in waves, and viewing banquets starves.
But Venus most in secrecy delights;
Away, ye babblers, from her silent rites!
No pomp her mysteries attends, no noise!
No sounding brass proclaims the latent joys!
With folded arms the happy pair possess,
Nor should the fond betraying tongue confess
Those raptures, which no language can express.
When naked Venus cast her robes aside,
The parts obscene her hands extended hide:
No girl on propagating beasts will gaze,
But hangs her head, and turns away her face.
We darken'd beds and doors for love provide;
What nature cannot, decent habits hide.
Love darkness courts, at most a glimmering light,
To raise our joys, and just oblige the sight.
Ere happy men beneath a roof were laid,
When oaks provided them with food and shade;
Some gloomy cave receiv'd the wanton pair;
For light too modest, and unshaded air!
From public view they decently retir'd,
And secretly perform'd what love inspir'd.
Now scarce a modish top about the town,
But boasts with whom, how oft, and where 'twas
done;

They taste no pleasure, relish no delight,
Till they recount what pass'd the happy night.
But men of honour always thought it base,
To prostitute each kinder nymph's embrace:
To blast her fame, and vainly hurt his own,
And furnish scandal for a lewd lampoon.
And here I must some guilty arts accuse,
And disingenuous shifts that lovers use,
To wrong the chaste, and innocent abuse.
When long repuls'd, they find their courtship vain,
Her character with infamy they stain:
Deny'd her person, they debauch her fame,
And brand her innocence with public shame.
Go, jealous fool, the injur'd beauty guard,
Let every door be lock'd, and window barr'd!
The suffering nymph remains expos'd to wrong;
Her name's a prostitute to every tongue:
For malice will with joy the lie receive,
Report, and what it wishes true, believe.

With care conceal what'er defects you find,
To all her faults seem like a lover blind.
Naked Andromeda when Perseus view'd,
He saw her faults, but yet pronounce'd them good.
Andromache was tall, yet some report
Her Hector was so blind, he thought her short.
At first what's nauseous, lessens by degrees,
Young loves are nice, and difficult to please.
The infant plant, that bears a tender rind,
Reels to and fro with every breath of wind:
But shooting upward to a tree at last,
It stems the storm, and braves the strongest blast.
Time will defects and blemishes endear,
And make them lovely to your eyes appear:
Unusual scents at first may give offence;
Time reconciles them to the vanquish'd sense:
Her vices soften with some kinder phrase;
If she is swarthy as the negro's face,
Call it a graceful brown, and that complexion
praise.

The ruddy lass must be like Venus fair,
Or like Minerva that has yellow hair.
If pale and meagre, praise her shape and youth,
Active when small, when gross she's plump and
smooth.

Every excess by softening terms disguise,
And in some neighbouring virtue hide each vice.

Nor ask her age, consult no register,
Under whose reign she's born, or what's the year!
If fading youth checkers her hair with white,
Experience makes her perfect in delight;
In her embrace sublimer joys are found,
A fruitful soil, and cultivated ground!

The hours enjoy whilst youth and pleasures last,
Age hurries on, and death pursues too fast.

Or plough the seas, or cultivate the land,
Or wield the sword in thy adventurous hand:

Or much in love thy nervous strength employ,
Embrace the fair, the grateful maid enjoy;
Pleasure and wealth reward thy pleasing pains,
The labour's great, but greater far the gains.

Add their experience in affairs of love,
For years and practice do alike improve;
Their arts repair the injuries of time,
And still preserve them in their charming prime:

In vary'd ways they act the pleasure o'er,
Not pictur'd postures can instruct you more.

They want no courtship to provoke delight,
But meet your warmth with eager appetite:

Give me enjoyment, when the willing dame
Glow with desires, and burns with equal flame.

I love to hear the soft transporting joys,
The frequent sighs, the tender murmuring voice:

To see her eyes with vary'd pleasure move,
And all the nymph confess the power of love.

Nature's not thus indulgent to the young,
These joys alone to riper years belong:

Who youth enjoys, drinks crude unready wine,
Let age your girl and sprightly juice refine,

Mellow their sweets, and make the taste divine.
To Helen who'd Hermione prefer,

Or Gorgé think beyond her mother fair:
But he that covet, the experienc'd dame,

Shall crown his joys, and triumph in his flame.
One conscious bed receives the happy pair:

Retire my muse; the door demands thy care,
What charming words, what tender things are said!

What language flows without thy usefult aid!
There shall the roving hand employment find,

Inspire new flames, and make ev'n virgins kind,
Thus Hector did Andromache delight,

Hector in love victorious, as in fight.
When weary from the field Achilles came,

Thus with delays he rais'd Briseis' flame.
Ah, could those arms, those fatal hands delight,

Inspire kind thoughts, and raise thy appetite!
Couldst thou, fond maid, be charm'd with his em-

brace,
Stain'd with the blood of half thy royal race?

Nor yet with speed the fleeting pleasures waste,
Still moderate your love's impetuous haste:

The bashful virgin, though appearing coy,
Detains your hand, and hugs the proffer'd joy.

Then view her eyes with humid lustre bright,
Sparkling with rage, and trembling with delight:

Her kind complaints, her melting accents hear,
The eye the charms, and wounds the listening ear.
Desert not then the clasping nymph's embrace,
But with her love maintain an equal pace:
Raise to her heights the transports of your soul,
And fly united to the happy goal.
Observe these precepts when with leisure blest,
No threatening fears your private hours molest;
When danger's near, your active force employ,
And urge with eager speed the hasty joy:
Then ply your oars, then practise this advice,
And strain with whip and spur, to gain the prize.

The work's complete: triumphant palms prepare,

With flowery wreaths adorn my flowing hair.
As to the Greeks was Podalirius' art,
To heal with medicines the afflicted part:
Nestor's advice, Achilles' arms in field,
Automedon for chariot-driving skill'd;
As Chalcas could explain the mystic bird,
And Telemon could wield the brandish'd sword:
Such to the town my fam'd instructions prove,
So much am I renown'd for arts of love:
Me every youth shall praise, extol my name,
And o'er the globe diffuse my lasting fame.
I arms provide against the scornful fair;
Thus Vulcan arm'd Achilles for the war.
Whatever youth shall with my aid o'ercome,
And lead his Amazon in triumph home;
Let him that conquers, and enjoys the dame,
In gratitude for his instructed flame,
Inscribe the spoils with my auspicious name.

The tender girls my precepts next demand:
Them I commit to a more skilful hand.

AN ESSAY ON THE CHARACTER OF
SIR WILLOUGHBY ASTON,
LATE OF ASTON IN CHESHIRE, 1704.

To the Lady Crew of Utkinson.

MADAM,

As when the eagle, with a parent's love,
Prepares her young to visit realms above:
With heaven's full lustre she allures him on,
First to admire, and then approach the sun;
Unweary'd he surveys the orb of light,
Charm'd by the object to maintain his flight.

To you the aspiring muse her labour brings,
Thus tries its fate, and thus expands her wings:
Tempted to gaze on your auspicious light,
This hasty birth to you directs its flight;
The beauties of your mind transported views,
Admiring sings, and pleas'd her flight pursues.

Permit these loose, unfinished lines to claim
The kind protection of your parent's name:
Though void of ornaments, and every grace,
Accept the piece, as sacred to your race.
Where you behold your great forefathers' fame,
And trace the springs from whence your virtues came:

Survey the triumphs, and the honours view,
That by a long descent devolve on you,

In vain the muse her vanquish'd pencil tries,
Where unexhausted stores of beauty rise:
Languid and faint her labours must appear,
Whilst you transcend her fairest character.
So bright in you your father's graces shine,
And all the virtues of your ancient line;
That none with pleasure can the copy view,
Whilst the original survives in you.

WHAT man renown'd! what British worthy's
praise

Inspires the muse! and consecrates her lays!
Record thy Aston's celebrated name,
Display his virtues, and transmit his fame.
Illustrious actions to thy care belong,
And form the beauties of heroic song:
None e'er appear'd with so immense a store,
Nor ever grac'd harmonious numbers more.

Nor stain, my muse, with thy officious tears,
The bright example for succeeding years:
Whilst others in dejected notes complain,
Sublime thy song, attempt a nobler strain.
With verse assuage his pious offspring's care,
And calm the sorrows of the weeping fair:
Dispel the shades that fate untimely spread,
And cease to mourn for the immortal dead.

Where outstretch'd Britain in the ocean's lost,
And Dee and rapid Mercy bound the coast;
There hills arise with sylvan honours crown'd,
There fruitful vales and shady streams abound,
Not Median groves, nor Tempe's boasted plain,
Nor where Pactolus' sands enrich the main,
Can yield a prospect fairer to the sight,
Nor charm with scenes of more august delight.

Here Lupus and his warlike chiefs obtain'd
Imperial sway, and great in honours reign'd:
Deriving titles from their swords alone,
Their laws preserv'd, and liberties their own.

As when two swelling floods their waves oppose,
Nor would confound the urns from whence they
rose:

But by degrees uniting in a stream,
Forget their fountains, and become the same.
Thus strove the Britains with the Norman race,
Fierce with their wrongs, and conscious of disgrace;

But when the fury of their arms was o'er,
Whom thirst of empire had engag'd before,
Now friendship binds, and love unites the
more.

From whom a long descent of worthies shine,
Just to the glories of their martial line:
Admiring fame their matchless force records,
Their bounteous minds, and hospitable boards.
Where Weever hastens to receive the Dane,
Refresh'd with united streams the plain;
A rising fabric, with majestic grace,
Demands the tribute of thy lofty praise,
There Aston stands conspicuous to the sight;
To Aston, muse, direct thy pleasing flight!
From far the pompous edifice behold,
Just the proportions, and the structure bold.
Beauty is there with elegance express'd,
Improv'd with art, with native grandeur blest'd.

What nobler object could the worthy find,
To signalize the greatness of his mind :
Than to adorn, with so august a frame,
The place that gave his ancestors a name ?

Delightful scene ! thy patron's early care,
Who rais'd thee up magnificently fair :
He form'd thy beauties, and increas'd thy store,
Great in thyself, but in thy founder more.

Great generous Hudard, whose victorious
sword

Made Aston stoop beneath a foreign lord,
Twenty successive chiefs descended down ;
Illustrious all, and matchless in renown.
When injur'd barons durst by arms restrain
Their sovereign's pride, on the embattled plain ;
And rival roses, with impetuous rage,
Involv'd in blood the next descending age :
Or when abroad we nobler conquests fought,
For empire strove, for fame and beauty fought ;
Their great exploits our British annals grace,
And ancient bards immortalize the race.
No lineage can a nobler subject yield,
Nor oftener shar'd the triumphs of the field :
Renown'd in war, by arts endear'd to fame,
Worthy their high descent, and glorious name.

But though so many pious worthies join,
To form the lustre of a noble line :
Pass not, ungrateful nymph, neglected by
A shade renown'd ! a name that cannot die !
His father's fame with awful steps pursue,
And raise thy flight with the transporting view.
When loud sedition call'd him early forth,
To merit wreaths, and signalize his worth ;
His bounteous mind supply'd the royal part
With flowing fortunes, and a faithful heart.
His sword and pen were drawn in just defence
Of suffering prelates, and an injur'd prince :
And as some midnight wolf, by hunger press'd,
With boundless fury would the plains infest ;
But if he hears the lion's awful voice,
His head he couches, and contracts his paws :
Thus raging faction murmur'd in its den,
Restrain'd and aw'd by his sublimer pen :
And when rebellion rear'd its guilty head,
Before his arms the vanquish'd monster fled.

Immortal shade ! to endless ages rest !
With joys, that never rebel tasted, blest'd :
As champion for the sacred't race of men,
Accept this tribute from a grateful pen ;
Firm to the church, and loyal to the crown
Is more than fame, and sanctifies renown.

Nor wonder, then, so many graces join'd,
To form the perfect beauties of his mind :
He from his ancestors deriv'd them down,
Improving virtues by descent his own.

And first thy Aston's matchless form survey,
From early youth to nature's last decay :
The lively features of his beauty trace,
And give each lineament its native grace.

Grandeur and sweetness in his person join'd,
August his presence, and his aspect kind ;
His lofty stature, and distinguishing mien,
Confess'd the greatness of a soul within ;
For generous natures purify their clay,
And o'er the body spread a lucid ray :

Through every part informing spirits fly,
Disdain restraint, and sparkle at the eye.
Such general lustre, such resistless grace,
His limbs adorn'd, and triumph'd in his face.

But as the earth in her capacious veins,
The splendid treasure of her mines contains :
With fading flowers she paints the surface o'er,
But inward shines with unexhausted store ;
So lovely forms are on mankind bestow'd,
Only to dignify the soul's abode :
Within the beams of sparkling wit we find,
The charms of sense, and treasures of the mind.
Indulgent nature thus her bounty show'd,
Thus every shining faculty bestow'd :
With stores enrich'd his intellectual seat,
And form'd the lustre of his mind complete.

Where aged Cham in fam'd meanders flows,
His early youth a soft retirement chose :
To rest beneath the venerable shade,
Where Spenser sung, and Cowley's muse was laid.
Propitious nature had prepar'd before,
A mind tenacious of the learned store :
The flowing springs of knowledge to receive,
And take impressions fast as art could give.

Auspicious Cham ! not all thy boasted race
Of tuneful youths, that celebrate thy praise ;
That in the various spheres of learning shine,
Belov'd by Phœbus and the sacred Nine ;
With nobler wreaths did e'er thy temples crown,
Or add, like him, to thy diffus'd renown,
And next the flowing robe employ'd his care,
And bulky volumes of the painful bar :
Though wealth and fame the toilsome search at-
tend,

Yet he pursued it for a nobler end.
Obscure and intricate our laws appear, [clear :
Perplex'd with comments that should make them
His justice through the gloomy mists survey'd,
And reason sound by subtleties betray'd ;
With eloquence he smooth'd the rugged way,
And scatter'd shades with judgment's piercing ray :

He nature in her dark recesses sought,
And with philosophy sublim'd his thought.
In all the various parts of learning skill'd,
That Grecian sages, or the Roman, yield :
He from the ancients drain'd their richest store,
Refining still with wit the sparkling ore.
Nor did he want the lyre's harmonious sound,
Whose pleasing accents all his labours crown'd :
The tuneful lyre, that charms us with delight,
Repels our cares, and glads the tedious night ;
Restraints our passions, calms our furious rage,
The joy of youth, and the relief of age.

His piercing faculties, serenely bright,
Let inward to the soul distinguish light :
His senses exquisite, and reason sound,
Surmounted all the obstacles they found,
In knowledge vers'd, in learning's depths pro-
found.

Nor were his hours to books alone confin'd,
His person was accomplish'd as his mind :
He us'd his weapons with admir'd success,
Estell'd in courtship, and a kind address.
Whether he urg'd the coarser to his speed,
Or temper'd with his skill, the fiery ficed ;

When foaming at the ring he spurns the sands,
Repeats his strokes, and launches as he stands:
With grateful gesture he did each command,
And ply'd his reins with an instructive hand.
Or whether, to the sportive dance inclin'd,
In lively measures he the concert join'd:
None ever mov'd with more majestic pace,
Show'd greater art, or more becoming grace.

His flowing wit, with solid judgment join'd,
Talents united rarely in a mind,
Had all the graces and engaging art,
That charm the ear and captivate the heart.
No pointed satire, nor morose disdain,
Allay'd the pleasure of his words with pain:
His inoffensive tongue, from slander free,
From flattery's vice, or blasted calumny;
Knew all the springs that secret passions move,
Raise admiration, or inspire with love.

Sententious and instructive his discourse,
He urg'd his reasons with resistless force.
A lively eloquence adorn'd his thought,
And happy turns of wit occur'd unsought:
Expressive words his flowing sense convey'd,
Just were his thoughts, and powerful to persuade.

But, goddess, now a nobler scene survey,
Expand thy wings, thy brightest charms display!
What various beauties here distract thy sight!
What virtues that surmount thy towering flight:
As nameless stars, that form the galaxy,
With undistinguish'd lustre gild the sky;
So shone the graces that adorn'd his mind,
And with concentr'd rays their beauties join'd:
Whose lucid numbers but repel thy sight,
And, thus united, form one glorious orb of light.

His riper years to wisdom he apply'd,
Each path pursued, and every conquest try'd:
Wisdom, the darling attribute alone,
By which th' Almighty's more distinctly known:
And, when contract'd to a narrow span,
Becomes the noblest faculty of man.

Through books he trac'd her in the pleasing
chase,

Ransack'd their stores, and still maintain'd his pace.
With crowds, and busy men, he strove to find
The flying fair, the object of his mind: [guise,
Through specious arts, through all their vain dis-
He saw, distinguish'd, and obtain'd the prize.

His mind, with each superior talent fraught,
For councils form'd his enterprising thought:
Quick of dispatch, discreet in every trust,
Rigidly honest, and severely just.
Though kindness in his generous bosom reign'd,
The dignity of pow'r he still maintain'd:
None e'er discharg'd affairs with more address,
Serv'd better public posts, or sought them less.

His constancy appear'd in every state,
Fix'd and unmov'd as the decrees of fate:
No fluctuating doubts his mind distress'd,
Nor shook the strong foundations of his breast.
His resolution bore him still above
The rash effects of enmity or love:
Firm on the basis of himself he stood,
Of right tenacious, permanent in good.

Hence flow'd a courage unallay'd with fear,
A mind undaunted, and a conscience clear:

With innocence and virtue for a guide,
Successfully he stem'd th' impetuous tide.
Intrepid thus he revolutions bore,
Nor deviated from paths he trod before;
The power of fortune still disdain'd to own,
Nor courted smiles, nor sunk beneath her frown.

He serv'd his country, with regards above
The common views of mercenary love:
His passion such, if not extended more,
As pious Romans to their Latium bore.
No specious kindness popularly feign'd,
By interest rais'd, or with ambition stain'd:
The tender piety his actions show'd,
From duty sprung, from fond affection flow'd.

Untainted with the stain of either vice,
Of lavish waste, or grasping avarice:
Nor squander'd wealth, nor with a sordid breast
Condemn'd to hoards the treasures he possess'd.
His hospitable roof, with plenty stor'd,
Enjoy'd the blessings of a smiling board:
Heav'n, that had bless'd him with a large increase,
Gave him a soul deserving to possess.

The father's loyalty descended down,
Endear'd by sufferings, to his eldest son.
As Hannibal pursued the Roman state,
With double portions of his father's hate:
Such fix'd aversion in his bosom sprung,
And arm'd his soul against our factions, young:
A murder'd prince, and slaughter'd parent's fate,
On the rebellious race entail'd his hate:
Firm to the crown his duty he retain'd,
And o'er his heart his rightful monarch reign'd.

View beauties yet of a sublimer kind,
The heavenly offspring of a pious mind:
Charms that from innocence and virtue flow,
That to religion all their splendour owe;
Where no obscuring spots their lustre hide,
By crimes untainted, undeform'd with pride.

Bless'd charity, the pure ethereal ray,
That heaven itself does to our breasts convey:
In larger portions to his bosom came,
And o'er his soul diffus'd a stronger flame.
In him the wretched always found relief,
Patron of want, redresser of their grief:
To him th' afflicted never sued in vain,
He felt their miseries, and eas'd their pain.
In midst of plenty free from sensual vice,
Nor more indulg'd than nature would suffice:
The calm and equal temper of his soul
Did every guilty appetite controul;
Within their womb the vicious seeds suppress'd,
And strangled forming passions in his breast.

The church in him enjoy'd a faithful son,
Whose duty with his early years begun:
A virtuous life his just obedience show'd,
And from religion his affection flow'd;
Long application fix'd his heart secure,
He search'd her doctrines, and he found them
pure.

The liturgy employ'd his daily care,
His public worship, and his private prayer:
To all its rites conformity he paid,
The service lov'd, and discipline obey'd.
Such strong devotion, such celestial fire,
Inflam'd his heart, and did his breast inspire:

As if religion had engross'd the whole,
And heaven remain'd the object of his soul.

Descend, my muse; here stop thy pleasing flight,
For mournful prospects, gloomy shades of night.
Attend the last expiring scene of life,
A painful conflict, and unequal strife:
Where nature languishes beneath the weight
Of racking torments, and approaching fate.
With matchless patience, and undaunted mind,
He bore his anguish, and his soul resign'd:
As he the glorious prospect kept in view,
And our old world rejected for the new.

The bounteous heavens their fruitful blessings
shed,

And chaste Lucina crown'd his nuptial bed:
From whence a fair and numerous offspring came,
The happy pledges of a mutual flame.
From warlike Hudard, founder of his race,
Twenty renown'd descents his lineage grace:
And from his loins complete the number sprung,
For every ancestor a smiling young.

The happy husband of a matchless dame,
Endear'd by virtues, and unblemish'd fame:
No guilty passion ever claim'd a part,
The consort of his bed engross'd his heart.
As two fair tapers burn with equal flame,
Their heat proportion'd, and their light the same:
And though by slow degrees they both decline,
Both to the last with the same lustre shine:
Such equal flames inspir'd the happy pair,
Mutual their passions, and the same their care:
Though years expir'd, and youth consum'd away,
Their fond affections never felt decay.

As when the sun our hemisphere resigns,
He leaves us light, and by reflection shines:
And when the gloomy interval is o'er,
He rises bright and glorious as before.
Such likeness in his successor we find,
Left as the image of himself behind;
With all the virtues of his race endued;
The happy father's in the son renew'd.

Methinks I see a pompous tomb arise,
Beauteous the form, magnificent the size:
Enchas'd with ore, with well-wrought marble
made,

Worthy the artist, and the glorious shade.
Crowds of officious angels weep around,
With lamps extinguish'd, and their robes unbound:
With heads reclin'd, and drooping wings they
mourn,
Form'd to sustain, and grace the ponderous urn.

In abject postures, and a flowing dress,
Postures that love and tenderness express:
The sacred Nine surround the spacious tomb,
And spread infectious sorrows o'er the dome;
Their lyres unstrung are thrown neglected by,
And scatter'd wreaths in just disorder lie.

High in the midst is his effigies plac'd,
The boast of art, with every beauty grac'd.
Advancing age in every line appears,
And shades his brow with honourable years:
Just to his form, his looks dissembled right,
With joy detain the fond spectator's sight.
Descending Phœbus crowns the upper scene,
His arm extended with triumphant green:

The sacred wreath around his brows to place,
And shedding on him the paternal rays.

In vain, alas! we mausoleums raise,
Statues erect, and pyramids of praise:
A nobler monument remains behind,
The lively image of his generous mind,
The sacred pile rais'd by his pious care,
Magnificent with cost, with order fair;
Adorn'd with all that lavish art could give,
To late posterity shall make him live.
This shall diffuse his celebrated name,
More than the hundred tongues of busy fame:
His memory from dark oblivion save,
Elude his fate, and triumph o'er the grave.

TO THE MEMORY

OF A FAIR YOUNG LADY, 1697.

When black with shades this mourning vault ap-
pears,

And the relenting marble flows with tears;
Think then what griefs a parent's bosom wound,
Whose fatal loss enrich'd this hallow'd ground.
Strew lilies here, and myrtle wreaths prepare,
To crown the fading triumphs of the fair:
Here blooming youth and charming beauties lie,
Till earth resigns them to their native sky;
Like china laid for ages to refine,
And make her body, like the soul, divine.

Unmingled may the fragrant dust remain,
No common earth the sacred sweets profane;
But let her urn preserve its virgin store,
Chaste and unfully'd as she liv'd before!

TO MYRA;

WRITTEN IN HER CLEOPATRA.

Here, lovely Myra, you behold
The wonders beauty wrought of old,
In every mournful page appears
The nymph's disdain, and lover's tears.
Whilst these feign'd tragic tales you view,
Fondly you weep, and think them true;
Lament the hero's slighted flame,
Yet praise the fair ungrateful dame.

For youths unknown no longer grieve,
But rather heal the wounds you give;
The slaves your eyes have ruin'd, mourn,
And pity flames with which your lovers burn.

Oh, hadst thou liv'd in former days,
Thus fame had sung lov'd Myra's praise:
The triumphs of thy haughty reign,
Thy matchless form and cold disdain:
Thy beauties had remain'd as long
The theme of every poet's song:
Then Myra's conquests had been wrote,
And Cleopatra died forgot.

ADVICE TO A LOVER.

For many unsuccessful years,
At Cynthia's feet I lay;

Battering them often with my tears,
I sigh'd, but durst not pray.
No prostrate wretch, before the shrine
Of some lov'd faint above,
E'er thought his goddess more divine,
Or paid more awful love.

Still the disdainful nymph look'd down
With coy insulting pride;
Receiv'd my passion with a frown,
Or turn'd her head aside.
Then Cupid whisper'd in my ear,
"Use more prevailing charms;
You modest whining fool, draw near,
And clasp her in your arms.

With eager kisses tempt the maid,
From Cynthia's feet depart;
The lips he briskly must invade,
That would possess the heart."
With that I shook off all the slave,
My better fortunes tried;
When Cynthia in a moment gave
What she for years denied.

ON THE CONQUEST OF NAMUR.

A PINDARIC ODE.

*Humbly inscribed to his most Sacred and Victorious
Majesty. 1695.*

ONCE more, my muse, resume thy lyre!
Of heroes, arms, and lofty triumphs sing:
Strike, boldly strike th' unpractis'd string;
'Tis William's acts my soaring thoughts inspire,
And animate my breast with nobler fire.
My daring hand the willing lyre obeys,
Untaught it sounds the hero's praise:
Each tuneful string repeats the victor's name,
And echoes back the loud applause of fame.
No longer, muse, the blest Maria mourn,
With trophies now her brighter shrine adorn:
Now sing her hero's fame in lofty strains,
Worthy the captive Mase, and Namur's vanquish'd plains.

Nature ne'er brought a fierce destroyer forth,
Of that portentous size and growth:
But still, to poize the balance of the age,
She introduc'd a hero on the stage.
Injurious Lewis like a torrent grows,
A rapid torrent that the bank o'erflows,
And robs our western world of its repose;
In vain th' imperial eagle stops his course,
In vain confederate arms oppose:
On you (great prince!) th' infested nations wait,
And from your sword attend a milder fate.

The injur'd Belgians William's aid implore,
A numerous army wastes their shore:
Embark, my muse, upon the British fleet,
And on the ready hero wait.
He flies, like Jove, to meet the Theban dame,
When arm'd with lightning's pointed flame,
And in his hand th' avenging thunder bore:
The terror of his ensigns still confess his power.

Quick of dispatch, preventing fear,
As cowards cautious, bolder than despair:
Silent, yet swift as light, his active soul
Reaches at once the barriers and the distant goal.

What labour will the hero choose!
What action worthy of a muse!
T' employ the hundred busy tongues of fame,
And make her hundred mouths too few to sound
his name.

Namur's the goal in honour's race,
Tempting the prize, but fatal is the chafe:
At once a lovely and amazing sight,
Striking the eye with terror and delight.
Founded on rocks th' imperial fortrefs stands,
And all around the distant plain commands:
Beauty and strength their utmost force impart,
'Tis wrought by nature, and improv'd with art;
An awful pile! immoveable as fate,
Fix'd like the solid rock that proudly bears its
weight.

A thousand brazen mouths the walls surround,
That vomit flames, with fatal fury wound:
Death shines with terror through each smoking
cloud,

Like lightning swift, and as the thunder loud.

Not the fam'd Colchian fleece could boast
So dread a guard, so terrible an host:
Nassau attempts a nobler enterprise,
The danger's more, and richer is the prize;
Alone his arms can such a power engage,
Destroy with fiercer flames, and thunder back
their rage.

Why are the rapid Sambre's streams so slow!

The tardy Mase forgets to flow
Their lagging waves upon the turrets gaze,
Proud to reflect their Namur's awful face;
Whilst to th' astonish'd shores they tell,
Those wondrous walls are inaccessible.

The lofty Ilion towers for beauty fam'd,
And sacred walls, though rais'd by hands divine,
Though mercenary gods her turrets fram'd,
In strength and form inferior were to thine;
Walls, that nor Grecian arms, nor arts could
gain,

And the divine Achilles storm'd in vain.
Your greater arms, Nassau were then unknown,
Where'er your bellowing engines shake,
Where'er your more destructive bombs are
thrown,

Nature and are in vain resistance make,
Nor durst the powers that built defend their
shatter'd town.

Two rival armies now possess the field,

In all the horrid pomp of war:
With shining arms and brighter heroes far,
Though both with different looks, and different
passions fill'd.

Betwixt both hosts the stake of honour lies,
The object that employs their arms and eyes,
How to defend, or how to gain the prize.

The Britons are a warlike race,
In arms expert, and fam'd for arts in peace:
Your matchless deeds, Nassau, they imitate,
Like you they death pursue, and rush on certain fate.

Not all the bellowing engines of the war,
Amidst the storm can British minds affright :
Nor sulphur's blasting flames deter,
That glare through clouds of smoke with horrid
light ;
Though bullets there descend in scalding showers,
And those the cannon spare, the ambush'd flame
devours.

In fatal caverns now the teeming earth
Labours with a destructive birth :
The loud volcanos stretch their flaming jaws,
And every dreadful blast a host destroys ;
This wreck of war the upper regions share,
Whilst arms, and men, and rocks lie scatter'd in
the air.

Yet death in every form the Britons face,
And march with an undaunted pace :
Their faithless steps to various ruins lead,
They walk in sepulchres, on graves they tread ;
Whilst rocks and mountains rooted from the
ground, [wound.
Enter the hosts they slay, are tombs to those they

With horrid groans distorted nature's rent,
Loud as the peals that shake the firmament :
Whilst roaring ordnance confirm the sound,
And mimic thunder bellows under ground.
Thus on Trinacria's mournful shores,
With ruin big the raging Ætna roars :
The rising smoke obscures the darken'd sky,
Whilst high as heaven its flaming entrails fly ;
Mountains and rocks its fury hurls around,
Spreading with ruins o'er the desolate ground.

Whence spring those flowing rays of light !
That pierce through war's obscurer night ?
Or does the suppliant flag display
Its cheerful beams of white ?
See ! like the phosphorus of peace,
The shades retire before those sacred rays,
Which introduce the bright victorious day.
The trumpet's interceding voice I hear,
Now soft and tun'd unto the ear :
The drums in gentler parades beat,
The drums and trumpets both entreat ;
Whilst war's alarms are charm'd with music's
voice,
And all the bloody scene of death withdraws.
Fam'd Boufflers' self consents to fear,
Even Boufflers dreads the British thunderer :
He sues for mercy whilst he feels his power,
And with a trembling hand subscribes him con-
queror.

And here your worthies shall your triumphs
grace,
In war you guard, your ornaments in peace :
Heroes are William's and the muse's care,
Partake their labours, and their laurels share.
Let willing fame her trumpet sound,
Great Ormond's name shall all her breath em-
ploy.

And fill the echoing shores with joy :
Whilst each officious wind conveys the sound,
And wafts it all th' attentive world around.

In bloody camps he early gain'd renown,
Early the distant goal of honour won :
What toils, what labours has the hero bore ?
Not the fam'd Offory encounter'd more :
Of whom the Belgic plains such wonders tell,
Who liv'd so lov'd, and so lamented fell.
Triumphant prince ! thou patron of the
muse, [views :
Unweary'd thee she sings, thy acts with wonder
Renown'd in war ! thy Rhedecina's pride !
Thou dost o'er wit, and glorious camps preside ;
To thee the care of arms and arts belong,
Whose fame shall live to ages in heroic song.

For all thy victories in war,
You, valiant Cutts, th' officious muses crown,
For you triumphant wreaths prepare,
Immortal as your fame, and fair as your renown.
Well did you execute your great command,
And scatter deaths with a destructive hand :
What wonders did your sword perform,
When urging on the fatal storm,
Undaunted, undismay'd !
Up to the walls enclos'd with flames you led,
And overlook'd the works on mighty heaps of
dead.

If you the hero and the poet meet,
Your sword is fatal, but your numbers sweet.
When in Maria's praise your lyre was strung,
You charm'd the heavenly nymph to whom you
sung.

Oh honour ! more than all thy bays,
Than all the trophies fame and conquest raise,
To've charm'd Maria's breast, and gain'd Maria's
praise.

Indulge one grateful labour more, my muse,
A subject friendship bids thee choose :
Let Codrington's lov'd name inspire thy thought,
With such a warmth and vigour as he fought :
In vain thou dost of arms and triumphs sing,
Unless he crown thy verse, and tune thy sounding
string.

Victorious youth ! your Charwell's greatest pride,
Whom glorious arms, and learned arts divide :
Whilst imitating great Nassau you fight,
His person guard, and conquer in his sight :
Too swift for fame your early triumphs grow,
And groves of laurel shade your youthful brow.
In you the muses and the graces join,
The glorious palm, and deathless laurels thine :
Like Phœbus' self your charming muse hath
sung, [strung.
Like his your warlike bow and tuneful lyre is

But who, fam'd William's valour dares express,
No muse can soar so high, nor fancy paint,
Each image will appear too faint :
Too weak 's the pencil's art, and all the pow'r
of verse.

How calm he look'd, and how serene !
Amidst the bloody labours of the field :
Unmov'd he views the bullets round him fly,
And dangers move with horror by ;
Whilst judgment sway'd his nobler rage within,
And his presaging brow with hopes of conquest
liquid.

His cheerful looks a gayer dress put on,
His eyes with decent fury shone :
Dangers but serv'd to heighten every grace,
And add an awful terror to the hero's face.

Where'er in arms the great Nassau appears,
Th' extreme of action's there :
Himself the thickest danger shares,
Himself th' informing soul that animates the war.
Heroes of old in wondrous armour fought,
By some immortal artist wrought :
Achilles' arms, and Ajax' seven-fold shield,
Were proof against the dangers of the field.
But greater William dares his breast expose
Unarm'd, unguarded to his foes :
A thousand deaths and ruins round him fled,
But durst not violate his sacred head ;
For angels guard the prince's life and throne,
Who for his empire's safety thus neglects his own.
Had he in ages past the sceptre sway'd,
When sacred rites were unto heroes paid ;
His statue had on every altar stood,
His court a temple been, his greater self a god.

Now tune thy lyre, my muse, now raise thy
voice,
Let Albion hear, her distant shores rejoice :
Thy solemn Pæans now prepare,
Sweet as the hymns that fill'd the air,

When Phœbus' self return'd the Python's con-
queror.

When every grove, with a triumphant song,
Confess'd the victor as he pass'd along :
Whilst with the trophies every hill was crown'd,
And every echoing vale dispers'd his fame around.
As loud the British shores their voices raise,
And thus united sing the godlike William's praise :
What the fam'd Merlin's sacred verse of old,
And Nostradam's prophetic lines foretold ;
To thee, oh happy Albion, 's shown,
And, in Nassau, the promise is out-done.
Behold a prince indulgent heaven has sent,

Thy boundless wishes to content :
A prophet great indeed, whose powerful hand
Shall vanquish hosts of plagues, and heal the
groaning land.

The great Nassau now leads thy armies forth,
And shows the world the British worth :
Beneath his conduct they securely fight,
Their cloud by day, their guardian flame by night,
His bounty too shall every bard inspire,
Reward their labours, and protect their lyre ;
For poets are to warlike princes dear,
And they are valiant William's care :
His victories instruct them how to write,
William's the glorious theme and patron of their
wit.

ÆSOP AT COURT; OR, SELECT FABLES, 1702.

" Vendidit hic auro patriam—
"—fixit leges pretio atque refixit."

VIRG. ÆN.

ÆSOP TO THE KING.

VICTORIOUS prince! form'd for supreme com-
mand,

Worthy the empire of the seas and land !
Whilst impious faction swells with native pride,
Parties distract the state, and church divide !
And senseless libels, with audacious style,
Insult thy senate, and thy power revile !
Vouchsafe to hear th' admired truths of old,
Which birds and beasts in sportive tales unfold ;
To curb the insolent, advance the good,
And quell the ragings of the multitude.
O fam'd for arms, and matchless in renown !
Permit old Æsop to approach thy throne :
To you the labours of his muse belong ;
Accept the humble, but instructive song.

TABLE I.

THE RIVER AND THE FOUNTAINS.

A RIVER, insolent with pride,
The fountain and its springs defied ;

That fountain, from whose watery bed
Th' ungrateful flood was daily fed.

And thus the rabble waves began :
" We're the delight of gods and man !
How charming do our banks appear !
How swift the stream, the flood how clear !

" See how, by nature's bounty strong,
We whirl our legion waves along :
In soft meanders winding play,
And glitter in the face of day.

" But thou, poor fountain, silly soul !"
Thy head absconding in a hole,
Run'st meddling on from place to place,
Asham'd to show thy dirty face ;
In rocks and gloomy caverns found,
Thou creep'st inglorious under ground :
D' you hear ? henceforth your lords obey :
We the grand waves assume the sway."

" Well, angry sirs, the fountain cry'd,
And how's your streams to be supply'd ?
Ye senseless fools, that would command,
Should I withdraw my bounteous hand,

Or backward turn my watery store,
That hour you'd cease, and be no more.
Go ask that blustering fop the wind,
That puts this whimsy in your mind,
And makes your factious furies rise,
If he'll recruit you with supplies.

"And when to native mud you turn,
Such as a common-sewer would scorn,
Too late you'll curse this frantic whim,
When carriers' steeds shall piss a nobler stream.

THE MORAL.

Unhappy Britain! I deplore thy fate,
When juries pack'd, and brib'd, insult thy state:
Like waves tumultuous, insolently wise,
They tutor kings, and senators advise;
Whilst old republicans direct the stream,
Not France and Rome, but monarch's their
aim:
Fools rode by knaves! and paid as they deserve,
Despis'd whilst us'd! then left to hang or starve.

FABLE II.

THE LION'S TREATY OF PARTITION.

A MIGHTY lion heretofore,
Of monstrous paws and dreadful roar,
Was bent upon a chase:
Inviting friends and near allies
Frankly to share the sport and prize,
During the hunting-space.

The lynx and royal panther came,
The boar and wolf of Wolsingham,
The articles were these:
Share and share like, whate'er they got,
The dividend upon the spot,
And so depart in peace.

A royal hart, delicious meat!
Devin'd by inauspicious fate,
Was started for the game:
The hunters run him one and all,
The chase was long, and, at the fall,
Each enter'd with his claim.

One lov'd a haunch, and one a side,
This ate it powder'd, t' other dried,
Each for his share alone:
Old grey beard then began to roar,
The whiskers twirl'd bully'd, and swore,
The hart was all his own.

"And thus I prove my title good;
My friend deceas'd sprung from our blood,
Half's mine as we're ally'd:
My valour claims the other part;
In short I love a hunted hart:
And who dares now divide?"

The bulk'd confederates they stare,
And cry'd, "old gentleman, deal fair,
For once be just and true."
Quoth he, and, looking wondrous grum,
"Behold my paws, the word is mum;
And so, messieurs, adieu!"

THE MORAL.

Tyrants can only be restrain'd by might,
Power's their conscience, and the sword their right:
Allies they court, to compass private ends,
But at the dividend disclaim their friends.
Yet boast not, France, of thy successful fraud,
Maintain'd by blood, a torment whilst enjoy'd:
Imperial Caesar drives the storm along,
And Nassau's arms avenge the public wrong.

FABLE III.

THE BLIND WOMAN AND HER DOCTORS.

A WEALTHY matron, now grown old,
Was weak in every part:
Afflicted sore with rheums and cold,
Yet pretty sound at heart.

But most her eyes began to fail,
Depriv'd of needful light:
Nor could her spectacles avail,
To rectify their sight.

Receipts she try'd, the doctors sec'd,
And spar'd for no advice
Of men of skill, or quacks for need
That practise on sore eyes.

Salves they daub'd on, and plaisters both,
And this, and that was done:
Then flannels, and a forehead-cloth,
To bind and keep them on.

Her house, though small, was furnish'd neat,
And every room did shine
With pictures, tapestry, and plate,
All rich, and wondrous fine.

Whilst they kept blind the silly soul,
Their hands found work enough!
They pilfer'd plate, and goods they stole,
Till all was carry'd off.

When they undam'd their patient's eyes,
And now pray how's your sight:
Cries t' other, this was my advice,
I knew 't would set you right.

Like a stuck pig the woman star'd,
And up and down she run:
With naked house and walls quite scar'd,
She found herself undone.

"Doctors, quoth she, your cure's my pain,
For what are eyes to me:
Bring salves and forehead-cloths again,
I've nothing left to see."

THE MORAL.

See, injur'd Britain, thy unhappy case,
Thou patient with distemper'd eyes:
State-quacks but nourish the disease,
And thrive by treacherous advice.

If fond of the expensive pain,
When eighteen millions run on score:
Let them clap mufflers on again,
And physic thee of eighteen more.

FABLE IV.

THE SATYR'S ADDRESS.

FIVE satyrs of the woodland fort,
 Though politicians then:
 Their ears prick'd up, their noses short,
 And brows adorn'd like aldermen;
 With asses' hoofs, great goggle eyes,
 And ample chins of Be—m's size:
 To Jove tript up with an address,
 In favour of the plains:
 That it would please him to suppress
 All heats and colds, his winds and rains;
 The fun that he'd extinguish too,
 And in the skies hang something new.
 "My wife reforming friends, quoth Jove,
 Our elements are good!
 We manage for the best above,
 Though not so rightly understood;
 But since such profound squires are sent,
 We'll treat you like the cream of Kent."
 Then Jove brought out ætherial fire
 In a gilt chafing-dish:
 The sparkling flame they all admire,
 'Twas fine, they vow'd, as heart could wish:
 They gap'd, they grion'd, they jump'd about!
 Jove, give us that, the fun put out!
 The charming flames they all embrace,
 Which, urg'd by Nature's laws,
 Their shaggy hides set in a blaze,
 And soundly sing'd their paws;
 In corners then they sneak'd with terror dumb,
 And o'er th' immortal pavements scud it home.

THE MORAL.

How senseless are our modern Whiggish tools,
 Beneath the dignity of British fools!
 With beef resolv'd, and fortify'd with ale,
 They censure monarchs, and at senates rail;
 So eagerly to public mischief run,
 That they prevent the hands, which loo them on.
 O true machines! and heads devoid of brains!
 Affront that senate which your rights maintains!
 Thus ideots sport with power, and flames embrace,
 Till smarting folly glares them in the face.

FABLE V.

THE FARMER AND HIS DOG.

THERE dwelt a farmer in the west,
 As we're in story told;
 Whose herds were large and flocks the best
 That ever lin'd a fold.
 Arm'd with a staff, his russet coat,
 And Towser by his side,
 Early and late he tun'd his throat
 And every wolf defy'd.
 Lov'd Towser was his heart's delight,
 In cringe and fawning skill'd,
 Intrusted with the flocks by night,
 And guardian of the field.

"Towser, quoth he, I'm for a fair;
 Be regent in my room:
 Pray of my tender flocks take care,
 And keep all safe at home.

I know thee watchful, just, and brave,
 Right worthy such a place:
 No wily fox shall thee deceive,
 Nor wolf dare show his face."

But ne'er did wolves a fold infect,
 At regent Towser's rate:
 He din'd and supp'd upon the best,
 And frequent breakfasts ate.

The farmer oft receiv'd advice,
 And laugh'd at the report:
 But, coming on him by surprise,
 Just found him at the sport.

"Ingrateful beast, quoth he, what mean
 That bloody mouth and paws?
 I know the base, the treacherous stains,
 Thy breach of trust and laws.

The fruits of my past love I see;
 Roger, the halter bring;
 E'en truss him on that pippin tree,
 And let friend Towser swing.

I'll spare the famish'd wolf and fox,
 That ne'er my bounty knew:
 But, as the guardian of my flocks,
 This neckcloth is your due."

THE MORAL.

When ministers their prince abuse,
 And on the subjects prey:
 With ancient monarchs 'twas in use,
 To send them Towser's way.

FABLE VI.

THE FOX AND BRAMBLE.

REN, an old poacher after game,
 Saw grapes look tempting fine:
 But, now grown impotent and lame,
 Could not command the vine;
 His lips he lick'd, stood ogling with his eyes,
 Strain'd at a running jump, but miss'd the prize:

Quoth he, that honest bush hard-by
 Might give a friend a lift:
 In troth, its curtesy I'll try,
 And venture for a shift.
 Without more words he bounces to the top,
 But gor'd and wounded is compell'd to drop.

Down Reynard came, batter'd and tore,
 He blow'd and lick'd his paws:
 Then mutter'd to himself and swore,
 Cursing the fatal cause; [scorn,
 Damn'd raical shrub, quoth he, whom hedge-stakes
 Beneath a furs-bush, or the scoundrel thorn!

"Good words, friend Ren, the bush reply'd,
 Here no encroacher 'scapes:
 Those foxes that on brambles ride
 Love thorns, as well as grapes;

But better language would your mouth become :
If you must curse, go curse the fool at home."

THE MORAL.

Who first offend, then in disputes engage,
Should check their passions and indecent rage :
But peevish age, of weak resentments proud,
Like woman's stubborn, impotent, and loud.

Ill-manners never found a just pretence,
And rude expressions show a barren sense :
But, when high birth descends to mean abuse,
The crime runs soulest, and finds no excuse.

FABLE VII.

THE FOX AND WEAZLE.

To the late Honourable the Commissioners of the Prize-Office.

A NEEDY weazle heretofore,
Very rapacious, lank, and poor;
That had no place, small comings-in,
And liv'd in terror of the gin;
Nor got a morsel to his hole,
But what he either begg'd or stole;
One night a foraging for prey,
He found a store-house in his way :
Each cranny then he nimbly pass;
With lantern jaws and slender waist;
And made long time his quarters good,
On slaughter'd mice and wheatens food.

But, growing corpulent and round,
Too small the widest chink was found :
And now he squeez'd and thrust in vain,
For liberty and home again.

A fox that chanc'd to stroll that way,
For meditation's sake, or prey,
Stood grinning at him for a while,
With rogueish looks and sneering smile ;
And though he shrewdly gave a guess,
Yet ask'd him how and what's the case ;
And why his weazleship would keep
In durance vile, and play bo-peep.

Quoth he, " Alack, Sir, I was lean,
Haggard and poor, when I came in :
A skeleton, mere skin and bone !
Though now so gross and bulky grown,
That, with good cheer and dainties fed,
My rump is bigger than my head.
But if a helping paw you'll lend,
To force a board, and serve a friend ;
So fain I would my bacon save,
I'll kiss your foot, and live your slave."

Quoth Ren, " We doctors hold it best,
After a long debauch, to fast :
Then as for discipline, 'tis fit,
You take a *quantum sufficit*.
Slacken with abstinence your skin,
And you'll return as you got in :
For, till each collop you refund,
You're like to quarter in Lob's-pound."

THE MORAL.

Cæsar, no more in foreign camps expose
Your sacred life, to Britain's generous foes :

Thy dread tribunal now erect at home,
And, arm'd with vengeance, to her rescue come !
In power her basest enemies remain,
Oppress thy subjects, and thy treasures drain :
With sums immense they raise their fortunes high,
Though armies starve, and fleets neglected lie.

Bane of the war ! curse of thy martial reign !
You share the toil and dangers, they the gain :
To justice then the known offenders bring,
Avenge thy people, and assert the king.

FABLE VIII.

AN OWL AND THE SUN.

A SAUCY buffle-headed owl
One morning on the sun fell foul,
Because it made him blind :
But by his sophistry you'll guess
Him not of the Athenian race,
But a more modern kind.

The morn was fragrant, cool, and bright,
The sun illustrious with his light,
Dispensing warmth to all :
Madge on a pinnacle was got,
Sputtering and hooting like a sot,
And thus began the brawl.

" D'ye hear, you prince of red-fac'd fools !
Hot-headed puppy ! foe to owls !
Why this offensive blaze ?
Behind some cloud go sneak aside,
Your carbuncles and rubies hide,
And quench that flaming face.

" When I'm a taking the fresh air,
Whip in my eyes you come full glare,
And so much rudeness show !
I wonder when the modest moon
Would serve an owl as you have done,
Or tan and burn one so !

Bright Phœbus smil'd at what was said,
And cry'd, " 'Tis well, Sir Logger-head,
You're neither sense nor shame !
Because a blinking fool can't bear
An object so transcending fair,
The sun must take the blame.

Shall I the universe benight,
And rob the injur'd world of light,
Because you rail and scowl ;
When birds of the most abject sort
Deride and grin you for their sport,
And treat you like an owl ?"

THE MORAL.

Who libel senates, and traduce the great,
Measure the public good by private hate :
Interest's their rule of love ; fierce to oppose
All whom superior virtue makes their foes.

Thy merits, Rochester *, thus give offence ;
The guilty faction hates discerning sense :

* Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, was then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. See an account of him in the "Supplement to Swift."

This Harley †, Seymour ‥, Howe §, and Mackworth find,
Great eye sores to the loud rapacious kind;
But, whilst in holes addressing owls repine,
Bright as the sun their patriot names will shine.

FABLE IX.

THE SEA AND THE BANKS.

As out at sea a ruffling gale it blew,
And clouds o'ercast the gloomy skies:
The furies they began to rise,
And terrify the sailors, jocund crew.
This to the wanton billows was but sport,
They roar'd and gambol'd it along,
This was the burden of their song,
They'd have a storm, and show good reason for't.
Then a fresh maggot takes them in the head,
To have one merry jaunt on shore:
They'd not be fetter'd up, they swore,
But thus to the insulted margin said:
"Hey, flugs! d'ye hear, ye lazy hounds!
Open to right and left! make way,
And give free passage to the sea,
Down with your ramparts and obstructing mounds.
"See how they stir! awake, ye brutes!
And let us have one frisk at land;
Or, 'zbud, we'll wash you into sand,
Without the tedious form of long disputes."
"Hold! soft and fair! the banks reply'd; we're bound,
In honour, to make good our post:
And will, for all your windy boast,
As barriers to the sea, maintain our ground.
"So, lord it in your watery realms, the main!
There rage and bluster as you please,
Licentious in your native seas,
But not an inch as trespassers you'll gain.
So, my fierce mutineers, be jogging home!
For if you dare invade our coast,
You'll run your heads against a post,
And shamefully retire in empty foam."

THE MORAL.

Though discord forms the elements for war,
Their well-join'd strength prevents the fatal jar:
Harmonious nature sets the balance right,
And each compels the other to unite.

In empire thus true union is maintain'd,
Each power's by a subordinate restrain'd:
But, when like raging waves they overflow
Their stated bounds, and on the weaker grow;
Thrice happy realms! where there are patriots found,
To check invaders, and maintain their ground.

FABLE X.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND CUCKOW.

A TUNEFUL nightingale, whose warbling throat
Was form'd for lofty song,

With every sweet harmonious note
He charm'd the listening throng:
The hooting cuckow was displeas'd alone,
Condemn'd his manner, and extoll'd her own.
"This screaming fop, quoth she, that scares
All creatures with his din;
When folks are listening to my airs,
Forsooth he's putting in.
Here's such a chattering kept, and odious noise,
My song's quite spoil'd with his confounded voice."

The injur'd songster modestly reply'd;
"Since you perform so fine,
The contest let some judge decide,
And try your skill with mine;
Vanquish'd, I'll your superior genius own."
The cuckow shook her head, and cry'd 'twas done.

A solemn plodding ass that graz'd the plain
Was for an umpire chose:
The nightingale advanc'd his strain,
And charm'd with every close.
The cuckow's note was one unvary'd tone,
Exceeding hoarse, yet pleas'd, the roar'd it on.
Appeal was made; the judge this sentence gave,
"You, sirrah, nightingale!
Of music you some smatterings have,
And may in time do well;
But for substantial song, I needs must say,
My friend, the cuckow, bears the bell away."

THE MORAL.

Mackworth*, who reads thy well-digested lines,
Where eloquence with nervous reason shines,
Sees art and judgment flow through every page,
The patriot's zeal free from indecent rage;
So pure thy style, thy manners so refin'd,
Your pen transmits the candour of your mind.

Yet happier he that has the answer wrote,
In penury of sense, and dearth of thought:
Whilst asses judge, and faction claims a vote,
Abusive nonsense is th' admired note;
Where want of art and manners merit praise,
He robs the cuckow of her ancient bay.

FABLE XI.

THE SUN AND THE WIND.

The sun and wind one day fell out
In matters they discours'd about.

Old Boreas, in a rage,
Call'd the sun fool, and swore he ly'd,
Spit in his face, his power defy'd,
And dar'd him to engage.

Quoth he, "Yon goes a traveller,
With formal cloak and looks demure,

The Whiggish signs of grace:
Who fairly off the cloak can force,
From one so stiff, proud, and morose,
Deserves the upper place."

* Sir Humphry Mackworth, to whom Yalden addressed an excellent poetical epistle. † On the mines late of Sir Carbery Price. § Sir Humphry wrote some political pamphlets about this time.

† Afterwards Earl of Oxford.

‡ Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset.

§ John Howe, Esq. of famous memory,

THE WORKS OF YALDEN.

With that the wind began to rise,
Bluster'd and storm'd it through the skies,
Making a dismal roar:
The non-con. wrapp'd his cloak about,
Trudg'd on, resolv'd to weather't out,
And see the tempest o'er.

The storm being spent, with piercing rays,
Full on his shoulders Phœbus plays,
Which soon the zealot felt;
Aside the cumbersome cloak was thrown,
Panting and faint, he laid him down,
More decently to melt.

The sun then ask'd his blustering friend,
If farther yet he durst contend,
And try some other way:
But, conscious of so plain a truth,
He put his finger in his mouth,
Without a word to say.

THE MORAL.

Your Whigs disgrac'd, like ballies of the town,
Libel and rail, the more they're tumbled down:
Superior merit still prevails at last,
The fury of their feeble storm is past.
But when the senate darts its piercing rays,
Faction unbuttons, and rebates its pace:
The hypocritic cloak is tiresome found,
And the faint zealot pants upon the ground.

FABLE XII.

THE BOAR AND FOREST.

A LION, generous and brave,
For wars renown'd, below'd in peace;
His lands in royal bounties gave,
And treasures much impair'd by acts of grace.
His ministers whole realms obtain'd;
And courtiers, much inclin'd to want,
His manors begg'd, and forfeits gain'd,
With patents to confirm the royal grant.

The boar, to show a subject's love,
Crav'd for the public good a boon,
His ancient forest to improve,
By felling trees, and cutting timber down.

" Alcoves and shady walks, quoth he,
Are laid aside, become a jest;
Your vistas lofty, wide, and free,
Are à la mode, and only in request."

The grant being pass'd, the ravenous boar,
A desert of the forest made:
Up by the roots vast oaks he tore,
And low on earth the princely cedars laid.

This act of violence and wrong
Alarum'd all the savage race;
With loud complaints to court they throng,
Stripp'd of their shades, and ancient resting-place.

With generous rage the lion shook,
And vow'd the boar should dearly pay;
" I hate, quoth he, a down-cast look,
That robs the public in a friendly way.

" Unhappy groves, my empires pride!
Lov'd solitudes, ye shades divine!

The rage of tempests ye defy'd,
Condemn'd to perish by a fordid swiftness.
" Ye rural deities, and powers unknown,
What can so great a loss suffice!
If a hung brawner will atone,
Accept friend chucky for a sacrifice."

THE MORAL.

The British oak's our nation's strength and pride,
With which triumphant o'er the main we ride;
Insulting foes are by our navies aw'd,
A guard at home, our dreaded power abroad.

Like Druids then your forests sacred keep,
Preserve with them your empire of the deep.
Subjects their prince's bounty oft abuse,
And spoil the public for their private use;
But no rapacious hand should dare deface,
The royal stores of a well-timber'd chase.

FABLE XIII.

THE FOX AND FLIES.

As crafty Reynard strove to swim
The torrent of a rapid stream,
To gain the farther side;
Before the middle space was past,
A whirling eddy caught him fast,
And drove him with the tide.

With vain efforts and struggling spent,
Half drown'd, yet forc'd to be content,
Poor ren a soaking lay;
Till some kind ebb should set him free,
Or chance restore that liberty
The waves had took away.

A swarm of half-starv'd haggard flies,
With fury seiz'd the floating prize,
By raging hunger led;
With many a curie and bitter groan,
He shook his sides, and wish'd them gone,
Whilst plenteously they fed.

A Hedge-hog saw his evil plight;
Touch'd with compassion at the sight,
Quoth he, " To show I'm civil,
I'll brush those swigging dogs away,
That on thy blood remorseless prey,
And send them to the devil."

" No, courteous Sir, the Fox reply'd,
Let them infest and gore my hide,
With their insatiate thirst;
Since I such fatal wounds sustain,
'Twill yield some pleasure 'midst the pain,
To see the blood-hounds burst."

THE MORAL; FROM NOSTRADAMUS.

" Le sang du Juste à Londres sera faute
" Bruffer par feu, &c."

Thus guilty Britain to her Thames complains,
" With royal blood defil'd, O cleanse my stains!
Whence plagues arise! whence dire contagions
come!

And flames that my Augusta's pride consume!"

" In vain, faith Thames; the Regicidal breed
Will swarm again, by them thy land shall bleed:
Extreme curse! but so just Heaven decreed!"

Republicans shall Britain's treasures drain,
Betray her monarch, and her church profane!
Till, gorg'd with spoils, with blood the leeches
burst,
Or Tyburn add the second to the first."

FABLE XIV.

THE BEAR AND MOUNTBANK.

THERE liv'd a quack in high repute,
By virtue of a velvet suit,
And celebrated bill;
As for his knowledge, 'tis allow'd,
He had enough to cheat the crowd,
And that's good modern skill.

ONCE as this orator held forth
On topics of his medicines' worth,
And wondrous cures they wrought;
Though not a word they understood,
His eloquence so charm'd the crowd,
That still they gap'd and bought.

'MIDST his harangue, one day it chanc'd,
Tom Dove * the bear that way advanc'd,
In procession to his stake;
The rabble quit their doctor straight,
And with huzzas on Bruin wait,
Who thus the chief bespake:

"D'ye bear, ye pack of bawling louts,
Compos'd of vermin, stink, and clouts,
Why all this noise and do?
Though through my nose a ring is got,
And here I'm baited like a sot,
Still I resemble you.

"OBserve that mountbanking fool,
Perch'd yonder on his three-legg'd stool,
With poisonous drugs to sell;
See o'er his shoulder how he sneers,
Three hours to lug you by the ears,
Yet pleases wondrous well.

"WITH fulsome lies and stupid stuff,
He cheats and banters you enough,
Yet there ye flock by shoals;
But if by chance a bear's brought out,
At him ye hollow, laugh, and shout,
And who's the greater fools?

"SO, brother monsters, face about,
The quack your keeper, wants his rout;
For, underneath the rose,
Another sort of brutes there are,
Besides a stupid Russian bear,
That's misled by the nose."

THE MORAL.

ILL ministers, like quacks, the crowd deceive,
Defraud them for their good; and they believe:
At France and Rome they rail with specious arts,
And, whilst they cheat the vulgar, gain their hearts.

BUT if sagacious Bruin smells them out,
Their frauds exposing to the injur'd rout;
To mischief prone, implacable, and strong,
Ten thousand tongues and hands revenge the wrong.

* Tom Dove has been celebrated by Dryden and King.

FABLE XV.

THE PEACOCK PROCLAIMED KING.

A VULTURE, old and feeble grown,
Took up and much reform'd his life;
His beak decay'd, and talons gone,
Yet still he relish'd noise and strife.

ONCE a young peacock to the birds brought forth,
On his high birth harangued, and blooming
worth.

"The isles and watery realm, said he,
This hopeful monarch shall command!
His sceptre to depend on me,
And rule the tributary land;
Reserving only for our royal use,
Whate'er the seas and fertile coasts produce."

The peacock, a pert dapper spark,
Made the sagacious vulture's choice;
His title and descent, though dark,
Soon gain'd the whole assembly's voice,
The pye except, a member of the board,
Who, 'midst their acclamations, crav'd a word.

"His highness' merits and desert,
Quoth he, 'tis needless to dispute;
In giving empires we're too pert,
With neither right nor power to do't;
You've made a peacock king: pray, now 'tis
done,
What champion here conducts him to his throne.

"Where the imperial eagle reigns,
Renown'd for arms, and warlike might,
Who such a feeble youth disdains,
And vultures dares engage in fight?
Therefore, messieurs, it is my private voice,
That the possessor first approve our choice."

THE MORAL.

CÆSAR, that prince betrays his fears,
Who styles thee monarch in the field,
But, when thy army disappears,
To weak pretenders will thy titles yield.

BUT wiser politicians say,
True conduct is not so much shown,
In giving others' realms away,
As in defending well their own.

FABLE XVI.

A LACONIC CONDEMNED.

A SAGE laconic, truly wise,
Whose conversation was concise,
Train'd up in rigid schools;
Once, when a single word would do,
Had lavishly made use of twos,
In high contempt of rules.

A bill against him was prefer'd,
The charge by evidence averr'd,
That fully prov'd the fact:
The judges aggravate the crime,
In words as few, and little time,
As answer'd men compact.

Quoth one, " The being too verbose
A misdemeanor is so gross,
Of that pernicious kind!
The punishment must reach your sense,
And reason smart for this offence,
By torturing your mind.

" Read Jura Populi o'er twice,
Pittis and Bunyan, books of price!
And Oats's modest vein:
Read Baxter's volumes, Tindal's works,
Yorkshire Petish with that of Bucks,
True cant, and libel strain.

" For solid nonsense, thoughtless words,
The vindication of the Lords,
That answers " Mackworth's State :"

Read first and second paragraph,
If possible drudge on through half,
Your crime you'll expiate."

The wretch with strong convulsions shook,
Despair and anguish in his look,
To heaven for mercy cry'd:
Quoth he, " Send gibbets, racks, or wheel,
Algiers and gallies please me well,
Such torments I'll abide.

" But damn me not for one offence,
To volumes unally'd to sense,
Vainly to waste my breath:
That answer to the Commons' rights
With labour'd dullness so affrights,
The thoughts are worse than death."

THE

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